

VOL. II., No. 31. AUGUST 24TH, 1918.

“

Stand & Easy”

Chronicles
of
Cliveden.

Fred. C. Owen -

THREEPENCE.

H. E. HEWENS

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Chronicles of Cliveden.

Vol. II., No. 31.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24TH, 1918.

THREEPENCE.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ... CAPT. A. BURTON WILKES.
BUSINESS MANAGER ... A/Sgt. LESLIE S. CUMMING.

Editorial.

Several events of importance to all those who are interested in the CHRONICLES OF CLIVEDEN have taken place during the last fortnight. To begin with, a change in Officers Commanding affects us all, from the lowest to the greatest—chiefly, no doubt, the Quartermaster, with his hard-working department, and perhaps, not less, the Ordnance Inspection Department—but all of us to a greater or less degree. Our very best wishes accompany Col. and Mrs. Watt to Seaford, where we are sure our late O.C. will prove a most efficient A.D.M.S. and will, with his wife, enjoy a good measure of popularity. In the same warm breath of friendship we welcome Col. Goldsmith, who has already, during his short sojourn with us, endeared himself to many by his ever present thoughtfulness and sympathy.

Col. Watt was given a farewell dinner by the Officers' Mess, which proved a most successful function, and the very kind remarks of the after-dinner speakers and the Colonel's most excellent reply will long be remembered by those present.

In addition to a new O.C. we have also welcomed to our midst Col. Hunter, who will, it is rumoured, become Officer in charge of the Medical Division on the departure of Col. Meakins, who has been recalled to Canada to continue his academic work as a lecturer in medicine and Director of the Department of Experimental Medicine at McGill University, Montreal.

But not the least of the new comers, and indeed the most numerous and most important, have been our sick and wounded comrades from the glorious and recent drive in France. They are fine fellows all, and we are proud to have them in our midst and to do all that lies in our power to fit them again for the fight, or, failing that, to make them useful citizens. Indeed it is for this purpose that we at Cliveden exist. As with those mentioned formerly, is it also true of our convoys. They

too must be associated with farewells—that *bête noir* the disposal parade. Good bye, Paddy! Good bye, Bartlett, and all the rest!

Gnr. Bartlett indeed deserves more than a word. For several months he has carried almost the whole existence of the CHRONICLES on his shoulders. Not only has he been chief member of the editorial staff, but he has been chief and only member of the advertising staff, has done most of the editor-in-chief's work—the new one that is, who is very green at his new job, which was ruthlessly thrust upon him—and indeed one might say that Bartlett has been "chief cook and bottle washer" (with apologies for Canadian slang). Just here may we add (better late than never) a heartfelt wish of good luck to Major Morgan, the late editor-in-chief, who has returned to Canada to take charge of the X-Ray Department of one of the splendid new Canadian Military Hospitals which is situated at St. Anne de Bellevue, near Montreal, his home.

During the epidemic of flu, the semi-annual leave of the Adjutant, the change of Officers Commanding, and the pending loss of Bartlett, some important Editorial Notes have been neglected.

The new editor-in-chief salutes you in all meekness and full realisation of his shortcomings, but he hopes by the kind and excellent co-operation of an increased editorial staff, a business manager (a new departure), and our generous advertisers, on whom we so largely depend and who also largely depend upon our reciprocity, that the CHRONICLES OF CLIVEDEN will not cease chronicling, but will blossom into new life and prove an asset to this splendid institution, which already enjoys a world-wide reputation for the excellence of its good works.

A GIRL might make a date with a man for whom she wouldn't give a fig.

It's rarely the man who is long winded who has a breezy manner.

SOME people are witty and some are merely a joke.

HOPE is the reflection courage sees in the mirror of failure.

A Welsh Valley.

Among the rugged hills of Gwynedd the river winds its way. The general direction of the valley is north and south, but afterwards it curves with a glorious sweep westward to the sea.

In the upper reaches of our valley rise steep mountain sides, their lower slopes green and wooded, and in August all glorious with heather; while above, the highest slopes, beyond the line of woods and trees, are crowned by crags of austere line and form.

