



LOOKING BACK!

August 1st.—Well, Well. Here we are still looking back, and fifty-three patients are already here to join the happy throng. Nice sea breezes and mixed bathing ought to put them in good shape again in a very short time.

August 2nd.—Some mix-up. The Sergeants had a Mess Meeting. President resigned and the other executive members; rumoured that they have some dark horses to take the vacant positions. Change is as good as a rest anyhow; some of the executive members are certainly looking careworn.

August 3rd.—Should have been a Tennis Tournament to-day, but the competitors objected to hold an umbrella as well as a racquet. Beautiful English weather, pouring with rain all the afternoon. To help things along, the Merry Magnets certainly made merry at the Y.M. in the evening.

August 4th.—Am too tired to do anything to-day; must have been up late last night. Forgot to tell you that during the last three days ten more patients arrived to take the sea air cure.

August 5th.—Smiling faces around the Camp. This is a holiday, that is to say, after 11.30 a.m. But sad to say our late Editor has left us to carry on his good work. The new Editor is in trouble already, someone going to give him a black eye. Editor shivering.

August 6th.—Staff to go on Bath Parade to-day. Won't they be a nice clean bunch. One lone patient arrived to-day. Must have come along without the rest of the boys.

August 7th.—Lost my dictionary. I mean diary. Will give you all the news to-morrow.

August 8th.—Behave is now a Staff-Sergeant. Congrats. Too bad we can't have a celebration, but he is going to Ireland to recuperate.

August 9th.—Aldrich left us to-day. I hear he is going in for higher things—joining the R.A.F. Some traffic coming around the corner. Ah! A Band. Now we shall have some noise. I mean music.

August 10th.—Saturday. Very dull day; do not feel inclined to "look back." Should have told you that eighty-five patients have come since the 7th. Run out of pencils at the Q.M. Stores, so couldn't write it down.

August 11th.—I've something to tell you to-day. Our Transport Sergeant first saw the light of day just fifty-four years ago. Fine old man, make a good grandpa. Oh! I almost forgot to tell you that it is Sunday.

August 12th.—Fell asleep. Did not get up in time to report. Hope you do not mind. The Registrar just dropped to tell the Editor that thirty-nine more had arrived at the Camp to be initiated into the mysteries thereof.

August 13th.—The Messing Officer is away to London. Rumours that we are going to have T-bone steaks for supper. Later reports says only the usual bread and jam. Seen in orders that Officers need not wear gloves only on Ceremonial Parade. Won't need to spend so much money now.