

"Princess Pat's Post."

STAFF:

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EDITORIAL SANCTUM.

To our Readers.

In presenting this, the first number of Princess Pat's Post, we take the opportunity of asking our readers to help us to make it an ideal paper. We aim to publish, every month, a magazine, of its kind, equalled by few and surpassed by none, and this ideal can only be attained by the whole-hearted co-operation, individually and collectively, patients and personnel, of all connected with the hospital. We fully realise that, as far as good wishes are concerned, we have the unstinted support of our comrades, but in order to insure the production of a readable and attractive magazine, we want something more than "good wishes," we want copy, *copy*, and then some COPY.

A good story is a good story whatever its metre. Be it humorous or pathetic it makes good copy, and especially so when it concerns someone we know. Get the habit of being on the look-out for a good thing, and, this is the secret of success, make a note of it before memory plays you false. Many of the most human-interest stories have come from the barrack-room and the hospital ward, and there is no reason whatever why Princess Pat's should be behind in this respect.

Don't be diffident and say, "I can't write a story, or put a joke into readable form." Just take a hand and try, and you will be surprised how much easier the next attempt will be. If you are still sceptical of your ability to write, bring

your story to the editor, and he will be only too pleased to lick it into shape—or die in the attempt.

One great feature of the Magazine will be the illustrations, and for these we have been fortunate enough to secure the services of a first-class black-and-white artist, who will portray many of the stories sent in by our contributors, thereby adding piquancy to the stunts that are pulled off in the Camp.

All kinds of sport will have a prominent place in our columns, and we hope to relate many a stirring scrap on the Diamond, Cricket and Football Fields.

Now boys, put your shoulder to the wheel and send your copy in, and we promise to do our share by producing a Magazine that you will be proud of having helped to place on its high pinnacle,—a magazine that will take no second place in its own particular field.

SOME LIMERICKS.

There's Colonel T.C.D. Bedell,
 Who wishes the Kaiser in Hell.
 If he got hold of Bill,
 He'd give him No. 9's till,
 Poor William would feel far from well.

There is a Lieutenant named Ross,
 Of the Cooks and the Waiters he's boss.
 He tries to save cash
 With mysterious hash,
 So the Messing Book won't show a loss.

The Corporal in charge of the linen
 Is a terrible man for the women.
 And while in Ramsgate,
 With the ladies he'd skate,
 And over the rink take them skimmin'.

And then there's Staff-Sergt. Tom Beck,
 Who dishes out beans by the peck,
 And when he plays Poker,
 He oft holds the Joker,
 And every damned Ace in the deck.