PAT'S POST

PRINCESS

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JUNE, 1918.

COODEN CAMP.

OUR ADJUTANT.

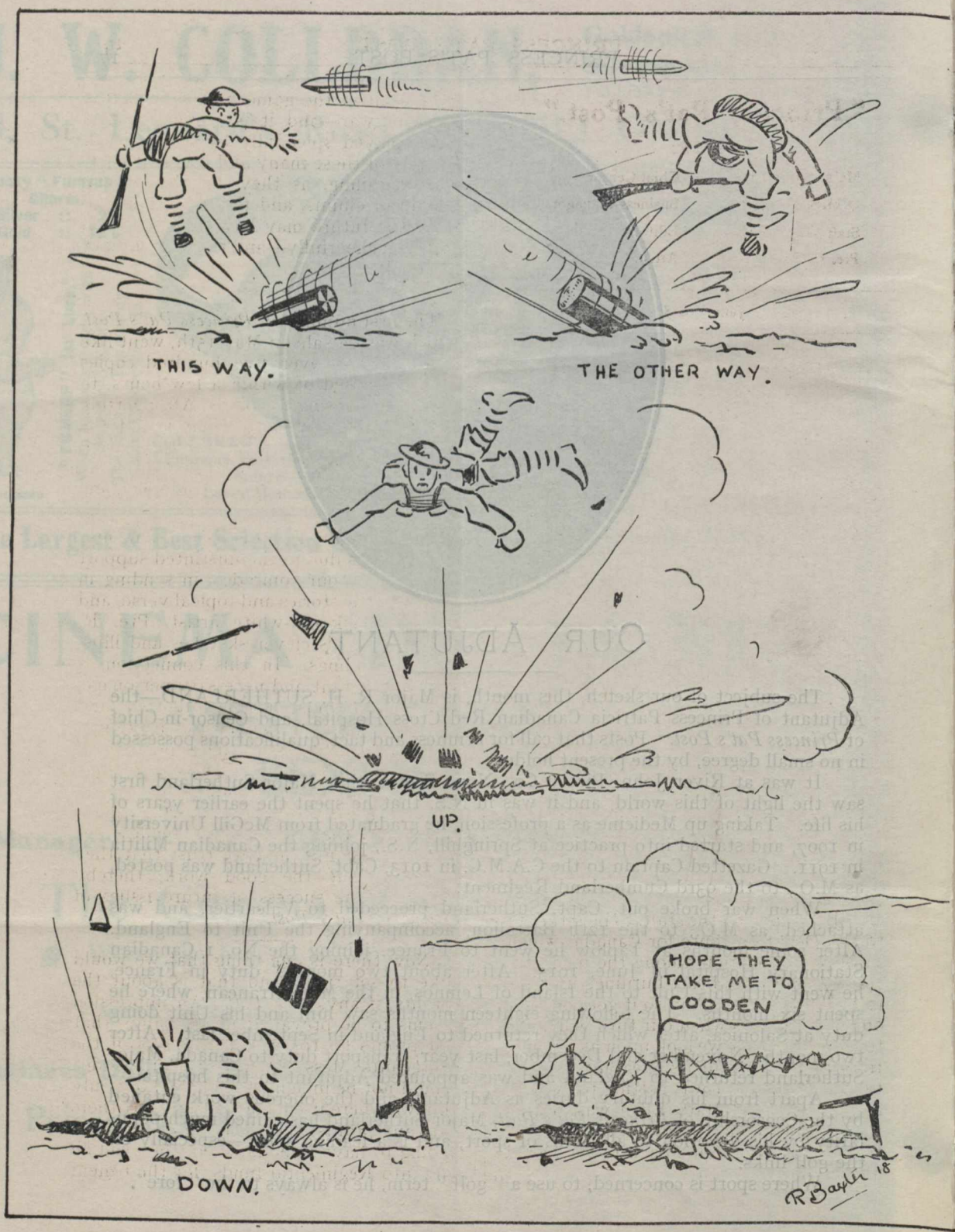
The subject of our sketch, this month, is Major R. H. SUTHERLAND—the Adjutant of Princess Patricia Canadian Red Cross Hospital, and Censor-in-Chief of *Princess Pat's Post.* Posts that call for firmness and tact, qualifications possessed in no small degree, by the present holder.

It was at River John, Pictou Co., Nova Scotia, that Major Sutherland first saw the light of this world, and it was in N.S. that he spent the earlier years of his life. Taking up Medicine as a profession, he graduated from McGill University in 1907, and started into practice at Springhill, N.S., joining the Canadian Militia in 1911. Gazetted Captain to the C.A.M.C. in 1913, Capt. Sutherland was posted, as M.O., to the 93rd Cumberland Regiment.

When war broke out, Capt. Sutherland proceeded to Valcartier, and was attached, as M.O., to the 12th Battalion, accompanying the Unit to England. After some months at Taplow he went to France, joining the No. 1 Canadian Stationary Hospital in June, 1915. After about two months' duty in France, he went with this Unit to the Island of Lemnos, in the Mediterranean, where he spent six months. The following eighteen months saw him and his Unit doing duty at Salonica, after which they returned to England in September last. After two months, November and December, last year, transport duty to Canada, Major Sutherland returned to England and was appointed Adjutant to this hospital.

Apart from his military duties as Adjutant, and the onerous work entailed by the Censorship of *Princess Pat's Post,* Major Sutherland has gained much popularity by his devotion to all forms of sport, and is a leading spirit—especially on the golf links.

Where sport is concerned, to use a " golf " term, he is always to the " fore".


THIS WAY.
THE OTHER WAY.
UP.
DOWN.
HOPE THEY TAKE ME TO COODEN
R Bayly 18

"Princess Pat's Post."

STAFF:

Major Sutherland - - Chief Censor.
Q.M.S. Marriott - - Business Manager.
Staff-Sergt. Firth - - Editor.
Pte. R. Baxter - - - Artist.

June, 1918.

EDITORIAL SANCTUM.

"Here to-day and, God knows, where to-morrow." A trite saying these days of frequent changes, and especially true of those whose duty calls them to work in hospitals and convalescent camps. This fact is brought very forcibly to one's mind when reading the records of our hospital for the past few months; such entries as "Fifty personnel arrived from the Depot to-day—Another bunch of "A" men returned to the depot" being of frequent occurence. Men who were with us, but a few short weeks ago, are now in another sphere of action, probably, never to meet the friends they made at Cooden again.

It must not be taken for granted, from what is written above, that it is only the "A" men who are subjected to this "pillar to post" state of affairs, the other categories also come in for a share, "B 3" being rather favoured in this respect. For instance, a sudden call comes in for all "B 3" men on the staff, to be returned to the Depot en route for Canada, which causes much elation among the men concerned, and some heart-burnings in those to be left behind. And so it goes on, and one never knows when our turn will come to leave the place we look upon as a home-from-home with all its pleasant associations. "Just as I was getting pally with old 'Jock,' and Mary Ellen was getting the habit of looking for me on the 5 o'clock tram to Hastings—it's back to the Depot for mine.'"

It is all in the game boys,—the great game of war—and it is a game that is being played splendidly by one and all. In spite of these many and frequent partings, entailing, as they do, the leaving behind of chums, and the uncertainty of what the future may have in store, it is all taken cheerfully—and the next innings is called.

The first number of *Princess Pat's Post*, which was on sale on May 15th, went like "hot cake"—over five hundred copies being disposed of within a few hours, to purchasers of single copies. After getting "acquainted" with the contents of the Magazine, the majority of these initial buyers came back for more, in some cases for a dozen copies. Three, and six, being frequently asked for.

Undoubtedly the success of our first number was due to the unstinted support given us by our comrades, in sending in snappy little stories and topical verse, and to our black-and-white artist, Pte. R. Baxter, for his clever sketches and illustrated headings. In this connection, a most important and necessary personage, the Printer, must not be forgotten, and it is to his printing and artistic "make-up" of the Magazine that the popularity of the May number is, in great measure, due. To the above-mentioned, and to all who helped to dispose of the Magazine—including the buyers—we tender our sincerest thanks, and we trust that they will continue the good work, thereby ensuring the success of future issues of *Princess Pat's Post.*

Now there is one thing that we would like to set right, and that is about the profits, if any, of *P.P.P.* An impression seems to be prevalent in the camp, that all profits go to swell the coffers of the Sergeants' Mess. A more ridiculous idea could not be imagined, and the Lord only knows where it emanated from. If there are any profits, and we are most certainly going to have some later on, they will all go into Regimental funds, for the benefit

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 ?

Purely Personnel!

What We'd Like To Know?

Why, on the night of May 21st, the quietude of Hut "E" was disturbed? Was it due to the return of Pte. B . . . C.A.M.C., from a six days' leave.

What C.A.M.C. man was advised to tie up his shoestring because his tongue was sticking out, and performed the operation with his facial appendage dangling?

Why is breakfast served at 7 a.m.? Enquiry by Pte. R. J. F., Dispenser to the Crown.

Has the gramophone, in "E" hut, served in France? If so, was it not granted "discharged the service" on account of shell-shock? (Record Office, kindly oblige).

On the night of the recent air raid, when the H.S.M. ordered the "Stand-to," and called for Sergt. X., who was it replied, "Gassed at Mons."

On the very same night, where was R.J.F.? In the subways of London? Ahem!

Who forgot himself at table, the other day, and called for the sugar bowl?

Who is the private who was told that, but for his face, he would be considered quite good-looking?

Who is the Vice-Admiral who is frequently seen wandering around the camp, especially at inspections?

If the supply of "blanco," for patients runs out, may they use 'Whitewash?'

Need the black sheep of the camp be, necessarily, Woolly?

Is the Barber's shop a Regimental institute, or is it affiliated with the Sergeants' Mess? And, by the way, is there any increase in price for a hair-cut since a certain "Brass-hat" was tonsorially attended to the other day?

Some of the Officers must have had a close-shave about the time of the recent Hair raid. Why?

Why is it that a certain 'dresser' enjoys that part of his work that takes him down town, and will not hear of any of his fellow-dressers sharing this duty with him? Is there a young lady in it?

