

PAT'S POST

PRINCESS

VOL. I.—No. 4.

PRICE 4d.

AUGUST, 1918.

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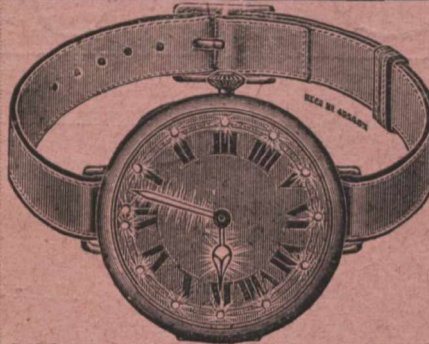
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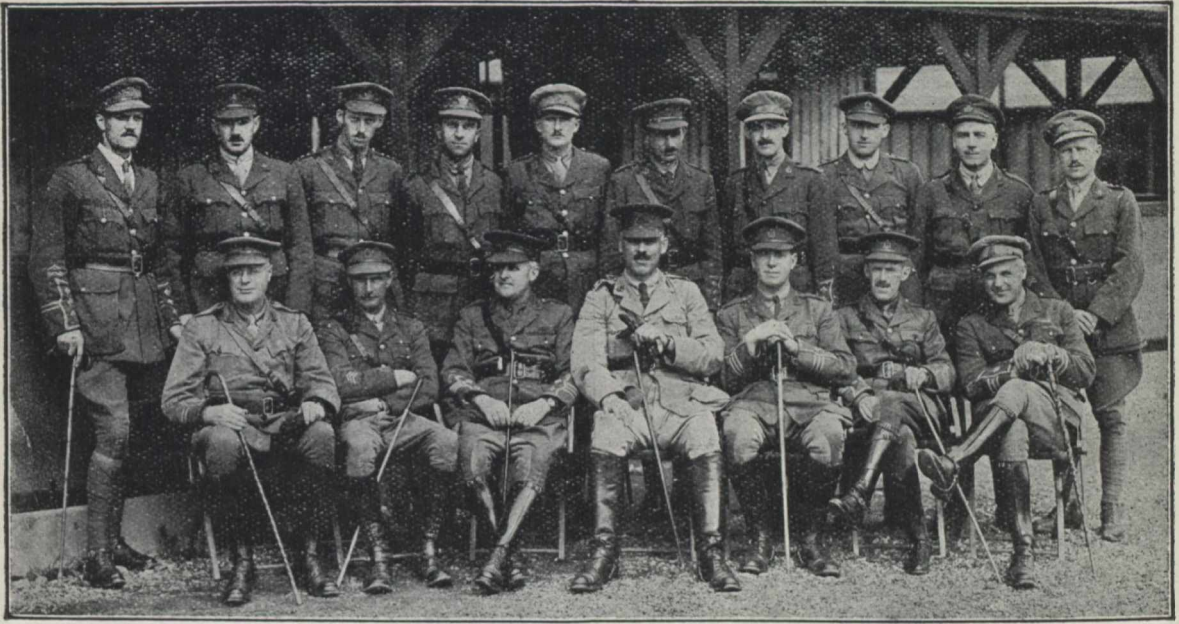
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 (Bottom Row—Left to Right.)
 Capt. H. A. Gordon, Major E. S. Woodiwiss, Lt.-Col. L. R. Murray, Lt.-Col. T. C. D. Bedell (Cmndt.), Major R. H. Sutherland (Adjt.), Major G. P. Howlett, Major G. M. Foster (M.C.).

SERGEANTS.



(Top Row—Left to Right).
 Sergt. Carpenter, S. J., Sergt. Wood, D. B., Sergt. Nasymth-Miller, J. V., Sergt. Cruse, A. J., Sergt. Jobson, R. H., Sergt. Erskine, T.
 (Standing—No. 3)
 Sergt. Martin, G., Sergt. Behan, J. A., Sergt. Atherton, A., Sergt. Tomson, W. J., Sergt. Thornton, A. D., Sergt. Holmes, A., Sergt. Foster, G. R., Sergt. Couetts, W. S., Sergt. Butcher, G. E., Sergt. Harcourt, A. S., Sergt. Barry, A. W.
 (Standing—No. 2).
 S.-Sgt. Woolley, T., Sergt. Maltby, W. L., Sergt. Norris, C. E. J., Sergt. Baker, W., Sergt. Trebeck, A. O., Sergt. Bollingbroke, J., Sergt. Baillie, J., Sergt. Pyves, E. L. (M.M.), Sergt. Pidgeon, W. C.,
 Sergt. Crozier, L. W., Sergt. Gold, A. F., Sergt. Watson, H. C., Sergt. Melia, P., Sergt. Fyffe, T. A.
 (Bottom Row, Sitting—No. 1).
 S.-Sgt. Trevett, A. W., S.-Sgt. Walker, R. G., C.S.M. Walker, E., Q.-M.S. Roy, E. G., C.R.S.M. Alden, F., R.S.M. Weeks, H., Q.-M.S. Marriott, W. H., S.-Sgt. Firth, D. G., S. Sgt. Beck, T.

"Princess Pat's Post."

STAFF:

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

August, 1918.

EDITORIAL SANCTUM.

To our Readers.

One of the greatest difficulties that an Editor of a Magazine is 'up against' every month is a suitable subject to discuss in his editorials, and this fact is more true of a magazine like *Pat's Post* than of the majority of those published. This may seem, to many of our readers, to be rather a strong statement to make, but just consider for a moment exactly what the position really is. Other magazines are run, more or less, along certain lines, and their readers look for editorials that treat of subjects that come within the scope of these lines, and patronise that particular periodical that appeals to them most.

With *Pat's Post* it is a very different affair—we have to write to please all, or nearly all to whom we cater, and as our circulation is, at the present moment, only in four figures, we must, perforce, produce the goods to please everybody. When we can boast of getting near the "million" mark, we will find our range of subjects very much enlarged, and then we can act accordingly.

Anyhow, what's an Editorial worth; and how many people read it? And if you, supposing you do honour the Editor by reading his effusion, would care for his opinions on, say, Discipline, or some such kindred subject? Anyway, the Censor's opinion might clash with that of the Editor,—and then there would be trouble.

A discussion on things "sanitary" would, no doubt, appeal to a few, but to the majority of our readers it would not. The "War," past, present and future—what should have been done in the past—what we should be doing in the present—and what we most certainly should do in the future—a great subject without limitations, but—dangerous, very!

Seeing what we are up against, and recognizing the many dangers, like wire entanglements, that strew the Editorial path, we will sink the Editorial, for the present at any rate, and chat about—any old thing.

What did you think of the July *Post*? You will hardly believe it, but, though there were less number of pages than in the June number, there was more reading matter. In fact, the general opinion is that it is the best yet. And the added advertisements don't spoil the appearance of the paper. Do they?

Between ourselves a few more "ads." would spell more illustrations and more stories. Just drop us a line and let us know what you think about it. Just remember that *Pat's Post* is as much your magazine as ours, and in your hands lies its future destiny.

By the way, before I leave July and touch on August, Mme. Laura Lemon's tuneful song, "March On, O Mighty Empire" caught on like wild fire, and we are presenting "Mighty Dominion," by the same well-known composer, as a supplement, to the first thousand purchasers of the present month's number. This song, which is well known all over Canada, was sung, with full orchestral accompaniment, at the Sackville Hotel on France's Day, and was much applauded.

Pat's Post is indeed fortunate in its contributors. For this month we have two or three poetic gems from the pen of a well-known writer, now living in Bexhill, Mrs. Howard Watson, who writes

under various nom-de-plumes to suit her subject. At least two of these poems will appear every month, and one which is particularly suitable for that season, will appear in our grand double 'Xmas number.

Now, Boys! You mustn't miss "Meg" by May Quinlan. A Human-Interest story of the slums of London, which will undoubtedly grip you. This little sketch of real life is one of many from "In the Devil's Alley," and is portrayed by the authoress from her many and varied experiences while working in the slums of the East End of London. While depicting the rough exterior of its denizens, she by no means covers up the inner kindness of heart that is typical of so many of them. This 'thought for others' is well brought out in "Wee Willie"—"Theer were a 'alfpenny fur milk for little Joey wot's sick." Out of sixpence, fourpence-halfpenny for others and three-halfpence for himself—and probably he shared the three halfpenny buns with his chums. Can you beat it, boys?

There is a great improvement of late in the number and quality of contributions that are pouring in for publication in *Pat's Post*, and we have been forced, reluctantly, to hold over many for future issues. Owing to the shortage of paper and the increased cost of production, we have had to lessen the number of pages to sixteen, and to cut out some of the sketches. By the way, Baxter's drawing, "Will the Company take the Hint?" that appeared last month, has made a great hit. Look out for more from the same facile pencil!

Those "Ball" stories have become quite the feature of our "Rag," and are eagerly looked for each month. Quite up to the *Montreal Herald* standard of reporting 'ball' games! Well, do you know that our special 'Sports' man happens to be a 'Ball' reporter for the *Montreal Herald*—one Pte. J. Rodgers, of that ilk,

Now, don't you think you are getting a good four-pennyworth each month?

Within a few hours of publication of the July number, there was not a copy to be had for love or money, thanks to the energy and 'esprit de corps' of Sergt. Baker and Private Wright, who disposed of nearly the whole issue between them. It is help of this kind that we appreciate, especially as it was entirely disinterested.

By the time these lines meet your eye, Summer will be on its last lap, and the time come to be getting in 'copy' for the Christmas number of *Pat's Post*. So please, 'an you love us, keep a good look out for seasonable stories, poems, etc.—and send them in early. We hope to bring out something great—with your assistance. Watch Russia!—I mean "November" somewhere about the 15th.

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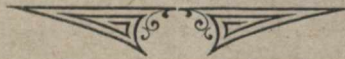


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SERGEANTS' MESS.

Rain and 'picnic' are evidently synonymous terms where the Sergeants are concerned. On Saturday, July 20th, the picnic had to be abandoned, and the guests of the sergeants entertained to a Whist Drive. Fortunately, the change was not left till the last moment, owing to the foresight of Sergt. Trebeck and his committee, who decided to make the change on the previous Wednesday. The wisdom of this decision was fully borne out by the weather conditions that obtained on Saturday.

