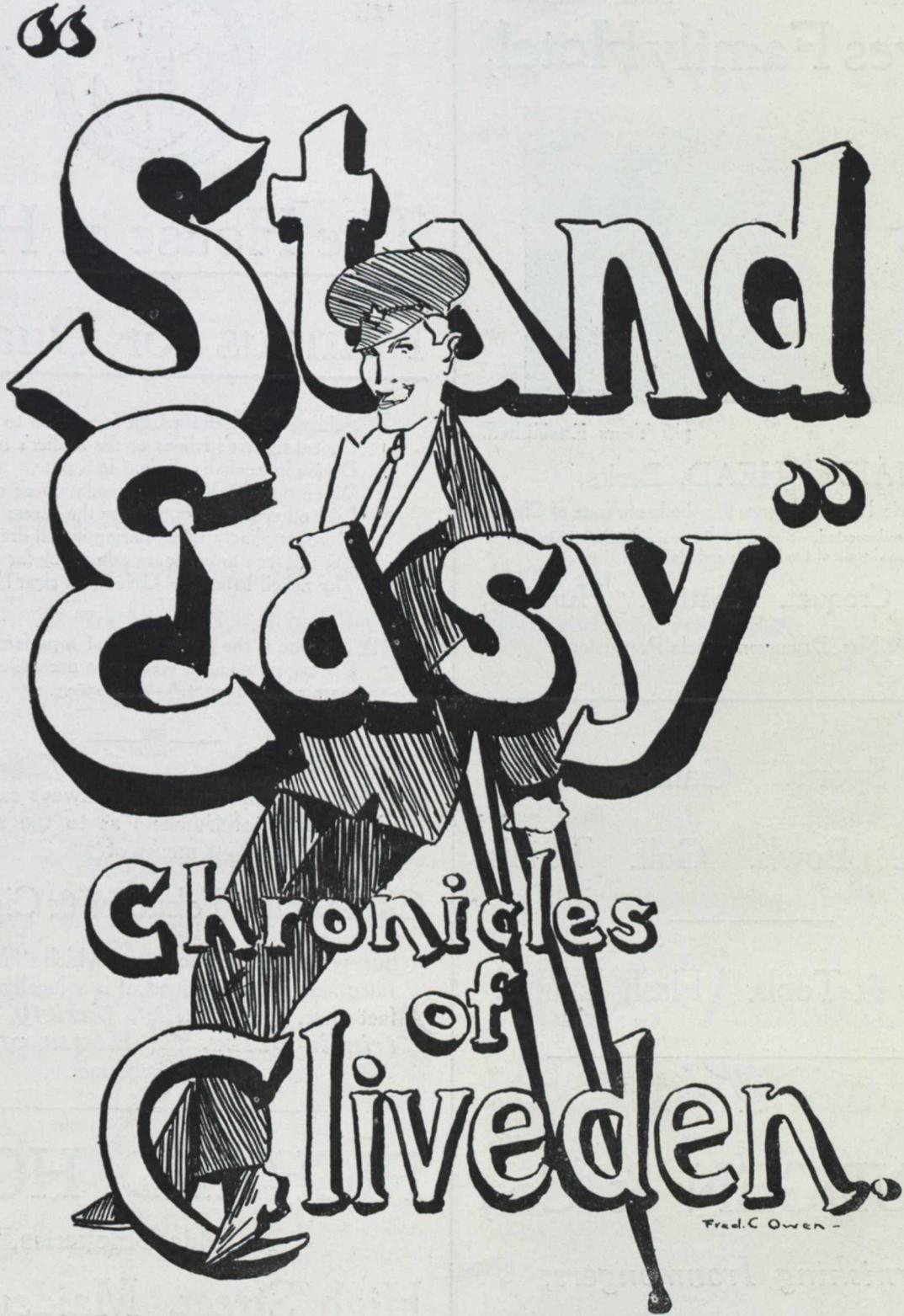


VOL. I., No. 5. AUGUST 25TH, 1917.

“
Stand
Easy”
Chronicles
of
Cliveden.
Fred. C. Owen -

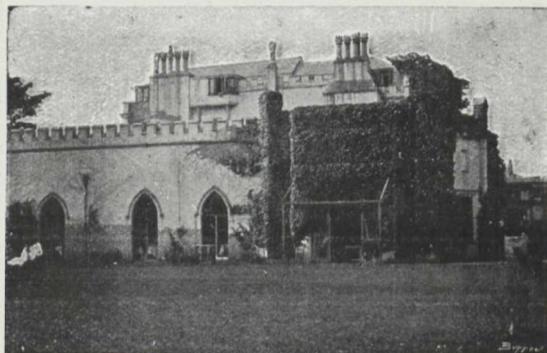
A black and white illustration of a woman with a short, dark, wavy bob haircut, wearing a dark, vertically striped suit jacket over a light-colored blouse. She is standing on her left leg, leaning on a pair of crutches that rest on the ground. She is positioned behind the large, stylized text of the title. The crutches are thin and have a dark grip at the top. The woman has a slight smile and is looking towards the viewer.

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When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties— Give me a cigar!"

Byron.

"A cigarette is the perfect type of a perfect pleasure,
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Chronicles of Cliveden.

Vol. I., No. 5.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25TH, 1917.

THREEPENCE.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ... LT.-COLONEL MEAKINS.
EDITORIAL STAFF ... { L.-CPL. W. C. PIKE.
... { PTR. F. HEASELL.
... { PTR. BAKER.

The late Flight-Lieut. R. E. Bray.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

There is another grave in "the cemetery above the Thames," that hallowed spot wherein lie the Sons of Empire who have made the supreme sacrifice. Many fragrant memories will linger around the last of those to find his resting place—the brave young officer, Flight-Lieut. Raymond Earl Bray, R.N.A.S. The staff of the Hospital had the privilege of his comradeship for over two years, and his tragic death on August 14th, at the age of 23, has given real sorrow to every one of his former colleagues.

"Ray," as he was affectionately called, joined the Canadian Forces at Victoria, B.C., on May 21st, 1915, and after a few months' service at home he came over seas. Shortly after his arrival in this country he was detailed to this Hospital for duty with the Motor Transport Service. Of a warm-hearted, cheerful disposition, he soon became a popular figure, and in the field of sport he was always to the fore. Most of the Staff will remember his performances as a member of the Roller Hockey team which won the championship last winter. A keen baseball player, he was always to be seen in the position of short-stop for the Astorias during the season 1915-16. Swimming, too, claimed him as a worthy follower. He was, in fact, an all-round athlete; in everything manly and clean.

