



The Clink Contributes!

Who said that the Bugler was out of bounds. Thereby hangs a tale!

"Happy" is now concentrating all his energies on an invention. Can anyone tell us what it is? It is not, by change, a new regimental call, "Happy on Variations to 'The Angel's Whisper'."

Who was the man who forgot to escort his prisoner back from the dining-hall? Some COP!

Found in the porridge, "part of a wig!" Owner can have same by applying to Happy after "Office," any morning, and paying for his breakfast!

Pte. W... is the unluckiest man in camp; he, recently, broke his arm running after a brewery waggon. It might have been worse—if he had caught said waggon!

According to reports that frequently find their way into the "Clink," the Patients' dining-room is the place to 'be in.' Why? Be in—not Be 'an! Ask the Irishman.

Gooblestine is responsible for telling a lady enquirer, that the Guard-room, with clink attached, was solely there for sweet and weary angels, who had been to town with too much money. What do you think of him, boys?

Who is the man who, sometimes, goes under the alias of "Tra Jake?" He should be careful, the time may come when he will be anything but "Jake."

One of the R.P.s., evidently a student of the English language, sends in a few examples of how that polyglot language is 'spoke' in the neighbourhood:—

Old gentleman, speaking of short rations, "Oi say it aint living—it's just 'insisting.'"

A "Little Commonite," relating his experience of inoculation, said he asked the doctor if a pint or so of beer (the new fourpenny) would hurt him, and was told to "Judge his own decision!"

From another old chap: "Oi were adrivin' the old hoss down the hill back o' Little Common when, all of a suddint he went a complete summerset, and Oi warn't 'repaired' for't."

Vegetable pedlar, with nearly empty barrow, to prospective lady purchaser: "No, ma'am, Oi don't think as how yer'll find anything 'attempting' in the barra'-to-day."

THE V.A.D.'s OWN CORNER!

March 15th saw the arrival of the first contingent of the General Service Section.

I do not think it was quite realised what a surprise this Hospital was to most of the members, and the Superintendent had cause to be thankful that the "War Office" kept up its "leisurely" reputation for Red Tape, seeing that no contracts were available for signature, as she was convinced that they would all have fled back to the bricks and mortar; and even the attraction! of the overseas troops, would not have kept them.

Happily, the sun shone, and everybody did their utmost to give the Unit a "homey" feeling. A well-known N.C.O. lent teapot and kettle, and the Derbyshire Major was absolutely indefatigable in getting the quarters comfortable. The result of the Bexhill breezes, early rising, and early "lights out" is good to see, in the improved health and looks of the Unit.

A piano (thanks to Captain Scott), a gramophone (the records to follow shortly), games and books, have all been sent in for the use of the members, and the general opinion is that Cooden G.S. members look like having a very good time. May I quote a few words from Lady Amptill's pamphlet to V.A.D.'s:

"Let us as a sex face the whole meaning of duty, and devote all our spare time to it. Let us also accept discipline as the only means by which masses of human beings can be controlled, and their whole energy devoted to the work that needs them most. Let us V.A.D. members set the example and prove that women are as worthy as men to win the war."

Efficiency must depend on the carrying out of orders. Cheery acceptance of rules, with philosophy and a sense of humour will carry us through most things.

When men and women are gathered together, even more discipline and control are needed than when each is working in his or her own department."

Signed, MARGARET AMPTHILL,
Chairman, Women's V.A.D.