The bottom of the valley is a level plain which reaches to the foot of the hills and then stops abruptly, giving place to the upward-springing slopes. But to see this transition in the best light you should approach our valley over the high moors, from any direction, when all around you is silence and desolation. In all directions are peaks and crags, and the solitude that made the men of former days speak of mountainous countries as "full of honour." You reach at length the escarpment of cliffs that form the highest part of the valley walls, and look down on the fresh green lap of a fertile valley, radiant with streams, green fields, woods, meadows, and the smoke of cottage hearths. Around you a tumbled sea of peaks, and of gloomy and forbidding mountains, beneath you the warmth of home. No sound is heard here excepting the melancholy cry of the plover, or the sound of grouse getting up, no movement except the mark of the clouds as they sweep up from the south west. You are too high up for the sounds of rural life to reach you.

At the head of the valley two mountains stand sombre and dark, their sides scarred with crags, their summits often kissed by the hurrying clouds or wreathed in mist. From gloomy recesses amongst the hills—called by the inhabitants Gwms—streamlets come racing down to join the valley river, threads of pure water from the living rock. The aspect of the hills changes hourly: now in the sunshine, now in the shadow. The circling hours bring with them greater changes amongst the hills than even on the 'fields of sea.' We think of the mountains as something fixed for all time, but the play of light and shade, the progress of the clouds, the southing and the setting of the sun, make a continual change of scenery, and fresh setting of the scene: and the pageant of the skies is equalled by the pageant of the hills.

In the valley itself, among the cheerful

haunts of men, are relics of a forgotten past. There, solitary in the cornfield, stands the stone column, set up, tradition says, by a prince or chieftain in the days before us, to commemorate the fallen, or it may be a victory. Below the hanging wood is the ruined abbey, "majestic though in ruin," with its exquisite oriel windows still untouched. They tell you in the valley that a heathen temple stood on the site of the abbey in prehistoric times. There are many legends handed down from generation to generation: stories of stray creatures of another world than ours haunting the lakes among the hills, the dreary cwm, or the unfrequented bridle-path. Superstitions of a bye-gone age and to us foolishness, but not so foolish as the superstitions of our generation, and, at any rate, in harmony with the wild and lovely country of their birth.

M. CAMPBELL SHEARER, Capt., 4th K.S.L.I.

Connaught Athletic Club.

Before the end of the month it is hoped that our Sports Programme for the winter months will have been arranged.

In the past the various winter games have been enjoyed by both patients and personnel; we should like to see the same, if not more, interest shown again this year.

We shall, naturally, expect just such another "soccer" team that Sid Nightingale managed so well last fall.

We should also like to see "Barney" leading his roller hockey champions to victory again.

Also, we might have enough enthusiasts to run a rigger team, which Sgt. Berry might take great delight and interest in managing and training.

The members of the Q.M.A.A.C. may possibly turn their attention from tennis to field hockey, as the seasons change.

The above are just a few suggestions, so get together you enthusiasts, form your clubs, elect your officers, rush out your proposed programmes, and submit full particulars of your requirements in equipment, &c., to the Executive Committee, Connaught Athletic Club.

R. G. ELDRIDGE, SEC., C.A.C.

THE comforts of preparedness is worth all that it costs.

The Eternal Question

(A.D., 1925).

"What did you do in the great war, dad,
In the day of our country's needs?"

The father sighed, as he replied,

"My son, I made some beads!"

"But, father, while the heroes fought
And performed super-human deeds,

What did you do to see it through?"

"My son, I made some beads!"

"Some men made aeroplanes and shells,
In London, York and Leeds;

What did you make for England's sake?"

"My son, I made some beads!"

"But what *did* you do in the big war, dad?"

The persistent youngster pleads.

"Did you slay Huns, or capture guns?"

"My son, I made some beads!"

"I've heard it said some 'swung the lead,'"

The kiddie next proceeds.

"For heaven's sake get off to bed,

I tell you I made beads!"