Not content, however, with the service he was performing, he applied successfully for a commission in the Royal Naval Air Service, and his departure from the Staff in April of this year was very deeply regretted. In all his trials in this country and in France he was successful. It was in England that he embarked upon the flight which proved to be his last. Having risen to a height of about 500 feet his machine crashed to earth, and he to an untimely death.

His body was brought to the Hospital on Thursday, Aug. 16th, and lay in state in the Chapel until the following day, when the solemn funeral service was conducted by the Church of England Chaplain, Capt. Laws. The O.C. (Col. W. L. Watt), many of the officers and nursing sisters attended. The coffin, covered with the old flag, upon which rested the young officer's sword, was afterwards placed upon the gun carriage within lines of his old comrades. The beautiful way through Cliveden Woods to the cemetery was reminiscent of his young life. The full honours of a military funeral were given, and a deep spirit of reverence underlay the form of the service. The pall-bearers were six officers—members of the Grand Mason Lodge, in which the deceased held a high position. The mourners were the intimate friends of the officer, and to them and to his relatives the greatest sympathy is extended.

The beautiful flowers bore testimony to the high regard in which the late officer was held. Tributes were sent by Major the Hon. Waldorf and Mrs. Astor, the Officers, R.S.M., Staff Sergts. and staff of the Hospital, the Worshipful Master and brethren of the Jersey Mark Lodge of Masons, Maidenhead, his Flight Commander, fellow Officers in "A" Flight, Flight Sub.-Lieuts, and Prob. Flight Officers, Staff & Warrant Officers of the R.N.A.S. Training Establishment and the Flight Mechanics.

To those who rest at Cliveden.

What hearts were they! eager on the road, blind
To all dismay of the chill, foreboding night;
For rose of a dawn, or grey, to the hour, should find
Their will a single power leaping with her light.
Joyous, too, with a jest, a song—the gauge,
The virile light and shade of fighting soul
In men pressing on, on to the pending rage
Of a day—unmindful all of the toll.
Unmindful? Ah! 'tis well the spartan hour
Fails not the tender bud though fangéd frost
Awaits; that womanhood her timely flower
Will bear, whate'er the pain, whate'er the cost;
And youth at dawn his dear life lay away
Unmindful—who lives to us for aye.

Cliveden, 17-8-1917.

A.R.R.

The "Knights of the Air."

"There was great activity in the air again yesterday, and severe fighting took place, in the course of which nine German aeroplanes were brought down and five others driven down out of control. Seven of our aeroplanes are missing, two of which were overtaken by a violent storm when working over the enemy's lines."

* * * *

Announcements such as this are read by millions of people daily, but how many pause to meditate over their contents—necessitating reading between the lines—and form in their imagination a picture, phenomenal in its aspect, of the real meaning of a battle in the air? Tales are told of incidents that occur, of wonderful accomplishments, but *none* of them can do sufficient justice to our chivalrous "Knights of the Air." The details of the wonderful accomplishments of our air pilots will undoubtedly go down to history, to be read and re-read with incredulous wonder, in much the same way as we read of the bold dash of our brave forefathers in their day—"Knights of Armour." To portray to the public the exact doings of our airmen, and at the same time to produce the thrill that one actually experiences when standing open-mouthed, speechless—watching a fight in the air, would be an impossible feat, but what I wish to attempt is a brief yarn describing the movements of a British pilot, in a British "Bus," somewhere in France.

"Switch off, Sir! Switch off!"

"Petrol on, suck in, sir! Petrol on, suck in!"

"All clear, contact, sir! All clear, contact!"

—then all the noise that twelve 250-h.p. engines at full revolutions are capable of making, and everything is ready.

"Captain X. of C flight will lead, B and A flights following, flying in formation!" This is the order—obeyed to the letter. It is a beautiful, clear morning in April, somewhat cold, and every man appears fit for the fray. The scene—an aerodrome comprising three huge hangars, outside of which are placed, in lines, twelve aeroplanes, looking magnificent in their glorious splendour, with their propellers going at about 1,000 revolutions per minute—facing the direction of the wind. Time: 5.30 a.m.—First Patrol.

Let us follow the young pilot just taxi-ing over the aerodrome now—a fellow no more

than 20 years of age, darkly handsome, and very becoming in his leather helmet and togs; a look in his eye—keen, alert and to all appearances as if he were departing upon some hunting expedition, instead of a most daring adventure, involving many risks.

With a sign to the two mechanics to let go their hold, he leaves the ground and soars like a bird until he is in correct formation with his fellow pilots. He has been over this route many times previously, this young "knight of the air," everything underneath and about him being therefore familiar to him.

Approaching the zone of fighting, his gunner-observer attracts his attention by pointing out to him what appears to be a huge bird flying swiftly far above him in an opposite direction. Leaving the squadron, to which up to this time he was attached, he heads in the direction of this distant object—climbing, climbing until he attains a height of 11,000 feet. At last he overtakes it, clearly now an enemy machine of the ——— type. Coming within range of no more than 20 yards, and flying now slightly above the enemy, he fires several rounds from his Vickers, aiming at the cockpit. The fire is promptly returned by the Hun's observer, but somewhat erratically and uncertain, for the Hun pilot is already directing his machine towards the lines. For a while our young hero gives chase, but finding this fruitless and, maybe, a calamitous waste of good time and petrol, he turns and spies a German convoy—about 200 troops and several munition waggons moving slowly along a road. Nose-diving with engine full on, he swoops beautifully until about 2,000 feet, then levels, reads his gauges and, finding everything in perfect order, swoops down towards the enemy convoy, firing right into them, and scattering them like rabbits through fields and woods. Levelling his machine once again, he commences to climb until, reaching an altitude of about 800 feet, he observes further up the road several mounted officers, evidently Prussian Guards. Once again he swoops, firing his gun with steady aim, and sends the surprised Huns screaming to the winds. Laughing gaily, this man-boy directs his machine towards a cloud, behind which he hides to adjust his gun, and to give his observer an opportunity of fixing another drum of ammunition to his "Lewis." Wasting no time, and still maintaining his British coolness and courage, he again climbs