Was it due to having on the wrong glasses that a certain member of the Dining-room staff tried to stop the tramcar with his wheel, the other day? First aid was rendered—but not to the car?!

"Coming events cast their shadows before them." Does this quotation fit a certain P.T. Sergt., who is taking daily practice on the "rowing machine?"

Who is the person whose absence causes unalloyed joy to some in camp? Ask Behave!

Who is the P.T. Sergeant who seems to think that a special late car should be run, from Hastings, to suit his convenience? Oh! You Charlie Chaplin!

Was it the same P.T. exponent, who, when coming up to camp from the beach, clad in scanty attire, was the cause of a nurse-maid quieting her charge, a child of tender years, by singing, "Hush! Hush! here comes the Monkey-man."

The name and regimental number of the N.C.O. who saw a 36-gallon barrel filled with high explosive and safety-razor blades, pitch into the trench not many yards from him? And would he oblige with the "make" of said blades? Where they "Gems?" His yarn, as yarns go, is certainly a "Gem."

Is it true that the glengarry cap mentioned in the May No. of *P.P.P.* is really for disposal—at last? And could it be traded for a "pup?"

Who was the N.C.O., of "High Degree," who recently tried to get a tuppenny ride on the tram-car for the humble penny, and put up the kick when asked for the balance, that V.A.D.'s were only charged a penny for the same ride? Does anyone know—can anyone guess?

Why does a certain C.S.M. find work in camp so uncongenial, yet will spend much time and energy in heaving rocks about on Cooden beach? It is certainly not ladylike, especially when the "targets" are taken into consideration!

Why was the order, for N.C.O.'s to wear their chevrons on both arms, promulgated? Was it because it was feared that many would find that the added burdens, consequent on the addition of each stripe, might have a tendency to produce a lopsided appearance, if the chevrons were worn on one arm as heretobefore?

Who was the N.C.O., on a recent O.C. inspection, who tried to gain favour by impersonating the 'Bearded Lady?"

If the Scotch Sergeant is prepared to give a reward to the first man who discovers the identity of "The Other Fellow?"

What was the Transport Sergeant's idea of using the 'phone, the other day, by placing the transmitter to his ear and attempting to send an urgent message through the 'receiver.'?

What is the real definition of V.A.D.? Some in camp have it that it stands for "Very Attractive Damsels," while (the majority) others say it means "Very Artful Dodgers." Will anyone of that Unit kindly oblige with the "right" one?

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

She heard the band; she saw the boys
Go marching down the street;
She saw them swing along and heard
The rhythmic tramp of feet;
She saw the grand old flag she loved
A-floating at their head;
She heard the cheers bystanders gave,
The kind things too, they said,
But, somehow, in her mother's heart
Responsive chords were dead.
She could not cheer; she had no heart
Her boy was there . . . 'Tis said.
He was her joy—life seemed so good,
So sweet, when he was near.
The farewell words, the train was off
With all she here held dear.

The days, the months, pass slowly by,
And each day brought its toll.
The lists of dead, "In action killed,"
Brought sorrow to her soul,
"Somewhere in France," was all she knew—
A line to Mother, dear—
I'm well, but ah! the frightful sights
We soldiers witness here.
Don't worry if I'm called to go,
Remember life may be,
Well spent, however short, just say,
"My country, 'tis for thee."

"Somewhere in France," he's resting now,
A dreaded message read—
"A grateful country offers you
Condolence for the dead."
"Somewhere in France," her darling boy
Is sleeping in his grave.

The war shall end, the troops return;
The trend of marching feet,
With martial step, shall then be heard
Resounding from the street,
She'll see the boys go marching by;
She'll see them swing along;
She'll hear the cheers of welcome and
The soldiers' battle song.
But while the soldiers swing along
And while the horses prance,
Her thoughts will be afar—They'll be
With him—"Somewhere in France."

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

I went to Church on Sunday
And heard the parson rave;
How we must act, what we must say,
If we our souls would save.
We must ostracise the Canteen
And abhor the vicious "Pub."
And ourselves from Scotch and Stout wean
All the grain we need for grub.
We must cut out all flirtation,
Never smile or wink an eye;
Or give up all expectation
Of a mansion in the sky.
As I listened to his ranting,
Shivers down my spine did creep,
And when he for breath was panting,
I got tired and fell asleep.
And I dreamt I'd crossed the river;
For My work on earth was done,
And my past life made me shiver,
Had I lost, or had I won?
I recalled the preacher's sermon
And his lengthy exhortation,
And I thought "I'm of the vermin
That's denounced by Carrie Nation."
Just then the Band played "Dixie Land."
The gates swung wide for me,
An Angel took me by the hand,
She was a V.A.D.

Y.M.C.A. DOINGS.

Y.M.C.A. HUT, COODEN CAMP.

Hospitality to Our Boys in Blue.

Through the friendly interest of the Ladies' Staff at our Y.M.C.A. Hut, over 40 patients were entertained recently in Bexhill homes. We Canadians do appreciate spending a couple of hours under quiet home conditions, it being so long since most of us left our own homes. We wish to thank the kind folks who invited us to visit there. These visits help us better to understand our English friends, and, we hope, the English to understand us.

ENTERTAINMENT AT THE Y.M.C.A.

Large crowds have been enjoying the shows at the Y.M.C.A. during the past month, in spite of the warm weather. The programmes have been varied, including Pierrot parties, Dramatic societies, Conjuring, Amateur and Professional Concert parties. Some of the recent shows were :—

The " Prairies," of Brighton.
Miss Marie Claire's Party, of Tunbridge Wells.
Miss Moore's Party, of Brighton.
C.T.S. Party, of Bexhill.
" Oscar Asche " Dramatic Society, of London.
Prof. Boutoft and Ada Lill, of Eastbourne.
The " Winkles " Party, of Newhaven.
Mde. Harris and Party, of London.
Warwick Reportory Co., of London.
Mde. Welling's Party, of Brighton.

KHAKI UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

What am I going to do after the War ? Can I ever expect to complete the education interrupted by this War business ? Shall I go into a different line of work, when I go back, since the one I was previously engaged in was so little to my liking ? How may I prevent a total waste of this time overseas, in the preparation for my life work ?

These are some of the questions facing Canadians in our Army to-day, and to meet the need these questions indicate the Khaki University of Canada has been organised. We intend making use of the educational facilities the University offers here at Cooden. To begin with, a Standard Library of selected books has been installed in the Y.M.C.A. Hut. Here a man may find books on Agriculture, Electricity, Engineering, History, Economics, Biography, Standard Fiction, and an Encyclopædia. In the study of these books, the Personnel and Patients of our hospital might very well make good use of many an hour, when off duty, which would otherwise be entirely wasted. If we haven't got a book on the subject you are interested in, we shall be glad to secure it for you. Why not get busy? The Y.M.C.A. officer will be pleased to meet any man wishing for information or advice. After the summer months we plan classes and lectures in various subjects.

BIBLE STUDY GROUP.

A group of men have been meeting weekly, in the Y.M.C.A., taking up a course of study on "The Manhood of the Master." We have tried to make the study as practical as possible, and the discussions have been thought-provoking and interesting. While our attitude has been critical, we have been trying to learn. The encouraging feature has been the way all the members give evidence of having very definite opinions upon the subjects discussed.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

LADIES' NIGHT.

The first attempt, on the evening of May 10th, of the Sergeants, to entertain their lady friends, proved a great success, due to a very great extent to the kindly offices of Mrs. Bedell, the wife of the popular Commandant, who acted as "hostess" during the evening, and who was ably assisted by Mrs. Alden, the wife of our Regimental S.M.

The form of entertainment consisted of a "Whist Drive," followed by a very enjoyable concert which was much appreciated by all. About fifty ladies, wives and friends of the Sergeants, responded to the invitation, and it was obvious that the members of the Mess had not lost their "native" Art in picking out the "Good-lookers." A special welcome was extended to several ladies of the V.A.D. Unit, and it was an inspiring sight to see them swing smartly into camp, to the regulation step, under the gallant escort of their C.-in-C.

The Whist Drive was very much like other "drives," except that our jovial M.C., S.-Sgt. Trevett, introduced a somewhat new departure by the use of a referee's whistle, and it was sometime before the players were quite convinced that they were not lined up for a football match. Beyond the fact that the Adjutant was observed to be making a very prolonged stay at a particular table, the drive was highly successful.

Whist being ended, refreshments were the order of the evening, and many audible whispers, "we must be winning," were heard when the array of many coloured "Shakies" and cakes were exposed to view. For these and other blessings, the popular Sergts.' caterer, now known as Mr. Joseph Norris Lyons, and the presiding V.A.D. genius of the Sergeants' Mess kitchen, were responsible. The tea and coffee was slopped out by H. S. M. Weekes, and the corks were pulled out by many, well qualified, members of the Mess.

When the inner man had been satisfied, R.S.M. Alden took the chair at a most enjoyable concert, supported by Lt.-Col. Bedell, Major Sutherland and Major Woodiwiss. Closing time, 10 p.m., coming all too soon.

The interior of the Mess, which, in ordinary times, resembles a Canadian barn, was tastefully decorated with flags of varied and many colours, and reflected much credit on Sergt. Thornton, who, in fact, it was said, expended so much thought on the decorations that, for some time after the event, he had to weight his boots in order to preserve his balance.

LOOKING BACK!

May 1st, 1918.—It being May-day, many of the personnel and a few patients, following ancient usage, turned out at day-break to wash their faces in the dew. Some thought this was done because the water had been turned off! Though there has been a scarcity of matches in camp of late, there should be no complaint in this respect for the next thirty days, as this is May, the month of "Matches." Give us a rest!

May 2nd, 1918.—Medical Board for all "B" men of personnel—the Editor went up "one." Drinks all round not called for on this occasion!

May 5th, 1918.—Another wet Sunday—the fifth in succession. Great excuse for not attending Church Parade. What! An epoch-making day—first issue of duty-less, re-payment and rationed tobacco and "fags" to the troops this afternoon. Historians, please note!

May 6th, 1918.—Thirty personnel, including Staff-Sergts. 1, Sergts. 4, and Corpls. 3, came from the Depot to assist in the great work. In order that this addition to the staff should have something to do, sixteen patients were admitted during the afternoon. All the old Officers and Executive were re-elected at the Quarterly meeting of the Sergeants' Mess—long-suffering Sergeants!