38539 PTE. W. J. COKER, Ontario 1.

Notes by the Way.

Some dissatisfaction has been felt of late in connection with the Staff getting boats at the boathouse. It appears that some of those who use the boats do not return them on time, consequently those who go down for the same boats have sometimes to wait over an hour. It must be understood that anyone taking out a boat *must* return same at the time stated on their order, otherwise the next one booked will be forced to wait.

Last month there were two free issues of Player's cigarettes given to all bed patients in lieu of outings, in which, unfortunately, they cannot participate. This week there has been a free distribution to all patients in the Hospital of photographic albums or packets of picture postcards, also free cigarettes to bed patients.

A cribbage tournament, also a billiard tournament, commenced on Thursday, 22nd inst., in the patients' Recreation Room. Keen competition is being displayed. Watch next issue for results.

The next Whist Drive for Q.M.A.A.C.'s and patients will be about the end of the month, when some good prizes will be given. Many are looking forward to this, as they had such a jolly evening the last time, when the new O.C. kindly presented the prizes. These were given by Lady Violet Astor and the Patients' Recreation Fund. In his bright and happy remarks Col. Goldsmith stated that he hoped these Drives would be continued regularly, especially during the coming winter.

Of late we have been having only one concert each week, as it was felt that many of the patients preferred to be outside whilst the weather was so favourable. Most of these concerts have been organised by committees, who are using funds collected by the general public for arranging soldiers' concerts. Consequently, in that way, mostly professional artistes have been appearing on our stage, although many of the boys thought on Aug. 16th that the company who came down should not have stated that they belonged to the professional world, for their efforts were not at all appreciated. This week we hope to make amends. We were glad to note that at one of the recent concerts Captain Upton drew attention to the fact that whistling was quite an unnecessary method of showing one's appreciation, especially as some of the nerve cases had asked that it might be discontinued.

It is a well-known fact in office (not official) circles that the Adjutant has great difficulty in retaining a lead pencil on his desk (cases of kleptomania are suspected). He occasionally lets everybody within range (he hasn't yet, by the way, been dubbed "Big Bertha") know his ideas regarding those who "pinch" lead pencils.

The other day one of his trusty staff unconsciously made off with his chief's pencil. He was later found guilty of the crime.

Result—there now reposes on the desk of the Adjutant a lead pencil marked with the following typed inscription:—"This pencil is the legal property of Capt. van Norman. *You* haven't the nerve to take it."

You may borrow trouble without bank references.

It is easier to obtain the reputation of being a hero than it is to live up to the reputation.

Ward Notes.

A. & D.

To LET.—59 Beds. Good weekly board!

F.2.

We are quite a busy ward these days, since the last convoy, quite like old times. Still, we are glad to hear that we are winning hands down.

We have said au revoir to most of our old friends, our best wishes accompany them.

Our veteran of the Queen's requires a new batman. Applicants must have been in hospital at least five years.

Glad to see that our old timer has got his boots at last. We are wondering when he is going to get the order of the boot.

We don't think the boots had a ticket with them, but it may come later.

We hope our friend, T. H., is happy in his new abode. We suppose he still bowls when in the old alley. F. RYAN.

G.1.

Many and varied have been the changes in this ward since we last went to bat. We hardly know what to write, as most of the leading lights, who were the victims of scandal, have left, or are leaving *toute de suite*.

Some are anxious to get away, while others fain would tarry yet a while longer, and in the words of our old college chum "Omar," and believe us, he was no fool:

"The moving finger writes (C.C.H., Depot, leave, &c.)

And having writ, moves on (to the next victim)

Nor all thy piety or wit shall lure it

Back, to cancel half a line,

Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it."

Ah well! 'Tis the army and 'twas ever thus, but still we, the patients, should decide just what they should do; where they should go; how much they should eat; what sisters they should have, &c. All those in favour signify in the usual manner (carried unanimously). Perish the voice that whispers "Do you want jam on it."

