

VOL. I., No. 24. MAY 18TH, 1918.

“

Stand

Easy”

Chronicles

of

Cliveden.

Fred. C. Owen.

THREEPENCE.



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# Chronicles of Cliveden.

Vol. I., No. 24.

SATURDAY, MAY 18TH, 1918.

THREEPENCE.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ... MAJOR J. D. MORGAN.  
EDITORIAL STAFF ... {GNR. A. S. BARTLETT.  
... {A./SERGT. BAKER.

## Almost a Tragedy.

He arose slowly from the chair, where he had been reading, and sauntered slowly up the ward. There appeared to be something horribly suggestive about his movements, some vague feeling of brooding trouble. With eyes glancing from right to left, he quietly stole towards the kitchen door, and pausing for a moment to see if all was clear, quietly entered.

Once inside, his movements became stranger than ever, and a horrible fear assailed us, as he stole quietly around, as if seeking some undefinable thing that was not within his range, and certainly his erratic behaviour was strange, to say the least of it. With eyes gleaming, he stole to the cupboard—his clawing fingers fumbled with the contents, one after the other—his whole being alert for any suspicion of alarm, and his eyes hungrily devouring the contents of the different compartments. At last, with a quick intake of the breath, he placed his hand on the jar he had apparently been seeking, and his eyes gleamed with the light of madness. Was it true? Had he discovered it? His whole aspect became one of mad desire, as his fingers wandered lovingly over that which he sought.

Taking it with a firm clutch, he wheeled round. God! what was that; a footstep? No! Great beads of moisture gathered on his brow, and he was visibly trembling with anxiety. At last, apparently assured that no one was about at the moment, he stole quietly to the door. Someone in the ward was shouting unintelligible things, and his ears, doubly alert, heard the strange calls which came from the distance. "Blind 60," "Doctor's pride," "Clickety-Click," "Top of the House, No. 13. House on number 13, gentlemen."

Clutching his possession in his hand, he stole out from the kitchen as unassuming as he was able, his eyes gleaming fiendishly, and walked down to his chair with his hand grasped tightly over a *lump of sugar*! A.S.B.

?

Where can a man find a "cap" for his knee,  
Or a key for a lock of his hair?  
Must his eyes be called an academy,  
Because there are pupils there?  
In the crown of his head what gems are set?  
Who travels the bridge of his nose?  
Can he use, when "shingling" the roof of his  
The nails on the ends of his toes? [mouth,  
What does he raise from a slip of the tongue?  
Who plays on the drums of his ears?  
And who can tell the cut or style  
Of the coat his stomach wears?  
Can the crook of his elbow be sent to gaol?  
And if so, what would it do?  
How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?  
I'm hanged if I know; do you? A.B.

## What makes a Gentleman.

Not numerous years or lengthened life,  
Nor pretty children and a wife.  
Not pins, or chains, or fancy rings,  
Nor any suchlike trumpery things.  
Not pipe, cigar, or bottled wines,  
Nor liberty with kings to dine.  
Not coat, or boots, or yet a hat,  
Nor dandy vest, nor gay cravat.  
Not judge's robe, or mayor's mace,  
Nor crowns that deck the royal race.  
These all admitted never can  
Avail to make a gentleman.

A truthful soul, a loving mind,  
Full of affection for its kind;  
A helper of the human race,  
A soul of beauty and of grace,  
A spirit, firm, erect and free,  
That never basely bends the knee;  
That trembles at no tyrant's nod;  
A soul that fears no one, but God;  
A heart that's pure and white within,  
That never makes a lead with sin,  
That breaks the fetters despots make,  
And loves the truth for its own sake,  
And, thus, can smile at curse and ban—  
That is the soul that makes the man.

CPL. PARTER, 5th Cyclist E.T.



## Aerial Photographs.

TAKEN IN SPITE OF "ARCHIE."

By "Z."

I was asleep, comfortably asleep, having learnt overnight that work for me did not begin until the afternoon, when I was roused by a hand on my shoulder. Through half-closed lids I was aware of my batman.

"You confounded cuckoo," I murmured, "go away, you've made a mistake," and would have slumbered again, but the fellow was insistent.

"The C.O. wants you on the aerodrome, sir—at once."

Grumblingly, I got up. Of course there was a mistake somewhere. Orders had been clear enough, unless some wretched observer was sick and I had to take his place, which happened to be the case.

On the aerodrome I saw the C.O. and with him Captain Harris, my pilot, no one else. I got closer and saw that the C.O. held a photographic map, a small enough thing in itself, but brimful of meaning to me. Silently I received a copy and listened to instructions.

Harris turned to me with a smile. "We are in for it again, old bean. We have to go umpteen miles over the lines and photograph all this," a sweep of his hand across the map indicated it. "We are escorted by six scouts, whom we shall pick up at X—, and then I shall cross the lines here."

And then followed minute instructions. These are very necessary on a job like this because you are sent out with instructions to photograph a certain area. The pilot must fly over that ground, and the observer has to judge when he has reached that locality and begin working the camera.

Five minutes later, we were on our way, getting our height as we approached the lines. We signalled to our scout escort, and soon they were circling above us picking up formation. Higher and higher we went till Harris turned our bus to the lines. Behind us and above followed the scouts, gleaming like silver in the sunlight.

As far as I could see, as I gazed somewhat anxiously ahead, there was no other machine in the sky, but this is small comfort to an experienced flyer who knows that Fritz is fond of lurking high up in the sun, where he is

nearly invisible, and dropping like a thunder-bolt if he scents easy prey.

I took up the telephone. "Harris," I said, "I am going to start taking now."

"Right-o," came the reply.

I ducked in the cockpit. Suddenly, "Whouf, whouf, whouf," and then a sharp crack, and the bus rocked a bit and dropped a hundred feet or so. "Archie" was at work, but one gets so used to his little games that one heeds him not at all.

Between the manipulation of the camera I glanced out and saw our faithful escort still on our tail, while below us were towns that we were not in the habit of flying over, and ahead were others which I had only seen before as blotches on the horizon.