Rain? No, it poured from the first thing in the morning till just on 4 in the afternoon, very much curtailing the number who were present at the Whist Drive. But what was lost in point of numbers was more than made up by jollity. Rain! It was not satisfied pouring outside, but the water insisted on invading the Mess-rooms, and the scene of the evening's festivity had to be moved across the road to the Gymnasium. Under the skilful supervision of the president of the committee, who, by the way, is an experienced transport man, the change of 'venue' was soon and successfully accomplished.

After doing justice to Mr. Joseph Norris Lyons' splendid catering, the real business of the evening began at the ringing of the M.C.'s muffin bell. The cheery notes of this bell added very materially to the general brightness, and was, at times, the cause of 'flowery' language on the part of

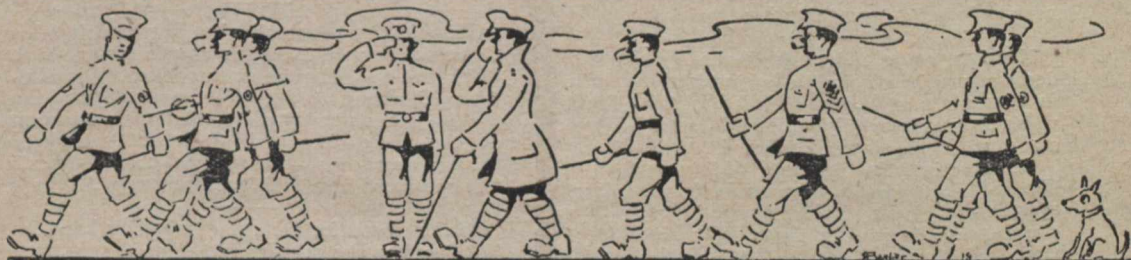
the dillatory ones. But, nothing daunted, by veiled threats, the genial M.C. kept her a-going, till the last muffin had been sold. The twenty-sixth hand and "Time, Ladies and Gentlemen, please" came all too soon, and the prizes were then distributed to the lucky ones by Mrs. Bedell, the hostess, in her most charming manner. For the second time in the history of these "Drives," the first ladies' prize was captured by Miss Cruickshank; the second, third, and fourth going to Mrs. C. Martin, Miss Martel, and Miss Fisk respectively. The 'Booby,' amid much applause, being handed to Miss Jenner. With a score of 193, R.S.M. Weeks pounced the first gentleman's, closely followed by Pat's Editor, with 190. Sergt. Maltby was responsible for the third prize, and Sergt. Baker took the Booby (a much needed 'bachelor' button!)

Following the whist, the sergeants and their guests indulged in a medley of singing and dancing until after 10 o'clock. The music was supplied by the splendid band of the C.T.S., who, by the kind permission of Lieut.-Colonel Cameron, played during the afternoon and evening.

In addition to their popular Commandant, Lt.-Col. Bedell, the sergeants were pleased and honoured to see Captains Gordon and Kennedy among their guests, as well as some of the members of the V.A.D. Unit.

Sergt. Trebeck and his committee gained much 'kudos' by the highly satisfactory way the whole affair went off, as did Sergt. Thornton for his taste in decorating, thereby requiring extra weights to enable him to keep his balance.

Purely Personnel!



TRAGEDY.

Sunday, July 14th, after Church Service, the little tragedy below was, let us say, pulled off. The men were coming out of the Y.M.C.A. Hut, when the following sounds floated on the breeze. "Staff fall in." This order was given by the Sergeant i/c of the Parade, and the men proceeded to fall in, in a leisurely manner, wondering what was the trouble, when again the same rancous voice smote the ear, this time to the tune of, "Hurry up! I don't want to stay here all day in the rain. From the left, form fours." It was the Sergt. i/c again, but we all held our breath when a voice from the ranks cried, "We haven't numbered yet." "What, can't you form fours without numbering?" Needless to say, there was a chorus of "No.'s!" "Ump. Gee, you're a fine bunch," said the Sergt. i/c. "Well, from the left, number;" and the Parade serenely proceeds to number from the right. Meanwhile, the Sergt. i/c turns his back on the Parade to get his bearings as to right and left, then turns round with a face as red as if he was just meeting the girl of his choice on their wedding morn, and said in a voice which was heard to squeak, "Parade will move to the left in fours. Left. Quick march." Now they're off at last. (He must be wet through) and marches round the corner of a hut about 20 yards. The command to halt is given, and without turning to the front, "Dismiss." The Sergt. i/c moves off and is heard to mutter, "Thank the Lord I'm not in the C.A.M.C.; they don't know nothing." Is it any wonder the war has lasted so long. And to think this happened on France's Day.

—Dauber.

REVEILLE.

"Reveille" is the first call in the morning to "Arise, take up thy bed, and walk," but it often seems to be blown very shortly after "Lights Out." For this reason it is often looked upon as an instrument of torture, and has even been accused of being of Teutonic Origin. Whilst the writer cannot vouch for the truth of this assertion, yet he has also, on several occasions, had reason to suspect this.

The music of it is wonderful, and the psychological effect more so. The first part of the refrain is low, and delightfully sweet, so as not to disturb your peaceful slumbers; but the second part—ah! the second part of it, that's where the effect comes in! It rises from that beautifully sweet lullaby to a high *crescendo*, and the peaceful slumber is supposed to follow suit.

It is a great loss to humanity in general, and soldiers in particular, that the composer is not known; perhaps (with that wonderful foresight usually attributed) he has deemed it wiser to remain unknown. After all, Fame has its penalties!

Joys we shall miss when peace is declared:—

1.—V.A.D.'s. 2.—Reveille. 3.—The old reliable stand-by. 4.—Riding Pants. 5.—Army Life. 6.—Hastings' Skating Rink. 7.—Orderly Room. 8.—G.O.C. Inspection. 9.—The War. 10.—Lt.-Col. Bedell. 11.—The trenches. 12.—Church Parade. 13.—Bully Beef. 14.—The Kaiser. 15.—The benevolent old ladies that "come to visit the sick."

PHRENOLOGY.

The Bump of Amativeness is on the left breast pocket.

Somewhere in Flanders a young soldier had been on the sick-list for some time, and now, after a few days' rest, looked very fit for service. However, he was once more on the sick-list the day his battalion was to go into the trenches.

"Can you write, my lad?" asked the Medical Officer. Suddenly, the bright prospect of a nice clerical job in a "cushy" place seemed to open before him, so he answered emphatically: "Yes sir, I can. I was a clerk before I enlisted."

"Very well, now you just write a nice letter to your best girl, and tell her you are going into the trenches to-night."

What We'd Like To Know?

What two boys in the Orderly Room are known by the name of the "Heavenly twins?" Some wins! What do you think?

Number, name and rank of the N.C.O. who declares that he is going to 'systemize' the work in the M.O.'s office of No. I. Division? Good work that! Does this same N.C.O. use "Webster's unabridged" for a pillow?

Great activity in 'bugling' of late, and we'd like to know who is responsible for the dual system of 'blowing' that now obtains? One could always, in ye olden times, depend on having time for reflection between the time the bugler blows at the guard room end and the time he blew again opposite "E" hut! Now there is no excuse.

If it is true that a certain sergeant and one of his assistants in the Q.M. dept., have been taking a course of "skipping" at Silverhill?

What did the N.C.O. in charge of the isolation hut (early on in the "Flue" epidemic) do with the underwear, shirts and socks, etc., taken from the patients? There are no signs of a second-hand store being started in the vicinity!

Who is the man responsible for the story that the reason the C.E. band came to Cooden camp was, 'because their O.C., finding that, as the majority of his men were here, the band might as well follow—for a time.!

Who is the fair-haired soldier with the ruddy complexion, who wears a $\frac{3}{4}$ -overcoat, and thinks he looks like an officer, but whose friends think looks more like a B.C. farmer, or a cheeryho', heave'ho' naval man?

Why a certain Lance-Jack, in No. I. Division, is like "Charlie's Aunt?" Because he is still running—after the system!

Is it contrary to regulations to give a patient a No. 9 after 9 p.m.? Or was it after 9.30 p.m.?

To what was the peacefulness of the dressing-room due, between the 22nd and 28th of July? Ask one of the dressers!

Is that beautiful cairn of stones, situated just north of the guard room, placed there to commemorate any great event? No connection with the cairn erected to perpetuate the passing of the Children of Israel through the river of Jordan, is there?

Is it true that a certain member of the staff, away up in "G," made a special trip into Bexhill for a "Figure improver," and was the subsequent disappointment very keen? The temperature was, at any rate! rather high in his vicinity!

Where did Mac., the butter-man, get that piece of pink ribbon, which adorned his apron a few days ago? Does he now belong to the "Order of the Garter?"

Who is the sergeant who was wearing his Overseas' Service Chevrons on the wrong sleeve of his tunic? Enquire at the office of the Hosrep. This reminds one of the early days of the hospital, when a newly-promoted N.C.O. appeared on the scene decorated with both the three chevrons and the—was it the coat-of-arms? "Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit."

If the reason for the strong language heard in "E" hut every morning at 'Sun-up' is attributed to the fact that a certain Corpl. of Rubberboot fame eats so many strong spring onions overnight?

If it was the sight of the cold, cold pool that made Pte. H.—shiver so violently, that he overbalanced and nearly committed suicide, rather than take the plunge?

If Pte. A.J.B., of the Keystone Police, didn't cut quite a dash in the Strand with his new lid; and if the long Corpl. wasn't rather envious?

If there is any danger of a certain Corpl. on the Staff (who hails from Manitoba and is proud of it) getting 'water on the brain' through too frequent bathing? Is he the proud possessor of a "Charlie Chaplin"?

If one of the "Gold Dust Twins" didn't give the bunch a surprise by having a wash before breakfast on his birthday?

If L:Cpl. H.—couldn't be persuaded to peddle a few P.P.P.'s? He certainly has the voice for the job!

