

COME BACKS!

To the Editor:—

Sir,—In your last issue of *Pat's Post*, reference is made to the Rockery in our garden, and the sarcastic remark from a Sergeant regarding the same. It should be explained that the Sergeant, mentioned in your "What we'd like to Know," informed a certain Staff-Sergeant (who appears to have nothing to do, between meals, but make inquisitive enquiries), that this Rockery has been erected to the memory of several people who had died from asking damned foolish questions.

Please note: This was not intended to be 'sarcastic.' ..

Signed, Sergt. B. . . .

From Weary Wullie, "My name was not spelt right."

Your "Looking Back," in last month's *P.P.P.*, Jan. 15th, 1918. The draft from Ramsgate were only 'wild' in the sense that they were 'savage' at not being provided with boats, or at any rate lifebelts, on that memorable occasion.

The story of the fate of the Scotch Sergeant's 'Canine find,' is graphically told in this month's issue. Enquirers referred to "The Last Post Painter Executed."

Sergt. Behave writes: "The reason picked men are wanted in the dining-hall is that the work, and the 'circumstances' call for lady-like manners on the part of his helpers." Query? Has the spirit of his dream come true?

The Sanitary Sergeant says that after what was said in the May number, he's d—d if he is going to waste any time on polishing his buttons. There is many a good thing given away for 'gold.'

SPRING FEVER.

Since the advent of the ladies in our midst, and all the indications of a glorious Spring, the poetic nature of our young men is asserting itself, and, almost without exception, they have burst forth into song. This is one of the advantages of this terrible war. Talent, that had long lain dormant, has burst all bounds, and every day brings some new achievement that hitherto had been considered highly improbable. It is hoped, with the help of this magazine to add greatly to the gems of English poetry, and to raise from obscurity and bring before the world possibly a future Tennyson or Milton. The following are some of the attempts of the Personnel of this hospital. Others will appear in future issues.—Ed.

When I leave this country and stand on the deck,
And England behind me appears but a speck,
There'll still be a nook
In my heart for a cook,
And I'll think of her smiles and her oat-cakes.

—Tom Beck.

Since I first saw you my heart's in a whirl,
For of all that I've seen you're the niftiest girl,
And when you make the hash
I would give all my cash,
If you would cook for me forever.

—A. Searle.

When you came here I was filled with joy,
Your smiles are winning, your ways are coy,
And when you need an issue
Of aprons, white; or paper tissue;
Tell me and I'll deliver the goods.

—E. G. Roy.

I like your pies,
I like your eyes,
I like your winsome manner.
Your hash is Jake,
Also your cake,
On you I'd blow a tanner!

I'm glad that you came here to Cooden,
For you make such delicious puddin',
And before you came here,
The grub tasted queer,
And the texture of it was quite wooden.

The man who for a partner seeks,
Should pass up shape and rosy cheeks,
If she makes toast and tea
She's the lassie for me,
And can put her shoes right in my trunk.

—H. Weeks.

When I leave this world behind me
And stand on the other shore,
Smells of fish-cakes will remind me,
Of my army days of yore.
And perhaps dear old Saint Peter,
Hoping to allay my fear,
Will say, "Step right in and greet her,
All the V.A.D.'s are here."

"HE'S TO BE PITIED."

A young soldier from Cooden to London would go,
He claimed it was to see a good show,
But sad to relate, he now mutters a date,
Of coming events about June the eighth.

This mad young man has evolved a plan,
Three Sundays in row they proclaim the bann,
Already he shows signs and is beginning to quake,
When he thinks of the doing on June the eighth.