I ducked into the cockpit again, and the roar of our engine and "Archie's" "whouf" were the only sounds, when a small voice spoke in my ear. "Huns," it said, and nothing else.

Now, I knew that we were to leave the fighting to the scouts unless it became essential to join in, but I scrambled out to have a look. There they were, 12 I judged, five or six hundred yards away, and bearing down towards us. I glanced behind. There was our faithful escort in perfect formation.

I fingered my gun lovingly, then ducked back into the cockpit. I was out again between each snap. We were now heading for home, and I judged that another six photos would cover all the ground required. Then the fight began. I could hear the rattle of machine-guns. Imagine what it is like, squatting down in a small hole surrounded by canvas and thin wood, and knowing that a short distance away a battle royal is being fought, a battle against odds too, where another gun would mean a lot.

I glanced outside. The air was alive with planes, driving, climbing, banking and spitting fire. I noted one machine turning over and over as it dropped, and had time to see with satisfaction that it carried black crosses. Then into the cockpit again, the last photograph just taken, and I was aware that my pilot was rocking the bus, and a louder "crack, crack, crack" carried its own meaning.

I was out like lightning. Scarcely 200 yards away and diving straight at us came a Hun. I took aim and fired a long sharp burst. Luck favoured me. The Hun seemed to stagger slightly, then a bright streak of flame shot up, and he dropped, blazing furiously.



Ten minutes later we crossed the lines, and shortly afterwards landed.

After handing in my precious negatives I strolled round to the Squadron Office, and found Harris filling in a combat report.

"You got that one a treat, old man," he remarked; "have a cigarette." I helped myself, and at that moment the C.O. put down the receiver.

"I have just phoned X——," he said; "they got five, and have one machine missing; good work."

I echoed this sentiment much more heartily on my way to the mess, as I thought of that gallant escort fighting against great odds to protect us. But it is thus that photographs are secured.

---

### Leave.

May heaven be praised  
That I can snatch these finely sifted hours  
Of swiftest pleasure  
From the grasping hand of fate,  
Who sits with his new-joined partner, Mars,  
To measure  
Our meagre rationings of happiness,  
Giving to some a short respite from mud,  
From cold, dead things;  
Or from the sea  
That licks expectantly the shelving beach,  
Whose ribboned weed is strangely now displaced  
By wire entanglements.  
See how the generous curve of Regent Street  
Lies all inviting, open to the eyes  
Of those that love her, but whose banishment  
Bids them reside in bitter lands and strange.  
While Bond Street like a crevice in the hills  
Hides at the bases of its towering walls,  
Jewels and things of loveliness displayed  
Like fairy treasures.  
And then, the people of this dream  
Are beautiful, more lovely far than once  
They were in days when London's joys  
Were not compressed in hasty fleeting hours,  
Whose dirge is sung by a slow, grinding train  
That daily drags away to other lands  
Cargoes of weary men, whose drowsy thoughts  
Are laden with treasures  
Greater than all the galleons of old Spain  
Could ever bear across the windy seas;  
The happy memories of leave well spent,  
Of a few hours of happiness and ease.

C. NEVILLE BRAND, R.N.V.R.

### Staff Notes.

Our esteemed friend, Thompson (of Tompie fame), returned from leave looking—(well I guess we'll leave this blank). Anyway he had a good time. It is regretted, however, that he came away without his watch.

The modern musketeers, "Tuff," "Ike" and "Jacko," are away on another adventure. This time to the Scottish glens. We are wondering if they will reach their proposed destination, unless they are lucky in catching a non-stop.

A pale looking soldier, leaning heavily on a stick, walked slowly, as if in great pain, towards the Board room this Tuesday. Everyone who passed him pitied the poor boy, and hoped he would get P.U. Nothing more was seen of him, and he was apparently forgotten, until one of the staff found a big thick stick leaning up against the wall outside the Board room. Then the picture of this pitiful sight came back to mind, and now we are wondering whether it was a case of Christian science, or was he really boarded P.U.

---

### "Counting Chickens . . ."

I'm going on leave, so that's why I grin,  
That's why I'm all spick and span;  
When I get home, what yarns I will spin,  
And tell all the tales that I can.

No one will believe me, but then! what's the  
I shall only be there for a spell, [odds?  
And when I leave home, they'll swear by their  
Gods

That I've "peddled the bull to beat H——."

I'll tell them of narrow escapes that I've had,  
Hand-to-hand scraps with the Hun.  
To put the "wind up" mother and dad  
I thought would be the best of fun.

But alas! for my hopes and dreams of good  
As to the S.M.'s quarters I popped [times,  
I arrived there exactly at quarter-past-nine,  
And was told my leave had been stopped!

A.S.B.

---

M.O.: "Are you an Imperial?"

PATIENT: "No, sir! I'm a South Wales Borderer."



## Ward Notes.

## A. &amp; D.

Welcome to Sister Weatherip, our new Charge Sister, and we hope that her stay will be long and pleasant. At the same time, we bid *au revoir* to Sister Macdonald, and wish her the best of times in bonnie Scotland.

We extend a hearty welcome to the boys of the new convoy, and trust that they see the end of this war at Cliveden.

*Things we would like to know—*

Apologies to K.1 for using their stuff, but we really must have this one:—"Are the people of Paris the only ones strafed at night by 'Big Bertha'?"

Why there have been no answers to our advertisement of last issue, *re* volunteers for entertaining lady friends? Come on, boys, don't be scared; lots of fun. What price our old ward clerk for the job!

Who is the man who can't sleep at night, and would not the job noted above be sufficient to induce slumber to his tireless eyes?

What disease our kitchen is suffering from? Pending a diagnosis from the M.O. they should be put on a heavy diet, as the work they are doing is both heavy and gruelling.

Why our orderlies are not paraded to the eye clinic once in a while? Poor dears; their eyes look very bad some mornings.

*Advertisement—*

Owing to the large number of applicants, the Operating Room sub-staff beg to announce that a small nominal charge will in future be made for teaching tennis. The proceeds will be given to the "Home for crippled and overworked Orderlies."