May 7th, 1918.—Two of the old Ramsgate bunch, Cpls. Nasmyth-Miller and Erskine, qualified for another stripe to-day, and were duly initiated. R.S.M. Carpenter, the inimitable, and C.T.S. concert party played to a capacity-house in the "Y." Can't see too much of the "Military Rep."

May 8th, 1918.—Five other ranks depleted the personnel strength by departing for the Depot en route for—goodness only knows.

May 9th, 1918.—Typical Spring day—warm and lots of sunshine—quite a pleasant change! Seven patients more on the rationing strength. The A.S.C. will be running short if this goes on.

May 10th, 1918.—A day of many events. The first appearance of the excellent C.T.S. band at our hospital—which livened up matters during the baseball match, soothing, by its sweet strains, the savage instincts of the contestants. Four patients admitted, in time to condole with the losers. Ladies' night and Whist Drive at the Sergts.' Mess in the evening. (See other columns for details).

May 11th, 1918.—New A. & D. Books opened—14 patients added to-day! We are getting thar!—slowly.

May 13th, 1918.—Though four more patients came in to-day, there is still room for a few more!

May 15th, 1918.—Hospital filling up—7 new patients assisting. Bandmaster Fish, and his aggregation, from the C.T.S., certainly succeeded in putting the finishing touches to the A.S.C. v. Princess Pat's ball game. For detailed account of this great game, see "Sporting Topics."

May 16th, 1918.—First fine Sunday for a heluva time.

May 16th, 1918.—Will go down to posterity as the day when *Princess Pat's Post* was first put on sale. Before noon the little "Pink 'Un" was to be seen in every one's hands. The sale of "Our Own Rag" was very materially assisted by the arrival of 14 new patients. At the patients' sports the football game, between P.T. classes, was the drawing card,—according to the P.T. Instructor (?)

May 17th, 1918.—Two points of attraction—the Camp, during the afternoon, and Cooden Beach in the evening—cause of attraction the C.T.S band, which was much appreciated. The 8 patients admitted to-day said it was fine!

May 18th, 1918.—Big swimming bath filled this morning, for the first time since the hospital was opened, and the honour of being the first to try its depths fell to R.Q.M.S. Roy. "D—d cold," he was heard to remark. Some 21 "B" men were added to the personnel strength—Depot must be emptying fast. We still require a few more personnel to equal the number of patients.

May 19th, 1918.—Whit Sunday. First air-raid warning since Cooden Camp has been a hospital. Much "wind-up" in consequence of the order to take "anti-aircraft" action. Wind confined mostly to one quarter, and quickly subsided when it was found Fritz had gone another way. Being Sunday, the Registrar's staff had next-to-nothing to do. For want of patience the tram-car employees struck this morning—had to walk into Bexhill. When the hospital is full they won't have the same excuse, as then there will be lots of "Patients."

May 20th, 1918.—Whit-Monday and a half holiday. Much rejoicing in and out of camp. Public dispensaries open as usual and well patronised. First appearance of *P. Pat's Post* in Hastings—many smiles on the Promenade!

May 21st, 1918.—Sixteen patients, veterans all, admitted to the joys of Cooden camp to-day, making a total, in residence, 328. If all that had come into the fold had stayed, there would have been 370 on the books, but, alas! 42 have strayed to pastures new.

May 22nd, 1918.—Extract from diary: Grand, warm day—been excepionally fine every day since May 14th. Principal amusement for the past week has been sea bathing. Overcoats, the longer the better, much in evidence, on the road from camp to the beach. H.Q. Auditor's appearance was the cause of "mild" excitement to some in camp to-day!

May 23rd, 1918.—Heavy strain put on the hospital accommodation by the arrival of two patients. Messing department especially affected. The Auditor bid us a fond farewell about 3 p.m. (May he R.I.P.).

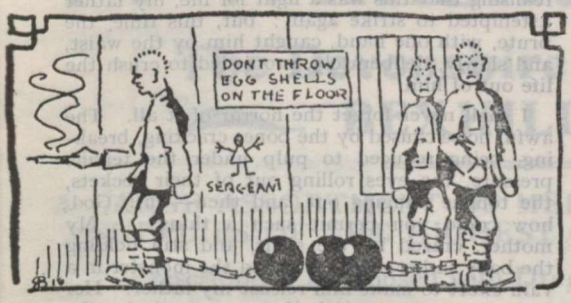
May 24th, 1918.—It was rumoured around camp that this is Empire Day (?) Anyhow, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," as eleven new patients arrived to make merry with us.

May 25th, 1918.—Great and only event to-day—ball game between the Cooden Toughs and the Boy's Brigade, Bexhill. First appearance of the Cooden Outfit in their new uniforms—not khaki!

May 28th, 1918.—More "comings and goings"—twenty "A" men withdrawn from the hospital staff and sent to the Depot this morning, and eleven patients admitted. Fortunately, it being Pay-day, the grieving was not as bitter as it would, otherwise, have been. Unlike the bald head, and another place we are told of, Cooden has many "Partings."

Scene—A drawing-room: "You have lovely teeth, Ethel!"

"Yes, George," she fondly lisped, "they were a Christmas present from aunt Grace!"



The Clink Contributes!

Who said that the Bugler was out of bounds. Thereby hangs a tale!

"Happy" is now concentrating all his energies on an invention. Can anyone tell us what it is? It is not, by change, a new regimental call, "Happy on Variations to 'The Angel's Whisper?'"

Who was the man who forgot to escort his prisoner back from the dining-hall? Some COP!

Found in the porridge, "part of a wig!" Owner can have same by applying to Happy after "Office," any morning, and paying for his breakfast!

Pte. W . . . is the unluckiest man in camp; he, recently, broke his arm running after a brewery waggon. It might have been worse—if he had caught said waggon!

According to reports that frequently find their way into the "Clink," the Patients' dining-room is the place to 'be in.' Why? Be in—not Be 'an! Ask the Irishman.

Gooblestine is responsible for telling a lady enquirer, that the Guard-room, with clink attached, was solely there for sweet and weary angels, who had been to town with too much money. What do you think of him, boys?

Who is the man who, sometimes, goes under the alias of "Tra Jake?" He should be careful, the time may come when he will be anything but "Jake."

One of the R.P.s., evidently a student of the English language, sends in a few examples of how that polyglot language is 'spoke' in the neighbourhood:—

Old gentleman, speaking of short rations, "Oi say it aint living—it's just 'insisting.'

A "Little Commonite," relating his experience of inoculation, said he asked the doctor if a pint or so of beer (the new fourpenny) would hurt him, and was told to "Judge his own decision!"

From another old chap: "Oi were adriving the old hoss down the hill back o' Little Common when, all of a suddint he went a complete summerset, and Oi warn't 'repaired' for't.'"

Vegetable pedlar, with nearly empty barrow, to prospective lady purchaser: "No, ma'am, Oi don't think as how yer'll find anything 'attempting' in the barra' to-day.'"

THE V.A.D.'s OWN CORNER!

March 15th saw the arrival of the first contingent of the General Service Section.

I do not think it was quite realised what a surprise this Hospital was to most of the members, and the Superintendent had cause to be thankful that the "War Office" kept up its "leisurely" reputation for Red Tape, seeing that no contracts were available for signature, as she was convinced that they would all have fled back to the bricks and mortar; and even the attraction! of the overseas troops, would not have kept them.

Happily, the sun shone, and everybody did their utmost to give the Unit a "homey" feeling. A well-known N.C.O. lent teapot and kettle, and the Derbyshire Major was absolutely indefatigable in getting the quarters comfortable. The result of the Bexhill breezes, early rising, and early "lights out" is good to see, in the improved health and looks of the Unit.

A piano (thanks to Captain Scott), a gramophone (the records to follow shortly), games and books, have all been sent in for the use of the members, and the general opinion is that Cooden G.S. members look like having a very good time. May I quote a few words from Lady Ampthill's pamphlet to V.A.D.'s:

"Let us as a sex face the whole meaning of duty, and devote all our spare time to it. Let us also accept discipline as the only means by which masses of human beings can be controlled, and their whole energy devoted to the work that needs them most. Let us V.A.D. members set the example and prove that women are as worthy as men to win the war.

Efficiency must depend on the carrying out of orders. Cheery acceptance of rules, with philosophy and a sense of humour will carry us through most things.

When men and women are gathered together, even more discipline and control are needed than when each is working in his or her own department."

Signed, MARGARET AMPTHILL,
Chairman, Women's V.A.D.

A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.

It was on a Saturday morning when the events which I am about to relate, illustrating such wanton cruelty, that the deeds of Morgan, the pirate, fade away into nothingness by comparison, and resulting in the massacre of my father, mother, and eight brothers and sisters, happened.

I remember that at the time, to be more exact, at 9.15 a.m., Saturday, April 18th, 1918, my mother was sitting in the kitchen facing a window, giving view on the main road, washing and petting my youngest sister, and the rest of us boys and girls were clustered around my father in another corner of the apartment, watching him making a new toy ; when, without any preliminary knocking, there entered into the apartment a stranger of such gigantic stature, that for a moment the room seemed to be filled to overflowing, and surprise held us paralysed.

My father was the first to recover from the momentary shock caused by such an apparition, and I could see that he was quite angry by the tone in which he addressed the intruder.

What do you want here ?

For a minute or two the stranger never answered a word, and I can still picture him standing in front of us. Of such a size that I can safely say that none of us had ever even imagined anything that could remotely approach him. In his right hand, he was holding a club, terminating in a cross piece at the lower end, of such immense proportions that twelve of us could have barely moved it, and the ease with which he was wielding such a formidable weapon, was, to say the least, terrifying. From his neck, falling to his ankles and drawn in at the waist, was a piece of white cloth, and his long hair fell loosely in ringlets over his forehead.

Then, with a voice that shook the very ground under our feet, came the reply.

What I want is soon told. For months you and your sort have been harassing me, taking pleasure in running about my garden, jumping and sitting on my flowers, stealing half my rations of sugar, and also, you took fiendish delight in pricking me during my sleep, causing me inconvenience in a thousand different ways, so I have decided to rid this world from such pests as you are.