until, according to his altimeter, he finds himself at a height of 8,000 feet, and flying towards him in the distance are three enemy machines. Scenting trouble, but feeling as ready to engage 20 of the enemy, let alone three, he guides his machine until he finds one of the Huns swooping right towards his fuselage. One man against three! Steadily he selects one of the enemy, and, as if to invite him to "come on," he fires several shots towards the enemy pilot's cockpit. But as yet to no purpose. Hearing a shout above the din behind him, but not daring as yet to look to see what has happened, he assumes correctly that his observer has sent one of the enemy to the depths below. Encouraged by this assumption, which on his looking around him becomes fact, he fires again towards his enemy, who has now gained the advantage of him by attaining a height of several feet above him. Manipulating his machine as if he possessed as many years experience as the number he has of age, he reaches his enemy, and fires at him on a 20-yard level range. Suddenly and unexpectedly, he glides swiftly towards earth, but, righting his machine again, and cursing volubly, makes clean for his enemy. They are now two to one. He is quite aware of the fact that his right plane is badly shattered. Heedless of this, however, he attains his objective by engaging one of the enemy right in front of him, and in such a position as to give his observer an opportunity of sending the other to earth, and to further realms if possible! A hot fight then ensues between our pilot and his chosen enemy, and it must be stated, the foe showed considerable bravery. With steady aim our young airman fires, and watches his enemy perform a speedy wing-tip glide right to earth. Having disposed of two, he now directs his attention to the remaining one. Looking round, he makes two discoveries: firstly, that his observer has been shot in both legs, and is lying exhausted in the cockpit; and the other that the enemy remaining is flying back to his lines. If only he could give chase! But this is an impossibility with a wounded man on board, so he immediately dismisses the thought from his mind, and heads immediately for his aerodrome; not without further danger, however, for, no matter how successful a pilot may be, or whatever danger he has experienced during his patrol, there is, invariably, the danger of attack from "Archies" (anti-aircraft) on the return journey. Flying now at an altitude of

about 8,000 feet, he looks behind to find his observer partially recovered, but evidently thoroughly exhausted. As he nears —, he observes four of his squadron returning to the aerodrome, with whom he forms, flying in the rear. Approaching the sheds, he fires his Very-light pistol—a green light—to signify the presence of a wounded man on board, requiring a tender immediately. Owing to the fact of his machine being rather badly shattered, the landing is rather rough, but accomplished as well as can be expected under the circumstances. A tender is ready, and the wounded gunner is immediately attended to—not without congratulations and expressions of his pluck. Our young pilot jumps out from his seat without indicating by his appearance the least sign of his morning adventures. After signing his slip reporting the time of his arrival, he lights a "gasper," and strolls to the squadron office to report all particulars just as if nothing had happened.

No doubt details of adventures such as these, or the men such as the one in this description, cannot be given daily in the Press, but books can be and, someday in the future, *will* be filled with the praise of our loyal, courageous "Knight of the Air." H.B.

The Prodigal.

My love I lost when sleek ambition lured
In world-old, wanton ways; my heart assured
That none save she were worthy of a thought,
That life without her smile would count for naught,
I lost my love.

I knew not love while in those fevered years
Ambition was my mistress—she with sneers
And jealous rage for aught but smug success;
Though sweet thou wert, ambition, I confess
I knew not love.

My love I found, though many years were fled
In fareing fruitless, luring ways that led
My eager step unto no kindred fire;
At last! her dear eyes tender with desire,
I found my love.

A.R.R.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE laughed one of those hearty laughs for which he is famed, on the occasion of his visit, when Mrs. Astor jocularly urged him "to ask these men to eat less." In that trifling incident was displayed a little of the great personality which has made our Prime Minister so popular.

Ward Notes.

B. & C.

Things we want to know—

Who are the two boys in B. Ward who have to get out of bed to answer a girl at Taplow on the 'phone?

If it takes our kitchen-man ten days to paint our kitchen, how long would it take a boy, six years of age, to sandpaper an elephant down to a whippet?

If it takes eight men to clean Big Ben, how many men would it take to finish the war?

Who is the patient of C. Ward who is so eager to help with the work that he carries two mugs to be washed—and then goes for a smoke!

F.1.

We have quite a debating society in this ward, and the arguments nightly—usually from about 8 o'clock until lights-out—would turn the brain of any ordinary human being. Almost every subject is touched, and puzzles galore.

A new patient, evidently in search of Alex. 2 Ward, rambled in here when the last convoy arrived, with all his belongings, and after gazing round enquired of our Head Sister: "Does Alec Tew stop here?"

Everyone in this ward is pleased to see that at last they have chased that insect out of our kitchen—Where's *my* kitchen staff now?

Seated in my invalid chair along with some select friends and acquaintances at Poets' Corner—as usual—watching the grass grow on the Bowling Green the other Sunday evening, we listened to the beautiful strains of the Church organ playing a hymn, whilst someone in the Recreation Room was thumping out, "Back home in Tennessee," on the piano. As may be imagined, the effect of the medley on the oral was somewhat weird.

We should like to know what the intentions of a certain inmate of this ward are towards the corpulent and comely cook? We trust they are honourable.

No wonder they can't cook eggs! I wonder if they could cook shaving water without burning it? F.T.

F.2.

Our hearts are sore at losing our worthy "Lady of the Lamp," Sister Chafe. At 8 p.m. we could always be sure of her cheery smile, and at 6 a.m. we could always be sure of a well-made bed. Now she has gone to grace some other ward.

We welcome to our fold Sister Miller, who will keep the wolf away from F.2 for, we hope, many nights to come.

Talking about "folds," we are glad to have Sister Shepherd back. We always knew she couldn't stay away.

We hope that "R.F.A.-bread-and-butter-Bill" will have all of that commodity he can put away (a few extra puddings as well) in Ontario 1. I have heard that R.F.A. stands for "ready for anything." Bill was always ready for anything in the eating line!

Is there to be any more racing at Windsor this season? We should like to get our night orderly to invest for us if there is.

The other day we saw a guy put his mug of tea on a chair—he said it was too weak to stand! We don't doubt it!

ONE OF THE LAMBS.

G.1.

We all wish our Sister-in-charge the very jolliest of good times during her seventeen days leave. May she enjoy it to the full, and return to us with renewed health and vigour.

During her absence our ward is in charge of Sister Wallace, whom we were pleased to welcome back from leave. And doesn't she look well, too! Scotland evidently agrees with her.

At last, thanks to Sapper Smith, we enjoy the music of a gramophone.

A hearty welcome to the boys from F.2 and Alex. 1.

In G.1 the other afternoon "Scotty" was playing what he said was "Sacred Music," viz., "Abide with me," "Lead kindly light," &c. The Sister on duty was furious. I went up to her

and asked if she was a man-hater. She said, "No, why do you ask?" "Because," I said, "You don't seem to like the 'hims,'"

If a patient in G.1 wants a drink you can never find Beer. Why does the "Sparrow" in the Q.M.'s office make such a "Noise?"