\*\*\*

## E. WARD.

"Ink Ink" Fraser is very keen on getting away during the evenings. We wonder what's the attraction? Is it rations or —?

"Slim" Warburton has got the idea that he has some job at the clinic. It's amusing to watch his manoeuvres in the morning, especially if there's a bunch of patients. One would think he belongs to the signallers.

McNeilly is sure fond of his college pudding. He figures it's quite educating. Well, we all thought so after his account of the glorious feed he had at the Officers' Mess.

Tonsil, our orderly, is sure worrying. We don't know what is the trouble. He was talking in his sleep the other day. "Her eyes have told me all."

"Red" Walsh is marked out. He's figuring on getting back to France as soon as possible. He's volunteered to go, so as to save the remainder of ward E. being sent over. That's the spirit! Ever heard of his story how he killed 10 Germans?

McCauly, the one and only, is sighing for Bearwood again. Still he has entered the Bowling Tournament. Ever seen him on the green? He figures his chances are great. We wonder what for? We all think it's B—.

\*\*\*

## F.1.

We would like to know the name of the patient who, on hearing of the impending increase in postage rates, made up his mind to buy a stock of stamps "while they remained at the present price!" No, he is *not* an Irishman.

Alas! 'tis a weary world. After depriving this ward of its palmist, its Honey and a number of real old-timers, the powers-that-be have now taken our one and only Rae of sunshine. Best of luck, Rae, and may you never see sunny (?) France again.

Our kitchen staff is subjected to as much change as a battalion in the lines these days. Meanwhile, everybody continues to grow fat on the rations—more or less.

There is a rumour afoot to the effect that screens are to be provided on Sunday afternoons for courting couples. R—e and T. kindly note.

It is quite untrue to say that one of our number uses his bed as a savings bank. Still the 2/- was there alright. The thick plottens, dear readers.

## G.2.

A few weeks ago we referred to "Nellie" and the policeman, but we have found a better man than he. For instance, this was heard: "I'll tell you who was playing the mouth organ, Sister."

We hear on very good authority that our "Spud" is now doing a little work in electricity. Anyone wishing to have a shock, just touch "Spud's" left ear.

"Raspberry's" movements this week are not very clear, but we think a canoe on the river could tell a good tale.

Is it Wright or is it a Foulsham that Evans was thinking of his Bath when he said he could not a-Ford the Buss fare to go to O'Donnell's Wedding?

Strange!!! And she is such a Vass-inating Young Wo(r)-man, isn't she? She Drew Upto(n) Boyden one Knight, but he went White, after thinking Howard it would be on O'Donnell. This caused O'Donnell to Rayner back with Care(y).

Is her father a Baker, a Cooper or a Taylor?

Which does he prefer, foot-Ball or Pool?

Oh, what a Nash! when our S.M. pushed her over the Styles. The beer Orto(n) Burgoyne when Jondro and Ockendon get going.

*Things we would like to know—*

Where did the Sister leave her handkerchief? And who is keeping the secret?

Where is S—t's mail?

And who "put one over on him" over the spinal carriage?

How long does it take to tame a rat? Ask Rayner.

What made "Raspberry" look so glum on Wednesday morning last?

Who smokes "De Reske" cigarettes?

What is it Evans keeps in his locker?

Is it a bread-making frame or a rat-trap?

\*\*\*

## H.1.

We were sorry to lose our Charge Sister, Sister Forgie, who has gone to Kirkdale. She carries with her our sincere good wishes.

We welcome our new Charge Sister, Sister Muir, and trust she will find H.1 a willing and easy ward to manage.

We are all pleased to have Capt. Washburn back in the ward again, and trust he has quite recovered from his recent illness.

At the same time, we regret losing Capt. Ross, who so ably "carried on" in the absence of Capt. Washburn.

What would the Food Controller say, if he knew one of our verandah patients sat up all night feeding rats with cheese? Who said it was Andrews?

Who broke the record? And does the Night Sister appreciate the gramophone as she ought to?

Will it be necessary for Graut to have "stand to" about 5.30 every morning in view of the counter attacks and retaliatory members of the kitchen staff?

\*\*\*

## K.1.

Why could not one of our gifted members of the K.1 ward get his two young lady friends in the Hospital the other day? Was it because it was not his pass day? Why couldn't he invite them to tea, or was he afraid some of the other patients would have taken their fancy, as we are sure the kitchen staff would have paid a good deal of attention to them?

Well, never mind, "Slim," better luck next time.

We hear that he has to meet her down at Maidenhead on Thursday. We all sincerely hope they will enjoy themselves, as we are sure he dreams about them.

We all hope you will invite us to the wedding "Slim," before returning to Canada.

Well, comrades, I am glad to hear our coloured patients are going on leave before leaving for Canada. I am sure the Corporal will have a good time in London, but what about our Maidenhead. Has he got some attraction with some girl who is going to look after him? Be careful, Darkie



K.2.

We deeply regret losing Sister Whitfield, our Dressing Sister, and trust the best of luck may always go with her. Sister, you have left behind wounds that dressing and Dakins cannot heal.

We also regret to announce the loss of our M.O., Major Mayhood. Although he has only been with us a short time, it is like parting with an old friend. We hope his absence is only temporary.

Why does Bobby rise at 5.30 every morning? Has Myers anything to do with it, or is it the melodious voice of our friend, D—? We should like to hear a real explanation of the lump. Anything doing, dad?

Good old Jock, Canada at last. What price C— now!

We should like to know when J.2 are going to return with the gramophone torture. Who are the victims now?

How does W— like his new title? Is it true his next book will be "Kitchen Secrets," by a Beachcomber?

\*\*\*

ALEX. 1.

Our dressing carriage staff has changed completely, Galbraith being sent to his reserve.

We are sorry to say Sister McEwan is leaving us for Eastbourne, but our best wishes go with her.

We are glad to say that we have Sister Goddard back with us again. May her stay be long and pleasant.

We are also sorry to announce the loss of our old head Sister, Sister Watson, but we are glad to say that we have a very jolly part of Ireland in her place.

*Things we would like to know—*

We are all wondering who our friend, John, is?