If the tailor's shop has been turned into a rest house for weary soldiers and a home for gossip? Have a heart, Mac.

If it wouldn't be a good idea to forward a copy of the July number of *P. Pat's Post* to the President of the Tramway Company, so that the efforts of our artist may bear fruit? Great minds think alike. Dear enquirer—this has been done!—Ed.

Who was it that painted the clock, over the end entrance to "B" hut, a beautiful green? and who was guilty of an atrocious pun, when asked why he was painting it that particular colour? If it is true that he replied, "To ensure Greenish (Greenwich) time?" He should be interned for the duration. The R.S.M. should, really, take this matter up!

If there is any place in Bexhill or Hastings where 'stale' Glangarries can be renovated?

Who was it that, out of the kindness of his heart, presented the Editor, recently, with a lively specimen of the crab family? The Editor is certainly fond of "crab," in its proper place and at the proper time, but taken at night, and especially after having gone to bed—it was rather like inviting a strong dose of dyspepsia. Anyway, thanks all the same, old Beck! By the way, how did Baker and Atherton like the reversion of the same shell back? Ask Baillie!

If the cup which cheers but not inebriates is conducive to finding of kitchen implements which will wander?

How a certain Sergeant, whose every minute was precious, found time to sample a 'personnel hash,' and was it a case of bad example?

Why a frail pink confection known as blanc-mange in patient's mess has such an attraction for a well-known M.O.?

BEHAVE BUTTS IN.!

The Editor does not take any responsibility for the following contributions from the fluent pen of "Behave," who has apparently just awakened to the fact that the camp has a Periodical!

Two's company, three's a crowd—must have originated with Adam when the Serpent came on the scene. Somehow Eve didn't seem to see!

The two things you can find in the dark: a carpet tack, and Limburger cheese!

Dolls are made for girls to play with, not for man to marry!

What could have been the use of Eve's wearing clothes, when there were no other women around to be jealous of them!

Beauty is only skin deep, but it takes some time to get through the preliminary enamel!

A wife is a woman who is expected to purchase without means, and to sew on buttons before they come off!

It takes nine tailors to make a man, and one woman to break one!

There are Girls whom we fool with,
And Girls whom we're cool with,
And Girls whom we spoon with for fun;
There are Girls whom we kiss,
And there's Girls whom we'd miss,
But we never can love more than one.

A WOODEN CROSS.

Only a wooden Cross,
To tell the loss,
Of one who fell;
On fields of strife
Gave up his life,
And served his Country well.

Only a wooden Cross,
All gold—no dross,
Your sins forgot;
The crimson poppies nod,
Sleepy heads above the sod,
To guard the six-foot plot.

Only a loving thought,
A message I have brought,
For hero's true;
To clasp my hands in prayer,
And breathe a message there,
All I can do.

Only a life at best!
Then the last long rest,
For us the loss.
A vacant chair at home,
A heartache all alone,
Beside the wooden Cross.

Only a little while
Without your smile,
The struggle o'er;
No wars—nor loss,
Or any wooden Cross,
But Heaven's shore.

A little ache of heart,
Yours the noblest part,
Yours the first sleep.
Down falls a tear or two,
Dear, on the grave of you,
Buried so deep.

There the soft mosses grow,
Poppies in numbers blow
Petals around;
Drowsily whispering
After "fire's christening,"
Salvation found.

Sadly the Reaper death
Claims the last fleeting breath,
Wherein the loss?
Bravely you stood the test,
Nobly you did your best,
And now the Cross.

Only a wooden Cross
Speaking all gain—not loss,
Should this be all!
A grave where poppies nod,
A soul at peace with God,
Awaits the last Call.

—L.B.

Cooden Camp Chess Club.

(OVER C's OR ALL C's, OVER)

MEETS AT THE "Y."

There are two outfits in this burg over which enthusiasm runs high and, is not wasted, but readers of this column of the "Rag" are only to be interested in one, and that is the club of the four C's.

The system of promotion is simply wonderful! You can join the club as a pawn, and by good play or luck it is possible to become a King in about three weeks; and you need have no "stand in" with any premier or general, for one reason, such "fry" are not recognised; but even if you are fortunate enough to become a King, you have to work, or rather play, to keep your position—and unfortunately you need brains to do that, bad luck! isn't it? Still, join us: you are certain of being a pawn, and that's a start, and if you defeat a knight you become a knight; and if by beaking a bishop you are entitled to the mitre (it was noticed the padre soon passed that dignity, or did he feel the responsibility?—he is now "Queen.") After the mitre comes the castle or "rook" class, then the highest dignity of Queen, then, finally, the supreme majesty of King.

You have to play twice weekly, or go down by default to your opponent, if he has kept the engagement. Just watch the notice board at the "Y," and each Monday and Thursday morning you will see who your opponent is, and all you have to do is to find him and beat him at the time specified—which is quite simple.

During the first three weeks of July six chess tournaments were held, at which forty-three games were played in all. The results were:—

Names.	Won.	Lost.	Perctg.
aPte. Thorsteinson ..	1	0	100
aPte. Howarth ..	1	0	100
Pte. Crookhall ..	4	1	80
Capt. Conron ..	3	1	75
Pte. Watkins ..	3	1	75
Pte. Farrant ..	4	2	67
Mr. Greenslade ..	2	3	60
L-Cpl. Luckraft ..	3	2	60
Dvr. Burdy ..	3	3	50
Spr. Connert ..	2	2	50
Pte. Lamb ..	2	2	50
Pte. Lansdale ..	2	2	50
Pte. Pennington ..	2	2	50
Pte. Ballentine ..	2	3	40
Pte. Coyne ..	2	3	40
Capt. Cross ..	2	3	40
Pte. Elliman ..	1	2	33
Spr. Rabinovitz ..	1	3	25
Dvr. Smith ..	1	3	25
L-Cpl. Craig ..	1	4	20
aPte. Brisley ..	0	1	—
aPte. Osborne ..	0	1	—

aStarters.

Y.M.C.A. NOTES.

CONCERTS.

Owing to the fine weather and the long evenings, our Concerts have been reduced to two a week during July.

Miss Lillian Torley's London Party gave us a great show on Dominion Day. Mr. Charlie Wreford's stories and comic songs made a hit, as did also Miss Varick's violin playing. The Eastbourne Patriotic Concert Party gave us a fine programme of part songs, solos and duets. The "Oscar Asche" Dramatic Society put on the popular comedy, "Her Husband's Wife," to a crowded house. The "Uniques" made just as great a hit on their second visit as on their first. The Geo. Morris Party of Tunbridge Wells visited us for the first time, and gave a well-balanced programme. The first half vocal, the second half a Farce, "The Matrimonial Agency." Other parties included the "Winkles" of Newnham, the "Comedies" of Brighton, Miss Claire's Party from Tunbridge Wells, The "Prairies," and Mde. Edith Welling's Party of Brighton.

The electric lights on the stage are a great advantage; our connection with the town power makes it possible to have lights at any time.

A GAME FOR THE "CROCKS."

A Volley Ball court has been fixed up beside the "Y" Hut. Volley Ball is a game specially suited for those unable to play more strenuous games, such as Baseball, Tennis, etc. Any number can play on a side, from three up. We should see a bunch of fellows out playing every night. It's lots of fun.

"OVER!"

While Cricket is not a popular game among Canadians, still we always have a certain number of men interested in it, in any of our Units. A Cricket outfit is now available, including a matted pitch. Turn out, you cricketers, we want to have Cooden represented by a good team.

SPARE TIME READING.

It is splendid to see the use being made of the Khaki University Library in the Hut by patients and staff. The favourite books seem to be those on Agriculture and Nelson's Encyclopedia. The latter consists of 25 small volumes crammed full of all kinds of information, both useful and interesting. Some of the men are following a correspondence course with the Khaki University. Any man wishing to follow up any course of study is invited to apply to Capt. Cross, who will put him in touch with the Authorities. They will recommend and loan the necessary books, render assistance in difficulties met in the studies, and set examinations from time to time.



LOOKING BACK!

July 1st, 1918.—Canada's great day was fittingly celebrated by all hands at Cooden Camp. Sports, fiercely contested, took up the greater part of the afternoon, and language of a 'high' order prevailed, over the non-appearance of the 'enemy' baseball nine. Concert in the "Y," at which the winners at the Sports were settled with, and a most successful Whist Drive at the Catholic Army tent wound up a most enjoyable anniversary.

July 2nd, 1918.—Very warm day—good for trade in the various bars in the neighbourhood. Anyhow, the 20 new arrivals, in the patient line, thought so, by the way they trooped down to the canteen when it opened for business.

July 3rd, 1918.—Oh! Ye Gods! Fancy a score of 28 to 6 in favour of Pat's Nine. The S.W.T. got the six. We seem to have "some ball outfit." That's what was said by one of the 25 patients who signed on for the hardening process, this afternoon.

July 5th, 1918.—Matters fairly evenly balanced to-day—24 patients admitted and 19 discharged; leaving a credit balance of five.

July 6th, 1918.—Still they come! A round dozen placed on the patients' muster roll. Otherwise, things as usual. Goodness! Forgot to mention the arrival of that excellent musical aggregation known as the C.E. band. Come for a week, so we'll know, at the end of seven days, the number of tunes it can play.

July 7th, 1918.—Sunday, 6th after Trinity. Sun rose at 3.50 a.m.—and the C.E. band did likewise soon after. Quite like old Battalion days having a band to take the boys to church. March! Not 'arf! Church parade very popular this morning. Quite a big crowd, of all kinds and conditions, congregated on Cooden beach in the evening to listen to the band. The universal opinion was that "it was some band."

July 8th, 1918.—The C.E. band again delighted a big audience on the beach this evening. Nine Weary Willies came into residence this morning.

July 9th, 1918.—The "Flue" rampant, and claimed the R.S.M. as one of its victims yesterday. Flue, seemingly, is no respecter of persons. Headed by the Band, the patients thoroughly enjoyed their route march to-day, and were sorry it wasn't ten miles longer!