Why did the M.O. in J.2 ask how the patients were when he knew everybody Wiswell?

Why do the patients in F.1 always look White in the face?

If the O.C. asks you a question, and you don't hear at first, say, Sir, never say Watt!

It is rumoured—

That our Dressing Sister is already receiving lessons in the gentle art of lighting patients' cigarettes.

That our favourite for the bun-eating competition was prepared to devour at least fifty buns—or more if need be. That he sacrificed his dinner for the good cause.

G.2.

We are pleased to state that we have our "own" Honour Shield now. I think it must have been won by one of the boys who rescued a patient from getting drowned. He fell through the mattress into the spring!

Our (base) ball team are doing well, and even the dear old gent. joins in!

Who is it who is after the Provost Sergeant's job? He must have knocked a redcap for the armet. Golly! but he'd make a good hit. "Time visitors, please."

Could the "twin brother" of the ward really walk if he had a "civvy" suit on?

Judging by the way the other one of the twain has been hanging about the corridor I should imagine that he is looking for something. Is it a piece of wood?

Things we would like to know—

Who pushed the locker over on a dark night?

Who is it who likes a cup of tea in the early hours of the morning? What "hopes!"

Who turned his mattress twice?

Things we do know—

That ours is the quietest ward in the hospital at night.

That the egg-cups are still in the cupboard.

H.1.

We welcome to our midst Sister Cole, and believe she will get the up-patients to see the sun rise—if they don't look out. Query.—How can they, if they don't look out?

We are sorry to have to report that flapper-hunting is becoming an increasingly popular sport. Some say they are fish, and go to the river to catch them. Others resort to strategy, and impersonate sergeants to gain their object!

We have a new pair of forceps on the dressing cart, but it is feared that they may snap in the middle at some crucial moment.

The boys in France have repaid us in kind for the eggs sent over to France—by despatching some cheese which resents the fact that it is only allowed on pass to 9.30 p.m. once per week.

"Shorty" occasionally gets worried with his duties, and frequently gets in a hole. As he is used to a large cave the restriction is very harassing!

Wanted.—A smart lad, to get up and make beds at 5 a.m., serve all meals, sweep the ward, clean the brasses, run errands, draw rations, serve out the fags, take the chair cases to the Pictures, take round the pills, sing the patients to sleep, and be generally useful. Only Lancashire lads need apply.

Later.—All right, thanks! We have got him!

H.2.

We hear that one of the patients has been put in a strait-jacket for being Noi(e)sey. It appears to be the only way to keep him quiet.

There are several who make nuisances of themselves, and one ("Freuchy") uses the gramophone for the purpose of letting us know that he is one of the boys.

Then there is another who, by his winning ways, has acquired the position of gardener to the Hospital. This is another case where merit receives recognition.

Who is the man who is on ten days' furlough and who is

seen round the ward? Perhaps he is in a chronic state of impecuniosity. If this is the case it is certainly a "Graveous" shame.

We regret having lost our cockney comedian, George Elliot.

There is a rumour that one of our number is contemplating matrimony. Well, we all wish him luck, if this is the case. May his troubles be little ones. VOCES WARDI.

J.1.

Many thanks to the scribe of J.2 for his description of our notes as "senseless vapourings." He has our deepest sympathy!

Before the erection of the barricade (which is French for "handsome rustic fence") at the end of our garden, a sister from another ward was in the habit of tripping daily and gaily across our polished floor on the way to the linen stores. Her visits have long since terminated and perhaps Sister G. will tell us why.

Where is that heap of bulbs which used to disfigure our garden? It is suggested that they have been buried somewhere close by, and, moreover, that the operation was carried out in broad daylight. Who was the heroine, and did she act like one?

It has been suggested that next time sports are held here a "sleeping competition" might be included. We are of the opinion that several patients in this ward could put up a good show, and there is every reason for anticipating a close finish! It is doubtful whether the winner would be sufficiently wide-awake to accept his prize!

J.2.

Capt. Wiswell must be proud of his boys. Watch his eyes sparkle when he advances to the fray, with a smile and a six-foot probe!

Things we should like to know—

Why the Cpl. loses his job after breakfast? Is it because the patients can put more energy into the lead-swinging then?

If the sisters know that they can obtain their correct height and weight in the Gym. Hall?

Which N.C.O. was it who lost his way recently when going to London on a week-end pass, and failed to find the railway station?

What the kitchen staff gave the painter to come into their den a few minutes before the C.O. made his inspection trip?

What happened to one of the carriage staff that his eyes were nearly closed? Was he looking for an extension of privileges, or did the advantages of being in the army blind him to all else?

K.1.

Sympathy, my friends. We, too, have had the painters!

Gee! but we had a dandy tea party recently. Sisters Essery and Foster sprung it on us as a surprise. It was just fine, and we heartily thank them!

Though a certain patient may have a particular failing for custards and dishes of a like order it is no reason why, even for a joke, the portions for the kitchen staff should be annexed for his benefit!

No, my brothers, our "Majah" was not lost in the piggeries! Say, have you noticed G.I.'s famous vegetable garden? We do not see anything of the fruits of their labour yet, but there are still hopes.

One of our patients has a perfect mania for stone-carving just now. Well, we have returned to the "stoney" age just now!

B— is certainly a fine sign-writer, but it would be better to put the paint only on the places where it should go!

What an exciting time H— had one night recently, when he had to re-make his bed and sister would keep visiting the verandah!

K.2.

Throwing diet sheets and discretion to the winds, our good sisters banquetted us on Thursday, the 7th inst., in gorgeous style. Our long table is only just recovering from the effects of bearing such a load of delicacies which reached us without being "censored" by the Food Controller.

The proceedings were further brightened by the presence of Mrs. and Miss Williams, who made sure that the boys filled up all the corners.

It is not true that "Scottie" said "Carry me oot, but dinna bend me!"

The concert which followed was a great success and included some "star" turns from our good neighbours K.1.

We are glad to be back after spending a night with F.2, just while the painters cleaned up. It was discovered that F.2 plus K.2 equalled cha-os, and that's why we are back home.

ALEX. 1.

Is it Alex. 1? There are many of the boys who mourn the passing of the old ward. Even such a catastrophe leaves a few survivors—in the kitchen too! but, alas! they also blink tears for the ward that is no more. Their lot is little better than the lot of those who have found new apartments and new sisters throughout the hospital. The old comradeship is nearly broken, but not quite; the exiles still return in twos and threes to the old haunts.

