

VOL. I., No. 15. JANUARY 12TH, 1918.

“

# Stand & Easy”

Chronicles  
of  
Cliveden.

Fred. C. Owen -

TWOPENCE.

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RICHARD HOPE,

THE Smokers' Specialist, :: Maidenhead.

# Chronicles of Cliveden.

Vol. I., No. 15.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12TH, 1918.

TWOPENCE.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ... LT.-COLONEL MEAKINS.  
PTE. W. C. PIKE.  
EDITORIAL STAFF ... PTE. F. HEASELL.  
A.-SERGT. BAKER.

THE occasion of conferring the New Year's Honour of "Companion of St. Michael and St. George," by his Majesty, on the Commanding Officer of this Unit, should not pass without some word through the columns of this journal.

Colonel Walter Langmuir Watt was born in the year 1877, in Walkerton, Ontario, and with his parents moved to the West in the pioneer days of 1884, settling in the small, but enterprising, town of Winnipeg.

Ten years later he completed his Arts Course at Manitoba University, and four years later (1898) received his M.D. from Manitoba Medical College. The greater part of the following seven years was spent in Post-graduate work in Edinburgh, Glasgow, London, and Vienna, where several more degrees were obtained. During his term at Edinburgh Col. Watt had the distinction of playing football with the Queen's Park Club, and represented Scotland in the International Competition as goal-keeper, an honour seldom granted to an outsider, and won only through sheer ability.

Colonel Watt's connection with the Canadian Army has been continuous since the year 1902, when he was commissioned as a Lieutenant in the C.A.M.C. In 1906 he was in Command of No. 16 Field Ambulance, and the following year was Commanding Officer of the 16th Cavalry Field Ambulance. In the years 1913 and 1914 he was D.A.D.M.S., Military District No. 10, and in 1914 passed the Military Staff Course at Ottawa, the only Medical Officer to receive this distinction in Canada.

At the out-break of war Colonel Watt, at that time Lt.-Col., recruited No. 3 Canadian Field Ambulance, which proceeded Overseas with the 1st Contingent, and later had the honour of being mentioned in despatches as the most efficient ambulance in the 1st Canadian Division. Every Medical Officer who came over with this ambulance has received distinction, which argues well for their selection and training.

After being wounded in France, at the

end of one year's service, he was returned to England, and was given the task of organizing the Granville Canadian Special Hospital, Ramsgate, which became one of the most unique and best-equipped hospitals in England.

In Oct., 1916, he was appointed A.D.M.S., London Area, and afterwards A.D.M.S., Brighton Area, holding both positions concurrently, until the Brighton Area was disbanded. He continued acting as A.D.M.S., London Area, until April, 1917, since which time he has been Commanding Officer of this Unit.

No Medical Officer in the Canadian Overseas Forces has done more to receive the King's approbation for diligence, efficiency and untiring effort, and the staff of this journal is proud to extend, on behalf of the whole Unit, its congratulations to the Officer Commanding, and are proud in feeling that this Unit has in some small way helped him to gain this marked distinction.

## "Der Jag."

There was a man named Kaiser Bill  
Who with his son, called Crown Prince Will,  
Did plot poor Belgium to o'er run,  
Because they thought it would be fun.  
But little did they think that we,  
John Bull's "contemptible army,"  
Would take up arms and man the guns  
And knock spots off the cultured Huns.  
Now if the culprits should come through  
We'll treat them both to something new.  
To St. Helena they'll be sent,  
And there their last days will be spent;  
But not in peacefulness and rest,  
Or else they'd take it for a jest.  
So daily will our airmen go  
And bomb them into Jericho.  
Now is there anyone about  
Who better treatment could mete out?  
Just bear in mind that it was they  
Who ordered raids quite every day  
On open and defenceless towns.  
They called it "Frightfulness," the hounds,  
And now we have them in a mess  
We'll give them both some "Frightfulness."

## Simonet.

Blown round the corner of the *Deux Magots* in the November darkness, I crossed the rain-swept Place St. Germain and was driven by the wind against the door of the Cantine Refuge. Chatter of voices, clatter of dishes, the sudden and delicious laughter of children—these sounds, which seemed to travel along, rays of light that streamed through the carelessly shuttered windows, were heartening in the unfriendly night. On impulse I opened the door and walked into a place of gaiety and warmth. The whitewashed walls were bright with posters, and the windows with green plants. Three long tables divided into panels a mass of vivid colour—*poilus* in horizon blue, *poilus* in Algerian scarlet, Belgians in crumpled khaki, a dragoon or two in magnificently tailed and glittering helmets, all talking and eating heartily. Behind a counter at one end of the room stout French ladies heaped plates from vast copper pans of food, and light-footed *serveuses* in white dresses and flowing navy-blue veils took these up—four and five plates at a time—and dealt them round with swiftness and precision.

In an inner room, a step or two below the level of the first, a dozen or more children and some women with infants in their arms were having their share of the feast. The sedate little girls with pigtails—one industriously reading a book propped on her knee under the table—and the boys in their black blouses were in the highest spirits over their *purée* of lentils and tin mugs of beer-and-water. Their voluble chatter was broken by high-pitched laughter that soared above the grown-up voices.

But withal, the stage was held by a small boy standing on a bench against the wall. He was grasping a bowl of soup between grimy little red hands, and was on the point, evidently, of lifting up his voice. He might have been six years old, a bullet-headed little peasant in a belted pinafore, with rough, bare knees, and hard, red cheeks, and eyes as black as his thatch of hair. Nobody had taken any notice of his regular and urgent calls for "Simonne." It was time to act. Came then a roar that roused every *poilu* and directed all eyes upon him, and with a roar the infant hurled his bowl of soup on the floor and cast himself desolate into the pool. "*Toujours Simonet!*" the soldiers said tranquilly, and laughed. A robust young woman appeared from the kitchen and jerked

Simonet to his feet with a rough hand, smacking him soundly. "Upstairs then, and to bed, *méchant!*" she cried angrily. "Wilt thou never have done?" Simonet's howls were ear-piercing as he butted his head into her apron like a savage little bull, and kicked. Then they ceased with alarming suddenness, and he lifted a face shining adoringly through tears and dirt. "It is that I love you, Simonne," he said caressingly. "I cannot eat my soup without you. You know it well. Now put me to bed." A shake was the reply. He was thrust into a place at the table with affectionate violence and provided with more soup. He ate it with composure. I caught a last glimpse of him that night, toiling with the other Canteen babies up the long, dark outside staircase that led to the dormitories. Simonet clung to Simonne's finger tightly, and in his smile I fancied there was a gleam of triumph. By this time I had asked the Directrice if I might come in and help occasionally. She said "Yes," and I went daily for the six months that I remained in Paris.