We wonder what H—— thinks of "B.L.P." "Slim" has been to "the pictures." Our heartfelt sympathy to the forlorn of Maidenhead.

Is the "Man of Action" from away back enjoying his one-meal-a-day "stunt"? No! I guess we won't have to resort to forcible feeding.

No! "Rawdy," old man. You may be a "wood butcher," but taming cats is a delicate job and requires patience and heaps of self-control.

Our thanks to "Wee Jock" for accidentally dropping his false teeth. He does speak English after all. Who said we were hard of hearing?

What do you know about that—one of our sisters is entering for the Donkey Derby.

Last but not least, Sister Hay has left us for "la belle France." Our loss is someone else's gain and we all wish her the very best, &c.

H.2.

We are exceedingly sorry to lose our old friend, Ernest Jones. In addition to being so generally well liked and a friend to everybody, we thought him the most competent masseur around here. What a pity such an expert should be sent away from such skilled work to monkey around with a six-ton lorry.

We are all pleased to see old Bob Smith on his feet again after such a "tough" time. These Lancashire Canadians are certainly sticklers.

Cannot something be done for the poor chair patients, who have to stick through a concert even if it be like the recent wash-out? However, it is seldom we have anything but really good shows, and we expect the boys have forgiven the "Pinkies" by now?

Now boys - remember Perkins and wear your splints. One

of these days we may have splints to *fit* instead of being burdened with ambiguous lumps of timber.

J.1.

We extend a hearty welcome to our new M.O., Capt. Taylor.

Our new chum, McClare, persists in looking down upon us all.

The "Guardsmen" informs us that he can "lie" upon his face. We wonder how he has the face to do it.

A certain Sgt. also "Lies" in his bed all day long. Two of the b'hoys, eh?

Why did the occupant of Bed 47 laugh when his chum in Bed 48 had his badge "souvenired"?

Why did not "Jim" join a Railway Corps? He certainly is a good "sleeper."

When a particular soldier adopts a disguise, does he not know that "dese guys" see through it?

"Curly," one of our American-Canadians, writes of Glasgowian hearts captured. We hope that he has not lost his.

Our violin scraper, Ernest Tring, now scrapes his feet in other climes. No more shall we hear his scraping on t'owd fiddle.

We shall be glad to read in this magazine any good short stories. Any budding or well-known authors in this or other wards might lend a hand.

Why not a short story competition now and again? What think ye of this suggestion Mr. Editor?

The trip to Windsor Castle delighted our Colonials last week.

We also wish to record the jolly drive, tea and entertainment provided by the hostess at Binfield House. It was "some" outing.

Who made three "Aussies" look *very small* on the river one afternoon? That night they did not boast.

All patients in this Ward thank Capt. Upton for gift of photo-books, and the bed-patients enjoyed the cigarettes.

We have a Venus (Veness) in this ward, in name, not figure.

"JAY ONE"

K.2.

What causes our lightning orderly to practice route marching in army No. 9's each night after lights out, and who was the patient who asked him when he was going to be relieved? Good old Peter.

What is our old timer, the Beachcomber, attracted by at Maidenhead? Some say good old W——s and some say otherwise.

Why have our two old stagers, P——r and O——e, taken to making an Artillery badge? Is it that they have at last summoned some respect for the "Right of the line."

Is it right that our friend Taffy has just celebrated his 25th birthday, and did the little girl believe him.

How did S——e cut his finger and why did he say "Good old finger"?

Things we want to know—

If the orderly has lately established an Information Bureau? Was it a "safe" speculation old kid?

Did D——n cry at the concert? "Nor arf."

Who will our fag-mumpers bum off now?

Why is our real old timer always singing "For I never loved another lass but you"?

ALEX. 2.

Official confirmation. We now confirm our statement of last week "Re the marriage of the Royal M." The boys are endeavouring to collect, by means of subscription, a sum of money for the erection of a suitable hairdressing saloon.

Everyone knows that the P.S. is an official man, but does he draw the pay, and has he the authority of a "C.O."?