Is it true that the new patients in the ward believe every up-patient to be an orderly? The U.-P.'s swear to it.

Who suggested that Alex. "Once" is more appropriate than Alex. One?

Who told one of the kitchen staff that he was "frightened to lose his job"? Was it really a sergeant who has only "seen" France? "FED-UP."

ALEX. 2.

By the kind arrangement of Capt. Laws, a bowling party from the hospital had the pleasure of an afternoon's play, followed by tea, on the ground of the Maidenhead Thicket Bowling Club on Thursday of last week. Three of our members were of the number, and they can vouch for the hearty welcome they received from the members of the Club and the good time they had.

Our Scotch gunner has been transferred to another ward. It is a relief to know we can sleep at night without fear of being awakened by unearthly yells.

The patients of this ward have begun to wonder if orderlies are appointed for the convenience of patients, or patients are made to provide exercise for orderlies when they feel like taking any. Perhaps the night orderly may be able to decide this.

An evening off seems to affect our Canadian sub-staff men in diverse ways. Witness the return of two the other night: one was loving in his attentions and the other quite the reverse.

ONTARIO 1.

Wanted, a Burglar! Good opportunity for a thoroughly reliable man (with a fondness for night work) who will undertake to "arf-inch" our gramophone. Every assistance will be given. He will find the doors unlocked and the hinges oiled. If required, a pair of rubber shoes and a life-preserver will be provided. Can start at once.

Terms:—"C.B.," or "shot at dawn" as an alternative, if the job is bungled.

Applications should be addressed "Private." Our night sister has a great fondness for "music" just about reveille, and would probably give information to the police should it come to her knowledge.

Conversation between a patient, transferred that day from another ward, and a member of the kitchen staff. P.: "What about that there egg marked on my sheet. Don't I get it?" M.K.S.: "What are you grousing about? You're not entitled to anything until you've been here two days!"

In the words of another "inmate," who was asked what Mr. Lloyd George said to the boys during his visit to Cliveden last week: "He didn't say anyfink. His 'eart was in his mouf and he was too full to speak." The fine sentiment is appreciated, but it is to be hoped that Mr. Lloyd George did not have the same difficulty in masticating his heart as we do a certain breakfast ration!

If we were not using too much space we would ask "Mr. Editor" to insert another advt. for a kidnapper. Our organist has shown a great desire to break forth into "song" lately. Nuff said!

By the Way.

We have received two or three communications relative to an inspection which the staff attend each week. The general complaint seems to be that the N.C.O.'s are always exempt, and this is held by some of the rank and file as unfair. We know nothing of the matter, and we refer it to those concerned.

The Hospital looks decidedly brighter as a result of the advent of the painters, but even among the confusion resulting from their visit there were one or two humorous aspects. What a fine excuse they afforded for untidy lockers. At least that was the opinion of the patients, but, gee! that was nipped in the bud alright. They forgot that the little germ of "Springcleaningitis" was but laying dormant in the Sisters, and that it needed but the smell of a whitewash brush to make it grow! The Sister, in one ward at any rate, suddenly awoke to the fact that the lockers needed scrubbing, and so strong had that confounded germ grown that she started the scrubbing herself. It was no use—the example absolutely had to be followed. By the way, too, it is really pitiable to see the careworn looks of the Wardmaster and his assistants. "The painters are in! How can we clean the taps, wash the bowls and clean the bathroom?" was the argument of patients, but it wouldn't wash—hence the anxious, worried look of the Wardmaster. However, we are clean now, and no doubt in the course of time he will lose that fiery light in his eye, and will be able to "sleep o' nights."

We wonder what would happen if there were not kind-hearted Sisters to take pity upon the officers who, wearied doubtless by their strenuous toil of the day, rise too late in the morning for breakfast in the mess.

Has any patient ever been fortunate enough to secure a pair of socks on "clean change" day?

Say, why the indignation of some patients, in some cases rather forcibly expressed, a fortnight ago? Was it because all walking out passes were stopped for the afternoon?

THE visit of T.M. the King and Queen to Cliveden, on Thursday, will live long in the memories of those who were privileged to be present. Our next issue will contain a report of the proceedings.

The Night Birds' "Beano."

To endorse King George's decision in adopting the name of Windsor as the "family tree," the Night Birds approached the good old solid town, via Boulter's Lock, on the afternoon of August 16th.

After trying to widen the Thames to get the launch headed in the right direction, the crew got down to business to entertain our party to some real fast cruising to Boulter's Lock.

We would like to know who slipped Reid, the plums through the roof?

Our Sunday School friend was promised the thanks but failed to get aboard.

The Swaney River blood began to tell after the engine got started again, and many a punting couple or a solitary fisherman were awakened by the voices of our class "cotton" singers.

After leaving Bray Lock, a discussion was opened on "the toils of touching unripe fruit."

It was during this debate that our skipper noticed the S.O.S. on our port side, and skillfully took his boat to the rescue.

It is rumoured that our commander is related to Burgess, the Channel swimmer. He, sure, knows how to handle the water.

The latest incident started another topic, and I believe everyone was in favour of Jack getting higher wages for holding on to the North Sea.

We were not afforded a very long stay in Windsor, and would have liked to have appreciated the good work of the Liquor Controller, but the Daylight-Saving Bill robbed us of this.

The return trip was delightful. The weather improved by this time, and touched the hearts of the glee party, who gave vent to their joy in song.

We arrived home in time to resume our duties, but I cannot close without expressing our very best thanks to Hon. Lieut. Upton and Sergt. Robinette for arranging the trip.

ONE OF THE NIGHT BIRDS.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE was informed that a patient had been receiving potato bread from Scotland, and he was, it seemed, eagerly enquiring whether it was good and whether it was light. On receiving the assurance that "It is fine, sir," the Prime Minister observed, "We must have a lot of it next year."

BETWIXT AND BETWEEN



Eh Mon! I' that supposed ta be kilt 'r skirrt.

Home Again.

