

"Princess Pat's Post."

STAFF:

Major Sutherland - Chief Censor.
Q.M.S. Marriott - Business Manager.
Staff-Sergt. Firth - Editor.
Pte. R. Baxter - Artist.

June, 1918.

EDITORIAL SANCTUM.

"Here to-day and, God knows, where to-morrow." A trite saying these days of frequent changes, and especially true of those whose duty calls them to work in hospitals and convalescent camps. This fact is brought very forcibly to one's mind when reading the records of our hospital for the past few months; such entries as "Fifty personnel arrived from the Depot to-day—Another bunch of 'A' men returned to the depot" being of frequent occurrence. Men who were with us, but a few short weeks ago, are now in another sphere of action, probably, never to meet the friends they made at Cooden again.

It must not be taken for granted, from what is written above, that it is only the "A" men who are subjected to this "pillar to post" state of affairs, the other categories also come in for a share, "B 3" being rather favoured in this respect. For instance, a sudden call comes in for all "B 3" men on the staff, to be returned to the Depot en route for Canada, which causes much elation among the men concerned, and some heart-burnings in those to be left behind. And so it goes on, and one never knows when our turn will come to leave the place we look upon as a home-from-home with all its pleasant associations. "Just as I was getting pally with old 'Jock,' and Mary Ellen was getting the habit of looking for me on the 5 o'clock tram to Hastings—it's back to the Depot for mine."

It is all in the game boys,—the great game of war—and it is a game that is being played splendidly by one and all. In spite of these many and frequent partings, entailing, as they do, the leaving behind of chums, and the uncertainty of what the future may have in store, it is all taken cheerfully—and the next innings is called.

The first number of *Princess Pat's Post*, which was on sale on May 15th, went like "hot cake"—over five hundred copies being disposed of within a few hours, to purchasers of single copies. After getting "acquainted" with the contents of the Magazine, the majority of these initial buyers came back for more, in some cases for a dozen copies. Three, and six, being frequently asked for.

Undoubtedly the success of our first number was due to the unstinted support given us by our comrades, in sending in snappy little stories and topical verse, and to our black-and-white artist, Pte. R. Baxter, for his clever sketches and illustrated headings. In this connection, a most important and necessary personage, the Printer, must not be forgotten, and it is to his printing and artistic "make-up" of the Magazine—that the popularity of the May number is, in great measure, due. To the above-mentioned, and to all who helped to dispose of the Magazine—including the buyers—we tender our sincerest thanks, and we trust that they will continue the good work, thereby ensuring the success of future issues of *Princess Pat's Post*.

Now there is one thing that we would like to set right, and that is about the profits, if any, of *P.P.P.* An impression seems to be prevalent in the camp, that all profits go to swell the coffers of the Sergeants' Mess. A more ridiculous idea could not be imagined, and the Lord only knows where it emanated from. If there are any profits, and we are most certainly going to have some later on, they will all go into Regimental funds, for the benefit