Good old No. 12, alias "Porky Darcy"! We are indeed sorry to hear that Darcy has to undergo a painful and serious treatment for the reduction of his landpackers. Several com-

plaints have reached headquarters, regarding the congestion of traffic on the veranda.

Who was the man who, after a long, careful, tedious toilet, was rejected at the gate on account of the richness of his tie? What explanation did he make to his fair damsel when he found himself an hour late? If words had been deeds, we would not have cared to be in the shoes of the P.S.

The boys are indeed sorry that our official cigarette tray-polisher has resigned his position, for reasons unknown.

Everyone is pleased that our young mascot, "Babe" Mason, is well on his way to recovery from his last serious operation, which we all trust will prove to be successful.

Who is the Scotchman in the marquee who does the nightly hundred yards' dash across the green, lightly attired? Evidently our Night Sister is a keen athlete, as she displays much interest in these closely contested dashes. Much credit is reflected on the Scotchman's trainer, who accompanies him.

We should like to know who received the greatest shock when the Colonel asked some of the "old stagers" how long they had been in hospital?

Each patient wishes to thank Capt. Upton for his kindness in arranging the free distribution of hospital views and cigarettes, which were greatly appreciated.

Capt. Upton has won great admiration from the boys of our ward for his untiring energy in arranging outings and entertainments, which helps to break the monotony of hospital life, and passes so few.

We beg to announce that in our next edition will appear a short, snappy story, entitled "My experiences on a Dressing Carriage under Mac's forceps."

Which day for outing?

ONTARIO 2.

Look out for the next edition of STAND EASY.

YUKON WARDS.

THAT "KID."

We take our headline from the Canadian Y.M.C.A. Pay-book Lines, No. 1c., which were in the "Please take one!" box at the Hospital Church on the occasion of our mascot's christening, on Sunday, August 15th, 1918. Glorious weather crowned the day and quite a large number assembled at the Church, members of the Yukon Wards turning up in force. Padre Trench conducted the service. The Matron attended, accompanied by numerous Nursing Sisters, who appeared to be quite in love with our "kid," needless to say the baby was a little dear during the whole proceedings.

The day after our mascot departed for a well earned rest the Sisters seemed to vie with one another for possession of that "Kid."

We offer Capt. and Mrs. Beech our heartest congratulations and the best of good luck to Master Allen Eccles, who we hope will be a chip off the old block.

OUR TRIP TO WINDSOR.

On Saturday, August 17th, we spent the afternoon on a launch trip to Windsor, where we arrived about 4 o'clock and had a splendid tea, which was provided mostly by the Sisters Davidson, Baker and Aitcheson, to whom we offer our heartiest thanks. The general opinion was that it was the best tea we had had since the good old peace days. There were a few showers, but this did not damp our spirits in the slightest. Everybody appreciated the beautiful scenery and the splendid view from the river of Windsor Castle. Various selections were provided by the "Good Hope" Orchestra, i.e., the gramophone, the boys joining in with the choruses. Altogether we couldn't have had a better afternoons enjoyment, and we are all looking forward to our next trip.

WHY is a dog with a broken tail better off than other dogs?

Because every dog has his day, but this dog has a "week"-end.

Lieut. C. E. Sherlock, R.A.F.

We deeply regret to announce the death of Lieut. C. E. Sherlock, R.A.F., who was buried with military honours in the Italian Garden Cemetery at Cliveden, on Thursday, the 22nd inst. Lieut. Sherlock had many friends and admirers amongst the staff of the hospital, who mourn the loss of such a splendid Canadian soldier. The burial took place at Cliveden in accordance with his own wishes. R.A.F. officers, from Reading, acted as pall bearers, and a detachment from the R.F.A. Depôt, High Wycombe, fired the salute.

Vaccine Verses.

You may vaccinate me here,
You may vaccinate me there,
Though its virtue is I think quite over rated;
But doctor dear, I beg,
Don't do it on the leg,
For reasons which shall presently be stated.