What about those three "lead-swingers"? You know! They are arm cases.

Who is it that suffers from a complaint that is mostly visionary?

What makes T—tes so stout these days?

Who is the gentleman with the rolling gait? Is the stick for use or ornament?

Will the little Sister in C. ward feel a bit lonesome now that one of our dressing carriage staff has gone?

\*\*\*

ALEX. 2.

We very much regret the departure of Sister McLean, our Dressing Sister, who was one of the best.

The latest addition to our ward is Barber Gilett, who has apparently opened up in opposition to the regular expert at a very reasonable price. He guarantees to cut hair any fashion, and we have presented him with a pudding basin, which, we have no doubt, will prove very handy.

We beg to announce that we have a situation vacant for any young man who wishes to make money while in Hospital. The job is lather boy to our barber.

We are sorry to say our old friend, "Slim" (Penny) is getting very thin lately. Maybe he misses his old pal, Riley. We all miss Riley very much.

We are all pleased to welcome our old friend, Sewell, back again, and glad his operation has proved a success. Good luck, old boy; also to our old pal, "Porky," for helping you in it.

We should like to know if our friend, "Little Willie," has yet made his mind up as to which young lady he intends marrying? Whoever gets him will have quantity, if not quality.

\*\*\*

ONTARIO 2.

Who is the N.C.O. who thinks the front line is safer than the Forestry Corps? I wonder which battle he took part in, eh? Perhaps Etaples.

Who is the young man who is always talking about the harpoon? I wonder what he means?

Who is the patient who lies in bed all the morning and does not go to sleep until twelve at night? Is he "swinging it," or has he been accustomed to those hours in civil life?

Who is the little fairy in Maidenhead who is leading our teapot astray?

Who was it who wanted the patients to sweep the chimneys? Get wise to yourself; this is not the Forestry Corps.

\*\*\*

YUKON 4.

What is the attraction in Taplow, Binding?

You are next on the list, Doody.

All boys extend their thanks to Miss Hill for her party.

Well, Curtis, the house is still going good.

Well, Dad, did you get the "wind up" on Sunday?

Well, Sam, did you frighten the fish?

Welcome to our new Sisters. Glad our Night Sister can stay another week.

A Patient's Lament.

What! no eggs for breakfast? Lumme! what's the game?

No blessed eggs on Tuesday, and to-day it's just the same.

According to our orders, a ration scheme is out, But there'll be some bread for dinner, without the slightest doubt.

At dinner-time we get a piece of meat and a little piece of fat,

And murmur to ourselves, "There's not enough to feed a cat."

We get rice pudding after and, if you're a lucky man,

You will find dumped in the middle a lump of raspberry jam.

At five we roll up for our tea, the last meal of the day;

They dish us up some pork and beans, to help us on our way.

Four times a week this pork and beans to us for tea is brought,

But, 'twixt you and I, 'tis best described as simply beans and pork.

But there's one thing they can't ration in this old outfit here,

And now I've broached the subject I will make it very clear.

They can ration eggs and bacon, also your Irish stew;

But I'm hanged if they can ration those girls who visit you.

And there's one consolation that you fellows here have got:

You've got a bed to sleep in, and those chaps in France have not;

You've got to put up with these little things, it's no use getting sore on,

For, above all, remember, boys, that there's still a blooming war on.

A.S.B.



## Easy Marks.

When I first met Bill we were both following a one-ringed circus, Bill with a pea-shell game, and I with the old three-card "Monte" game. We drifted together and formed the firm. We drank a pint of "Three Star" as a toast to the firm's prosperity to come. People's ideas of prosperity are as different as the "before and after taking" acts of Swamp Root. One person wants motor-cars and Turkish baths, another, perhaps, wants to cheat a street car conductor or lick a fast-ender. Bill and I just wanted to be able to travel (front or side-door Pullman), a few strips of the long green in our jeans, and a shot of "the stuff that ruined father" once in a while. All these to come, not by the honest sweat of our brow, but furnished fruit trees (mostly maple and elm); of course, these little side lines forced us to travel. Be it known that police constables are not always satisfied with a split of  $33\frac{1}{3}\%$  of profits not for protection.

One night, as we were beating it across a State line on a blind baggage, Bill said to me, "King, we have got to settle down. That Brazillian diamond gave me one hundred shekels, and you have, according to the books, somewhere around the same, though I thought your 'line of bull' would fetch more than a century note, for that mining stock, sure, was beautifully engraved."

That night we rolled into a rather booming little burgh, and sought the principal hotel. Over the "ham," we decided to have a chat with the man at the counter of mahogany.

After a round of Kentucky Club, the bar-tender was persuaded to become a member also of our firm. He suggested we call it "The Trimmers' Club."

He was to act as the "capper," and deliver the lambs to us. We were to do the shearing. A small table was provided in the corner of the bar room.

Things went jake. We used three or four decks of cards every night. Bill used to complain a bit because he was the "fall guy" every time for the marking of them. But after all we can't be *all* artists. Many a poor poet has starved in a garret for a week, writing a bit of verse that sold for one buck, while Bill used emery paper and pin-point for an hour on a deck to increase the funds of our firm fifty or seventy-five iron men.

One night the bar-tender introduced us to a mamma's pet, who thought he could handle the pasteboards. His roll was the size of a chorus girl's visible means of support, and we bought a good round of sense remover on the prospect of things. Mother's darling came back with another round, and we were well away, so to speak.

Our friend, the mixer, smiled, as he polished his schoopers. "Let the band play, and the show commence," said he.

We played penny ante for a while, but the child wanted higher play. He got it! Soon the sky was the limit, and the time for the final drew near.

The cards were dealt again, and, of course, four aces were passed over to the child wonder. He acted rather pickled, so when he called for one card, Bill dealt him two stuck together. The idea was to let him bet his head off, and then declare his hand dead, as he was in possession of six cards. Of course *I* had four jacks to "cop the pot" with.

