



The Clink Contributes!

We do not expect there will be any October issue of *Pat's Post*, so our usual observations are perhaps a mere waste of good ink; if, however, the dear Editor should manage to tear himself away from his other work long enough to whip my copy into readable shape, we would not care to be A.W.L., so here we are.

Firstly, speaking of things sanitary, reminds us, why is it we do not have more contributions in the *Post* from the aforementioned Dept. We have at various times, in our leisure moments, read some of the "gems of thought" written by that famous Batt., "Golds Glittering Gleaners," and, to say the least, they were rich. We have tried hard to give the *Post* something along the same lines, but the effort has ended in failure. Perhaps it's because we do not labour in the same poetic atmosphere.

Secondly, if there is any one in this Camp who would care to act as confidential clerk to the Provost Sergt., we wish he would apply at once. All the qualifications needed is to be able to write love-sick letters to the Provost's latest catch. All we know about her is that she is "My Kitty," and that is a hangsight more than we want to know. Morning, noon and night we are pestered to death to "hurry on with that letter to my Kitty, and I'll sign it," and we are just about fed up; in fact, there is so much of this "My Kitty" stuff around here that all the cats in camp have made this place their G.H.Q.

We would not like to appear "cheep" and try to work in an advert. in this column without paying for the space; but for the benefit of all concerned, we wish to announce that anyone desiring a taxi can secure the use of Patrolman Spiker's private machine for a nominal fee—4d. to be exact, unless the wet canteen raises the price of rain water in the meantime.

It is a very compact little 'bus, suitable for parties of one, upholstered in real coal dust, two good strong handles and a puncture proof tyre. Some idea of its easy riding qualities may be obtained from the statement of the last occupant, "Never knew I was being moved until I woke up

in bed the next morning." It is requested that orders for the machine be placed well in advance, to enable the owner to secure other means of transportation for himself.

Gentle reader, did you ever sit in one of those little shelters down on the Prom., on a warm, moonlight evening; the band was playing those tender love memories; the soft murmur of the sea was but an echo of the softer murmur of his voice, and her eyes, as they looked up into yours, —well, you know how easy she was to look at, and how easy it was to whisper sweet nothings that you both had forgotten before next morning.

(Now, Mr. Editor, don't buzz over to the Pay Office, get on with your work. You can't have any more money till next pay-day).

Yes, it's easy in the evening; we know, for we've been there ourselves. But just put this in your hat for future reference. Those Bexhill police picked up a chap whispering those dreamy sweet nothings at six a.m. Very inconsiderate we call it, in fact, we don't think it CANN be beat. Of one thing we are sure, if the Cooden Foot Constabulary ever catch a man under those conditions, we shall stop and take (no, not his name and number), we shall take lessons. It strikes us very forcibly that a chap who can hold hands successfully at 6 a.m. must be a regular bear at 10 p.m.

Last month we offered a reward for a new excuse to replace that old one, "Sir, I lost the last car," and we are pleased to announce through these columns that the reward has been well earned and duly paid. We consider, however, that the new one is far too good to be used by mortal men, when his offence is being dealt with by an O.C., but if in the dim and distant future any of our readers should chance to knock at the Pearly Gates and be denied admittance, step to the nearest 'phone and call up "Kan 7 C.B." You will then learn the secret words that are guaranteed to melt the heart of St. Peter himself, and in the meantime get in here in the evening on time.

Guess we'll have to hang out the "Business as usual" sign, and have it illuminated at that. Reason:—We have noticed that some of the boys returning to Camp after last post seem to find it rather difficult to find our location. Now, don't be afraid to come in and say, "How d'ye do," for although we have some dark cells, we would never think of putting you there. In fact, that would be the last thing to enter our minds. More likely, we would give you some of our tea and sandwiches. Happy says, "I don't think."

Oh well, he hasn't got over the scare he had when endeavouring to blow "Cook-house." He found that some one had, by mistake, put the peas which were intended for the soup into his bugle. You all noticed the squeaky "G" when he started to toot; but how many noticed the squeak of his knees when the peas began to shoot. One of the boys remarked that Heinie was coming over, and that Happy was doing his best to bring him down with a pea-shooter.