You may vaccinate my arm,
There's a certain sort of charm
When the beastly thing has "took" and sup-
You can wear it in a sling, [purated;
And it's quite the proper thing
To have your sleeve with ribbon decorated.

So doctor dear, I beg,
Don't vaccinate my leg,
If you do you will be quite exasperated,
It couldn't do me good,
For my legs are made of wood,
Not to mention that they're both electroplated.

A. B.

Canadian Press Representatives

Some of the representative newspapermen of Canada, who have been touring military units both in England and France during the last few weeks, visited the hospital on Monday last. They were entertained by Mrs. Waldorf Astor at Cliveden for luncheon, and then inspected the Italian Garden Cemetery, and later the hospital. They expressed themselves as being delighted with the hospital from every standpoint. Many old friends and acquaintances among the patients and staff were also delighted at their visit, and we trust that the Canadian Press may learn first hand how fortunate are those who come to Cliveden.

Medical Society.

The first meeting of the newly organised Medical Society was held in the Ante-room of the Officers' Mess on Friday evening, the 16th of August.

The officers of the Society are: Chairman, Major H. C. Dixon; Vice-Chairman, Capt. P. W. Barker; Secretary, Capt. D. H. Paterson. Thirty members of the staff were present.

The principal address of the evening was given by Lt.-Col. J. C. Meakins on "the Physiology of Respiration, with special reference to gas poisoning," and clinical cases were presented bearing on the subject. Capt. J. G. Priestly, R.A.M.C., who is associated with Col. Meakins in working in connection with the Medical Research Committee, illustrated the nervous mechanism of respiration by a very ingenious apparatus.

Capt. Barker presented an interesting case of thrombosis of the axillary vein.

Col. Goldsmith moved a vote of thanks to Col. Meakins for his address and regretted that the hospital was shortly to lose an officer who had such splendid medical ability. This was seconded by Col. Mewburn and heartily endorsed by all present.

A Cruise of "The Good Hope."

Tuesday, Aug. 6th, will always be a memorable day in the minds of some of the Nursing Sisters and Officers of the Cliveden Hospital. It being a glorious evening, a party of 50 odd assembled at the boathouse at 6.45 p.m., bent on a trip in Major Astor's launch to Bisham Abbey. Finally, after much blowing of the hooter, the whole party was collected and the launch began her journey. She steamed peacefully up the river through the locks, past Cookham, Bourne End and Marlow, and finally drew up at the landing stage of the delightful old house, Bisham Abbey. Here the entire party landed, and were met by Mr. and Mrs. Huntley-Walker and their two daughters, who were most kind in showing everything of interest, including the monks' old fish ponds and gardens, and a painting by Van Dyke, &c., &c. Then having refreshed themselves with sandwiches and cake, the party awoke to the once more insistent blasts of the hooter and hurried on board. Here the troubles began. The

launch pursued her homeward journey for a mile, then, with a slushy grating sound, stuck in the mud and refused to move an inch. Everyone on board immediately took command, including the "Skipper" himself [apologies to Capt. Upton.—Editor] and the noise of the many suggestions was terrific. The "Good Hope," regardless of her name, refused to budge. As a last resource "rocking" was suggested, but owing to the sudden loss of colour and languid appearance of many of the passengers it had to be abandoned, and the whole party was forced to land in single file across a plank. Luckily it was a fine night, but even the weather could not prevent the horrible feeling of hunger which prevailed. Two miles from Bourne End and one from Marlow, and no one sufficiently inspired to produce the five loaves and three small fishes really required [thank you, Home Sister, for the maple sugar.—Editor]. It was a horrible plight. A select few of the really enterprising members of the party procured a small boat and rowed home, striking matches at intervals, and arriving at about 3 a.m. The rest plodded along the bank in single file to Bourne End, where they telephoned for ambulances, and a veil is drawn over the time they retired to slumber. The "Good Hope" was towed back to Cliveden about 8 a.m., her spirit undaunted, destined for many another cruise.