They give us sweets, and picture books, and cigarettes as well; and they speak to us respectful-like, as though we was all kings. They asks us silly questions, but they mean well in their way, so we tell them how we fought and fell on such-and-such a day. We talk a bit to please them, when the ladies come to call, but the things that we have done or seen they never hear at all. There's lots of people shouting. "Brittania rules the waves," and it's Britons this and Britons that, and Britons wont be slaves; and Vaudevilles are gay with noise, with flags, and girls, and light—we used to think that that was war before we went to fight! But now, the folks that crowd around and sieze us by the hand, we just don't answer what they ask—why, they couldn't understand. There's things that don't bear thinking of, and things you never would tell. It's waste of breath to talk to folk who've never been in hell, and the blessed daily papers—why, we'd like to take the lot right out of safe old England, and let them see us shot. There's heaps to tell them if we would, but it doesn't seem worth while, so we hold our tongues and tempers, and when we can we smile. They're just like kiddies at their play, but we have felt and seen, and 'tween the likes of them and us there's days and nights between—such days, such nights! There aint no words to tell the tale—no human can express—but we oftimes wish they'd think a bit, and chatter rather less. But it takes a lot of pluck for that, and they'd have to use their brain, and since they have'nt got one—well, we simply can't explain.

H.E.S.

The Floor Polishers.

See those noble stalwart men all ready for the fray,
On duty every morning, soon after break of day,
As through the ward they gaily march—a most inspiring band,
With sleeves rolled up in readiness, each one a brush in hand.

No thought have they of danger; no shells cause them dismay.
They mean to do their duty, and "stick it," come what may.
They care not for the honours, nor do they seek reward.
Just watch them as, with stately air, they start to sweep the ward.

With massive strength they move the beds, and pull your lockers out,

Then wield their brushes manfully, polish all about.
What matters if a patient calls? He must be ignored. [floor.
How dare a patient want something, until they've swept the
Week in, week out, they sweep and rub, and stiek to it like glue;
No matter what else waiting, the floor must have its due.
These gallant knights are heroes—at this, if nothing more,
So here's good luck to every man who polishes the floor. F.T.

Nights Out.

We sleep out on the verandah! Wee! It's bon sleeping out in the bracing fresh air, except for a few trifles that I propose to mention. Firstly, at intervals, the gas comes over! It is in the form of soft coal smoke from the steam-heating plant. It is merely a mild annoyance, for one can accustom oneself to *anything*. At one time I did not believe so, but my ideas have been almost revolutionised since I joined the army. We, however, easily overcome the evil influence of this gas by ducking under the blankets before it overcomes us. One learns the art of ducking to perfection in France!

Secondly, there are rats!! There are lots of rats!!! Not the mangy, bleary-eyed ones of German extraction that we used to know, but true British-born rats—sleek and shiny, and full of bull-dog tenacity of purpose. They carry out nightly raids into our lockers in true British style, and their working parties roam "no-man's land" fearless of snipers. One exceptionally bold individual (he must have been of Canadian or Anzac origin) climbed upon my bed the other night. I was obliged to hit him a punch from beneath the bedclothes, whereupon he aviated over to the next bed. I slept but little that night, fearing reprisals, but all was quiet on my front, so evidently I had put the "wind" up him.

The least of our troubles, the least in size if not in "pestiferosity," are the creatures that crawl,—bugs of all kinds, earwigs, daddy long-legs and various other kinds of legs too numerous to mention. This is the most treacherous tribe that we have to deal with. They crawl into our beds while we are away, dig themselves in, and lay for us. On being counter-attacked and driven out they transfer themselves during the night to our clothes near by, from whence they have to be evicted in the morning. Incidentally, they transfer themselves to bed again!

All these things, however, are merely trifling. The thing that "gets our goat" most effectively is getting up in the morning. We would prefer one more snooze on week-days and two on Sundays.

A.F.S.

WE didn't start the war, but there is a general expectation that we're going to finish it.

Yimy Ridge Sketches.

THE FOUNDATION OF LIBERTY.

War and Peace, maybe, are the same as the setting and rising of the sun. There is always night between sunset and sunrise; there will always be a struggle between Good and Evil, and, as there can be no final Good, there can be no end to wars; wars for the development of Good; wars for the sake of Principles.

But, as the rising of the suns, the glories of peace must dawn upon a new world and a renewed life. Thus, some day, *Peace* will come, and then my deep desire will be to stand near those white crosses, somewhere in France. I shall be alone. The days of the past shall crowd my memory; days of torturous sufferings. Again shall I live in those days of gloom and strife—days which will make up the darkest pages in humanity's history, the woe of a world, the silence of lonely motherhood.

* * * *

Autumn! Dawn! A steel-grey sky! A restless quietness! A thin, drizzling rain like tears pressed out by a heart overbrimmed with pain! Amongst the white crosses the rustling of a sharp wind, sounding like groans and sighs. Carefully, stealthily, they knead the slushy trenches with their tired feet. Breathlessly they move. All of them—those who left their books, those who left their plough, those who left their offices—all that great mass of volunteers, moves forward.

A whisper as low as a breeze passes down the long string of silent, stalwart men. "Pass down, load nine rounds." A hushed breath of that one huge living body—a single thought in its brain: "What's ahead?"

The barrage starts! A gigantic burning wall sputters iron all around. Over yonder, men run here and there, bent low under the heavy crush of burning steel. The ground shivers and shrieks.

The whistle goes as in a nightmare. Strangely the men move. Their legs numb, brains glowing, eyes red with madness, faces pale, shivery. They are facing Fate. In the shell-holes of "No Man's Land." Wide-opened eyes look about with bewilderment. "Barrage lifted! My lads, Charge!!!" somebody yells with a hoarse voice. A rattle of machine-guns; flames hissing like maddened snakes; men drop as if knocked out in the ring; pale faces stare into your eyes; quivering hands rise up;

treacherous bullets whizz about your head. You fire; your comrade stabs; your chum is cut down in the middle of shouting a warning; dead bodies; struggling wretched carcasses; you are tired; you long for sleep; you are covered with mud. With shivering, nervous hand you dig in. A grey sky above you, and stern quietness about you. Everything is tired—even shells and bullets. Ah! for a rest!

And you gaze with weary, burning eyes upon a pale, muddy Lance-Corporal. "We're to dig in as quickly as possible! Be ready for a counter-attack! Relieved at noon!" And he is in charge of the Company!

Noon passes and another noon, and you are still "holding the new position." You look upon the long muddy string of connected shell-holes as if you were born, bred and brought up there. You eat, sleep and write there. The puffs of the heavy "Fritzes" are like buzzing flies to your hardened nerves, and you are indifferent, and the rumours about relief you meet with a contemptible smile.

The sky clears by-and-by. On the third day, just at dawn, you hear a low frightened voice, "How is it out here?"—"Just like home, old chap!" When you come out you find many good old boys heaped up like cord wood for the limbers.

