

V.A.D.'s OWN CORNER.

Patients, patients everywhere, can now well be said of Cooden Camp; everybody working up to time and overtime to get the Army fed and waited upon. Rumours still distant of more girls.

By the way, we much appreciate the remarks re dining-hall V.A.D.'s in last month's issue, and also the tribute to the cooking. We have been assured that this Hospital "takes the cake," though we cannot help an occasional shortage of rations. It has been whispered that turkeys and lots of good things will be the order for Xmas Day.

There is a famous rum punch, which, when concocted by a skilled hand, is guaranteed to overcome even a Sergeant-Major in ten minutes, but whether this will be put in is still a moot question.

The news from the Front was so good last week that lots of us hoped to be home by Xmas, but I guess the wily Bosch will take longer settling than that.

This has been a month not only of hard work, but of lots of fun; dances, concerts, socials and whist drives have helped to while the long evenings away.

On the 7th, a social was held in the Church Institute at Little Common, by the kindness of the Rev. and Mrs. Stuart Fox, and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

The two dances given in the Massage Hut were very delightful, and all of us are looking forward to a continuance of them through the winter months.

On the 19th October, twenty members were asked to a Whist Drive at the V.A.D. Hospital, and Mrs. Bone was lucky enough to secure the first prize, a very nice necklace, made by one of the patients. Everyone had a pleasant evening, and one and all wish to thank Miss B. Bennett for the good time.

Cupid is having a gay time, notwithstanding his being kept in check rather severe by the authorities. I am not allowed to say more on this subject, interesting though it is, but you may hear lots anon.

On "Our Day" our members did very good work for the Red Cross, selling flags, emblems, etc., in the camp, where they were loyally supported by the Staff and patients, with the result that their collecting boxes were well filled. In the afternoon eight of them worked in Bexhill.

This is the only day that Red Cross members are allowed to collect in uniform. It is not quite realised what wonderful work the British Red Cross Society has done in this War. At the present time the weekly expenditure is £100,000, or £10 a minute. The following story is told in an Australian Red Cross leaflet.

It is when the boys are admitted to Hospital that they get into real touch with the Red Cross. Before that, they have either not needed it or have never come into contact with it. Only to-day a boy, who has served two years and had never had anything from the Australian Red Cross, had written to his sister to stop working for it, as it was no good, or as he put it "no bon." Before he got through, however, he found a Red Cross bag on his bed, containing everything he particularly needed — razor, shaving brush, shaving soap, toothbrush, toothpaste, hair-brush and comb, small mirror, handkerchiefs, writing pad, pencils, matches, cigarettes, pipe and tobacco. So he set to work at once to write to his sister to take back all he had said before, and to tell her to start at once and work twenty-four hours a day for the Red Cross, and to take her best Sunday-go-to-meeting hat and to go round collecting for it, as instead of being "no bon," as he had told her before, it was very much "tres biens" when a man really wanted it.

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