OVERHEARD IN THE TUBE DURING AN AIR RAID.—'Arry crouched tremblingly beside 'Arriet. After staring fixedly at the other numerous sheltering victims, his gaze wandered to a notice above his head. "'Arry," said 'Arriet, "I does feel queer, not sure as I ain't going to be sick." 'Arry, still gazing at the notice, turned pale. "For Gawd's sake, 'Arriet, don't be sick 'ere, it's 40/- for a spit."

TAKING NO RISKS.

A Yorkshireman and a Scotsman were riding together in a tram car, when a rather nice looking young lady got on and sat just in front of the Scot.

He drew his friend's attention to the lady and said, "Mon, I ken her very weel."

"Why don't you go and sit beside her, then?" asked the friend from York.

"Hold yer toung, mon! She's no paid her farr yet."

V.A.D. Notes.

HIGH WYCOMBE.

The M.O. and Mrs. Priestley (Quartermaster) are away on holiday. Dr. Meredith Clements is doing the former's duties. Sister Bishop has gone and Sister Watson is back with us again.

Except for the seven new Taplow patients we have been very quiet lately. The R.F.A. troops are apparently in good health.

Another glorious river picnic has taken place, which the boys and staff much enjoyed. All passed off well, except for the "Wood-bines" left in the train. What a find for someone—a soldier we hope. Our best thanks to Capt. Upton and Mrs. Astor for the loan of the launch.

The cricket match between Mr. Thurlow's XI. (veterans) and patients is our next excitement. Some of the team have got the "wind up"; unfortunately our best bat has had to return to bed for an operation, the date of the match having to be postponed. We hope for a big gate towards the Comforts Fund. There is to be a tea, and the R.F.A. band will attend.

It was with a feeling of pride we read of Bdr. Gray's success in the embroidery class. We claim him as one of our own pupils, as also is Hinwood.

More honours to the V.A.D. Hospital. The names of Nurse Buchannon and Nurse J. Reynolds were in *The Gazette* lists, also that of E. Thurlow, Quartermaster. Very nice, but so many more equally deserving whose names are missing.

Thanks to Messrs. Hull, Loosley & Pierce for loan of break for the river trip.

Heard again! Stump! stump! Oh, when are those rubber heels coming along!

What are we going to do now we have no club? All its member have flown to goodness knows where, and good luck to them, but where is the "tin" they got together.

Come, "dad," buck up! or you wont be ready to do an exhibition Turkey trot for us at Christmas.

We wonder how much work "Digger" does daily in the cemetery, and whether lady



friends are more of an hindrance than a help.

Anyone requiring a nice portrait painted should kindly look in and interview No. 8's famous artist, who never sells unless hard up for cash. So watch your chance, boys.

When is Lewis going to learn how to bowl properly?

When are our singing friends going to get going once more, and who is going to procure the next supply of seed?

When does Cooper think he will get his cushion cover done? Hurry up, old man, or the war will be over before you have finished.

The prize winners at the Whist Drive held on Aug. 13th were: Ladies—Miss Gardner and Miss O. Williams, gents—Weston, Siddington, James and Fitch, whilst the winners in the previous week's drive proved to be: Ladies—Sister Jackson and Miss Gardner, gents—Foster, Ashworth, Thomas and Mathers. Both were very nice gatherings, and there was keen competition for the prizes.

LATE NEWS.—The patients unfortunately lost the cricket match, but they made up at the tea. Score to follow in next number.

FIRST OLD GENT: "I will sell you this bike for £20!"

SECOND DITTO: "If I had so much money I would buy a cow."

FIRST O.G.: "Well, you would look funny riding into town on a cow."

SECOND O.G.: "Not half so funny as I should look trying to milk a bicycle."

MAIDENHEAD.

The return game with the R. Salamanson XI. was played in Kidwell's Park. Again the Hospital XI. were the victors. The opposing eleven showed good form but the hospital team were too strong. The scores were, Hospital XI. 136, R. Salamanson XI. 43. Pte. Brigham played excellent cricket for the Hospital XI., carrying his bat with a score of 39 not out. Sgt. Styles and Pte. Howard shared 50 runs between them. Taking the game on the whole it was very good, and we all hope another game will be forthcoming in the near future. We must not omit to say that the R. Salamanson XI. were just a scratch team, many of the players playing together for the first time.