Simonet was lord of the canteen by right of imperious character, and as *doyen* among the refugee children. His mother had fled with him from one of the invaded villages in the earliest days of the war. She had not survived the birth of a child following on great hardships and terror, nor had the baby lived, and Simonet's father was of course fighting. So the Canteen adopted him. His real name was quite long and impressive, beginning with Charles-Frédéric, but his attachment to the young woman who took charge of the children led to his being called in the diminutive of her name and Simonne became the godmother and foster-mother of Simonet, her torment and her conqueror. Life was an extreme of joy or an abyss of woe to Simonet, and howls betokened either state. He knew no reticence, no shades of expression. His personal habits left much to be desired; he was graceless, troublesome, infinitely exasperating. But, bare-legged, bullet-headed little peasant, primitive in tears and laughter, he had the gift of all gifts, the magic of personality. You resented his charm. When you had a mind to scold and shame an ill-mannered brat, it was disconcerting to find a grimy paw thrust into your hand and to hear a voice of honeyed gentleness proclaim: "I am content with Mademoiselle." It turned the tables in a way bad for discipline. But you

accepted it with an odd elation that conquered the resentment.

The spoiling of Simonet was absurdly thorough. Even the Directrice and the High Authorities fell under his spell. He was frequently punished but more frequently rewarded for virtues that he had not, and made no effort to possess. Simonne managed him best, but though he rubbed himself like a caressing little animal against her, he had not the slightest desire to obey her. The children slept at the top of the house in pleasant, clean dormitories close to the clock-tower of the church, so close, indeed, that the bells—the same bells that rang into the dreams of another waif in Paris, *le Petit Chose*—seemed to clang almost in the room. But they did not disturb the sound slumber of the refugee babies lying three heads to a pillow, happy and safe. One night when the other war-waifs were already asleep, I found Simonet fully dressed, with a bandaged throat and heavy eyes, playing at Simonne's feet as she sat darning by the dormitory window. "But why, then, is he not in bed?" Simonne—tranquil and French—replied: "Because he is ill and in the infirmary. One does not desire the others to catch his sore throat—perhaps a sickness coming. But he is lonely in the infirmary, naturally, the poor little one, so I keep him here with me." Simonet fondled her dress with fevered hand, and turned pathetic eyes to me. "Without Simonne I am lonely," he said.

Of all the treats provided by the Canteen ladies for the children—cinema, circus, or cakes—Simonet much preferred a visit to the Jardin des Plantes. This, it is true, included frequent refreshment at the cake-stall near the gate, and the filling up of infant refugee with *sirup*, and fizzy waters, and *pain d'épice*; but that was only part of the joy of the garden. He would swagger along in his brief blue *capote*, valiant in his defiance of the wildest of wild beasts. But once within sight of a homesick bear or two, prudence would counsel him to sing rather smaller. He would sidle against the skirt of Mademoiselle the Blue-Veil-in-Charge, convinced that he would make an acceptable addition to any hungry animal's meal. "A leopard is always ravenous," he would suggest fearfully. "He could so easily eat a little boy, *capote* and all." Simonet was willing to impart various surprising fragments of natural history when he visited the Gardens, even to the private conversation of the beasts. He was persuaded that

if you call a peacock coaxingly by the name of Léon he will spread out his tail and parade proud and pleased before you; and he spent much time kneeling in front of the wire enclosure trying his utmost to charm the sulky fowl. But he never had any success. Léon would drag his tail ungraciously on the ground, uttering harsh refusals to be magnificent, and Simonet was fain to rub the gravel sorrowfully off his smarting knees and demand: "But *why* wont they show their tails when I call them what they like so much?" His favourite game was to tie a toy-balloon to his buttonhole and race headlong down the garden paths, pursued by the Blue-Veil-in-Charge. "I am an aviator chased by a Zeppelin," he would shout. "Naturally, I cannot be caught. Presently I turn and shoot. *Plus de Zeppelin!*" His method of "shooting" was to turn and snatch at his pursuer's hand, and perhaps kiss it. Then he would say with the irresistible warm note in his voice: "I am content with Mademoiselle!"

Consternation reigned in the Canteen when an uncle from Brittany appeared and laid claim to Simonet, whom he called Charles-Frédéric. But he was a genuine and good uncle, a sea-captain just back on his ship from the ends of the earth, which was sufficient reason why he had not looked for his nephew before. Now he proposed to take him home and adopt him, to be brought up with his own family, at least until such time as the child's own father might return from the war. Simonet's departure was looked upon as a calamity by all but himself. Simonne wept for a whole day, and at the last moment Simonet struggled impatiently from her embrace. "It is agreeable to have an uncle," he announced. "I am glad to go to Nantes. My uncle calls me by my own name, Charles-Frédéric. When I am bigger I shall be a sailor like my uncle. And we are going to drive to the station in an auto-taxi!" "Never again shall I love a child," wept Simonne. "All are ungrateful and wring the heart. Never could I care for another as for this one who cares nothing for me. Not my own child could be so dear. Always he must be first, the ungrateful little one. He forgets, but I remember—*toujours Simonnet.*" Simonet quite forgot to say "Good-bye" to his companions or to the Canteen ladies. He was smiling as they drove off in the auto-taxi, and no doubt he had slipped a hand warmly into his uncle's and was assuring him of his content. M.G.

## Ward Notes.

### WARD C.

Attention! From latest reports we find that Sapper Crittall was not suffering from temporary paralysis of the spine, but from lead poisoning.

*Things we would like to know—*

Who is our amateur artist who charges one guinea a turn for his songs, in civilian life?