As the betting ran along, Bill would "boost" the "kitty," and little "Babe in the Wood" called to the bar at Mack, "Give us a beer and cheese sandwich." Between eating the sandwich and drinking the lager, I began to feel a bit uneasy. You see, my roll was getting smaller each time Percy raised. Over at the bar, Mack was doing some strange wig-wagging with his bar rag. In fact, he seemed on the verge of doing an Indian war dance. Again and again he tried to pass us some high sign. Just then I called our little lamb, and so did Bill.

"Percy" laid down his four aces, and started to take in our cash; every cent. the firm owned was on the table. Bill said, "Wait a minute, how many cards have you?" The child showed us. "What do you mean? Here they are, five; count 'em!"

Stuffing the money in his pockets, he dashed out of the door.

Mack came over the bar with one leap. "You two are the d—dest suckers that ever came down the pike. Where were your *eyes*? *That guy ate the extra card with his sandwich!!*"

A few moments later, I went up to our room. There was Bill fishing the old pea-shell outfit from his suit case.

Bill said, "Well, King, back to work. We have had a h— of a vacation!"

LLOYD G. KING, C.F.A.



can buy 12½ oz. of poultry, pheasant, duck, or any bird, uncooked, and the butcher, as to write his name and address on the counterfoil at the top of the card, and you can have 10 oz. of rabbit or hare, uncooked, if you like, but if you have duck you can't have pork, see?

Father: Well, give me pork. It's a bit more solid than duck.

Child: But you can have sausages if you like; but if you have sausages you mustn't have rabbit, see? Does—

Father: Because there ain't any. They've got to their dur-ours.

Mother: What I wants to know is, will the carter bring the meat we want? Standing in the way, it's a chance of snatching a knuckle of veal—

heard in the train.

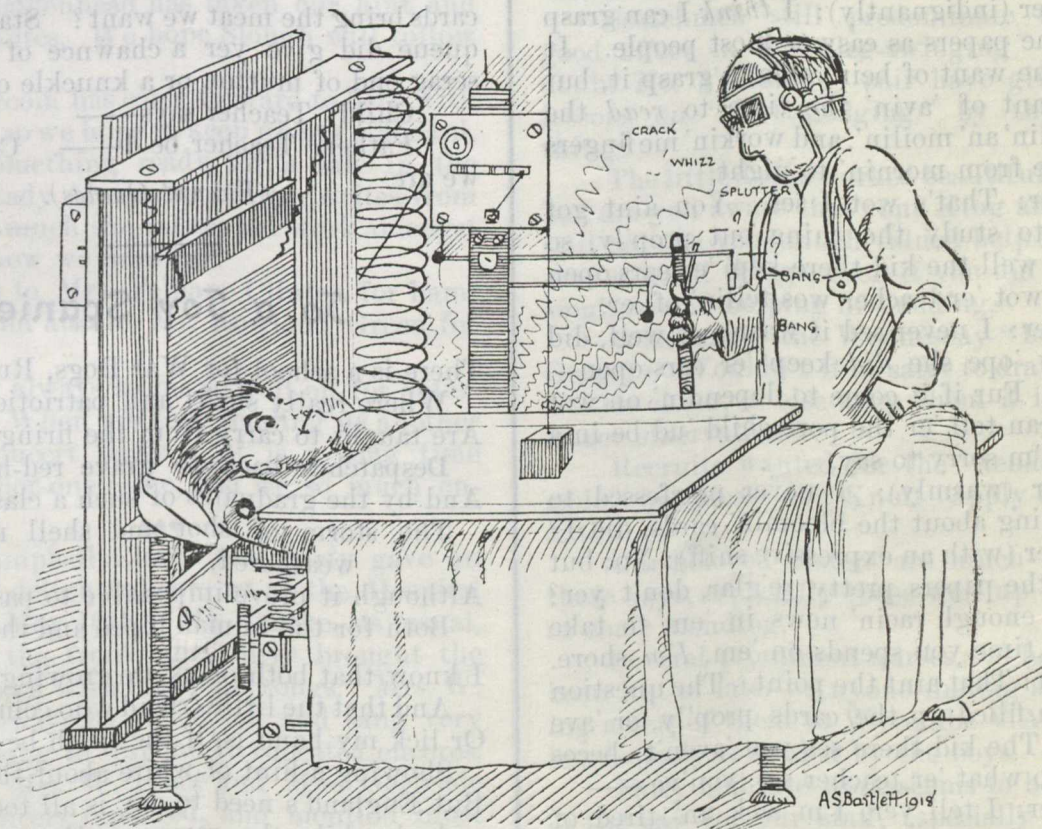
Ox THE CARDS, says; (pencil)

Precocious Child: But, mother, teacher says—

Disturbed Mother: Oh, bother, teacher and the cards too. It's sooner stand in a queue, having a friendly chat, that it would, one day.

Father: Don't get impatient with the kid, mother. Now it's come to eating food cards it's just as well to understand 'em. Course it's all explained in the papers, but it ain't every body got his craps it. So it's just as well for the kid to—

Mother (indicatingly): I wish I can grasp what's in the papers as easy as other people. I ain't got the want of being a craps it, but for the want of a craps it, I can't grasp it. Papers toiling an' moin' to the bone, I can't grasp it. Father: That's the time to stop. It's best as well as an' learn to work. Mother: I can't grasp it. Father can't grasp it. Mother: You read the papers, you know nothing about the papers. You read the papers, you know nothing about the papers. You read the papers, you know nothing about the papers.



That "X Ray" Feeling.

The willing army of us other fellows...

Against the flow for Richard's name and...

And it beneath the doctor's feet you fall...

What you can say and use a pencil...

of walking, and over London every corner...

to find a job, or they've got a drop of...

Father: Now then, now then! I can't...

Child: I can't grasp it. Mother: You...

Child: I can't grasp it. Mother: You...

Child: I can't grasp it. Mother: You...



## Heard in the Train.

ON THE CARDS.

Precocious Child: But, mother, teacher says—

Distracted Mother: Oh, bother teacher and the cards too. I'd sooner stand in a queue, having a friendly chat—that I would.