July 10th, 1918.—Ball game, Pats. v. Eastbourne, results in win for the latter by one run. Many lamentations among the home fans, at Pat's first reverse. Mr. Alden, the genial printer of *Pat's Post*, who has been staying at Little Common for the past few days, returned to Bristol this morning. Patients admitted—4.

July 11th, 1918.—Quite an addition to the hospital: 22 patients admitted, and none discharged.

July 12th, 1918.—To-day makes up for yesterday, as our numbers have been depleted by 29 patients; leaving us, on this one transaction, seven in the hole.

July 15th, 1918.—Nothing doing on the two previous days, except that five patients helped materially to swell our ranks; a further addition of 1 to-day helped some.

July 16th, 1918.—Tally to-day—3 patients in, and 17 out. Weather still keeping rather sultry. The two "Bs"—Bar and Beach—doing a land-office business!

July 17th, 1918.—A day of rest in the Registrar's office—no admittances or evacuations. Just to add a little excitement to camp life, the invincible Ball Nine put it over the A.S.C. aggregation this afternoon, thereby winning the "Pennant." All together, ye Rooters!

July 18th, 1918.—"The Day." *Princess Pat's Post* on sale this morning, and all previous records broken. The well-known firm of Baker and Wright were responsible for the sale of nearly the whole edition. "Put it there, you fellows."

July 19th, 1918.—Business bad to-day—had to part with 33 patients, and only got 15 in exchange. Balance sheet will look like the 'devil' at settling up day, if things don't improve.

July 20th, 1918.—"France's Day" in Bexhill—much skill required to dodge the fair sellers of flags and other emblems. The Editor had a great time getting through to the Bank, without losing any of the regimental funds. All men, more or less, are perverters of the truth—and on this occasion, the temptation, to many, was too great; especially to those whose expectations on pay-day had not been realized.

July 22nd, 1918.—Looking up a bit—19 convalescents taken in and done for, this date. As one left for pastures new, the hospital can only claim a gain of 18 on the deal. Rather better than some of the transactions of late. What do you think?

July 23rd, 1918.—A representative of a celebrated firm of London photographers was here this afternoon and took a "panoramic" of the personnel, and at the same time took a great "risk." There seemed to be a little hanging back, on the part of the victims, and the question was whether it was bashfulness on their part, or a fear that they might injure the camera! Boss White back from London, and on the job again. "Willie we have missed you."

July 24th, 1918.—As there is a rumour that the number to be admitted to hospital soon is to run into three figures, the Sanitary Sergeant had the big swimming tank emptied, and re-filled, this afternoon. Verily, a man of great foresight!

July 25th, 1918.—And it came to pass, that one and twenty of those that were afflicted came into the camp of rest, known to the wise men as Cooden: and peradventure there not being sufficient for these, two score and twelve of those recently made whole were sent to find a place in which to lay them down, elsewhere. And the evening and the morning were the twenty-seventh day.

July 27th, 1918.—And he, that is known as the Auditor from the city of Lon, came into camp, when the dew was yet wet on the ground, and proclaimed, in a loud voice that he had come to call upon the various stewards to give an account of their stewardship. After much wrestling with various papyri he came down from his high estate, at about the hour of four in the afternoon, and declared that the shewing of him in charge of Regimental accounts was good. And straightway he placed the mark that is "Red" against his report, and dispatched it to the city of Lon.

July 29th, 1918.—Now let it be known of all men, that yesterday was the Sabbath, and nothing happened beyond the usual rites attending the holding of Church parades, at which there were many of the land of Coo.

Now it came to pass there was a stranger in camp, who, putting the Commandment No. 4 on one side, continued his evil courses, and laboured at the accounts during the hours that the righteous on the parade called Church; but after the mid-day meal a great fear took possession of him, and he forebore from labouring; and there was peace in the land.

It being now come to the day of Mon, he that had come into the land of Coo as a ravening lion, did rise early, and much chastened in spirit, proceeded to clean up the remaining stewards.

After much travailing and scratching of ears, he proclaimed that all was "on the square," and quickly sitting down, wrote "Good—very." And these stewards likewise received the mark that is "Red."

Now it was come to the hour of evening when a great host of afflicted ones appealed for admittance at the camp portals, there being five score and fourteen; and they were admitted, and many were clothed in garments of blue, the remainder sticking to Khaki till the morrow. And the M.O. in charge of the Division, called No. 1, saw that it was good. And the evening and the morning was—the end of July.

IF I WERE FIT.

If I were fit, I would not sit
At a desk-job all day long;
And I would not think I did my bit
By singing a soldier's song.
And if I went home at eventide
To a Mother, Wife or Son,
I could never look them in the face
If I couldn't handle a gun.

If I were fit, I wouldn't sit
In a theatre, bus or tram,
And see the boys in their khaki kit.
But I would feel not worth a damn.
And I'd choke if I said I couldn't be spared
For another six months or so;
Then I'd kick myself for a yellow cur,
And then I'd get up and go.

If I were fit, if I were fit,
And met a Man in the street
With sun-tanned face and faded kit,
And trench-mud on his feet,
I would throw myself in his path and crave
As an act I'd remember with pride
That he'd condescend as a gentleman
To wipe his boots on my hide.

If I were fit, I could not sit
In a church on Sunday morn,
And here the Parson say his 'bit'
Of comrades battle-worn.
And if he should try to save my soul,
I'd ask him to change his views,
And tell him that mine could never be lost,
For I hadn't one to lose.

If I were fit, If I were fit,
I tell you I'd think it a shame
To work on the 'staff' and then to quit
With an 'acting rank' for fame.
By God! I'd go where the bullets fly,
And if one found my heart,
I'd thank the great Stage Manager
That he gave me a real man's part.



BORROWED BRAINS.

The following extracts are taken at random from a collection of child-studies contained in "In The Devil's Alley" by May Quinlan.

"MEG."

Among the quaint little mortals I knew was Meg, aged seven. Of her it might be said that she had quite a talent for praying. Never did she see a hearse drive by but she felt impelled to pray for the eternal weal of the dead man. But as there is a touch of earth in all human endeavour, it so happened that Meg not only prayed assiduously, but she conceived the ambition of breaking her own record, her object being to see how many "Paters" and "Aves" she could get through before the hearse whisked round the corner. Meg was accordingly rebuked for profanity. Such gabbled prayers, she was told, never rose to heaven. She must say them slowly. And it is to be presumed that she laid the counsel to heart, for it transpired soon afterwards that she held the somewhat unique position of spiritual adviser to her own immediate circle. One day she was approached by another small child, who confided to Meg her particular wants, whereupon Meg urged the efficacy of prayer. So the other child went away to return two days later—crestfallen.

"I ain't got nothink," was the verdict.

"Did yer say the prayers?" asked Meg.

"Yuss," came the response.

"Did yer say 'em *Slow*?"

"Yuss."

The two children sat and gazed at one another. Something had evidently gone wrong.

"An' yer said 'em *slow*?" repeated Meg. Her brows contracted in profound thought, and there was an awful pause. Then she shook her head gloomily: "Dunno wot Gawd's doin'," said she. And thus she dismissed the subject.

WEE WILLIE.

It was a grotesque child figure that ambled down a side street. His diminutive breeches

hung in tatters about his person, and instead of a shirt, his costume was completed by a woolly feminine garment, known to the initiated as a "hug-me-tight." Accordingly to the dictates of fashion it ought to have reached to the waist. But the voice of fashion is silent in Stepney—throttled by the stern hand of necessity. So Wee Willie wore his mother's hug-me-tight, and it covered his knees. But his face was radiant. Yesterday had been a day of days, for having wandered further afield than usual, some one had given him a sixpence. Asked how he had spent it, Wee Willie gave this detailed account:

"There was a 'alpenny fur milk—that was fur little Joey wot's sick," he interpolated, "an' a pennyworth o' coal. Then another penny went on kindlin' wood, an' a penny fur sugar. Arter that we bought a pennyworth o' tea, w'ich leaves three 'alfpence."

"And what then?"

"Three 'alpenny buns," was the response, and his eyes glistened at the recollection thereof.

THE PARABLE OF THE MAN WHO TARRIED.

By CPL. A. J. HIND.

And verily it came to pass that a certain man of the King's Army was travelling the highway which is called the "Prom," when he chanced upon a maiden of smiling countenance, who spake unto him, saying, "Hello, Canada, whither goest thou?" He answered, "Even unto Cooden, and the way is long and ever grows apace."

"Then tarry with me," spake the maiden, "and we shall hold converse together."

"Nay, Nay," answered he, "tempt me not. Much conversation have I held since morn, and behold my voice is faint and my throat is parched like the sands of many deserts, and I must journey on to Cooden to partake of the waters thereof."

And the maiden waxed wroth and spake in a loud voice, saying, "Quitter art thou, and a fool, that thou should'st desire to go thine own way."

And his heart turned to water within him, and he quivered in great fright, and after much persuasion and dire threatenings, he arose with the maiden, and they journeyed together.

And verily it came to pass that they came even unto Bexhill, a town of great repute, which lieth on the shore that bordereth the great sea of the Channel, and they entered a tavern inhabited by many smiling damsels, which is known, among the populace, as the "Soldiers' Rest," and was built to the memory of one, the Lord of Devon, a centurion of great renown.

When, after consuming much of the beverage called "Bass," they became as babbling fools, and he became enamoured of the maiden, and she with him, and they professed great friendship with one another.

And the sun went down, and the heavens darkened over, and the voice of the innkeeper warned the people that "now was the time for great solace, and this much was the cause for great hurry."

And it came to pass that the man and the maiden, after much consultation together, arose, and left the tavern, and came to the parting of the ways, which is known as the "Short Cut," and left one another with sad hearts.

And the soldier shook the dust of Bexhill from off his feet, and journeyed wearily on and came unto the great camp called Cooden, where he lay for the night.

And on the morrow, when the sun was yet low in the heavens, he arose with great stiffness in his bones, pains in his chest, and his voice was nearly dumb within him.

And lo, in the house wherein he had dwelt, great was the noise and sickness, and loud was cries of the afflicted.