Who would like to adopt a nice, clean little chap? Please apply to our ward. Also suitable for lap dog.

Which is hardest—a concrete bridge or the front wheel of a bicycle?

Who is the patient who monopolises his bed-partner's "lady friend" when she calls?

Who is the college-bred man whose vocabulary is limited to "Put a sock in it"?

Lost—One hand. Found in "B" ward orderly's eye. Owner can have same on application and proving ownership.

Anyone desiring the loan of khaki clothes please apply to this ward.

\*\*\*

### F.1.

We say "Good-bye and God-speed" to some old friends, in this issue. Don't let them send you across the "Briny" too soon, chaps. Folks say that it is not very pleasant "over there" just now.

As a rule we don't stand for "monkey" business, but the brand that was put up on New Year's Eve was certainly good. Some "organ-ization!" What!

Our thanks to H.1 for the use of their piano on New Year's Eve, and our apologies to the other wards for bothering them.

*Things we would like to know—*

Who is "Julie?" Evidently a monkey fancier. What about that hairpin?

Have we found "the man who paid the rent for Mrs. Rip van Winkle," or is it Rip himself?

Who were the Sisters who called for help on New Year's Eve, and where did the monkey come from?

Does the little man's wife know that all the ladies who come into the ward stop at his bed to talk?

Where did Bell get all his "friends"? Was it the lure of his melodious voice?

Who was it who said: "Nothing in the mouth," and was he a "lookey mon"?

Who is it who sleeps all the time during the day (except when he is talking to Sister), then wonders why he cannot sleep at night?

What the Sapper thinks of his 6-in.-fuse yarn now?

Who is Percy Woodbine?

How about the machine-gun, Aussie?

What kind of a walk Mac had the other morning?

Who was it said: "Why do the Linen Stores issue socks with holes in"?

When the gentleman with brush and paint-pot will be through with us?

\*\*\*

### G.1.

We have now recovered from the strain of the festive season, which was a very pleasant one for all in G.1. Great praise is due to our splendid Sisters and Miss Aird, who did much to make things as pleasant as could be desired, and we here offer our grateful thanks to them.

We are sorry to lose our Night Sister Davidson. She was one of the best, and we must, at the same time welcome Sister Whitfield.

Our noted "lead-swinger" *did* work his passage to Canada, and he claims to be smart at it. Lucky man!

"Winnipeg" was well among the empties in the cupboard when the mistletoe was about. How's the game?—Nothing doing.

All raids have stopped since the advent of our new Night Commandant, and silence reigns supreme as the solemn hour of 9.30 draws nigh.

Our tap cleaner is spending a week in bed, as the dazzling effect was too much for him.

\*\*\*

### G.2.

Christmas has come and gone, and we have resumed our normal state of somnolent inactivity once more. We have to thank Miss Aird, Mrs. Shackle and all their friends, who gave us such a riotous time on Christmas Eve, and our Sisters, who did their utmost to kill us with kindness on Christmas Day.

New Year's Eve saw us in the height of good spirits, and the Fancy Dress Ball brought out many "dark horses" in the ward, who displayed great artistic talent in their hastily devised costumes.

How we saw the New Year in is a matter of history now, but if there was a man who slept in G.2 on the last night of the old year he must have been deaf, dumb and blind.

May the New Year, which we welcomed so uproariously, bring us peace and happiness once more.

*Things we should like to know—*

Who is nicknamed the "Penny Monster," and why?

Who had his fortune told, and did he like the truth?

How big does he feel now?

Who is it who prefers the small hours as the time for his constitutional, and where does he go?

Who is the omnipotent one above who sees and knows all in this ward, and how does he like his last mouthful?

\*\*\*

### H.1.

*Things we want to know—*

Who is the Scotchman who went home to find a new model to sketch?

The patients are anxious to know if they have been rationed in shirt buttons?

Who is the Sister who said that if he (the patient) didn't go mad she would?

Who is the orderly who wishes to be divorced and get married the next day?

Who is the Sister who has two souls? (We believe one is for a dog.)

Who is the one on the kitchen staff who can eat five dinners before going to bed?

Who is the patient who, when returning from Bourne End, found himself in Cookham?

Who is the one who pawned the shield of honour to buy frills and drills?

We wonder if our kangaroo was gassed in Glasgow?

How is it the ward is so quiet? Is it because we have lost our famous mouth-organ, "Lanky"?

Query—We wonder who is keeping check on Randal's milk?

\*\*\*

### H.2.

Will those interested in H.2 ward kindly accept our apologies for not having subscribed to this magazine for the last two weeks? Our flying reporter had the misfortune to be caught in an air raid while on a visit to London. We are sorry to say his nerves have not been normal since.

We take this opportunity of extending to our lady visitor, Mrs. Spratling, our heartiest thanks for the sumptuous spreads, the glorious time and her invaluable help with our decorations during the festive season.

We must not forget to mention our N.C.O. decorator. His ability in this line cannot be surpassed. Would not he be a genius at camouflage?

*Things we want to know—*

If it is really true that "music hath charms"?

If music from a mouth-organ, with the accompaniment of bones, played before a blood-thirsty monster in the dead of night would be calculated to sooth him?

Why our "baby" only squalls when we have a visitor in the ward?

Why some patients in the ward make their beds so often during the night?

If the strains from a mouth-organ brought one of our verandah patients back from "the brink of the grave," or was it the rubbing of his hands by an outside individual?

Was our flying artist nervous, or in a state of panic when he dropped his "hickory-bender" while seeking refuge in a London tube?

Who said "Blood"?

\*\*\*

J.1.

We hope everyone had a good time at Xmas and wish them all the "best" for the New Year. We, thanks to the kindness of our lady visitors, enjoyed ourselves immensely. They provided us with a splendid repast on Xmas Eve and after that we had a concert. Everything went off "O.K.," and it would have been impossible to have had a better time.

The Fancy Dress Concert (given by Major and Mrs. Astor) was the source of quite a lot of fun in the ward. The dressing for the concert proved immensely amusing. We succeeded in carrying off three prizes. We got first and second for fancy dress, and first for singing. Good old J.1. That's the stuff to give 'em!