Lies ! Lies ! All of it, cried my Father, and acting rashly he flew at the monster, and dealt him a terrific blow which landed square between the eyes. Now my father is reputed to be the strongest man in our village of Little Common, but the only effect that the blow had on the inhuman wretch was to cause a sneer so full of malignity that I nearly fainted with terror, Goaded beyond endurance by the sight, and realising that this was a fight for life, my father attempted to strike again ; but, this time, the brute, with one hand, caught him by the waist, and slowly, deliberately, proceeded to crush the life out of him.

I shall never forget the horror of it all. The awful noise caused by the bones cracking, breaking, being reduced to pulp under the terrific pressure, the eyes rolling out of their sockets, the tongue hanging out, and then—Oh ! God, how could you permit such a thing . . . My mother, crazed by the sight, and still holding the baby in her arms, attacked the monster in a vain effort to make him release my father. Her end was more merciful, if not as cruel, for the wretch, with his free hand, brought down his club with all the force of his arm, and literally cleft her in two. One of the baby's feet, severed from the rest of the body by the force of the impact, flew through the air, and struck me on the head. I fell down, stunned, and God be thanked, lost consciousness.

How long I remained unconscious, I do not know, but when I came to, the sun was high in the sky, and I, who in the morning had been a member of a happy family, was now left all alone in the world. Slowly and painfully I dragged myself on my feet. The pain in my head was terrible, and lifting my hand I discovered that the blood was slowly oozing out from a wound over my left eye. I worked my way over to the sink, and plunging my head in cool cool water soon felt relieved. I then laid down and searched in sleep a moment of forgetfulness and rest.

It was late at night when I woke up again, and, feeling greatly restored and much stronger, I reverently carried the bodies of my father, mother, brothers and sisters, to a wood adjoining our house, and there gave them christian burial. It took me all the rest of the night to complete the work, and when at last I laid down my tools and knelt over the grave for a last prayer, and to call God's curse on the perpetrator of such an outrage, the first light of dawn was showing itself in the eastern sky.

I fled from the spot, and though I am an old man to-day, and many years have elapsed since then, I have never been able to summon the courage to pay another visit to the place where I laid for their long sleep all that I held most dear.

Now, dear, gentle, timorous reader, should the foregoing cause an attack of nerves, or, worse still, should your gentle bosom heave a sigh for me, let me quickly reassure you. My family was only one of the many which belong to the WASP variety, and the brute, the monster, the inhuman wretch, was only one of our most charming V.A.D.'s, who, armed with brushes, sweeping, long-handled, complete, was doing a bit of week-end cleaning.

—Sergt. HOSPREP.

St. George's Cinema is Bexhill's Premier Place of Amusement.

Proprietor: JOHN F. ASH.

WHOLLY BRITISH.

The St. George's is in
Town Hall Square
(Close to the Town Hall and the Post Office).

The Finest Pictures are screened immediately after their release in London.

DAINTY MUSIC BY THE ST. GEORGE'S ORCHESTRA.

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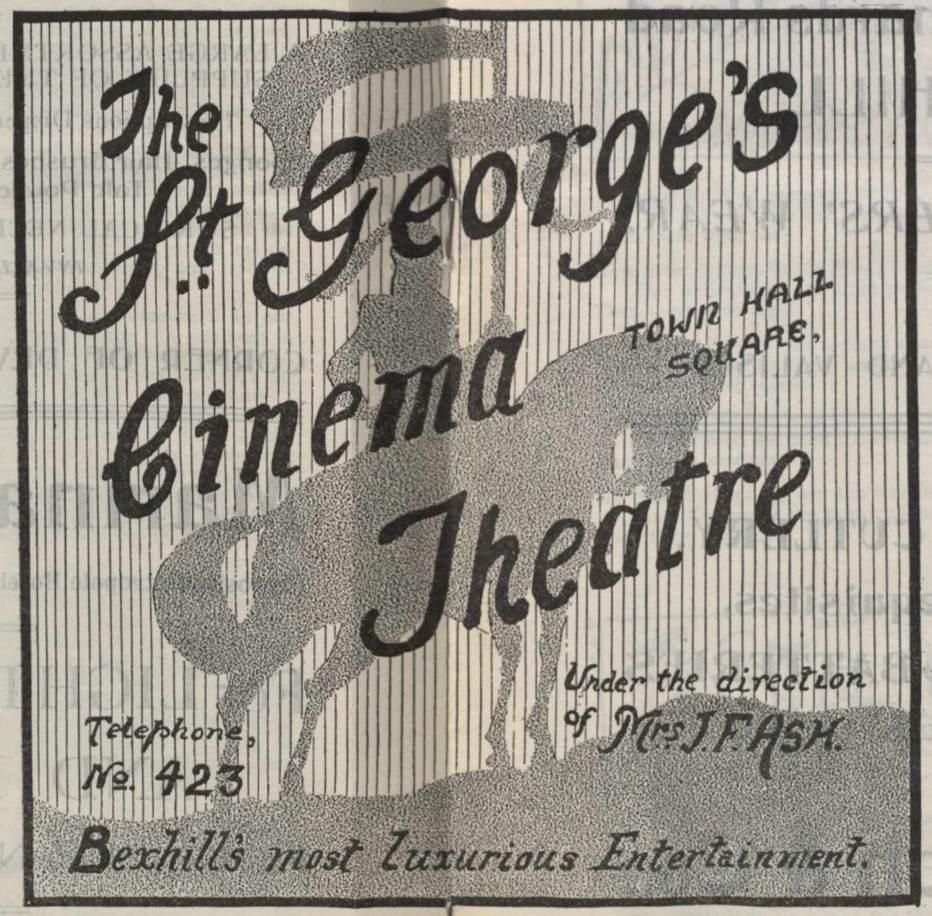
COMING SHORTLY:
"THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY,"
"THE DEEMSTER,"
"THE BETTER 'OLE," ETC.,
And all CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S Famous Successes.



PRICES:

Balcony Stalls	1/6 and 1/-
Area Stalls	1/-, 6d. and 4d.

The Tax on these Seats is 4d., 3d., 2d. [illegible] ectively, but we pay this for the Wounded.

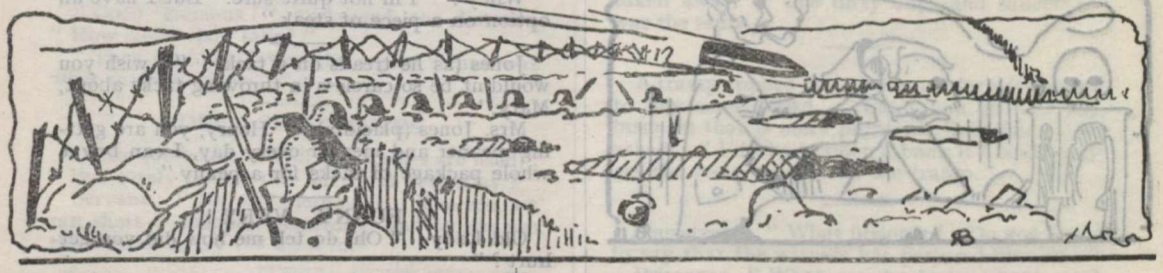
"THE OPEN DOOR."

Our Boys in Blue are heartily welcomed at our Matinees, and, so far as space will allow, Seats are Free in the Afternoon to all our Friends who have earned the "Honour of the Blue." Walk, hop, or be carried in; we are delighted to see you.

In the Evenings the usual prices will be charged to our Wounded Friends, but we will Pay the Tax for you.

THRILLING DRAMAS!
SPARKLING COMEDIES!!
BEST MUSIC!!!

DECIMATION.



Ten little Fritzies going up the line,
One stepped on a live grenade,
Then there were nine.

Nine little Fritzies in No Man's Land too late,
One walked into our night patrol,
Then there were eight.

Eight little Fritzies saw a plane near Heaven,
Pilot dropped a bomb on one,
Then there were seven.

Seven little Fritzies, a bit of trench to fix,
One showed his head too much,
Then there were six.

Six little Fritzies, to win the war they strive,
Ambition made one take a chance,
Then there were five.

One little Fritzie, bosom friends all dead,
Began to study Kultur,
Now he's off his head.

Five little Fritzies joined the Flying Corps,
Archies tumbled one to earth,
Now there are four.

Four little Fritzies observing from a tree,
One tried some monkey tricks,
Then there were three.

Three little Fritzes each sailing in a " U,"
One boat tangled in a net,
Then there were two.

Two little Fritzes scouting round for fun,
One got the Iron Cross, the other—
He got done.

For the benefit of those who "proceeded" into Hospital yesterday—"Don't forget the Salute!"

BORROWED BRAINS.

A GOOD REASON.

" Is there any good reason why I should give you a penny ? " asked the well-dressed elderly gentleman of the youngster who had accosted him. " Well," said the boy as he retired from the danger zone, " if I had a nice top hat like yours I wouldn't want it smashed with a snowball."

THEIR BOMB.

When the worst of the Zeppelin raid was over, says the Manchester *Guardian*, a resident went out into the town to see what damage had been done. In the darkness he heard a group of women talking loudly, and, judging them a clue not to be neglected, he followed them along an alley into the back yard of a house The debate never ceased, but he was unable to get the gist of it until one of the women—the most eloquent—appealed directly to him.

" 'Ere," she said, " do you call it fair, I should like to know ? 'T' bomb dropped in our yard, and a body's gone and took it away—never even give me a receipt for it. It's *our bomb* ! "

GETTING ALONG NICELY.

A clergyman taught an old man in his parish to read. After his lessons were finished he was unable to call for some time, and when at last he did, found only the wife at home.

" How is John ? " said he, " and how does he progress with his reading ? "

" Oh, nicely, sir."

" I suppose he can read the Bible quite comfortably now ? "

" Bible, sir ! " exclaimed the woman. " 'Lor bless my soul ; why John was out o' the Bible and in to the sporting papers long ago ! "

Listener, to a description of great deeds at the front : " Does a shell that size often hit a man ? "

Tommy (on leave) : " No, only once."