And the voice of the Orderly Corporal rang out with great strength, calling "Anybody goin' sick?"

And he answered with faint voice, "Yea, there is one."

And he arose and went to the elder of the tribe and bared his chest before him.

And the elder spake unto him saying, "Thou hast a fiery furnace burning within thy bosom, and great is the soreness within thy joints, and thy head is giddy, so go thou and gather together thy small kit, and take up thy bed, and journey to the hut which is known as "K," for thou hast been stricken with the "Flue."

And there thou shalt rest and meditate for many days; and when thou art made whole, thou shalt return to thy people.

ENDURANCE.

How much the heart may bear and yet not break;
 How much the flesh may suffer and not die!
 I question much if any pain or ache
 Of soul or body brings our end more nigh.
 Death choose his own time; till that is sworn
 All evil may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,
 Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel,
 Whose edge seems reaching for the quivering
 life,
 Yet to our sense the bitter pains reveal
 That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
 This also can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,
 And try to flee from the approaching ill;
 We seek some small escape, we weep and pray,
 But when the blow falls, then our hearts are
 still;
 Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
 But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life;
 We hold it closer, dearer than our own;
 Anon it faints and falls in deadly strife,
 Leaving us stunned and stricken, and alone:
 But ah! we do not die with those we mourn—
 This also can be borne.

Behold we live through all things—famine, thirst,
 Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,
 All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
 On soul and body—but we cannot die,
 Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn
 Lo, all things can be borne.

—Exchange.

IN FLANDERS' FIELD.

In Flanders' fields the poppies grow,
 Between the crosses, row on row.
 They mark our places, and in the sky,
 The larks still bravely singing, fly.
 Scarce heard amidst the guns below.
 We are the dead short days ago,
 We loved, felt dawn, saw sunset glow.
 Loved and were loved, and now we lie,
 In Flanders' Field.

Take up our quarrel with the foe,
 From falling hands we throw.
 The torch be yours, to hold it high,
 If ye break faith with us who lie,
 We shall not sleep, tho' poppies grow,
 In Flanders' Field.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

FOUNTAIN PENS:

WATERMAN, ONOTO,
 SWAN, WHITWORTH,
 &c.

VALE'S LIBRARY.

Goss China,
 Books, Stationery.

LAMDIN'S

*High-Class ..
Boot Makers.*



**Devonshire Road,
BEXHILL=ON=SEA.**

SPORTING TOPICS.

BASEBALL.

PATS CARRY THE LEAGUE.

Our gallant baseball nine, since the last issue of *P.P.P.*, have given the finishing touches to their victorious record on the diamond, and have captured the pennant of the South Coast League.

The league series consisted of twelve seven-innings' games, eleven of which our fans bagged, ceding the twelfth, by loose play, to the 14th Canadian General Hospital nine, of Eastbourne, who stalk second in the league echelon. Our success is wholly due to the kind patronage shown by the O.C., and all the officers in general, most especially Captains Cross and Kennedy, who equipped and managed the team with great skill and enthusiasm, and who, at all times and in all places, gave us their utmost support. Great praise have our lads won by their magnificent showing in the race for the pennant, for they played the good old game with a will, heart and soul, and their high-strung spirits always found a true echo in the bleachers, where an enthusiastic Cooden mob always held reserved seats.

The four final encounters of the league took place since our last issue. In these four, the Pats met and defeated the Canadian Trench Warfare School (Bexhill), No. 5 Wing of the Royal Air Forces (Hastings), and the Canadian Army Service Corps (Bexhill), but, through a mishap, their winning streak was broken by the 14th Canadian General Hospital (Eastbourne), who fell to us in our first encounter at Eastbourne to the doleful tune of 16 to 6.

The C.T.W.L. crew played a game of soft ball, and the capture was like "taking candy from a kid" to the Cooden warriors, who not only doubled to it, in true Army fashion, but tripled the speed of the ash and the pill, as well as the scorer's pencil and his final jotting 24-8.

This decisive victory was followed by a counter offensive made by the Eastbourne unit of the league, who in their desire to crush their undefeated rivals for the pennant, spared neither effort nor man in the attack, and finally secured a footing in our lines after strenuous and bitter fighting. Their victory, according to Reuter, is considered of no strategical importance, nevertheless, all our turf critics admit that this 12-11 victory will prove of great effect on the Eastbourners' morale and better their chances in the "Nach Pennant" race, the leading forces' standing now being:—Pats, lost 1; Eastbourne, lost 2. Should the Pats, therefore, lose either of the two finals with Wing 5 of the R.A.F. and the A.S.C., the high chair in the house of fame would remain to be contested by Cooden and Eastbourne.

However, Eastbourne was sorely deceived, for the final relays added two victories to our ample game pouch, and saw the Eastbourners and all their fervid hopes imprisoned in an eel-pot. No. 5 Wing of the R.A.F., who met their first defeat at our hands, at Cooden, by a 9-0 score, again fell an easy prey to our stars, on their home grounds, the score being 9-2.

The game with the A.S.C. nine, Eastbourne's last hope, closed 9-6 in our favour. A notable feature of this skirmish was the presence in the field of several Eastbourne fans, who, by some clever intrigue had gained admission to the A.S.C. camp.

The following is a table of the twelve games, making up the league series:—

1st game:—Pats	12—Boys' Batt.	4.—W.
2nd game:—Pats	6 C.T.W.S.,	5.—W.
3rd game:—Pats	23—13th C.G.H.	2.—W.
4th game:—Pats	16—14th C.G.H.,	6.—W.
5th game:—Pats	17—C.A.S.C.,	2.—W.
6th game:—Pats	10—R.A.F., No. 28.	—W.
7th game:—Pats	2—Boys' Batt.	1.—W.
8th game:—Pats	9—R.A.F., No 5	0.—W.
9th game:—Pats	24—C.T.W.S.,	8.—W.
10th game:—Pats	11—14 C.G.H.,	12.—L.
11th game:—Pats	9—R.A.F., No 5	2.—W.
12th game:—Pats	9—C.A.S.C.,	6.—W.

Played 12; Won, 11; Lost, 1.

The following are the names of our brilliant fans, who fought for the pinnacle of the league with such brilliant courage, and finally took it by storm, viz. :—Brooks, Capt., 1b; Kemsley, c; Mathers, 3b; Hawthorne, 1b; Shurman, 1.f; White, s.s.; Byas, p.; Shore, p.; Turnbull, p.; Gray, c.f.; Aldridge, 1.f.; Flanigan, r.f.; Paget, r.f.; Mollard, 3b.; Blaikie, s.s.; McPartland, C.

In the 12 games, our fans scored 148 runs to their opponents' 56; and are accredited with 102 hits to their opponents' 72.

The Ball Team of the Princess Patricia Hospital left Bexhill on Friday morning, July 26th, on a tour to Wokingham and Taplow.

Having arrived at the Bearwood Hospital, Woking, in the pouring rain, it was decided to leave the game over until after tea. At 6 p.m. the 15th Reserve Battalion Baseball Team, who were also visitors at Bearwood, elected to play the "Pats," and both teams started out for the Ball Ground to the tune of the 20th Reserve Battalion Pipers' Band.

The ground was in very bad condition, but our boys put up a good game against them, resulting in a win for the 15th Reserve Battalion team by 3 to 1. After the game the boys had a look over the fine estate which surrounds the main building of the Hospital. It is, no doubt, one of the most beautiful of English Homes, and belongs to Mr. Walters, the former owner of the "Times" newspaper.

Leaving Bearwood early next morning the "Pats" Ball Team arrived in London at 10.45 a.m., and proceeded to the Maple Leaf Club, Charles Street, which they made their Headquarters during their stay in London. Saturday afternoon saw the boys making off for the Stadium, Stamford Bridge, to see the Ball Game—American Army v. Northolt—and later in the evening, after supper, to the Prince of Wales' Theatre.

Sunday was a free day, and the boys wandered about on their own; most of them, not having seen London before, went around looking at the different places of interest.

Monday morning. The boys were up bright and early, and caught the 9.15 a.m. train out of Paddington for Taplow, and on arriving at the Hospital some of the boys availed themselves of the opportunity of strolling around the grounds of Major and Mrs. Astor's home. It is indeed a lovely spot.

The Ball game started at 2.15 p.m., and resulted in a win for the Taplow Team by 4—0. The game, however, was a good one, and our boys certainly did their utmost, and played good ball.

Arrangements were made by Mrs. Astor and Capt. Lupton to take a trip up the river in a steam launch loaned by Mrs. Astor, and we started out from the boat house at 6.45 p.m.

The boys unanimously agreed that they had enjoyed a very fine trip, and had seen most beautiful scenery, which cannot be excelled anywhere in England.

Tuesday morning saw the boys once more on the way, leaving Taplow by an early morning train for Bexhill, and arriving at midday after a most enjoyable time.

They wish to extend to Mrs. Astor, through the medium of this paper, their hearty thanks for her efforts on their behalf.

C. P. S.

Its a little known phase of the War, Sir,
Is the work of the C.P.S.
It means Carrier Pigeon Service, Sir,
I know you would never guess.

A flying Squadron, this, Sir,
No! not like the R.F.C.
But they've done some very fine work, Sir,
As you'll know if you'll listen to me.

A Company of men cut off, Sir,
Out on the right of the line.
Perhaps they advanced too far, Sir,
Or the rest were not up to time.

A barrage is up in the rear, Sir,
Like a living molten wall.
It's death for a man to go through, Sir,
And the Company needs them all.

They have no cable or wires, Sir,
And the runners are out of mess.
This is where we come in, Sir,
With the work of the C.P.S.

The first has got clear away, Sir,
Out of the mouth of Hell.
Nothing else would live, Sir,
Midst that rain of shot and shell.

Yet the message got through in time, Sir,
The percentage is ninety-nine.
And no doubt that gallant bird, Sir,
Helped to save that part of the line.

Many of our brave lads, too, Sir,
Were rescued from dire distress.
And they all have a real good word, Sir,
For the work of the C.P.S.

First Munitioneer: "My old man's won this medal. Don't it make ye jealous?"