I don't know whether anything was said about untidy lockers last week, but in our ward it was an absurd impossibility to attempt to arrange them as per orders. The overflow of all kinds of stuff from Xmas made them look like "Div. Dumps."

You had to come after all then, "Paddy." If you amuse them at Maidenhead like you did here you will get quite popular, but exclude those sleep-talking stunts.

\*\*\*

J.2.

Owing to the scarcity of paper, etc., we have been conspicuous by our absence in the "Chronicle" of late. But observe that we once more drift back into your midst.

Before we make further progress with the notes, our thanks are due to our lady visitors, Mrs. and Miss Webster, for providing the excellent tea and entertainment they did on Christmas Eve, not forgetting our Sisters, who were very much to the fore.

We should like to take the opportunity of thanking those responsible for providing the stockings we found on our awakening on Christmas morning, which took many of us back to our boyhood days.

There was much enjoyment reaped from the masquerade by certain members of the ward on New Year's Eve. Bravo, Mrs. Astor!

*Things we should like to know—*

What Taffy thought when he saw the train coming into the station on Christmas Eve?

Why cannot we have a little more steam in our radiators once in a while?

\*\*\*

K.1.

It is almost too late to speak of the Christmas festivities, but we do desire to place on record our appreciation of the efforts made by Sisters Macleod and Montgomery, and our lady visitor, Mrs. Hitchcock, and family, for our welfare and happiness. They were simply splendid.

At the Sports at Nashdom our ward representatives carried off twelve prizes. Two of the boys laid themselves up for a while, but they did it.

Two prizes were gained at the never-to-be-forgotten fancy dress concert, and since then, at a whist drive kindly given by Mrs. Humm, of Maidenhead, five of the six prizes fell to our lot.

Why is Jock so anxious to get home?

"Harry—and the lamps" is quite as good a pantomime as "Aladdin and the lamp." Ask Joe!

We are sorry to lose Scottie, but we trust it is only temporarily.

Our old pal, Charlie Chaplin, has left us, to our sorrow.

We are not the only ones who will miss his cheeriness and good fellowship.

A gift of chocolates or a present of pills, Jock?

\*\*\*

K.2.

We are still carrying on with New Year festivities, having not yet recovered from Mrs. Astor's wonderful "little gathering" on Monday evening. It's a pity we were sent to bed before 12 o'clock, but most of us joined in the final "Auld Lang Syne," when "Slim" told us the New Year had arrived.

Thanks to Mrs. and Miss Williams, we were able to turn out several of our boys in fancy costume and in the "dear old lady" it was difficult to recognise the generally well-known figure of our "premier rubber."

We have all been busy sewing on our blue bands (all four sides) as requested, and hope it will help for the extermination of convivial nights.

There are still complaints about having to wait longer than necessary outside the Recreation Hall these days. It's an awful war. The "civvies" have their tea and sugar queues—we have our billiard "queue." However, we must keep smiling.

A happy New Year to everybody, and don't forget about those blue bands!

\*\*\*

ALEX. 1.

We most certainly had a merry Xmas and a happy New Year, and wish here to heartily thank all who contributed to making the season a memorable one for years to come.

*Ward News—*

Who stops us sitting on the beds,  
And when we're smoking raises Ned,  
And lets cold drafts upon our heads?

Sister W—n.

Still, we s'pose someone must preserve law and order.

Talking of personnel, let us not forget the most important member—Capt. Johnson. We wouldn't "swap" him for any other M.O. we have known.

*Questions we want to "ax"—*

When O'Dell is going to get his badge done?

Does our M.O. know that T— was seen wheeling a perambulator in Maidenhead?

Why did Mont Ray look so pale on Xmas morning?

Why is Sprinkling so fond of Bates, and will his affection wane when that gent.'s chocolates are gone?

Could we ask any more impertinent questions? *We could.*

\*\*\*

ALEX. 2.

Christmas being over, we are once more settling down to the usual run of things, and we have had a good time. We commenced last Sunday evening with a concert by the Hospital Orchestra, which was much appreciated by all. Lady de Bunsen gave us an excellent tea on Christmas Eve (which would have made the Food Controller weep with envy), followed by a very nice entertainment. We thank her and also all who have helped to give us a good time.

Great credit is due to the orderlies for the artistic way in which they decorated the ward.

Having come into possession of various kinds of musical (?) instruments, we might, with a little training, produce some fine music, which ought to make us a name—but we shudder to think what sort of name!

Anyone who wishes to see something really good should look into our ward when we are having a rehearsal of "It was a dark and stormy night." The thunder, lightning and wind, which are manufactured on the premises, have greatly mystified our night Sister.

Our old friend, Driver, having left us, his place has been taken by "Babe," of "P.C. 49" fame. He is, however, to put it in his own language, a "shgood-jun."

We wonder why it is that, just as breakfast arrives, the lights go out? It makes the process of finding the bones of a kipper about as easy as picking a pin off the floor with a boxing glove.

## ONTARIO 1.

We wish to express our thanks to Mrs. Clifton-Brown, Sister Smith and Sister Macdonald for the very enjoyable time we had during the Xmas season.

Our sympathy to Sister Barnes, and we trust she will soon be well again.

Why men go crazy! We are allowed one late pass four nights a week and we have fifty-nine patients! How often is a man going to spend an evening with his friends? Board of enquiry wanted.

The stoves have been installed for the summer.

Will someone please tell us—

The Regt. No. of "Tom" Cleave?

Who is Cpl. Bully-Beef?

How to get up in the morning?

JOCK.

\*\*\*

## ONTARIO 2.

*The man with a grievance.*—Grouse! grouse! grouse! is, evidently the only accomplishment of some of our brave heroes but we would like to remind our friends that there is only one proper specie, and that has been picked to a finish.

We are glad to note that a certain sapper of our ward is slowly recovering from injuries sustained from a collision with a motor-cycle while away on leave. Steady there, Bill!

Why is the night Sister's candle so popular?

We would like to know why a certain artilleryman is suddenly confined to bed upon the arrival of the M.O.?