PRESENT-DAY FINANCE.

Hubby : " What will we have for dinner tomorrow ? "

Wifey : " I'm not quite sure. But I have an option on a piece of steak."

Jones (as he treads on a tack) : " I wish you would'nt be so careless in throwing tacks about, Mary."

Mrs. Jones (placidly) : " Henry, you are getting meaner and meaner every day, I can buy a whole package of tacks for a penny."

FUNNY, VERY !

Old Lady : " Oh, do tell me how did you get hurt ? "

Wounded Canuck : " I was leaning against the barrage, lady, when it lifted, and I fell into the trench."

" Yes, auntie," said one of the gallant fellows invalided home from France, " we captured the first-line trenches, and the very same day the French took a good many metres from the Germans."

" That was splendid, my boy," replied the aunt. " It ought to put a stop to these dreadful gas attacks we hear so much about."

OVERHEARD IN CLASSY DAYS.

Lady : " And what are you doing towards the war, young man ? "

Young Man : " Och, I'm an old Seaforth man."

Lady : " Now, that's a falsehood. ' C 3 ' is the lowest category—there is no ' C ' fourth."

NEXT BEST THING.

A very punctilious officer, who was a long way from the resources of civilization, sent one day for the sergeant, to ask him how long it was since the men changed their shirts.

" A month, sir," was the reply.

" But the regulations say that the men must change their shirts once a week at least."

" They haven't any shirts to change into, sir."

" Then let them change shirts with one another."

O'Flaherty : " Misther O'Sullivan, will ye stop and have a friendly discussion on the matter of Home Rule ? "

O'Sullivan : " It's sorry I am, but it's not convanient just now."

O'Flaherty : " Any why not ?"

O'Sullivan : " Why, to tell ye the truth, O'Flaherty, I haven't got me shtick handy."

EXPECTING TOO MUCH.

Raskin : " If I ever have to fight in the trenches I hope I can have a periscope."

Phyle : " Yes, the things are mighty handy to look through and see if the enemy is near."

" Are they only to look through ? "

" Yes, what did you think they were for ? "

" Gee ! I thought you could stay safely out of sight and shoot through the things."

"Yes," said the cynical old sea captain' "when I was shipwrecked in South America, I came across a tribe of wild women—absolutely wild. They had no tongues."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the listener. "How could they talk?"

"They couldn't," was the reply, "that was what made them wild."

MORE SUBSTITUTES.

Officer (on being told all the candles are used): "But surely there's one left from yesterday?"

Servant: "No, sir, there ain't. You see, we ran short o' drippin' yesterday, and 'ad to use the candles to fry the meat in."

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

Major Frederick Palmer, head of the military press bureau in Paris, was visited at his office in the Rue St. Anne by an old friend.

The friend said from his cloud of tobacco smoke:

"Palmer, want to do my—hic—bit. I want to be in at the finish of the Hun. I've got alcoholic sore throat, a tobacco heart and a hardened liver. It would be difficult for me, I'm afraid, to give up my soft habits and live in the cold mud in the trenches. Still, Palmer, I'm determined to do my bit. There's surely some billet I could fill with honor. Well, what —hic—is it?"

"George," said Major Palmer, "the only suggestion I can make is that you go to the front as a tank."

He was an Irish Sergeant taking into the line a new draft, when one of the draftees spied a kiltie leaning against the parapet.

Draftee: Say, Sergeant, have they got women in the trenches now?"

Sergeant: "Go on with you. These are not women, they are Middlesex."

Pat.: "Bet you a fiver I will beat you in a race to that fence there."

Mike: "You're on. If I get there first, I will put a chalk mark on it. If you get there first, you rub it off."

A young man and his wife were seated in the dining-room of an hotel while on a vacation, when two young men entered and took seats at the same table. After a survey of the strangers one of the youths took up his fork and, tapping it in an apparently careless way against his plate, spelled out in the Morse code, "Do you think they are bride and groom?" "Yes, surely!" his companion tapped back. "Just watch how soft they are!" Immediately, to the dismay of the young men, the fork of the supposed bridegroom joined in the conversation. With great rapidity it tapped out, "Gentlemen, you are mistaken. We have been married five years and have three children."

A bright little girl who had successfully spelled the word "that" was asked by her governess what would remain after the "t" had been taken away. "The dirty cups and saucers!" was the reply.

A tramp applied to a gentleman for a few pence to buy some bread. "Can't you go into any business that is more profitable than this?" he asked. "I'd like to open a bank if I could only get the tools," answered the tramp.

Magistrate: "What prisoner! Do you mean to say that the witness has perjured himself?"

Prisoner: "What can he know about me? I don't know him—never saw him in my life."

Magistrate: "Never saw him! Why, he was one of your associates!"

Prisoner: "He wasn't I don't even know his name. Ask me it, and see if I do!"

WARD WHISPERS.

RUMOURED—BUT UNCONFIRMED!

That many patients are receiving too much money on the golf links.

That the artists of the canteen are going to learn some new songs.

That certain N.C.O.'s find the company of the V.A.D.'s very entertaining.

That the baseball team will be ready to start —next season.

That good old Ginger missed the last car from Hastings; and that he intends to enter for the English walking championship.

That most of the players at the "Dug-out" whist drive preferred to walk home.

That there is no explanation for this.

That many, patients and personnel, suffer from short memories, especially on Sunday mornings. Compre?

That the most prominent figure in the audience at the "Y" concerts is not a "patient."

That money is being freely offered on the "Dining-hall Stakes." Odds, slightly in favour of Behave.

SPORTING TOPICS.

BASEBALL.

BLUE *V.* KHAKI.

A hotly-contested game of baseball, for the Cooden Pennant, was played on the camp diamond, on the afternoon of May 10th, resulting in a win for the Khaki Nine. The rival teams were selected from the patients and the C.A.M.C. personnel, and the defeat of the "Blues" was due, in a great measure, to the unavoidable absence of two of their crack players. With the kind permission of their Commanding Officer, the excellent band of the C.T.S., Bexhill, added much to the enjoyment of a delightful afternoon, All the boys, both rooters and players, entered with heart and soul into the spirit of the dear old game; and though the score may make the game look one-sided, it was not lacking in excitement from start to finish.

The following is a running account of the skirmish :—

LINE UP.

Blue.	R	H	R	H	Khaki.
White—c.f.	1	2	2	0	McPartland—c.
Mathers—r.f.	1	2	2	1	Bakie—3b.
Hawthorne—1b.	1	2	3	2	Brooks—1b.
Sonstby—2b.	1	0	1	1	Flanagan—s s.
Ashly—s.s.	1	1	1	2	Titus—r.f.
O'Brien—l.f.	0	1	2	2	Richardson—2b.
Sutherland—3b.	0	3	2	2	Byas—p.
Herrick—c.	0	0	1	1	Leonard—l.f.
Aldridge—p.	1	1	1	1	Crofas—c.f.

1st Innings.

1st half—White got first on 4 balls. Mathers struck out. Hawthorne and Sonstby went out on first. No hits—No runs.

2nd half—McPartland got first on a snipe. Bakie rapped past short-stop, bringing in Mac. Brooks tossed the sphere into centre, capturing first, and bringing home Bakie. Flanagan faded on first. Titus, on a pinch to left, got first, while Brooks scored. Richardson and Byas went out on the first sack. Titus left at third. Hits 2—Runs 3.

2nd Innings.

1st half—Sontsby struck out. Ashby switched past short-stop, covering two sacks. O'Brien fanned. Sutherland hit a hot liner to right. bringing Ashby home Herrick struck out, leaving Sutherland stranded on third. Hits 2—Run 1.

2nd half—Leonard went out on first. Crafas struck out. McPartland walked. Bakie fanned. No Hits—No Runs.

3rd Innings.

1st half—Aldridge got first on a flying hit to centre. White pinned a two-bagger, scoring Aldridge. Mathers flied safe to right, making first. Hawthorne, Sontsby and Ashly fell victims to the choleric pitcher, stranding two men on base. Hits 3—Run 1.

2nd half—Aldridge went wild, giving one run to each of the nine rivals, and an extra one to their manager, Brooks. Finally, he was removed from the mound, and Shine stepped in, picking out three victims, one fan, Titus; and two single-cushioners, Flanagan and Richardson. Hits 8—Runs 10.

4th Innings.

1st half—O'Brien singled. Sutherland struck out. O'Brien was caught in the act of stealing second. Herrick fanned. No Hits—No Runs.

2nd half—Byas and Crafas fell in the caged guy's mitt. Leonard sank on first. No Hits—No Runs.

5th Innings.

1st half—White slammed into left field, making first. Mathers came up for a three-bagger in the same direction, scoring White. Hawthorne's hit found the same range and brought in Mattie. Shore went down on first. Sontsby and Ashly fanned, with Hawthorne anchored on third. Hits 3—Runs 2.

2nd half—McPartland, Bakie and Brooks fell on sack "primo." No Hits—No Runs.

6th Innings.

1st half—O'Brien went down on first. Sutherland singled to centre. Herrick followed suit to s.s. Shore, and White flopped in the mit, with Suttie and Herrick on base. 1 Hit—no Runs.

2nd half—Flanagan fell at first. Titus struck out. Richardson and Byas singled to left, and scored on a safe pinch by Leonard. Crafas was downed at the bat. Leonard left on third. Hits 2—Runs 2.

7th Innings.

1st half—Mathers went out to Brooks. Hawthorne chalked a two-bagger to left field. Sontsby walked. Ashly fanned. O'Brien popped safe to centre, driving Hawthorne and Sontsby home. Sutherland made first on a snap to centre. Herrick messed the pudding and fanned with two men on the sacks Hits 3—Runs 2.

The game was then called, the final score being: Blue, 6; Khaki, 15.