Father: Don't get impatient wth the kid, mother. Now it's come to 'avin' food cards it's jest as well to understand 'em. Course, it's all bin explained in the papers, but it aint everybody wot kin grasp it. So it's jest as well fur the kid to—

Mother (indignantly): I *think* I can grasp wot's in the papers as easy as most people. It aint for the want of bein' able to grasp it, but for the want of 'avin' the time to *read* the papers, toilin' an' moilin', and workin' me fingers to the bone from mornin' to night.

Father: That's wot I ses. You aint got the time to study the thing out prop'ly, so it's jest as well the kid there kep' 'er ears open an' learnt wot 'er teacher was tellin' of 'er.

Mother: I never sed it wasn't as well, did I? I on'y 'ope she *did* keep 'er ears open—that's all. Fur if it come to dependin' on wot 'er father can tell 'er the pore child 'ud be in a nice 'ole, I'm sorry to say.

Father (warmly): I never preffessed to know nothing about the bloomin' cards, did I?

Mother (with an expressive sniff): No; but you reads the papers pretty re'glar, don't yer? There aint enough racin' news in 'em to take up *orl* the time you spends on 'em, *I'm* shore.

Father: That aint the point. The question is, 'ave you filled up the cards prop'ly, or 'ave you not? The kid there ses you 'aven't, becos accordin' to what 'er teacher ses, you've—

Mother: I tell yer, I'm sick an' tired of 'earin' about 'er teacher. If you was 'arf a man you'd 'ave filled up the cards yourself, instead of walkin' 'arf over London every evenin' tryin' to find a pub w'ere they've got a drop o' beer.

Father: Now then, now then! That'll do, I tell yer! Tryin' to make me look a fool in front of other people.

Mother: That don't want no 'elp from me, I'm sorry to say. If you *must* keep on jawin' about the food cards, talk to the kid an' give me a rest. Ethel, tell yer father orl about it.

Child: Mother's got to write her name and address on the lines B, D and E, and teacher says that instead of five pen'orth of meat you

can buy 12½-oz. of poultry, pheasant, duck, or any bird, uncooked, and the butcher 'as to write *his* name and address on the counterfoil at the top of the card, and you can have 10-oz. of rabbit or hare, uncooked, if you like, but if you have duck you can't have pork, see?

Father: Well, give me pork. It's a bit more solid than duck.

Child: But you can have sausages if you like; but if you have sausages you mustn't have rabbit, see? Becos—

Father; Becos there aint any. They've orl took to their dug-outs.

Mother: Wot I wants to know is, will the cards bring the meat we want? Standing in the queue did give yer a chawnce of snathing a scrag end of mutton or a knuckle of veal—

Child: Teacher says—

Father: Teacher be d—. Come on, 'ere we are.

(*Exeunt Omnes*).

—John Bull.

## To a Joy Spaniel.

There is a school for War Dogs, Ruby mine,  
Where really smart and patriotic bow-wows  
Are taught to carry from the firing line  
Despatches back to grave red-hatted pow-  
And by the graduates of such a class [wows.  
The storm of shot and shell may oft be  
weathered,

Although it prove impossible to pass  
Both for the human biped and the feathered.

I know that both of us are growing old  
And that the little friend who comes to nuzzle  
Or lick my hand is, if the truth be told,  
Showing a hint of white about the muzzle;  
But England's need to-day is all too clear,  
And while the rampant Hun cavorts and  
bellows

She thinks it is as well to commandeer  
The willing service of us older fellows.

So, as they need me, let us forth to war  
Upon the somewhat thorny path of duty,  
Doing our best, and none can well do more,  
Against the Hun for England, home and  
beauty.

And if beneath the doctor's test you fail  
While I for active service am selected,  
Why, you can stay and wag a prouder tail,  
Bearing the label "Totally rejected!"

TOUCHSTONE.



## V.A.D. Notes.

## HIGH WYCOMBE.

The extension of our borders is the chief item this week.

We are now quite an encampment with the two new marquees and three more bell tents. It is quite a journey round them all, and the Night Sister will need her lamp to steer clear of the tent pegs.

Glad Maidenhead has taken our hint and is sending Notes. We hope Slough will follow suit.

Mrs. Groom has come forward to help with needlework, so we hope to keep up our standard, and have something ready for a sale in the summer. Lady Alexandra Palmer writes from Bristol how much she misses her work amongst us, and I know we miss her.

Thanks to Mrs. Pelham Clinton for hammock bed, and also to Mr. Rowland Green for stationery.

Taplow always seems so well off for entertainments. When are they sending us another first-class concert party? It is a long time since the other one came, and we so much enjoyed it.

\*\*\*

Mr. Campbell Clarke and party gave an exceedingly delightful concert at the Hospital on Friday, May 10th. Mr. Clarke, as usual, was well to the front, and fairly brought the "house" down with his comic songs. Mrs. W. Peace can always be relied on, and sang very sweetly, having to respond to repeated encores. A duet by Mrs. W. Peace and Miss Gertrude Birch was nicely rendered, and mention must also be made of Mr. Bunce, who was in fine "fettle." A very promising little artiste is Miss Marjorie Clarke, who has quite a little way of her own. Mr. Varley accompanied on the piano. A vote of thanks to Mr. Clark and his party, which was heartily given by the "Tommies," brought a very pleasant evening to a close.

F.G.

The following is a list of prize winners at the Whist Drive on May 7th: Ladies—Mrs. Gardner and Miss Sewell; gents—Caswell, Spence, Belcher and Brown. Our best thanks to the Matron and Miss Allen for kindly giving the prizes, and to the Rev. Whitfield and Miss



Harris for the previous week's prizes, when the winners were: Ladies—Miss R. Free and Miss Clifford; gents—Askew, MacEvoy, Wells and Broom.

Since the advent of some patients in Ward 7, we are having France for breakfast, dinner and tea. We do hope, for the sake of those who are trying to forget, that they will take this timely hint.

This lovely weather has brought a few of our "slow-worms" out of their much coveted dens, but the sun cannot be very good for your complaint, Mellins. Try a few hours work instead.

Scotchmen still predominate with very good effect in the "leg-swinging" line. No doubt No. 4's famous pair have given a few lessons on "draft-dodging" by the look of things.