We take this opportunity of showing our sincere appreciation of Mrs. Jackson, also Sisters Wallace and Smith, in the able manner in which they entertained the patients of this ward. We are all truly thankful for those happy hours and trust that e'er the dawn of another Christmastide, we will all be back to the land of our birth.

## Fancy Dress Concert.

The competitive fancy dress concert held in the Recreation Room on New Year's Eve was a remarkable success. Fully 300 of the patients were in fancy dress, and there were certainly not two dressed alike. Stalwart, dignified sheiks escorted with dignity, fair maids from the Southern climes, gay flappers winked alluringly at the boys, and it is certain that "baby" in the spinal carriage, bedecked with white silk dress and a milk bottle, was not as innocent as he looked. The dresses were exceedingly good, and some of the patients really made handsome and charming girls—until the cigars were handed round. The patients were the guests of Major and Mrs. Astor, and it was evident that they fully and heartily enjoyed this further evidence of the great and continued kindness of their host and hostess. The masqueraders paraded round the Hall to the music of the famous Rag Time Band from London, and made their bows to the judges (who included Lady Sefton) of the best costumes.

The remaining competitions of singing and dancing were immediately commenced, and some exceptional talent, particularly in the

"comedianic" line, was unearthed. The short programme was thoroughly amusing and the prizes were awarded to: Pte. Allen, Sgt. Duff, Pte. Ireland, Pte. Matthews and Pte. Robb. Fancy dress; 1, Pte. Rooke (Jack-in-box); 2, Pte. Cuthbert (baby); 3, Wagden and Baker (coons); 4, Cork (lady); 5, Father Time.

Though the gathering was arranged as a fête for the patients it was marked by two or three interesting incidents, the principal of which was the presentation of the championship cups to the members of the "Astorias" Baseball team. The handsome and beautiful souvenirs were presented by Mrs. Astor to the team, and she spoke of the very great pleasure it gave her, and the staff, and the patients of the Hospital that their representatives had won such a high and coveted honour—the championship of the English League. The speaker voiced the general and warm wishes of the audience in wishing the team continued prosperity, and a high tribute of praise was deservedly bestowed upon R.S.M. Jones, to whose management the success was largely due. The team were as follow: Capt. Rehill, Lt. Bishop, Sgt. McPhail, Corpl. Conway, L./Cpl. Rogers, Ptes. Maddox, Read, Peacock, Latimer, Stanley and Macklin.

In response to cries of "speech" the R.S.M. referred with justifiable pride to the record of the team.

Another very pleasing incident was the presentation of a silver cup by Mrs. Astor to Hon. Lieut. A. R. Upton. Mrs. Astor spoke of the indefatigable work of Mr. Upton since he had been at the Hospital, and the great interest he had always taken in the boys. As a token of their great appreciation they asked his acceptance of the gift.

Mr. Upton was accorded musical honours, and in his reply assured the patients that it was always his pleasure to do anything for the amusement and entertainment of the men.

Supper was afterwards served, and before the gathering terminated cordial cheers were given in honour of Mrs. Astor, the lady visitors, the Sisters and all who had helped towards the success of that gathering. The patients' thanks were well expressed in a speech by Pte. Allen.

AN ABOMINATION.—A bull strolled into a pasture and seeing a bomb swallowed it. When the farmer was told of it he said it was "abominabul."

Caricature Series,  
No. 3.



The Wheel

It's Supreme Being, moved to war against humanity, desired to deprive it of one of its vital assets in life. It would be sufficient punishment to take away the wheel, and make it impossible to contrive it henceforth. Imagine for the moment the world without a wheel! There would be no transportation except that performed by beast of burden or sailing craft, and all machinery would be reduced to a few hand tools. The clock would give way to the sundial. In fact the wheel taken from man would put him back practically into prehistoric conditions. Examine the debt of civilization to the common wheel is beyond computation.

Most primitive people discovered independently the principle of the wheel, the knowledge supposedly coming from the employment of a sledges to drag objects from one place to another. It was a step in advance when it was found that round sticks would serve as rollers, and thus facilitate movement of the sledges. From that improvement to discovering that sections of tree trunks made admirable devices when combined with round axles was another step—or leap, might say—was the birth of the wheel, which is the principal factor in making man and feeding the people of the earth. Educating us through the metaphoric printed word. Summing up the history of the wheel, it is not too much to claim that to find it has been the greatest boon in civilization.

Explorations were the pioneer in changing the wheel to a high level of efficiency, and to them is credited the invention of the chariot, the first wheeled vehicle, and especially designed for the transport of man alone. Assyrians, Egyptians, and other peoples initiated the building of splendid chariots. The Romans gave their splendid chariots this style of vehicle. And we find a combination of the solid wheel and axle revolving together, possess advantages over the stationary axle and free wheel which enabled, by the way, is supported by our railroad car-buffers. Turning attention to China, we find that the wheel came there by the same impulse as elsewhere, and the Celestials applied it to transportation.

Mention of the paper wheel suggests the

“Who said Bridge?”

## The Wheel.

If a Supreme Being, moved to wrath against humanity, desired to deprive it of one of its vital assets in life, it would be sufficient punishment to take away the wheel, and make it impossible to contrive it henceforth. Imagine, for the moment, the world without a wheel! There would be no transportation except that performed by beast of burden or sailing craft, and all machinery would be reduced to a few hand tools. The clock would give way to the sundial. In fact, the wheel taken from man would put him back practically into prehistoric conditions. Examine the question, and you will realize that the debt of civilization to the common wheel is beyond computation.

Most primitive people discovered independently the principle of the wheel, the knowledge supposedly coming through the employment of a sledge to drag objects from one place to another. It was a step in advance when it was found out that round sticks would serve as rollers, and thus facilitate movement of the sledge. From that improvement to discovering that cross sections of tree trunks made admirable rolling devices when combined with round sticks as axles, was another step—or leap, rather. Such was the birth of the wheel, which, to-day, is the principal factor in uniting mankind, clothing and feeding the people of the earth, and even educating us through the multiplication of the printed word. Summing up the influence of the wheel, it is not too much to claim that next to fire it has been the greatest force in civilization.