BOX SCORE.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	T
Blue	0	1	1	0	2	0	2	6
Khaki	3	0	0	0	0	2	x	15

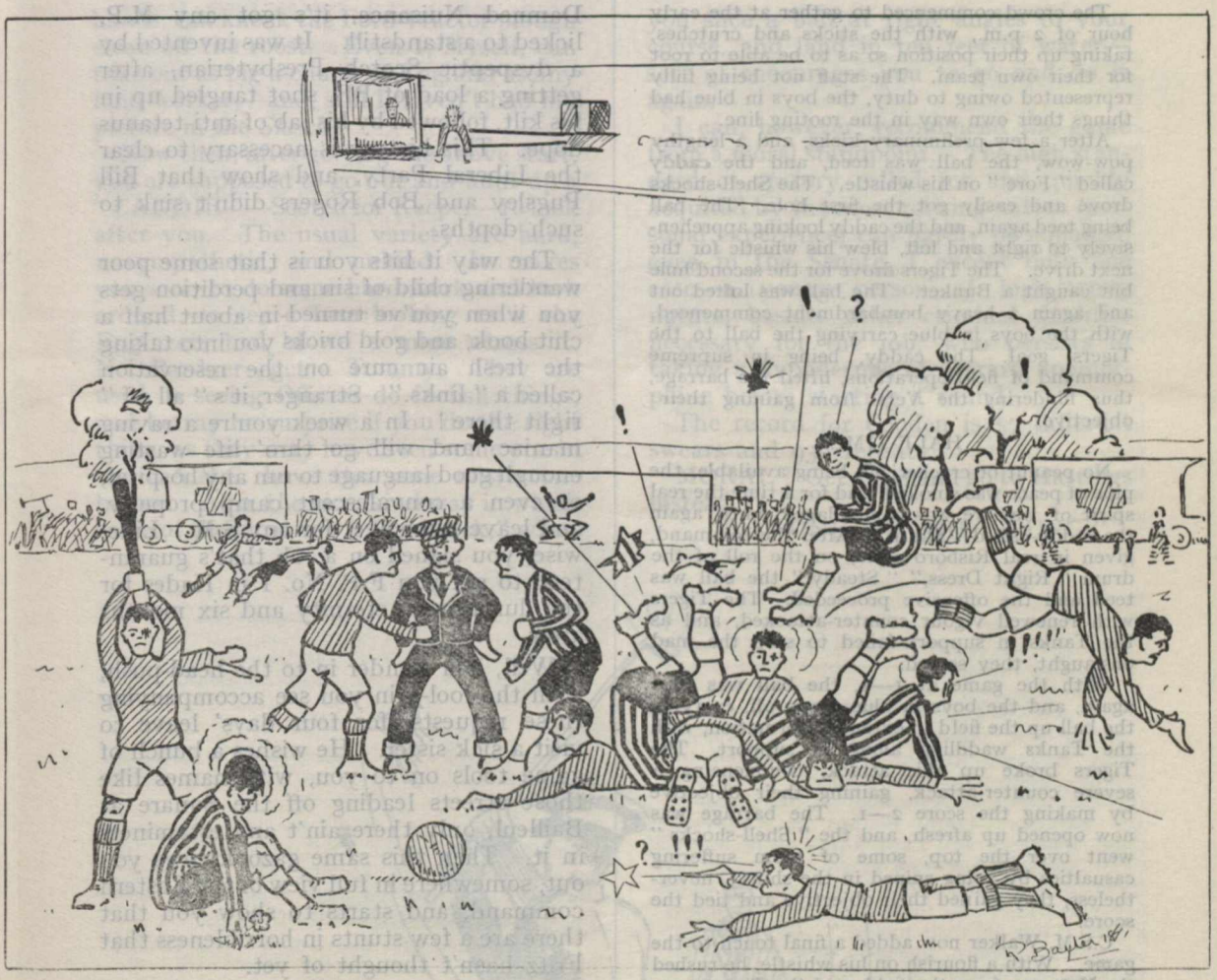
AS SEEN FROM THE BLEECHERS!

Byas pitched a splendid game for the staff, allowing only two to walk and 12 hits; struck out 15.

Aldridge, by losing control of the sphere, gave over the game in the third. During the three innings he pitched he struck out 2, granted 10 hits, and allowed 13 runs.

Wizard Shore kept the Khaki fans a-blinking for the remainder of the game; sinking 5 at the bat and granting only 2 hits and 2 runs.

Catchers McPartland and Herrick did some excellent pouching. Herrick paled at the bat however, fanning thrice. Hawthorne and Brooks covered the first in good shape. Hawthorne accounting for 10 scouts; Brooks for 6.



VETERANS v. TIGERS.

FIT-BA' AT COODEN.

By Pte. A. W. DRUMMOND.

When reporting football matches the reporter should be a man who understands the ins and outs of the game, but, by way of a change, the great Fit-Ba' match between the Patients and Staff at Cooden Camp will be described by one who admits his knowledge of the game as 'Nil.'

For the benefit of our golf enthusiasts, I will endeavour to report from the viewpoint of a follower of St. Andrew's favourite game.

The game of "gouf," which, next to "whusky," is dear to the hearts of all Scotchmen, who, tho' goufin a' the day daes nae wurk ava, but rins aroon wi' a bag o' sticks aifter a wee bit ba', never forgets to warm up the cockles o' his heart wi' a wee Deoch and Doris.

The cast of characters in our little drama are a crowd clad in blue, with a fair sprinkling of khaki; the little bit of fluff, as also the police, are conspicuous by their absence. The teams, namely Veterans versus Tigers, are easily pictured, both sides having their wind up. Umpire and goalkeepers being vital necessities, picture them as part of the game—a caddy, and two bunkers!

The crowd commenced to gather at the early hour of 2 p.m., with the sticks and crutches, taking up their position so as to be able to root for their own team. The staff not being fully represented owing to duty, the boys in blue had things their own way in the rooting line.

After a few preliminary kicks, and a lengthy pow-wow, the ball was teed, and the caddy called " Fore " on his whistle. The Shell-shocks drove and easily got the first hole. The ball being teed again, and the caddy looking apprehensively to right and left, blew his whistle for the next drive. The Tigers drove for the second hole but caught a Bunker. The ball was lofted out and again a heavy bombardment commenced, with the boys in blue carrying the ball to the Tigers' goal. The caddy, being in supreme command of field operations, lifted the barrage, thus hindering the Vets. from gaining their objective.

HALF-TIME.

No peanut or crackerjack being available, the pipe of peace was smoked, and for a time the real spirit of warfare was camouflaged, until again the caddy called " Shun " After the command, given in real Risboro style, on the roll of the drum " Right Dress," " Steady," the ball was teed and the offensive proceeded. The Tigers with renewed vigour counter-attacked, and as the Tanks in support failed to stop the mad onslaught, they scored.

With the game at 1—1, the ball was teed again, and the boys in blue drove off, carrying the ball up the field in extended formation, with the Tanks waddling along in support. The Tigers broke up this attack, commencing a severe counter-attack, gaining their objective by making the score 2—1. The barrage was now opened up afresh, and the " Shell-shocks " went over the top, some of them suffering casualties by being sniped in the shins ; nevertheless, they gained their objective and tied the score.

C.S.M. Walker now added a final touch to the game. With a flourish on his whistle, he rushed the Veterans from the field, and the Tigers were led back to their cages. It was a great game while it lasted.

(We apologise for the above report, as on this occasion, the reporter has evidently got mixed up with a little " golf " or " whusky."—Ed.).

SPIEL ON GOLF.

In writing about any subject it seems to be a rule to spar for an opening by telling what it is. This, ordinarily, would take three or four pages, and would start one of those " In that he " affairs. We will just state that, as an original 3-ring Damned Nuisance, it's got any M.P. licked to a standstill. It was invented by a dyspeptic Scotch Presbyterian, after getting a load of BB. shot tangled up in his kilt, followed by his jab of anti-tetanus dope. This history is necessary to clear the Liberal Party, and show that Bill Pugsley and Bob Rogers didn't sink to such depths.

The way it hits you is that some poor wandering child of sin and perdition gets you when you've turned-in about half a chit book, and gold bricks you into taking the fresh air cure on the reservation called a " links." Stranger, it's " all off " right there ! In a week you're a raving maniac, and will go thro' life wasting enough good language to run any hospital, or even a convalescent camp properly, and leave some over for any S.M. Likewise, you signed on a job that's guaranteed to get you F.P. No. 1 in Hades for the duration of eternity and six months after.

Well, you wander in to the head-push, with the fool-grin you see accompanying these requests, for four days' leave to visit a sick sister. He wishes a bunch of game tools on to you, with names like those streets leading off the Square at Bailleul, only there ain't any estaminets in it. Then this same gazook tows you out, somewhere in full view of the Eastern command, and starts to show you that there are a few stunts in horribleness that Fritz hasn't thought of yet.

First he starts you off with a thing like a cross between a fishing-rod and the slap-stick you used to make butter with on the old farm in Hamilton, Ont. There are 99 wrong things to do with this article, and one right one. You learn how to do ten, of the 99, from him, and go out and pick up the other 89 naturally. It's easy. The right thing is to take it home and hang it up over the family moosehead, and—lie about both. However, this seems to be one of the things that " isn't done " over here.

The other sticks, of timber and iron, are used in the same way, and, in good

hands, can knock the Ford Tractor plough clean off the roost. Even I, Myself, can take out as big a chunk of England as any land-worker,—and, still I haven't had my picture in the *Sketch*!

Now then, after getting the above start, you are supposed to go out and hunt up a "CADDIE"—Scotch for Keeper—to look after you. The usual variety are hard, unsympathetic, and unkind. It makes you sore, to do some hard work and look around, to see a face looking as if the Engineers had blown a mine across it. No, Pardner—get a Tommy. They are used to seeing Officers do foolish things, and betray no surprise if you do the right thing, as they may have seen some one in the C.A.M.C. have the same misfortune before. Also, the nice, kind way in which some of them can say "Hard luck," when you slice a ball at right angles to your course, and land in ten feet of water—sort of encourages you to go and do it again.

I can, however, recommend the game from a moral standpoint. The high standard of oratory called for and quickly acquired by the most retiring nature (personal experience) can hardly be equalled, even in the Senate, I except only one case—a young person of high-strung nature, besides other criminal qualities necessary for the job, who persists in taking a hypodermic of literary apomorphine before starting a round.

The record for Cooden is 57 different swears and 936 repeats.

MORAL! Get a girl and go to Hastings instead.

By "ONE OF THE STUNG."

"One of the Stung."