Aye, they will speak no more! No more will they sing those sweet songs of home, and those melancholy songs which only life in a dug-out created. No more will they tell those jokes full of youth and wit. Silent they lie—grey-haired grandfathers and fair-haired grandchildren. Those good, brave and fair boys! But never will they die in your heart and memory!

* * * *

Those will be pictures I shall see when Peace shall dawn upon a renewed mankind. And when the dull grey sky clears and the sun slowly embraces those white crosses with golden trembling beams I shall look at the dear boys' graves and be proud of a land that could voluntarily give up so many good lives, so many hopes, talents and fragrant flowers for the cause of the world's Liberty.

And it shall not be beneath my dignity if my eyes are dimmed by a few burning tears. And if I shall see an old couple, bent low by age, tottering silently to those crosses with a wreath of flowers, I shall take off my hat and reverently say: "These crosses are the foundation of our Liberty, and you are the foundation of these crosses! Proud you may be!"

SIMON JAUVOISH.

In Appreciation.

How better employ a few idle moments to write of the kindnesses I've received from the hands of those in whose keeping I have been for nearly three months?

Arrived at Taplow, full of fear;
 "Your wound is grave," said Capt. Beer—
 "You've freely bled," he softly said,
 But after his touch I bled nae maer.

The following morning introduced me to the staff of the ward.

The sister-in-chief believes in the old adage, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," but her chief line is Tommy's "tummy."

"What can you eat?" she asked of me,
 And soon I was marked for "Diet Three."
 "And would you like a drink of stout,
 To wash down chicken, eel or trout?"
 Ah! many are the tit-bits rare,
 Dear sister gives with tender care.

Of the dressing sister, who cheers each patient with her usual kind words and pleasant smile, these few lines are hourly with me:—

Ah! what is her's but a work of love?
 Each day brings just the same;
 But her reward waits her above
 For comforting the lame.

Our beds are made daily or changed by one so gentle that I think of her:—

How gentle you are, oh, sister dear,
 When my limbs you deftly raise,
 My tired back rub,
 With never a snub,
 But always helpful praise.

Of the night staff, too much cannot be said, but, as I sleep well, I don't receive much of their kind attentions. Yet, I shall always remember the orderlies.

Our orderlies sing, when the pans they bring,
 Of Bohemian knights and a pan of fry;

A cheerful clan, such "Pipes of Pan,"
 Enough to make one cry.

Yet, they toil away all the livelong day,
 'Till at night they're parched and dry.

CONGRATULATIONS to 201589 L/Cpl. W. J. Francis, of the Canadian Forces, who was decorated with the Military Medal by the King on Thursday. His Majesty shook hands cordially with the gallant recipient.

Theology.

I aint no blooming hero, but I'm not a hypocrite,
 And I only joined up in this game to do my little bit;
 But they showed me how to heave a bomb, and taught me
 bayonet drill,
 Then they send us up a Padre with his sweet "Thou shalt not
 kill."

Yes, they've sent us up a Padre that would turn your blood to milk
 With his "Onward Christian Soldiers," and a tongue as smooth
 as silk;
 And he has us singing ditties 'bout a gipsy boy and such,
 Till we feel just like a C.O., and not up to fighting much.

He's been telling us queer stories about being meek and mild,
 Says he's come right up amongst us, the wanderingsheep to find.
 Tells about a lovely city with its grand old golden gate;
 And us pigging in our dug-outs, and singing hymns of hate.

Perhaps across in Blighty with a shell-case in your lung,
 When the M.O. and the Sister have done all that can be done,
 And the poppy-dust has done its bit, and there isn't any hope,
 It may be that our Padre has the only kind of dope.

But, with roaring guns behind you, full of bully beef and lice,
 When you're getting sort of bleary-eyed, from looking down
 the sights;

I like to think how Gideon fought the battles of the Lord,
 And the day that General Jephtha slew the heathen at the ford.

For there's Tommies and there's Tommies; even Sergeants
 will admit

That if we aint no haloed saints, we aint no hypocrites.
 We're here for bloody business—and that's mopping up the Hun,
 So perhaps I'll curse a little when a sniper gets my chum.

T. ATKINS.

Sweethearts.

Sweethearts come and sweethearts go

According to the weather,

But there be one as true as steel,

And loyal altogether.

I fell in love, the first I loved.

In fact we loved each other.

The holiest of sacred ties,

My own dear gentle mother.

Sweethearts come and sweethearts go

According to the season,

But one there is who changes not,

Who loves beyond all reason.

When first I saw her face I found,

And only love discovers,

The best there is in this wide world.

My wife and I are lovers.

Sweethearts come and sweethearts go

According to the notion,

But one there is whose little heart

Is deeper than the Ocean.

And o'er his little golden head

God's angels surely hover.

The truest sweetheart in the world—

My own wee baby lover.

C.K.

Visit of Prime Minister.

Many patients availed themselves of the opportunity to make the acquaintance of the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George at Cliveden recently. The Prime Minister chatted with several of the men, and addressed a few words to them. "We are always very grateful to you for the splendid work you have done for the country," he said. "We are very proud of you. We are going to win in the end, but it is going to be a hard job. You are proving better men than the Huns. That has been impressed even upon them, and it is a valuable lesson they will never forget." Cordial cheers were given in his honour.

"The Sea shall give up its dead."

A pearl-grey mist o'er a sapphire sea,
 A golden glow o'erhead,
 'Tis thus the last great dawn shall rise,
 When the sea shall give up its dead.

And all who sleep in the mighty deep
 Shall one great army tread
 To return to Him who gave them life
 When the sea shall give up its dead.

Brave hearts who have fought their country's foes
 Have followed where honour led.
 They lie a thousand fathoms deep,
 Yet, the sea must give up its dead.

And whether by mine or by hidden foe,
 Or grip of the stormfiend dread,
 All shall arise to God's own skies,
 When the sea shall give up its dead.

Then ye who morn a loved one lost,
 To you the Lord hath said,
 "I will wipe away all tears from your eyes,"
 When the sea shall give up its dead.

A pearl-grey mist or a sapphire sea,
 An Angel host o'erhead
 Singing of God's great gift of love
 As the sea gives up its dead. E. de M.

BERLIN says the German line is invincible. Certainly. Whenever it is in danger they just move it back three or four miles.

V.A.D. Notes.

HIGH WYCOMBE.

Our M.O., Dr. Priestley, has gone for his holiday (the best of sport to him) and Lieut. Shorey, C.A.M.C, of Cliveden, is taking his place.

Mrs. Priestley, too, is having a well-earned holiday, after her strenuous work with housekeeping and pantry fixtures—no light task.