Egyptians were the pioneers in bringing the wheel to a high level of perfection, and to them is credited the invention of the chariot, the first wheeled vehicle which was especially designed for the transportation of man alone. Assyrians, Hebrews, and other Oriental peoples imitated the Egyptians in this building of chariots, and the Greeks and Romans gave their splendid ingenuity to developing this style of vehicle. And we find Aristotle arguing that the solid wheel and axle, revolving together, possess advantages over the stationary axle and free wheel, which opinion, by the way, is supported by our railroad-car builders. Turning to ancient China, we find that the wheel came there by the same impulse as elsewhere, and the Celestials applied it to prayer as well as to transportation.

Mention of the prayer wheel suggests the

religious significance of the circle, or wheel, given it by various races. To early man, and in the golden ages of the childhood of the human race, the wheel represented three of the highest concepts of the awakening mind—the fortune or fate of an individual, the sun, or life itself, and, greatest of all, eternity. Altogether, the wheel needs a poet of epic vision and power to adequately sing its praises, and in this age of mechanical genius and appreciation such a theme ought to appeal powerfully to the spirit of the times.

## All about nothing.

When rhyming and verses at first were in fashion,

And poets and authors indulged in their passion,  
Select what they might, still their subject was new,

And that's more than our modern scribblers do.

From nothing we came, and whatever our station,  
To nothing we owe an immense obligation.

Whatever we gain, or whatever we learn,  
In time we shall all into nothing return.

This world came from nothing, at least so says history;

Of course about nothing there's something of mystery.

Man came from nothing, and by the same plan  
Sweet woman was made from the rib of a man.

Some pass their time nothing beginning;  
By nothing losing and by nothing winning;  
Nothing they buy and nothing they sell;  
Nothing they know and nothing they tell.

There's something in nothing very clever;  
Nothing will last out for ever and ever.  
Time will make everything fade away fast,  
While nothing will certainly durable last.

That life is all nothing is plainer and plainer,  
So he who gets nothing is only a gainer.

All about nothing I prove pretty plain;  
Take nothing from nothing there'll nothing remain.

Thus with nothing the time out I'm spinning,  
Nothing will sometimes set many folks grinning.  
Believe me in this there is nothing so true,  
The writer wrote this, having nothing to do.

LEN W., V.A.D., High Wycombe.

LOVERS oft rush in where husbands fear to tread.

## Staff Notes.

Capt. Van Norman has been appointed Assistant Registrar and Company Officer of the Unit.

A football match was to have been played here on Jan. 2nd between the Connaughts and Orpington. It was somewhat of a surprise, after the previous good game at Orpington, when they side-stepped this one!

If the Staff Notes appear to have become afflicted with the prevailing drought you can safely attribute the cause to the fact that it has been such a deuce of a time since pay-day!

It is reported that the police corporal proceeded on leave in an agitated and tearful condition. We hope that during his absence he finds relief for his blighted affections. Elsie is, sure, some heart breaker.

Notice issued by Company Orderly Sergt.: "Patients will not be allowed out unless they have the blue band sewn all around the tunic and also great coat"! Of course, it was the morning after the night before.

The Registrar's Staff were greatly amused when the Adjutant appeared, with a smile upon his face, and asked: "Who smokes a pipe in this Office?" Shorty, having the picture of a gift of tobacco behind his sights, answered: "I do, sir." The Adjutant's smile broadened just a trifle, as he said: "Give me a fill of your tobacco."

A patient went to Maidenhead recently with a 6.30 pass, and failed to return. The following wire was received at the Adjutant's Office from Wooburn Green: "Have arrived home, cannot return to-day, will explain to-morrow." And then they say that we are not disciplined!

Quite a number of staff men seem to have taken the idea that blue (Hospital blue) suits their complexion, or is it that they imagine that it puts them in the "silent suffering hero" class? So many of them are doing it now!

*We should like to know—*

What the original "Old Bill" would have said if *his* Sergt. had informed him that he was to "complete his ablutions" before 7.30 a.m.

What some of our early birds will do now that the dining hall is being closed at 6.55 a.m.

When ever will that shoemaker of ours

wake up to the fact that there is such a thing as sarcasm?

Has Jack located Jimmy yet?

Who it was had a ride in a wheelbarrow and thought it was "a young Ford"?

Why the Orderly Sergt. wore such a large smile on Sunday?

If the Hospital gate isn't patronized by multitudes of fair ones who all have dates? Ask the Provo.?

Who was the fair damsel who asked the M.P. at the gate if "George" had come off duty?

If there isn't a good nurse in the Q.M. Dept.?

Why the P.-Case Sergt. is looking so worried? Cheer up, Barney! It may not all be true. Parade will be at seven as usual.

Why "Tuffy" is a woman-hater?

If walking isn't a great deal easier when you are short? Ask "Shorty." He says so.

## Roller Hockey.

### CHAMPIONSHIP GAME.

On Saturday evening, January 12th, the boys from the Hospital will take on what are reputed to be the fastest Roller Hockey team in the district, namely, the Slough Hockey Club. They have defeated the Canadian Foresters, of Smith's Lawn, on numerous occasions, and have also given the speedy Australians, of Southall, "drubbings" several times.

Of our own "wrecking crew" all that can be said is that R.S.M. Jones' boys are "there with the goods," and have demonstrated it on more than one occasion. With Choce in goal, and "Bobby" Trew on the defence, and Wilton, Charlebois and "Barney" McPhail on the firing line, the opposing goalie will have his hands full, watching the "Canucks" forward line. "Barney," is generally good for about eight goals in a game, as his record of thirty-two goals in four games shows. "Bobby" is next in the scoring with nine to his credit. Wilton follows "Bobby" with seven and Charlebois is next with two. With the forward line going strong, and the defence "air tight" the R.S.M.'s clan should show them the way.

Play commences at 8 o'clock at the Hippodrome, Maidenhead. A record crowd of "boosters" are expected.

## V.A.D. Notes.

### HIGH WYCOMBE.

Our best wishes to our Sister Hospitals, and may this year see the long looked-for peace.

Much has happened since last writing, and we were sorry our last notes were not in time for the early Xmas printing.