PATS v. BOYS' BATTALION.

The Pats' baseball crew knifed another notch in the pole, on the 25th of May, when they downed the brilliant Boys' Battalion nine, from Bexhill. The victory, however, was no "runaway," and as far as the first relay of the sixth, when the game stood at 10 to 6 in favour of the Boys, things looked pretty dusky for the Pats. At this juncture, the Boys' twirler weakened in the biceps and was slammed by the Paddies for five counts, putting the score 11 to 10 for the latter. When the Boys returned to the pan they converted ten to twelve, resuming the lead. The Pats exerted themselves to the utmost in the final "slugging," and the game was called when the "teen" peg was reached.

Final Score, Pats, 13; Boys, 12.

The Pats appeared on the diamond in their war colours, for the first time—Red cap and hose, light spangled grey blouse and bloomers. The visitors, in khaki, were somewhat intimidated at the start by this display, but were soon reassured, when they saw what easy slamming they were granted.

BOX SCORE.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	T	R	H	E
B. Bttn.	0	0	5	3	2	0	2	12	14		16
Pats.	0	2	1	1	2	5	2	13	13	12	8

SPORTS' COMMITTEE.

In order to encourage Sports in its various forms, in camp, the O.C. has appointed the following Officers to form a Sports' Committee, together with representatives of the Personnel and patients:—Capt. Phillips as Chairman, Capt. Kennedy, and Capt. Cross as Secretary. Capt. Kennedy has been asked to manage the Baseball Team, and under his guidance we hope our team will be able to give any opposing teams a good "run for their money." Boys, get out and root for Cooden, whenever there is a match! Enthusiastic support means a great deal to a ball team. Our boys look quite classy in their new uniforms, grey with maroon trimmings.

BASEBALL LEAGUE.

The South-East Coast Military Baseball League has been organized, with the following teams entered:—13th Can. Gen. Hospital, Hastings; No. 1 Wing and No. 5 Wing R.A.F. Cadets, Hastings; Young Soldiers' Batt. Detachment, Bexhill; A.S.C. Depot, Bexhill; 14th Can. Gen. Hospital, Eastbourne; P.P.C.R.C. Hospital, Cooden.

Lt. Bell, of the 14th C.G.H., is President of the League, and Capt. Cross, Y.M.C.A., Cooden, is Secretary. The opening games have been arranged for Saturday, June 1st. At the time of writing, it looks as though all the teams will be fairly evenly matched, and some good keen competition is looked for.

A.S.C. FALL TO PRINCESS PATS.

Our campus rang once again, on the afternoon of May 15th, with the boisterous clamours of a baseball "scrap." The rival forces were the Princess Pats, picked men of the Staff and Patients, and the Army Service Corps' lads of Bexhill. The game was one full of vim and abounding in "pep" and "ginger." The visitors, however, were forced to cede the laurels to the Paddies, after putting up a splendid defence against strong odds. The final score was:—P.P., 10; A.S.C., 5.

BOX SCORE.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	T
P.P.	5	2	0	0	0	1	2	10
A.S.C.	2	0	1	0	1	1	x	5

LINE UP.

P.P.	A.S.C
White—c.f.	Sutton—s.s.
Sutherland—3b.	Mortimer—2b.
Mathers—r.f.	Morphy—p.
Brooks—1b.	Hope—1b.
Flanagan—2b.	Larkin—c.
Bakie—s.s.	Greening—3b.
Sherman—l.f.	Rolston—c.f.
McPartland—c.	Clarkson—r.f.
Byas—p.	McCormick—l.f.

THE GAME.

Byas twirled a ripping game, sinking eleven at the bat and allowing only two pedestrians on the promenade.

The C.T.S. band entoned the "Pack-up Your Troubles" stuff as the A.S.C. came to bat in the second innings. In keeping with the music, Babe Byas tossed the three first slingers that faced him, right into the catcher's pouch.

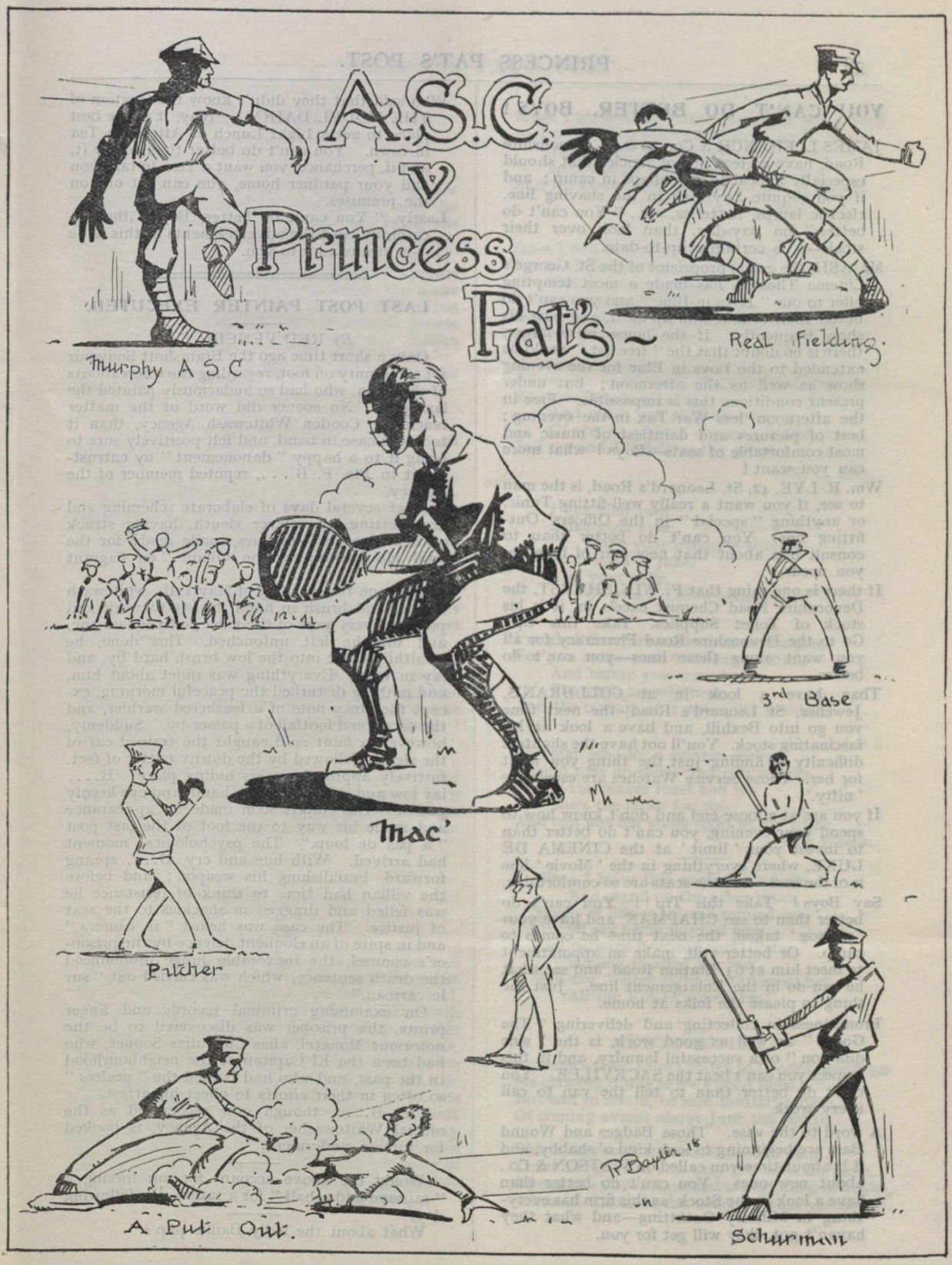
Morphy starred for the visitors on the mound, chalking six S.O.'s on the score card. His delivery was not redoubtable, however, and when our lads connected, they sent him to pasture.

Flanigan, of our crew, had all the boys from Hibernia, and the butcher-shop clique in hysterics when he failed to digest the pill prescribed to him, when on the second bag, by the shillalah swinger.

Sherman shot out a whizzer to left field for a homer in the first innings. He placed all his energy in this feat, no doubt, for on two subsequent returns he was torpedoed and sunk.

"Ole Slim" was torpedoed in the fifth, when he essayed a camouflage entry into the home port. Ye should have seen the Man'ger.

When the game was called the band struck up a Mendelssohn-Wagner-Gounod Palestrina medley which, according to musical critics, is entitled "Cheer up! come again!"


A.S.C.
v
Princess Pat's
Murphy A S C
Real Fielding.
3rd Base
Mac'
Pitcher
A Put Out.
Schurman
P Bayer 18

YOU CAN'T DO BETTER, BOYS!

JAMES L. FRENCH & Co., 36 & 38, Devonshire Road, have a great line of articles that should especially appeal to you chaps in camp; and if you require anything in the shaving line, electric lamps, batteries, etc., "You can't do better" on pay-day, than look over their stock—it is certainly up-to-date.

Mr. ASH, the genial proprietor of the St. George's Cinema Theatre, has made a most tempting offer to our "Boys in Blue," and you can't do better than to take him up on it, and visit his show frequently. If the house were larger, there is no doubt that the "free list" would be extended to the Boys in Blue for the evening show as well as the afternoon; but under present conditions this is impossible. Free in the afternoon, less War Tax in the evening; best of pictures and daintiest of music and most comfortable of seats—Boys! what more can you want!

Wm. R. LYE, 42, St. Leonard's Road, is the man to see, if you want a really well-fitting Tunic, or anything "special" in the Officers' Outfitting line. You can't do better than to consult him about that new pair of breeches you need.

If there is one thing that F. WINISHURST, the Devonshire Road Chemist excels in, it is his stock of Toilet Supplies. Take this tip! Go to the Devonshire Road Pharmacy for all you want along these lines—you can't do better.

Than have a look in at COLLBRAN'S, Jeweller, St. Leonard's Road, the next time you go into Bexhill, and have a look at his fascinating stock. You'll not have the slightest difficulty in finding just the thing you want for her. Those Service Watches are especially 'nifty.'

If you are at a loose-end and don't know how to spend your evening, you can't do better than to invest your 'limit' at the CINEMA DE LUXE, where everything in the 'Movie' line is of the best—and the seats are so comfortable.