Our devoted friend, Mr. Curtis, is amongst us again, after being absent for a week or so on

holiday. He was only away for this short period, but he was missed. The boys were reminded that he was back by having a real good treat in the way of a tea and a first class concert, for which we all join in with hearty thanks.

Our M.O. is back from his holiday and it is understood that he had a real good time.

The Whist Drive of Tuesday last, Aug. 13th, was again a success. The attendance was not very great, only six tables being occupied, but the game was good. First prize came to Gnr. Carey of the upper wards, and the booby to Pte. Wilson of the same ward.

Thanks are due to Mrs. Van de Berg for the excellent time afforded by a river trip to Henley. Thirty of the boys from the hospital were invited. On board an officer entertained by giving a ventriloquist performance, and a sing-song in general was not amiss.

Another outing to Henley was given by the Phyllis Court Club, about fifty of the boys went on board the steamer "Good Hope." Unfortunately the time ashore was very much limited, only about three-quarters of an hour being allowed because of the long journey back. Our hosts were as sorry to part with us as we were to leave them.

WE DO THE STAIRS!

Hark! Listen! here's something new,
Thoroughly digest it, we and you,
Be it wet, fine, or s' nice,
Be it hot, or "cold as ice,"
Morgan and Coles, so they say,
Do the stairs three times a day,
For breakfast, tea, and supper.
These two knuts of the "Upper"
Let you know they do the stairs.
We'll say no more, you might shed tears.

Things we would like to know—

We wonder if "Mor(e)gan" be got out of Coles than, "We do the stairs"? Cheerio, trooper!

Who was the patient who suddenly missed his lady friend?

(H) Evans only knows where she went.

Who has a margarine business, and who volunteered to give a free hand in making this butter substitute?

It's absolutely "rank" the whole thing.

Who is Algy?

It's a Riddle(t), so study before you answer, please.

EDY.

One of William Shakspeare's Haunts.

The Garter Inn stood between Peascod Street and the present station of the Great Western Railway, or thereabouts. Shakspeare characters, such as Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Pistol, and Nym, were of a type frequenting The Garter Inn. A wine flagon, with the legend of having been used by Sir John Falstaff and his followers, is preserved in a museum, the property and collection of a past Mayor of Windsor. This museum is situated in an old-world street opposite Henry VIIIth Gateway, Windsor Castle. Adjoining the museum is the house, once the residence of Nell Gwynn. She was an actress appearing at one time at Drury Lane Theatre. Nell Gwynn is mentioned by several writers as having come under the notice of King Charles II., when acting on the dramatic stage. She is described as fascinating and witty. The museum contains a painting and several drawings, from which a fair idea of her face can be gathered. Beauty of face is a subject upon which people widely differ, nevertheless, many would put Nell down as passing fair of face. Amongst other reminders of the past in the museum, is a bell that hung in a passage-way at the back of Nell's house, leading into the Castle precincts. An old story records that Nell Gwynn sold oranges in Drury Lane—probably it arose, if true, from freak or wager. Judging by the museum likeness, Nell is not of the type of the ordinary orange-seller of the period.

Queen Elizabeth, when at Windsor Castle, was fond of pageant and stage play. She favoured Shakspeare, telling him to produce a play with characters of blustering mirth. In acceptance of the royal favour, Shakspeare took up his quarters at The Garter Inn. Apparently at The Garter Inn Shakspeare found the right characters, for speedily he produced on the Royal Castle stage—"The Merry Wives of Windsor." Queen Elizabeth's approval was a rippling smile of laughter that the Imp of Mirth has never since ceased to wield to the generations that have followed.

RARE perfection is bluff more than well done.

Printed for the Proprietors by THE ARGUS PRESS (Maidenhead), LIMITED, 98, QUEEN STREET, MAIDENHEAD, Berks.
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