Second ditto (with great hauteur): "Not Me! My Bill went out to kill Germans—not collecting sooveneers!"

CATHOLIC ARMY HUT.

Well! though we haven't started yet—we've begun, anyhow. The Catholic Army Hut is up; and from the creaking of timbers and the flacking of canvas, we might be on board ship in a half-gale—except that some feel happier in the hut.

Prolonged parleyings with many Counsellors, and bewildering wires from headquarters, have prevented us from feeling dull of late. The question was, whether the Hut was to stay where it is, or be moved into the Camp on the other side of the lane. If it were moved, the military authorities paid for water and gas. If not, the Catholic authorities did.

But the Knights of Columbus, who gave the Catholic Army Hut to Cooden Camp, never do things by halves, and as our present position suits the boys best, they have consented to foot the bill.

So now the Engineers are going to get busy putting in our light and water.

Perhaps, if the fates are kind, they may soon fix us up a gas stove. And if the Engineers only knew that our tea depended on their efforts, we feel sure they would 'get a move on.' Possibly when the said engineers read *Pat's Post*, they'll take this hint to heart. If not, we'll have to borrow some T.N.T. Meanwhile, the boys have to bear up as best they can, with "soft drinks" and sweet cakes.

By the way, who was it that last sang 'Where my Caravan has rested?' He sang it quite nicely, and put a good deal of feeling into it. But the authorities are in doubt whether it was the Caravan, or the nice soldier boy, who rested on the loud pedal? Anyway, it is broken, and at the time of writing still seems to be suffering from a severe heart attack. If there is a Piano Vet. in the Camp, will he give in his name at the Counter?

It may not appear a great matter to many, though it is an agitating one to us. The matter is this. There was a looking-glass in the C.A.H. for the use of a few. It vanished. Probably one of the boys wanted to shave and borrowed it. Evidently, he then went to Bexhill. What happened there no one knows. But on his return, we think he must have decided to grow a moustache. The glass was returned under cover of the night.

From this, it must not be thought that the workers mind lending their mirror. On the contrary, they wish to encourage the boys to use it—at a dime a time. The proceeds will be given to the Benevolent Fund for Worn-out Corporals. Rather a good-looking one comes into the Hut and calls out unintelligible things, until he is hoarse. Then he needs lemonade. We don't yet know what his mission is—but the hut has only been open a month. We only know that as long as he is declaiming, he is very stern of mien. It is only when he swallows lemonade

that there is a perceptible twinkle in his eye. (Something in the lemonade, evidently).

The latest addition to the hut is a nameless kitten. And as a kitten without a name is no good to anybody, the Censor of *Pat's Post*, with that thoroughness that characterises him, has offered half-a-crown for the best name submitted. (Names to be enclosed in envelope, marked Private and Confidential, and handed in at the counter, not later than three hours after publication).

So far, the kitten, as Hut Mascot, has done herself well. We were going to say that she lives on the fat of the land. But Heaven forbid—and if Heaven didn't, one Blakemore certainly would. In fact, if Pussy isn't careful, she may become a By-Product herself.

Talking of that, we believe that our By-Product boys saved enough fat last month to make about 700 shells. (Yes, the Censor can take that or leave it, but that is a fact). We don't know how much dripping is put into each shell. Maybe it is about 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ -lbs. It sounds rather like a cookery recipe. Probably the V.A.D.'s would know; and also whether a pinch of baking powder must be added. . . . But to return to the kitten. It has a meat dinner every day, and never worries about a meat coupon either.

One thing is certain, the kitten has the advantage of us humans in yet another way. It can see in the dark, and we can't. (Will those Engineers please note?)

We are now using three candles, while waiting for the electric light. And as our hut measures 100 by 30 feet, this allowance would not seem excessive. Yet the boy who delivers our soft drinks, and subsequently collects the empty bottles, complains gently at our putting those three candles into his bottles. His plea is that getting candle-grease out of a lemonade bottle, is worse than wooing a winkle with a pin.

Touched by his appeal, we are now reduced to sticking one candle in the piano candlestick; the other two being gummed on to a brace of ash trays on the counter. These two candles make a little circle of light in the darkness, and while some of the boys stand round the piano singing a chorus in parts, the others crowd round the counter, hastily buying refreshments before closing time.

It is a sea of faces,—and each of those men have dared and done, and got through somehow. And here they are—a bunch of laughing boys—each with a joke on his lips and his eyes a-bubble with fun. It is seeing them like this—at close quarters so to speak—that one can appreciate them at their true worth. And in the light of this knowledge one cannot but be glad that the fate of the Empire is in the hands of such as these.

X.

Wheels are getting pretty plentiful around camp, the latest addition being one specially bought for the "Sidley" trip. Hooe'd have thought it—not the camp barber, surely?

The Clink Contributes!

Who found the 'White' dog; and who was the escort detailed to return said dog to its home in St. Leonard's, and who, on finding that the dog was not the right one, kicked the poor homeless animal?

A "Happy" Invention.

A Gun that has got "Big Bertha" beat!

This gun fires a shell 25 miles. The shell is square, and it takes a week to walk from the breach to the muzzle. When fired it sends out $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles of barbed wire entanglements, and the recoil takes the rations up to the front line.

On the morning of July 24th, fish was served up for breakfast. One man was heard to say "I wonder if this fish was caught?" And the answer came from the other end of the table, "No, it gave itself up."

Glad to see Happy's eye is going out of mourning. It must have been a pretty tough "Bunch of fives"—no, it was a base ball or club—wasn't it, Happy, that was responsible? Now, don't get sore and blow that d—d bugle an hour earlier in the morning—by accident.

A certain Lance-Jack entered the Pay Office recently, embued with the hope of getting some money—on the side—when the following conversation ensued:

L.C.: "Serg., may I have a couple of quid?"

Pay Serg.: "Give me your book." After a short interval, "Sonny old boy, all your balance is 'Deferred' pay."

L.C.: "Deferred, is it? Well, by George! I am going to defer soldiering from now."

Have the V.A.D.'s introduced a new salute, or have the eyes of a certain "Clinkite" deceived him? Thereby hangs a tale!

The Clink would like to know the origin of the new expression, "That'll do. Now! Now!!" that is being used very frequently, around camp just now?

After a successful drive by our boys it is usual for the Illustrated papers to give a few photographs of types of prisoners captured. What would the Germans do if the enemy were to capture some of the types of beauty in "E" hut?

If the Engineers keep on repairing the roofs the patients will soon need a submarine to go to bed.

It is reported that a wonderful cure was effected in camp, a short while ago. One of the staff was taking "Eastens'" tabs, but when these tabs were exhausted, the M.O. substituted something else. It was so nice (?) that a cure was made immediately. Patients are said to enjoy this mixture!!

The Frenchman wants to know, "What does the bugler blow?" Is it, "Happy, the beer is no bon?"

The Clink would like to know whether it is one of the privileges attached to "Two striped" rank, to be able to detail an orderly to take your laundry to the village?

A BORROWED JOKE.

A soldier at the Front got short of money, so he sent home the following letter:—

"Dear Mary,—We lost a trench this morning, and we must replace it at any cost, so will you please send me five pounds at once."

Sad to say, he had a wily wife, who sent the following reply:—

"Dear Jim,—Sorry I have not five pounds towards replacing the lost trench. But I enclose two candles to help you to look for it!"

—CLINK.

Is a W.A.A.C. the Hastings' attraction, oh! ye scribe from the Orderly room?

LION DRUG STORES, LTD.,

9 St. Leonard's Road, BEXHILL.

PURE DRUGS,

OPTICAL,

SURGICAL,

PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES.

LOWEST PRICES.

YOU CAN'T DO BETTER, BOYS!

You may say "what nerve" to solicit an advertisement from a Ladies' Outfitters for a hospital magazine, but *Pat's* advertising man had the interests of you boys at heart when he interviewed the Manageress at MILLER & FRANKLIN'S, St. Leonard's Road. Just think what delightful things you can buy at this shop for your wives, sisters, and other fellow's sisters in Canada. Before *Pat's* man entered the shop he was a Misogynist; when he came out he was just the opposite. Don't be shy—no reason for it in the world—but call, and you will believe.

There is only one change in LEWIS HYLAND & CO.'S ad. this month, and that is in appearance only. The goods are quite the same in quality, with a greater variety than before. You can't get better quality for the money anywhere.

WIMSHURST, the Devonshire Road Chemist, is still holding on to the corner of Parkhurst Rd., so you have no excuse about not finding him. Courtesy and extra good quality of goods can always be looked for—and found, at the Devonshire Road Pharmacy.

It is hard to know what to say about the Marina Model Dairy this month. Everything is so superlatively good there, that language fails one. But there are two sure things that won't fail you—the grub—and the comfortable Taxi, always at your command, to take you back to Cooden.

What was a rumour is now an actual fact—you *are* married! Now confess! Aren't you much happier for having gone to COLLEBRAN, the St. Leonard's Road Jeweller, for that dandy ring. Nothing like taking *Pat's* advice in these matters. Now then, future victims, you know what's what!

There is something about well-laundered clothes that makes a man feel kindly with the whole world. And this is the feeling that the Sackville Laundry always engenders—not too much starch, but just starch enough—there you have one of the secrets of their success.

LINDRIDGE & SON, Ltd., the well-known Piano people, have moved—not their place of business, but their advertisement, to an inner page. Consult it before going anywhere else for your music wants. Do!

No reason to go back on what we said about our Front Page advertiser last month. Always to the fore in advertising and in the quality of his goods. You have a look at those silver identification discs—they are sure "nifty."

The Cinema de Luxe has been particularly attractive during the past month, and has drawn the usual big House at every performance. Even if you have to stand in queue for a while, you are well repaid for waiting by the excellence of the show and the solid comfort of the seats. Courtesy from the attendants is exceptionally noticeable.

Asked why he wanted an early pass, a Coodenite was heard to reply, "So that I can get in before the rush starts at M. WATSON'S, the Canadian Stores in Sackville Road." Great run on those badges and service chevrons.

P. PRATLEY can fix you up with anything in the Greengrocer's line, and that right well, too. Grown in his own gardens, everything is beautifully fresh.