Say Boys! Take this Tip!! You can't do better than to see CHAPMAN, and have your 'physog' taken, the next time he comes to camp. Or better still, make an appointment to meet him at 63, Station Road and see what he can do in the Enlargement line. Just the thing to please the folks at home.

Promptness in collecting and delivering "The Goods" as well as good work, is the "sine qua non" of a successful laundry, and in this respect you can't beat the SACKVILLE. You can't do better than to tell the van to call every week.

A word to the wise. Those Badges and Wound Bars are beginning to look kind o' shabby, and it is about time you called on WATSON & Co., about new ones. You can't do better than have a look at the Stock, as this firm has everything in Military Outfitting—and what they haven't got, they will get for you.

Who said that they didn't know the location of THE MODEL DAIRY? Why, it is the best place to get a Light Lunch or Afternoon Tea in town. You can't do better than to try it, and if, perchance, you want a Taxi to take you and your pardner home, you can get one on the premises.

Lastly, "You can't do better, Boys," than to carefully read the advertisements in this issue—it means a lot to you.

LAST POST PAINTER EXECUTED.

By RED VENEER.

Only a short time ago the Bramshott Souvenir set an enquiry on foot, regarding the whereabouts of the felon, who had so audaciously painted the last post. No sooner did word of the matter reach the Cooden Whitewash Agency, than it took the case in hand, and felt positively sure to bring it to a happy "denouement" by entrusting it to Pte. F. B . . ., reputed member of the Agency.

After several days of elaborate scheming and drag-netting, the clever sleuth, having struck on different obvious clues, made ready for the final blow, trapping the villain "en fiagrant delit."

Early on the morning of May 15th, whitewash bucket and brush in hand, he set to work and painted every post of the fence but the last one, and this he left untouched. This done, he stealthily crept into the low brush hard by, and lay in wait. Everything was quiet about him, and nothing disturbed the peaceful morning, except the stray note of a feathered warbler, and the occasional footfall of a passer-by. Suddenly, however, a faint sniff caught the trained ear of the sleuth, followed by the downy patter of feet. furtively approaching his hiding place. B.... lay low and still, weapon in hand, and eye keenly peeled. The culprit soon made his appearance and made his way to the foot of the last post "a pas de loup." The psychological moment had arrived. With hue and cry, B.... sprang forward, brandishing his weapon; and before the villian had time to think of resistance he was felled and dragged in shackles to the seat of justice. The case was heard "in camera," and in spite of an eloquent defence by the prisoner's counsel, the inexorable judge pronounced the death sentence, which was carried out "sur le carreau."

On examining criminal records and finger prints, the prisoner was discovered to be the notorious Mongrel, alias Cur, alias Sooner, who had been the El Capitan of the neighbourhood in the past, and who had baffled the "peelers" so often in their efforts to effect his arrest.

Pte. B...., though now recognized as the official Whitewasher of the Agency, is booked for further preferment.

Would the above account for our having a "sausage and a half" for a ration, the following day.

What about the bally Baillie pup?

COME BACKS!

To the Editor :—

Sir,—In your last issue of *Pat's Post*, reference is made to the Rockery in our garden, and the sarcastic remark from a Sergeant regarding the same. It should be explained that the Sergeant, mentioned in your "What we'd like to Know," informed a certain Staff-Sergeant (who appears to have nothing to do, between meals, but make inquisitive enquiries), that this Rockery has been eercted to the memory of several people who had died from asking damned foolish questions.

Please note: This was not intended to be 'sarcastic.' ..

Signed, Sergt. B. . . .

From Weary Wullie, "My name was not spelt right."

Your "Looking Back," in last month's *P.P.P.*, Jan. 15th, 1918. The draft from Ramsgate were only 'wild' in the sense that they were 'savage' at not being provided with boats, or at any rate lifebelts, on that memorable occasion.

The story of the fate of the Scotch Sergeant's 'Canine find,' is graphically told in this month's issue. Enquirers referred to "The Last Post Painter Executed."

Sergt. Behave writes: "The reason picked men are wanted in the dining-hall is that the work, and the 'circumstances' call for lady-like manners on the part of his helpers." Query? Has the spirit of his dream come true?

The Sanitary Sergeant says that after what was said in the May number, he's d—d if he is going to waste any time on polishing his buttons. There is many a good thing given away for 'gold.'

SPRING FEVER.

Since the advent of the ladies in our midst, and all the indications of a glorious Spring, the poetic nature of our young men is asserting itself, and, almost without exception, they have burst forth into song. This is one of the advantages of this terrible war. Talent, that had long lain dormant, has burst all bounds, and every day brings some new achievement that hitherto had been considered highly improbable. It is hoped, with the help of this magazine to add greatly to the gems of English poetry, and to raise from obscurity and bring before the world possibly a future Tennyson or Milton. The following are some of the attempts of the Personnel of this hospital. Others will appear in future issues.—Ed.

When I leave this country and stand on the deck,
And England behind me appears but a speck,
There'll still be a nook
In my heart for a cook,
And I'll think of her smiles and her oat-cakes.

—Tom Beck.

Since I first saw you my heart's in a whirl,
For of all that I've seen you're the niftiest girl,
And when you make the hash
I would give all my cash,
If you would cook for me forever.

—A. Searle.

When you came here I was filled with joy,
Your smiles are winning, your ways are coy,
And when you need an issue
Of aprons, white; or paper tissue;
Tell me and I'll deliver the goods.

—E. G. Roy.

I like your pies,
I like your eyes,
I like your winsome manner.
Your hash is Jake,
Also your cake,
On you I'd blow a tanner.

I'm glad that you came here to Cooden,
For you make such delicious puddin',
And before you came here,
The grub tasted queer,
And the texture of it was quite wooden.

The man who for a partner seeks,
Should pass up shape and rosy cheeks,
If she makes toast and tea
She's the lassie for me,
And can put her shoes right in my trunk.

—H. Weeks.

When I leave this world behind me
And stand on the other shore,
Smells of fish-cakes will remind me,
Of my army days of yore.
And perhaps dear old Saint Peter,
Hoping to allay my fear,
Will say, "Step right in and greet her,
All the V.A.D.'s are here."

"HE'S TO BE PITIED."

A young soldier from Cooden to London would go,
He claimed it was to see a good show,
But sad to relate, he now mutters a date,
Of coming events about June the eighth.

This mad young man has evolved a plan,
Three Sundays in row they proclaim the bann,
Already he shows signs and is beginning to quake,
When he thinks of the doing on June the eighth.

OUR OFFICERS.

NOTES FROM THE MESS.

Who is the Officer who carries a copy of *John Bull* with him at all times? *Answer*—Horatio.

Why should the Medical Board be made up of B3 Medical Officers? *Answer*—In order that Patients may not be embarrassed in appearing before it.

"Just a little Love, a little Kiss," as played by Dolly Varden in the twilight.

Personally conducted tours through camp are now being made by the Eastbourne twins. Full particulars may be obtained at the Hospital Representative's Office.

Congratulations to Captain Foster (M.C.) on having been crowned.

We are all glad to have Major Howlett with us again. His keen wit prevents us from growing stale.

Who is the Officer who carries two tobacco pouches—one for his own use and one for his friends?

A list of favourite songs of the Officers:

The O.C.—"There's no place like Home."
Lt.-Col. Murray—"By the Sea, by the Sea, by the beautiful, beautiful Sea."
Capt. Varden Gordon—"Just a little love, a little kiss."
Major Peat—"I want to go home."
Major Woodiwiss—"Another little drink.'
Major Sutherland—"Everybody works but Father."
Major Foster—"When you're all dressed up and no place to go."
Capt. Kennedy—"Just a wee Deoch and Doris."
Capt. H. A. Gordon—"Girls, Beware of Chu Chin Chow."
Capt. Phillips—"The great Physician now is near."
Capt. Rutherford—"I love it, I love it, and who shall dare to chide me for loving that old arm chair."
Capt. McClenahan—"Fancy you fancying me."
Capt. Lowry—"Hullo my dearie (on the telephone)."
Lieut. Ross—"Come and cuddle me."
Lieut. McClune—"Hullo, Hullo, who's your lady friend?"
Capt. Scardifield—"I'm afraid to go home in the dark."
Major Howlett—"If it's in *John Bull*, it is so."
Capt. Henry—"Did you see the crowd in Piccadilly."
Capt. Cross—"Onward Christian Soldiers."

ON THE RED RED ROAD TO HOOGE.

On Parade, get your spade
Fall in the Pick and Shovel Brigade.
There's a carry fatigue, for half a league,
And work to do with a spade.
Through the dust and ruins of Ypres Town,
The 17-inch still battering down,
Strewing death with its fiery breath,
On the red red road to Hooge.

Who is the one, whose time has come,
Who won't return when the work is done,
Who will leave his bones on the blood-stained stones,
Of the red red road to Hooge.
Onward the Canadians, never a stop,
To the sand-bagged trench, and over the top,
Over the top, if a packet you stop,
On the red red road to Hooge.

The burst and the road of the hand grenades,
Welcomes us on the Death Parade.
The pit of gloom, the valley of doom,
The crater down at Hooge.
For many a soldier from the Rhine,
Must sleep in a bed of lime.
'Tis a pitiless grave for a knave,
'Tis a crater down at Hooge.

Dash to the stand to the fusilade,
Sling your rifle, bring your spade,
And fade away, ere the break of day,
Or a hole you'll fill at Hooge.
Call the roll, and yet another name,
Is sent to swell the roll of fame.
So we carve a cross to mark the loss,
Of a chum who fell at Hooge.

'Tis not a deed for the paper-man to write,
A glorious charge in the dawning light.
The *Daily Mail* won't tell the tale,
Of the night work out at Hooge.
But our general knows the praise we've won,
Yes, pleased with the work the Canadians have done,
In the shot and shell at the gate of Hell,
On the red red road to Hooge.

The original of the above lines was found by one of our staff on the dead body of an English soldier at Ypres, in February, 1916. This is probably the first time these lines have appeared in any public print.—Ed.

The City Paper Bag Co., Ltd., Printers, Bristol.