Col. Watt's inspection was a red letter day.

Our Xmas week went well. The Hospital has never been so well decorated, and the Judge, Mrs. B. L. Reynolds, had a very hard task in choosing the best ward. Ward 9 (the "Dug-out"), as a rose courtyard, with fish pond, arches, &c., was put first, while the Tent, a festoon of roses and ivy, and looking like a ballroom, came second. Ward 1, a Japanese scene, a mass of almond blossoms and lanterns, was placed third. All the others followed close behind, with Poppyland, the Patriotic Ward, a Cosy Ward with fireside dados, rose bowers and colour schemes, with distinctive mottoes to distant comrades, &c.

The Irish motto, "Top o' the morning, matron," caused some amusement.

Christmas Eve started with a visit from Father Christmas, who patronized all the socks hanging ready for him. The hospital gifts were distributed at 10 a.m., the men drawing for choice. At 12.30 a bountiful dinner was served—turkey, sausages, sprouts and potatoes, Christmas pudding, fruit, beer and minerals—the generous gift of Mr. J. Aldridge, who also handed round smokes and matches, assisted by his wife, daughter, and two sons.

Lord and Lady Lincolnshire, Major and Lady Victoria Forrester, and others were present, and, with the hospital staff, waited on the patients. The tables were ornamented with crackers, &c., the gift of the M.O., Mr. Priestley, who, with Dr. Huggens, acted as carver.

Lord Lincolnshire and S.-Sgt. Bailey proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Aldridge, which was carried with cheers.

A 3 p.m. a Pierrot Concert was given, under the management of Gnr. Peachell, R.F.A. After tea a Fancy Dress Competition was held, each ward dressing one man in lady's costume. This caused much amusement, and "Mrs.



Grundy" (Pte. Duckett), "Sister" Pte. Morris, and a Tap (Pte. Champion) were the winners. A Whist Drive was afterwards joined in for prizes presented by the Matron, Dr. Morgan being first, and 10 o'clock saw the end of a happy day.

The patients gave a concert on Boxing Day, providing a good programme.

The Xmas Party, for nurses and patients in fancy dress, was on Thursday, and the Hall presented a very picturesque scene with the many varied characters. It was hard to pick out the best where so many were so good. Those who could not dance enjoyed looking on, and all voted it one of our best evenings. The nice supper was contributed by our many friends.

On Friday the usual Whist Drive was held, and 21 tables were in play. Mr. H. Browning supplied the prizes, Cpl. Magner winning first.

On Sunday the Rev. E. L. Dalby wished the boys good-bye, and has gone as Chaplain to France. We shall miss him, but he is in his right place. In the evening the Christchurch choir boys came up and sang carols with the men, which was much appreciated.

On Monday another men's Whist Drive, for the Commandant's (Mrs. Kentish) Xmas present, a wrist watch, which Gnr. Tarbuck won, was held.

At the end of these festivities the men presented Quarter-Master Thurlow with a very handsome dressing case, a kindness she very much appreciated. Gnr. Stace acted as spokesman.

## A Puzzling Letter.

A little puzzle in the ward notes of F.I recently has brought forth a letter from James H. Bolton, of Bolton, Ontario, who sends along a mathematical problem or two.

"If the patients enjoy puzzles," he says, "they might try to put eight men on a chequer board so that no two are in line, either crossways, up and down, or cornerwise.

"If they like mathematical problems they will likely know how to place the first nine figures in nine squares so that each line adds to 15 in any direction, but can any of them work out a system for placing the figures in any odd number of squares, as the first 49 figures in a seven by seven square, or the first 625 figures in a 25 by 25 square, or any other odd square, no matter how large?" Now then gentlemen!

## Destroying.

Have you ever been in a destroyer  
 —O lord, but you mustn't say on—  
 And wallowed afloat in a ship (not a boat,  
 Be careful) and been sat upon?  
 Have you made the most pleasing acquaintance  
 Of all the Authority there,  
 And thought that the Skipper sometimes was a  
 And sometimes too ready to swear? [ripper  
 You remember the gay, gallant Skipper  
 Who lent me his cabin and bath;  
 And bluff Number-one whose post-prandial fun  
 Made you really do nothing but laugh?  
 The brave Engineer who surrendered  
 His life in the Scarborough crime;  
 The sub. who talked rot and most mornings  
 To attend to the Admiralty time? [forgot  
 You remember the day that we battered  
 U12 and took prisoners a score?  
 How we made it our boast that the grey Belgian  
 Should not harbour Huns any more? [coast  
 That Christmas-tide morn round Cuxhaven  
 —That dinner I ate for my pains—  
 And the Princesses' gift given out while adrift  
 And well bombed we awaited our 'planes?  
 And the day that we took Admiral Beatty,  
 The time the old "Lion" got that smack,  
 How his flag flew instead at our little masthead,  
 What he said when the others came back?  
 How he sent for a whiskey and soda,  
 How haply we'd just got enough,  
 How its redolent smell made me feel quite un-  
 For the day was decidedly rough? [well,  
 You remember those riotous evenings,  
 Well flavoured with gin of both tints,  
 How we rollicked within her and asked guests  
 to dinner  
 And beat them each one with my splints?  
 Those glorious seasons in harbour  
 That seemed so unfeelingly short;  
 The tussles between us and gay submariners  
 Who shared the same miserable port.  
 Have you ever been in a destroyer?  
 Be careful you never say "on."  
 She's a skipper as meek as Methodist week,  
 A motion as smooth as a swan.  
 Have you ever been in destroyer?  
 If ever you chance upon mine, [Lord  
 If the first Lieut.'s aboard, for the love of the  
 Don't you venture aboard her to dine.

*Rhymes of the R.N.D.*

WE have received a copy of the "Canadian Hospital News" from the Granville Hospital at Buxton. We welcome its reappearance and trust that it will reap the same measure of success that it attained during its career at Ramsgate.

## A PATIENT'S SOLILOQUY.

Lives of Sisters oft' remind us,  
 Oft' we ponder through the hours  
 If they fuss as much with *their* beds  
 As they always fuss with ours. J.A.B.

