

of the camp, and all connected with it. With the great expense entailed in the bringing out of a new periodical, we do not expect our first number to give us a credit-balance—in fact we will be mighty thankful if the debit side of the ledger is “not” a large one.” Anyhow, given a hearty continuance of the hearty support we now enjoy, we can safely look forward to a bright future, and a Magazine that will improve in quality and scope, every month. So, it is up to you boys to give us a hand out—you do your share and we will promise to do ours—and we will have a periodical that will not be ashamed to look any other magazine published in the face.

Owing to the shortage in supplies of paper, it has been found necessary to limit the pages of the June *Pat's Post* to the present number. To do this and yet give our readers nearly double the reading matter, etc., of the May issue, we have printed the magazine in a smaller type. We hope that this explanation will prove satisfactory to our readers, as our first aim is to provide a magazine, every month, full of interest, and one that will appeal to the artistic sense of those who patronise our efforts.

THE KAISER'S DREAM.

There's a story now current, though strange it may seem,
Of the Kaiser Bill and his wonderful dream.
Being tired of the Allies, he lay down in bed,
And amongst other things he dreamt he was dead.
And in a fine coffin he was laying in state,
With a guard of brave Belgians, who mourned his sad fate.

On leaving the earth to Heaven he went straight,
And on arriving up there, gave a knock at the gate,
But St. Peter looked out and in a voice loud and clear,
Said begone Kaiser Bill, we don't want you here.
Well, said the Kaiser, that's very uncivil,
I suppose after this I must go to the devil.

So he turned on his heel and off he did go,
At the top of his speed to the regions below.
But when he got there he was filled with dismay,
For while waiting outside he heard Old Nick say
To his imps, now look here boys, I give you fair warning,
I'm expecting the Kaiser down here in the morning.

But don't let him in, for to me its quite clear,
He's a very bad man and we don't want him here.
If once he gets in there'll be no end of quarrels,
In fact I'm *afraid* he'll corrupt our good morals.
Oh, Satan, dear friend! the Kaiser then cried,
Excuse me for listening while waiting outside.

If you don't admit me, where can I go?
Indeed, said the Devil, I really don't know.
Oh, do let me in, I'm feeling quite cold,
Said the Kaiser, quite anxious to enter Old Nick's fold.
No, said the Devil, not for riches or pelf;
Here's sulphur and matches, make a hell for yourself.

Then he kicked Wilhelm out and vanished in smoke,
And just at that moment, the Kaiser awoke.
He jumped out of bed, in a shivering sweat,
And said, that dream I shall never forget.
That I won't go to Heaven, I know very well,
But it's really too bad to be kicked out of Hell.

—Pte. W. CARDER, Engineers.

LIKE TO KNOW.

What the R.S.M. thought of the “Awkward Squad” and should he be known in future as the GENTLE-ONE?

Who are the enthusiastic sons of Adam who were born with a green thumb, and sent to Cooden Camp?

A word of warning to “Captain Varden” and others. An eminent medical practitioner has propounded the theory that *too much golf* (especially pressing) is liable to injure the delicate muscles of the wrist.

Who was the kind Sergeant who volunteered to play a round of golf with a sick friend suffering from wounds in the right arm, and did he find he had caught a “Llandudno Lion?”

Was it a G.S. V.A.D. or a Bexhill Belle who said, after the war migration to Canada would be the only thing left to do. And did she mean *solitary* migration?