You can't do better boys than to try LEON'S hand-made Cigarettes.

If you have a prescription that calls for extra care and the best of drugs—The LION DRUG STORE, Ltd., 9, St. Leonard's Road, is the place to go to. You had better investigate.

For anything in the Boot and Shoe line—that is, if you are particular about appearance—you can't do better than inspect LAMDIN'S stock.

There's a great choice of books by the best authors to be had at VALE'S LIBRARY, in Devonshire Road. If you don't happen to want a book, there is everything in the stationery line to be had at the same place.

For comfort, solid comfort, and best of attendance, you should try the Devonshire Hotel. And the Beer and other liquids that are to be had—things to look back upon with the fond remembrance of past joys. So make much use of the present—and go there whenever you are in Bexhill.

That advice about JAMES L. FRENCH we gave last month was not worded as strongly as it should have been. The more business we do with this firm the better pleased we are. Everything is so good and worth every cent. you pay—so keep her going, boys!

L. LEON,

3, St. Leonard's Road, BEXHILL.

Cigarette Manufacturers and Cigar Merchants.

OUR SPECIALITY—Cigarettes Hand Made on the Premises.

All Leading Brands of Tobacco, Cigarettes, Cigars, &c., Stocked at Store Prices.

— MESSES AND CLUBS SUPPLIED. —

Life in Petrograd with the Czercho-Slovak Army.

TRANSLATED FROM THE HINDUSTANI.

The Czercho-Slovaks, or to speak more correctly, the Slovo-Czerchaks, have come very prominently under the public notice lately on account of the action of the Soviet Maximalists, who have played their cards according to the dictates of the People's Russian Commissary, headed by the notorious Count Gotsuchakorf and his satellites Lennin and Trotsky.

The writer was for some years in the Slerzo-Jerkak army as a *Gefrichisse* or N.C.O., and was able to note the people with whom he was surrounded, and their style of living.

Their constitution is along lines having much similarity to those of an Expeditionary Force, though the personnel is of a more widely distributed nature, the members coming from Poland, the Ukraine, the Serbia, Roumania, Timbucktoo, the Bulgo-Slovorian Deserts and Winnipeg. These soldiers have for their governance officers and N.C.O's of relative authority, bearing much similitude to our own Canadian Army, in fact, the name of the joint where their headquarters are situated, Keif, was adopted on account of such similarity, Keif being short for Kanadian Expeditionary Infantry Forces.

The Army is governed by a Diet; that division of the Slovo-Cerjojaks to which I belonged having a most excellent cuisine, the food being issued in such large quantities, or junks, causing the origin of the term Junkers.

Some archaeologists contest this, or shall I say my Division had its name Junkers from the habit we had of indulging in frequent picnics or junketing out in the fields, be the weather favourable or inclement. At the end of the first ten years of the war, some of these picnic grounds were cut up into town lots 60—120 dollars, and the writer would be very glad to meet intending purchasers in front of the post office and jitney them to the grounds, on presentation of the proper requisition which must bear the Orderly Room Stamp.

Purchasers will find it a very good bye (to their money).

Thus we have a very good explanation of the present Bolchevo-Czerjoko-Slovak situation in the Duroba at the time when Lenin and Trotsky handed over the ammunition, which England gave to Russia, to the Germans.

Many of the shells "captured" by the Germans found their way into the British lines and back areas. The correspondent has seen part of the base of a British fifteen-inch shell dug up not twenty yards from a Canadian Casualty Clearing Station.

Perhaps it might be interesting to those of my kind readers who are ethnologically inclined to study awhile the deliberations of the Doruban-Duma.

The situation might be considered as divided into forty-two parts, roughly. These parts or sections might be again roughly sub-divided into fifteen sub-sections, which, for the purpose of analysis, can, it is easily seen, be capable of being split up into ninety-five, or to be more exact, ninety-four sub-headings of not more than one thousand words each.

Let us firstly, that is to say begin with the fifty-four parts roughly, then take, in their proper order, the thirty-five subsections, again roughly; or, to have an exact *resume* of the situation, the forty sub-sections, smoothly. This, as any child can tell, will give us the final analysis of the two thousand word sub-headings of one hundred twelve-inch columns each. Nothing could be simpler.

Starting then with the Licy sur Clignon affair, which brought on the murder of the Archduke Johannus Bullowski by the Greek spy Jakobus Kannukos—but there is a shortage of paper, and perhaps at a later date one may be spared to write more fully on this enthrallingly interesting subject.

The writer, on first joining the Bolchevo-Turko-Russo and other -O Army, was a deputy assistant and honorary acting batman to the Shleibelngswinderberg, or what you would call the Commanding Officer, and, during lulls in serving vodka and sodas, he was able to note a rather peculiar game of cards, or card game.

The pack of cards consisted of twenty-six pieces, each with a letter of the alphabet superscribed thereon. The player staked, or bid money on a certain letter being turned up by the dealer.

Thus one would stake or bid, or bid or stake (according to your taste, gentle reader—), A. Another would bid B, yet another officer (this was entirely an officers' game) would bid C, or J, or H—anything, and he could change the letter each shuffle. I noticed that my master, the O.C., bid L almost constantly.

Amongst those in the humbler walks of military life, some of the *Gelchaffen* or R.S.M.'s, were of distinctive and exclusive mein, hard-workers, and as is usual with the Bolchevo-Slovojak tribes extremely regimental. One in particular, in my half-platoon, was so energetic that he did as much in one day as others would do in twenty-one days. On account of this he was called by his affectionate compeers, Three Weekes. Popular with the Frauleins, a keen and energetic sport, he was somewhat handicapped by having stopped some *slapen-gemens-helft*—or shrapnel, during a war with some savage tribes called Unz. There was another *Gelshaften* attached to our half-platoon or *audreinesht*, who was also a congenial soul, frank and kindly. All dense people may disagree with me, but such is the case, and this fact will help much to explain

the Slovo-Bolchevak situation on the Baltic at the time I write. The use of foreign words occasionally in this article may seem irksome to the reader, but in what other manner could I inform the reading public that I know the language, nay, to quote the leading poet of those countries, Aubar Shelven die gotterdamerung, Liebenschelt, bordenstrasse slapoffski. The true meaning of these quaint but striking words is self-evident.

For amusement, a game with a bat and sphere was very popular with the *gelshaffen*, or rank and file.

A man with a short club allowed another to hurl a five-ounce unripe bomb at him from a little distance away. Behind the man with the club, squatted another player with a kind of shrapnel helmet over his face, and a thick chest protector on his bosom, called *gellfeststrassen*, but no more foreign words after this. I've convinced the long-suffering readers that I don't know anything of the Kerjerko-Bolak language of the Sarviettes, suffice to say that the Serviettes are close attendants of the Finnish Diet. This is different to the German Reichstag, where the corner of the table-cloth is used.

To continue about the games. The man with the chest protector, worn even on the hottest days, signals to the bomb thrower, if he sees the player with the club attempting to dodge, and should he be understood in time, the jug or pitcher can land a good one on a protruding part of the clubber's quarters or even on his ribs.

After the club-bearer has done writhing in agony, and spitting blood, he is allowed to limp to a place of safety marked by a bag, filled with sand or sawdust, pegged to the ground. As long as he stands on this, the hurler cannot attack him, though he, the hurler, casts longing and vindictive eyes in his direction.

On the field, other players are scattered about each having thick pads on their hands to prevent them scratching themselves (Evidently *pediculus-capitis* is referred to—Editor). Behind the thrower of the bomb is the captain, who decides doubtful points in the game and though the onlookers question his decisions, he never gets cross. (See it? Captain Cross).

After playing for a few minutes, partisans of both sides, at a given signal, rush on to the ground gesticulating and shouting, soon to work themselves into a state of hysteria, from which they gradually subside and leave the players to proceed with the game. It is, owing to these proceedings, the sport derives its name. It is called a Bawl Game.

One would imagine that the participants of the Bawl Games were recruited from the Black Guards, but this is not so. They are a decent and well-meaning lot, and this is just the way they amuse themselves. *Chacun a son gout*. While mentioning the Black Guards, some of the N.C.O.'s of the *jungfrauenmallschaft*, or Army Medical Corps, go about the towns without wearing their Geneva Crosses, being afraid that if

they are in the vicinity of a street accident, and are called upon to render medical assistance, they may display some want of acquaintance with the proper procedure.

The above remarks will amply and simply illustrate the attitude of the Presidium of Murman Regional Council, which was exclusively advocated by the *P.P.P.*, no other paper having the perspicuity to notice the hebdominal hegemony that existed in the *Politisch-Anthropologische Monatschrift*.

Of the *Giebichenfels*, or late arrivals at night at sleeping quarters, when most of the soldaten, or soldiers, are in bed, one might note that they tread very heavily, talk loudly, drop their boots with a bang, and don't seem to care a dam whether their neighbours wish to sleep. Such conduct amongst the conquerors of Ypres, Vimy, Givinchy, and the Grass Estaminet on the Poperinghe Road, would not, it is certain, exist for a moment.

Somewhat similar to the institutions in the Canadian Army, there is in that of the *Slovo-Bolschjak* a large convalescent centre in which hard-working *Taggleblatten*, or Physical Training men urge the leadswingers to abandon their evil ways and become good *Czevcho-Slovaks*.

They dress in a different uniform to the common herd. That which covers their trunk would suggest to some on the English side of the Channel, a wealthy costermonger in holiday garb, while the blue pantaloons remind one of a naval petty officer. The *Taggleblatten* are the hardest worked men in the Army, and are so exhausted by the previous day's work that they remain in bed after every one else has started about his day's business.

Passing the gymnasium one can hear their kindly oaths as they gently exhort their classes to bend their knees or straighten the fingers. The word *Chow* is used very frequently, and one is puzzled on hearing it as it does not appear in any of the Bolchevik dictionaries.

Other forms of amusement are indulged in, notably picnics out to the woods, whist parties, and, of course, dancing. Picnics are held out in the open in all weathers, wet or fine; the hardy Slovak being accustomed to the snows of the Caucasus, or blizzards of the western prairies.