The little dodge worked beautifully, Scotty, but are you aware that your King and country still require your much valued help? There is reason in all things, even if you did only get a small second helping of pudding.

What about the Wednesday "butterflies," Ginger? Wouldn't it be safer to draw your net a little closer, or else keep them a little more under observation?

Recruits wanted for the "tenderfoot brigade," but please do "Knott" apply to Mustard & Co.

Our beloved Sisters are much in request these days, especially those well up in the art of chair mending.

Several prominent nurses and helpers have been lost of late. Anyone finding and returning a few of them to Wycombe V.A.D. will be handsomely rewarded by the boys.

Early and late work seems to be the order of the day for our staff, especially the larger members of it, but the question is—"What do they do between breakfast and supper?" Leave the work for others to do, we presume.

*Things we would like to know—*

Whether Charlie really needs a belt to wear with his "posh" suit, and whether he thinks the Quarter Bloke is a fatigue party finding suits for his square-pushing purposes?

If there are any 9d. writing pads for a 1/- at Liverpool these days?

If anyone wants a Scotchman? If so apply to Ward 8. All accessories, together with a "blind" boil. 6d., inclusive.



Whether one of our nurses will ever forget the squeezing of the said Scotchman's boil? "Away, away! There's another day after to-day!"

If one of our "wounded" heroes will wear his tie in future at the breakfast table?

Why it is one of our number shivers at the mention of Marlow on visiting days?

Who the three heroes from Taplow were who set out to see one called "Digger" at Wycombe, and were chased by a red cap. We do hope that the "terrors of the law" will in future hide themselves, and then probably the said three will take the awful risk and more. "Palpitation of the pluck" is a dire disease!

The name of the "soldier" who attempted suicide by placing a rope round his stomach? Wouldn't it have been better if he had put it round his neck, or did it hurt in that position? Did he thank the person who saved him from an untimely death?

Who is the person who played football for Bradford? We wonder if he would shape better at marbles.

What attraction does the Marsh hold for a certain Gunner, and what would his "intended wife" say if she knew of his frequent visits?

When "Raffles" intends to give us that new song of his—"Watch them shovel along"?

Why the sudden change in a certain Bdr.'s style of hairdressing? Has he at last found a girl?

When our spare "Colonel" thinks of resigning?

Where the Sgt. of No. 3 Ward gets all his cigarette ends from? Is it really true that he has first "go" at the "glory hole" box in the morning, or that he goes about town with a pin attached to his walking stick?

How long does it take to cure "toeitus"? Ask one of our famous poets.

What one of our Sisters will do now that a certain patient of hers has gone for a few weeks' leave?

#### MAIDENHEAD.

The new part of the Hospital is now open, and during the past week a steady flow of men from the "push" have been arriving, to one and all of whom we offer a hearty welcome. May their stay be as they wish it, long or short. Anyway, we hope it will be pleasant.

We also extend our hearty wishes to those old chums who have departed.

We welcome Sister Henson to the upper wards. We hope she will find her duties as pleasant as she did in the lower wards.

We all extend a hearty welcome to our new M.O., Capt. Ball, and hope he will make his stay a long and pleasant one.

The Whist Drive on Tuesday last was, as usual, a success. The "honours" went to the lower wards this time, the upper wards being just a few behind, but they must expect to give way sometimes.

*Things we would like to know—*

Who the night nurse is in the Drill Hall who thought that burglars were intruding the other evening, and after a little commotion found that the intruder was none other than a fellow who had abused his late pass? Our advice, nurse—take a nerve tonic!

Who the R.E. Sgt. is who likes to see his "little ones" under lock and key, and if by chance they are a little late coming in puts them on the carpet? Good boy, Sgt.! You never arrive late, do you? Our advice, Sergt.—go a bit easy with the troops.

Who is the Sister who was seen chasing some of the feminine sex out of the hospital grounds, thinking they would invade some of the lads occupying the seats? A walking stick is not a bad weapon of defence, Sister, but allow us to suggest a birch broom or a mop.

Who the patient is who has at last gone to see Elsie, and what was the cause of those pains he complained of? Can we suggest that he was amorous? If so, he should lose those pain on his return.

What the attraction is on the river of late? The K.R.R. Sgt. and his crew of Waldron Ward were noticed going up and down the river giving the "glad eye" to all boats containing the young and fair. Here is an advertisement we are asked to insert:—"WANTED! Four nice girls, able to row, punt, swim and amuse, to take sole charge of four Knuts on the river. Air guaranteed to be embracing. Apply: Upper Ward." Don't rush! Stop pushing, Lizzie!!

Who the patient is, presumably of the Drill Hall, who was seen walking round town with a fair maiden, bassinette and contents? It's risky, old man! Stop it.

Why the home service man was so interested in the war pictures down town? Was he hanging around for some data so as to



make up a yarn when his children ask him—  
 "What did you do in the great war, daddy?"  
 Seeing this particular person treats overseas  
 men with contempt, we suggest that he could  
 do nothing better than see the thing in its  
 reality.

\*\*\*

The V.A.D. at Maidenhead  
 Is tip-top to the letter;  
 Of all the V.A.D.'s in Blighty  
 You could not find one better.

It is situated in the Marlow Road.  
 If at Maidenhead you would know it,  
 It's the Technical Institute of old—  
 Well, surely, you must know it.

For further ground it has been seeking,  
 And it's only just of late  
 The Drill Hall of the Volunteers  
 Has met the "Institute's" fate.

The sisters and the nurses  
 Are most cheerful and kind,  
 To be doing something for you  
 Is always in their mind.

So all the boys, it is believed,  
 Are contented with their lot;  
 If given the chance "for duration"  
 Here, I think they'd stop. P.J.E.

### Answers to Correspondents.

The Editor wishes it to be quite understood that  
 all correspondence dealt with in this column is  
 strictly confidential.

*Sarge.*—We regret to hear they "soaked" you  
 to the tune of 7/6 for coffee and cakes. But  
 you must realize there is a war on. You  
 should have removed the stripes before you  
 informed the young lady "you was only a  
 private."