## ACTUALLY HEARD IN ALEX. I.

AUSY: "Sister, what's the use of savin' up  
 for a rainy day here, when it's always rainin'?"  
 SISTER M.: "Don't you ever have rain in  
 Australia?"  
 AUSY: "Only occasionally."  
 SISTER M. (coldly): "That's the reason  
 why you are so dry when you come over here  
 I suppose!"

## Peace.

Hate you duplicity,  
 Rush after wealth?  
 Love you simplicity,  
 Honesty, health?  
 Go where God's air is free;  
 Breathe in its purity;  
 Take you a boat and be  
 Out on the sea.

Seek you a holiday  
 Where worries cease?  
 Hate you the crowded way,  
 Long you for peace?  
 Find you some sunlit bay  
 Where all the world's at play;  
 Forget the frightful day  
 Out on the sea.

*Rhymes of the R.N.D.*

"It will kill you," she shrieked loudly as he made his way to the tantalus. "You know quite well that the doctor said you'd die if you did not discontinue it."

"We shall all die one day," he retorted as he poured in a goodly portion of the best Irish, "but I am determined on one thing, and that is, not to die of thirst."

## Sports & Amusements.

### SPORTS AT "NASHDOM."

The sports held in continuation of the Christmas festivities on Saturday, December 29th, were very successful, and to Capt. and Lady Violet Astor the cordial thanks of the patients are tendered for their generosity and kindness. The event took place at Nashdom, in the grounds of Capt. Astor's fine residence, and the programme was one which gave as much amusement to the spectators as to the contestants. The rivalry was naturally keen and the number of entries was most satisfactory. The comraderie which exists between the staff and patients was particularly noticeable by the way in which representatives of each entered into the spirit of the gathering. During the afternoon the band of the 2nd Life Guards (under Capt. Hall) played delightful music, and there was a plentiful supply of coffee, cakes, fruit and cigarettes for the men.

The prizes, which were very handsome, were later presented by Lady Violet Astor, who, with Capt. Astor, received hearty cheers as token of the appreciation of the men.

The results were as follow: 100 yards: 1, Ireland; 2, Balkind; 3, Hancock. Crutch cases (50 yards): 1, McLaughlin; 2, Harrop; 3, Harden. Bolster: 1, McLaughlin; 2, Brandrith. Cat and mouse: 1, Capt. Lewis; 2, Capt. Beech. 300 yards: 1, Watts; 2, Ireland. Obstacle: 1, Marr; 2, Ireland; 3, Mabey. Mixed Relay: 1, Miss Piercy and Brandrith; 2, Miss Fraser and Capt. Johnson; 3, Miss Whitley and Capt. Washbourne. Officers' three-legged: 4, Capt. Lewis and Capt. Beech; 2, Major Astor and "Wizzie." Ladies (50 yards): 1, Miss Astor; 2, Mrs. Astor; 3, Miss Fraser. Musical chairs: 1, Miss Pritchard; 2, Mrs. Astor; 3, Miss Fraser. Four-legged race: 1, Crane, Balkind, Ball; 2, Gage, Osborne, Broadbent. Relay race: 1, the Staff; 2, Raybould, Crane, Ball and Balkind.

Hon. Lieut. Upton was presented with a beautiful souvenir of the occasion.

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### OUR ENTERTAINERS.

To the following our cordial thanks are tendered for the hospitality they have extended to the troops during the past fortnight: Lady de Bunsen, Lady Vansittart Neale (Bisham Abbey), Mrs. Du Cros, Mr. Wagg, Mrs. Shackles,

Mrs. Skimming, Mrs. Robinson (Bourne End), Mrs. Dykes, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Humm (Maidenhead), Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Durlacher, Mrs. Archer Baker, Mrs. Oppenheimer, Miss Barry (Bray), Mrs. Woodlock, Mrs. Hawkes (Farnham Royal), Mrs. Caffin (Marlow), Mrs. Webster, Mrs. McDona, Miss H. Hennel, Mrs. Bird, Mrs. Dorris, Mr. E. Spindler, and the proprietors of the Maidenhead Hippodrome and the Bridge Street Picture Palace. By the kindness of Miss Coleman, 200 of the patients were enabled to visit the pantomime, "Ali Baba," at the Maidenhead Town Hall on New Year's Day.

The following concert parties have thoroughly entertained large audiences: The Professional War Classes Concert Party, Lewis Hill Concert Party, Mrs. Collins' Pierrot Concert Party and Edward Boquet's Concert Party.

The lecture which Sir Maurice de Bunsen gave recently was most interesting. He spoke of the happenings in Austria, where he was British Ambassador, immediately prior to the outbreak of war, and his remarks indicated the great part which Germany had in forcing Austria's hand.

Mr. Edgar Bellingham's lecture last Sunday was on English scenery, and his eloquent discourse was beautifully illustrated by lantern slides.

The Christmas Party which Mrs. Archer Baker kindly gave at her residence at Cookham was attended by 30 patients, and the gathering was thoroughly enjoyed. Each man had a handsome present from the well-laden Xmas tree, and presents were also given to every patient in the K. wards. This further evidence of Mrs. Baker's kindness was heartily appreciated.

The most cordial thanks of 24 patients are extended to Mrs. Humm, of Maidenhead for the most enjoyable whist drive given on Wednesday of last week. Twenty-four rounds were played and six very handsome presents were awarded. During the interval tea was served and before the party left for Hospital an hour's music was enjoyed and refreshments partaken of.

### A NEW YEAR'S TOAST.

Here's to all Fortune's sisters, except the eldest (Miss Fortune)!

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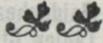


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Maidenhead	1 50	50	50	50	50	50	50	50	20	9 45

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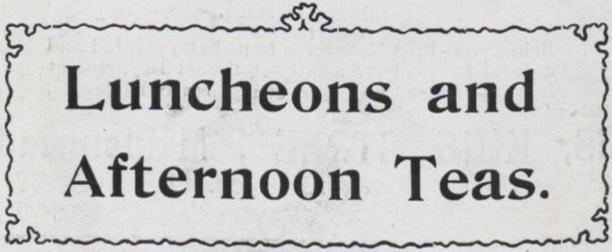
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