No. 7 WARD.

Our Quarter has made but simple request.
 To do as she asks we all do our best.
 We're not good at writing in verse or in rhyme,
 But hope to do better when trying next time.

Our place of abode is ward number seven,
 For comfort and peace, sure, it must be heaven,
 But matron one evening exploded it—when
 Discovering not such a peaceful "Glen."

There lies in the ward a Newcastle man,
 His "lingo" quite difficult to understand,
 He stands on his head and darts in his bed,
 Escaping the approach of sister's tread.

And on the list is Oxo by name,
 Already established a certain fame.
 His genial face and cheery spirit,
 Pain and suffering do not merit.

Brown, the marvel of the ward,
 His leg is pulled with one accord,
 He has wit and humour, though somewhat silly,
 Perhaps the cause is one called Lily.

When blinds are drawn we're all at rest,
 Though for a smoke we scheme our best
 Until sister demands, "Now who's smoking,"
 Nobody answers—we're snoring and choking.

TENT.

The American Vaseline Company would like to know why No. 5 Ward is allowed its own Private Bishop?

OVERHEARD IN THE OPERATING ROOM.—
 "Take out lots of rib! Adam lost the whole of one!" "Yes, but what a H—— of a life!"

Sports & Amusements.

It was certainly a great idea to celebrate the birthdays of the two eldest sons of Mrs. Astor by holding a sports meeting for the patients. The festivities were most successful, and the performances of some of the competitors were decidedly funny. Additional amusement might have been afforded by the "Aunt Sally," very kindly provided by Mrs. Phipps, had not the pipes, which were to have been the "bulls-eyes" at which contestants were to throw, been broken in some unexplainable manner.

The sports events resulted as follow:—

PATIENTS.—Obstacle Race: 1, Lieut. Esterbrook; 2, Pte. Harman. Four-legged Race: 1, Ptes. Gardner, Willmore, Ellis; 2, Ptes. Evans, Hoar, McConnell. Potatoe Race: 1, Hoar; 2, Gardner. Crutch Race: 1, Pte. Halifax, 2, Sgt. O'Reilly. Wheelbarrow Race: 1, Ptes. Evans and Hoar; 2, Ptes. Taylor and Heaton. Pillow Fighting Contest: 1, Cpl. Willis; 2, Pte. Josephs. Bun-eating Contest: 1, Pte. Harmer; 2, Pte. Hoar. Backward Race: 1, Cpl. Macklin; 2, L-Cpl. Dunn, J. Mounted Combats: 1, Pte. Taylor; 2, L-Cpl. Dunn, J. Hat Trimming Contest: 1, Stalford; 2, Houghton; 3, Caudlin. Relay Race: 1, Pte. Montgomery, Cpl. Hickmott, L-Cpl. Dunn, J., Pte. Macklin. **SISTERS AND PATIENTS.**—Threading Needle: 1, Nursing Sister Essery, Pte. Clark; 2, Nursing Sister Galt, Pte. Morrell. **STAFF.**—Cock-fighting Contest; 1, Scott, S.; 2, Green. Slow Bicycle Race; 1, Cpl. Foster; 2, Pte. Davies, F.M. 100 Yds. Dash: 1, L-Cpl. Dunn, J.; 2, Cpl. Macklin. **SISTERS.**—Nursing Sister's Race: 1, Nursing Sister Essery; 2, Nursing Sister Piercey. Officer's Sack Race: 1, Captain Lewis; 2, Lieut. Esterbrook. Officer's Race: 1, Lieut. Rehill; 2, Captain Lewis, H. W. **WOMEN'S COOKING SECTION AND WOMEN'S LEGION.**—Sack Race: 1, Miss Reese; 2, Scutton. Egg and Spoon Race: 1, McIntyre; 2, O'Connell. **CHILDREN.**—Tug-of-War: 1, Nancy Parr, Freda Brooks, Joyce Phipps, Anthony Packe, Willie Hoffgood. Children's Race: 1, Willie Hoffgood; 2, Sandy Camm; 3, Winkie Brooks. Sack Race: 1, Sandy Camm; 2, Ernest James; 3, Anthony Packe. Band Race: 1, Cpl. Conway; 2, Pte. Whitnal.

The Band of the High Wycombe R.E.s played during the afternoon. Cordial thanks are due to Mrs. Astor for her generosity.

BASEBALL.

MILITARY BASEBALL LEAGUE TABLE.

TEAM.	WON.	LOST.	P.O.
Taplow	10	2	.834
Epsom	9	3	.750
London American	7	*4	.636
Pay-Records	*4	6	.400
Orpington	3	8	.274
†Uxbridge	1	9	.100

*One game under protest.

†Has retired from the league, all future games go by default.

OUR ENTERTAINERS.

Our cordial thanks to the following for the kindly hospitality they have extended to the troops: The Duchess of Buckinghamshire, Lady Vansittart Neale, Lady St. Leonards, Lady Boston, Lady de Bunson, Lady Crowther, Lady Holmwood, Sir Phillip Rose, Mrs. Bird, Mr. Oliver (Oakly Court, Windsor), Miss Barry, Mrs. Rance, Mr. Cunliffe Owen, Mrs. Buckley, Mrs. Clarke (Bourne End), Mrs. Wilding, Mrs. Caffin, Mrs. Du Pre, Miss Coleman, Mrs. Grace, Mrs. Lehmann, Mrs. Dalziel, Mrs. Shackles, Mrs. Serocold, Mrs. Baron Harris, Miss Bowen (Stoke Poges), Mr. Thornton Smith and Mr. H. Spindler. Several of the "boys" also had the privilege of inspecting the paper mills of Messrs. Thomas Bros., and the inspection was most interesting. Tea was also kindly provided for them.

OUR CONCERTS.

Several excellent concerts have given pleasure to crowded audiences at the "Rec." Those by the High Wycombe R.E.s and Miss D'Egville and Party were particularly enjoyable.

Church Announcements.

DIVINE SERVICE.—SUNDAYS.

Parade Service, 11 a.m. | Evening Service, 7.

Holy Communion.

Anglican 9 and 11.45 a.m.

Non-Anglican, 1st Sunday in month, 11.45 ..

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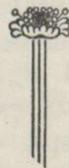
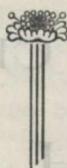
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Cliveden H.	1 25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Cliveden H.	1 30	23	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30
Taplow Ct.	1 37	23	37	37	37	37	37	37	37	37
Maidenhead	1 50	25	50	50	50	50	50	50	50	50

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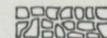
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