*Elsie.*—Try Mac, and see. He has sure got  
 something waiting for you. Is it a case of  
 hidden identity, or do you mean to persist  
 in dodging him?

*Theige.*—Why don't you inform the girl it is  
 off? Look at the trouble you would save  
 her. A shilling 'bus fare is a big consider-  
 ation these days.

*Edd.*—If you will persist in playing "Hide  
 and Seek" in the corridors with a young lady  
 you must expect to get caught sooner or later.  
 Does Bobby know anything about it, or were  
 you simply his deputy?

### The Storm.

Grey dawn, and oh! so grey;  
 No hope, no promise for the day.  
 My heart, from that black night of grief,  
 Was heavy, as were my eyes from want of sleep.

All night I watched and waited in my room,  
 Trying, with aching eyes, to pierce the gloom,  
 Listening to the storm that raged without,  
 Praying for his safety, heartfelt and devout.

The dawn was sinister and cold.  
 What tragedy had daybreak to unfold?  
 My weary eyes wandered o'er the empty sea,  
 But with the day there came no hope to me.

At nightfall, in the madness of my grief,  
 I walked with anguished steps upon the beach,  
 And in the violet night, under the shining stars,  
 I found the jetsam on the beach, the ropes and  
 spars.

I gazed upon the wreckage of his ship;  
 Its meaning stung me like a knotted whip,  
 Thus in the night, lonely and forlorn,  
 I knew! oh God! I knew that he had gone.

A.S.B.

A GOOD STORY is told of a darky who  
 wanted to enlist with the colours. At the  
 Recruiting Office they pointed out to him the  
 manifold advantages of the Air Service, but he  
 declined with the following remark:

"No, sah! no! I guess I ain't got no use  
 for flying around in the air. 'Sides, sah, I  
 don't want to be with them fellows; they too  
 risky. Why, sah, if the darn old engine went  
 wrong, I guess the guy that was running it  
 would want me to get out and crank the dog-  
 gorned thing."

### THE HUNS' WAY.

The following appeal for subscriptions to  
 the eighth war loan appeared in several German  
 newspapers. As a specimen of unconscious  
 humour the reference to Belgium would take  
 some beating:—"How can one German still  
 hesitate to subscribe for the eighth war loan?  
 Oh, ye faint-hearted, go and ask the Belgians,  
 the Serbians, the Russians, the Italians what  
 it means to have the enemy in the country.  
 Do you not realize that it is your support of  
 the loan only that can keep the horrors of an  
 enemy occupation from Germany's soil?"



## Sports, Amusements, &c.

### BASEBALL.

#### CANADA *v.* UNITED STATES.

Before a crowd of 13,000, the Canadians triumphed over the Americans at Swansea, on May 4th, by the score of 13—4.

The Canadians and Americans were given a splendid reception by the Welsh people. On their arrival, the teams were met with coaches for each team, which conveyed them to the Ball Park, led by the town band, 'mid the leading thoroughfares of Swansea, which were crowded with people eager to get a glimpse of the athletes—from over the seas.

Never during the five innings did the "Sammies" look as if they would carry off the honours, but should prove serious opponents for any team by the time the league opens.

That the Welsh people took kindly to the game, was evident from their hearty applause of clever play or seemingly impossible catches.

#### ASTORIAS *v.* FORESTRY CORPS.

On Wednesday, May 8th, the Astorias went to Smith's Lawn to play the "Sawdust Fusiliers," who proved to be more than their match, thanks to the help of their "Umps," by making the "Millionaires" take the sport end of the 6—2 score.

#### FORESTRY CORPS *v.* ASTORIAS.

On Saturday, May 11th, the "Sawdust Fusiliers" came out of the "backwoods" just long enough to take a trip over here, and handed the home crew another bitter pill, defeating the Astorias by the score of 6—4, though if the game had gone much farther there might have been a different tale to tell, as Hurd, who relieved Tevine, was being touched up very freely towards the closing stages of the game. However, there is no cause for worry; when the boys get to working together, they will take some beating.

\*\*\*

### OUR ENTERTAINERS.

To the following ladies and gentlemen the patients tender the most hearty thanks for their kind hospitality during the past two weeks:—Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Adams, The Proprietor of Maidenhead Picture Palace, Messrs. Spindler and Sons, Mrs. Baker, Manager of the Criterion Theatre (London), Mrs. Wilding, Lady Violet Astor, Proprietor of Maidenhead Skating Rink,

Mrs. Webster, Miss Barry, Mr. J. McNeil, Mrs. Fuller, Manager of the Palladium Theatre, Lady de Bunsen, Baroness de Tessier, Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Oppenheimer, Mrs. Henson, Mrs. Gilby.

\*\*\*

### CONCERTS, &c.

The appreciation of everyone is due to the following ladies and gentlemen who have provided such high-class entertainment during the past fortnight:—Mr. Lionel Curtis and Mr. Valentine Childrow (lecture on India), Victor Biegel's Concert Party (on two occasions), The War Emergency Entertainment Party, "The Globe" Films, Ltd.

The following letter was handed to a Hospital Wardmaster "somewhere in England." Yet another example of "Tommy's" idea of humour.

To The Wardmaster.

Sir,

I am sorry to tell you about myself after I was done last night. I went back to the ward, and the Sister said to me, "What are you doing with your khaki on?" I told her that the Doctor said I could have them, but she is after taking them away from me. Sir, if you could do me a kindness and go and see the Sister perhaps it will be all right. Sir, I like my job over here, and I stop over here all day.

I remain,

Your obedient servant,

Driver

YESTERDAY a veteran Sub. of 20, returning to the front, had a heart-to-heart talk with his father. "You go up for your medical exam. next Wednesday, dad. I don't think you will get through—I hope you won't. But if you do, and they take you for active service, keep right with the drill sergeant. Don't think you will improve matters by 'putting it across him.' Just carry on a bit, and when I get my next leave I'll see if I can't get you as my batman, then I can look after you." "Right, my boy, but if I do come to you, remember that you also must refrain from 'putting it across' your father."



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and  
Diploma, Manchester, 1913.

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