To these the dashing *Taggleblatte* or P.T. men, as they are known among their intimates, bring their charming wives and sweethearts. The P.T. man is a "sly dog" with the beautiful native women, and the permission "to marry" announcement frequently appears in the part two routine orders of *Lokalan lieger* (Platoon Post).

Many a soldier enlisted after his honeymoon to go to the front. On returning home after the war he found himself a grandfather.

The Bolchevo Slapjacks are total abstainers, as the late ill-starred Czar had made *Vodka Verboten*.

After heavy exercise such as that indulged in by Golfing Officers, Orderly Sergeants, and

P.T. men, mild beverages are absorbed by the exhausted soldiers, consisting of tuppennybier, rubbledum, soup, or a non-intoxicating fluid introduced into the country by a Scotchman named Walker; this latter is rather palatable and not difficult to take.

Finally it may be noted that the Bolshovesiak women are very patriotic, and many have volunteered to cook and sew on buttons for the soldiers in the Old Men's Home. These owe the name of their Battalion to the fact that they are Very Attractive Damsels.

So we bid farewell to this interesting army for the present, trusting that in good time they will see the travail of their souls and be satisfied.

V.A.D.'s OWN CORNER.

LOST!

Between heaven and earth, a Chef (*Super-human, capable, good-tempered*), suitable to cook for C.A.M.C. Sergets. Mess. Anyone finding and returning same to caterer of said "Mess" will be handsomely rewarded.

AN "IMPERIAL"!!! N.C.O.'S OPINION ON V.A.D. COOKS.

The brave white cliffs of England stand as ever proud and bluff,
Her Red Caps and her R.T.O.'s remain true British stuff;
The sea that shone about her shores while Alfred's navy grew
Is just as careless when one's ill, as breezy and as blue;
There's not a change of any note in Mother England's face
And as of yore her sound old heart beats in the proper place.

But deep beneath her ancient guise, old Mother England's thought,
Has undergone a certain change the wasteful war has taught;
She hasn't lost her proud old head!—it only stirred her wits
To find her larder disarranged—in certain points—by Fritz.
Her dauntless daughters concentraté (and bless their gallant hearts!)
On culinary practices, the friendliest of the arts.

To-day in England if you hear her daughters' cheerful chat
You'll find it is no butterfly that flits from this to that;
It goes more like the sturdy bee who has an end in view,
And only flies on business and who means to see it through;

Their voices have one favourite theme—the soldier finds it sweet—

The various ways of cooking new and various things to eat.

They have not lost their interest in fashion, sport, or fun,

They somehow seem to blend it with the day's work to be done;

The very weather has to yield its ancient place of pride

To keen debates on cauliflower, and "Should fresh fish be fried?"

And so the simple soldier-man who overhears them, feels

Their talk has reached his level now—it circles round his meals.

The rose must abdicate her throne, the lily white and meek

Admit a doughty rival in the satisfying leek;

The pleasant garden-talk of yore is now forgone, forgot,

Since scent and colour fail to fill the plain domestic pot;

Those perfumed technicalities that so our fancy took

Are changed for precious savoury terms peculiar to the cook.

In castle, cottage, villa, camp, the gossip that you hear,

Might raise old Mrs. Beeton's ghost to lend a jealous ear;

Throughout the realm of womankind there burns one ardent wish

To fabricate from humble things some new, alluring dish,

And while we live on rations here and hopes that never die,

The smoke of England's kitchens lifts like incense to her sky.

There is a tall Sergeant called C—s
Whose feet are too large for his boots.

He has patients in masses,
All sizes and classes,
To ply the bucket and broom.

When his step comes,
The kitchen staff runs,
To obey his orders unceasing;
And day by day, so they say,
The size of his head keeps increasing.

—Anon.

Do you know a man called R—s,
Who for nothing on earth cares a toss.
But if you mention 'Jam Roll'
He promptly takes a good toll,
And hopes the 'Super's' not looking, by gosh!

THE PAT'S PATIENTS' ALPHABET.

- A is for Amputation, a matter of pain,
But sure warrant for Canada again.
- B is for Blues we fain would lose :
They're meant to keep us from getting the
Booze.
- C is for Concerts that liven our stay :
We owe the artistes a debt hard to pay.
- D is for Drill, only Swedish it's true :
But cripples don't find it easy to do.
- E is for Eye. A glad one, I'm sure :
Is often a help towards finding a cure.
- F is for Fuss that is bound to be made :
If your bed has a crease, or bulges a shade.
- G is for Grub that they give us to eat :
It's mostly fish, as they're short of good meat.
- H is for Home, a faraway cry :
Only to get back, and there find it "dry."
- I is for Inspection, a trouble to us :
Who've got to clear up and straighten the
muss.
- J is for "Jerks," a prospect in view,
Designed to fit us for service anew.
- K is for Kit-bag, a dirty old sack,
In which you're told all your troubles to pack.
- L is for Language which often commences
When you've been "gassed," and return to
your senses.
- M is for Music that we have to face,
When Massage we get, to help on our case.
- N is for Nurse, gently holding your hand,
"But only for the pulse"—else t'would be
grand.
- O is for "ORDLYOFFZER" with his "any
complaints?"
He don't care a d—if there is or there a'int.
- P is for Pass that we wait to come through :
We always claim that it's long overdue.
- Q are the Questions Examiners spread
When they think a patient's "swinging the
lead."
- R is for Reason friends seem to lack
When this they ask, "Do you want to go
back?"
- S is for Surgeon with his ready knife :
He cuts off your leg to save your life.
- T is for Trouble which makes one grieve,
For being away on a little French leave.
- U is for "Uncle" to whom you must go,
When you've only five bob a week to blow.
- V is the verdict which the doctors give :
If it's "tails" you die, it if's "heads" you
live.
- W is the Wonderful Work that is done
In mending the damage wrought by the Hun.
- X is for X-Ray that searches the spot,
And shews up what happened when you were
shot.
- Y is for Ypres where many were hit :
If they never go back, they won't mind a bit.
- Z is for Zepps, that leave us no lights,
And give us a grand chance for spooning at
night.

—Yse Zed.

Verses sent by an Officer of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers (been in France three times, and gassed in May, 1916) to his brother author, unknown by him.

"THE PADRE AT THE FRONT."

'E'se a sportsman is our Padre,
Of that there ain't no doubt,
'E don't chuck Religion at yer
Nor preach at yer, nor spout,
But if 'e 'ears yer cussin',
As yer fillin' up sand-bags,
'E just ses, "Fumigate your throat"
An' 'ands yer out some 'fags.'

'E don't take all for granted
That yer murderers and thieves,
An' always tells yer "Now's the time
For turning over leaves."
'E'll wander round the tranches
Just to pass the time o' day ;
'An there ain't a bloke 'as doesn't feel
A Man has passed his way !

I remember once at Yapes,
When things were pretty 'ot,
An' yer 'ad to keep yer nut down,
If yer didn't want it shot !
While they was fairly plasterin'
As far as they could load,
'E came a ridin', mind yer, ridin'
Down the Menin Road !

'E was dosin' in a stairway
Pyjamas, all complete !
When a 'igh explosive carried
'Arf the 'ouse into the street !
While other blokes was runnin' wild
'An kickin' up a row,
'E calmly arsts, "Pray what is the
Correct procedure now?"

They tell 'im as 'e'd better
Do a sprint for all 'e's worth,
As 'is bloomin' stairway is not
The safest place on earth.
But 'e 'll 'ave a look around 'im,
Then wags 'is bally 'ead,
Says 'e "It seems more restful now,"
Then back 'e goes to bed !

COME BACKS.

To the Editor of the What we want to Know Column,

You asked in your last number, "Is Trebex ill?" Having heard lately from the gentleman in question, I can inform you that this highly esteemed and perspicacious N.C.O. is in reasonable health, and is part owner of a jitney ferry running between Cooxhill and Bexden. Any of His Majesty's troops not in uniform are carried post free. Cheques, money orders, or postal notes to bear the Orderly Room Stamp, and marked Not Negotiable.

Yours very untruely,
"Right as a Trivett."

ESTABLISHED 1882.

F. Wimshurst, Pharmaceutical
Chemist,

The Devonshire Road Pharmacy,
BEXHILL-ON-SEA.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF MEDICAL, SURGICAL, AND TOILET
SUPPLIES OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY ALWAYS IN STOCK.

Prescriptions Dispensed with Drugs of the Finest Quality obtainable.

Sponges, Hair Brushes, Shaving Brushes, Sponge Bags, Perfumes,
Talc Powders, Dental Cream, Vacuum Flasks, Toilet Soaps.

SURGICAL NECESSITIES AND SICK-ROOM COMFORTS.

INVALID FURNITURE, ETC., FOR HIRING.

NOTE THE ADDRESS:

CORNER OF DEVONSHIRE AND PARKHURST ROADS.

Marina Model Dairy.

(Opposite Metropole Hotel).

Telephone : 322 Bexhill.

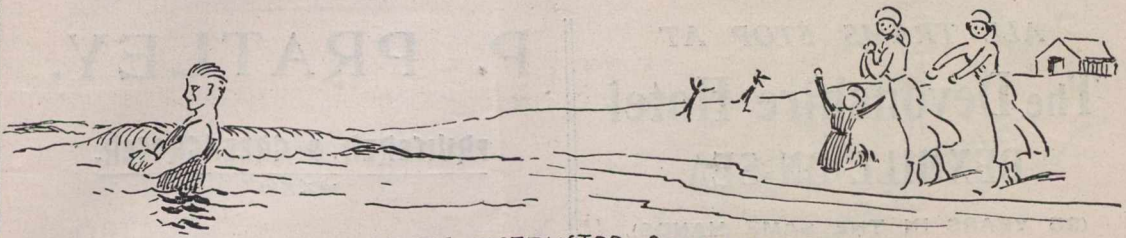
For LIGHT LUNCHEONS, TEAS
AND REFRESHMENTS.

Pure New Milk & New Laid Eggs direct from Local Farms daily.

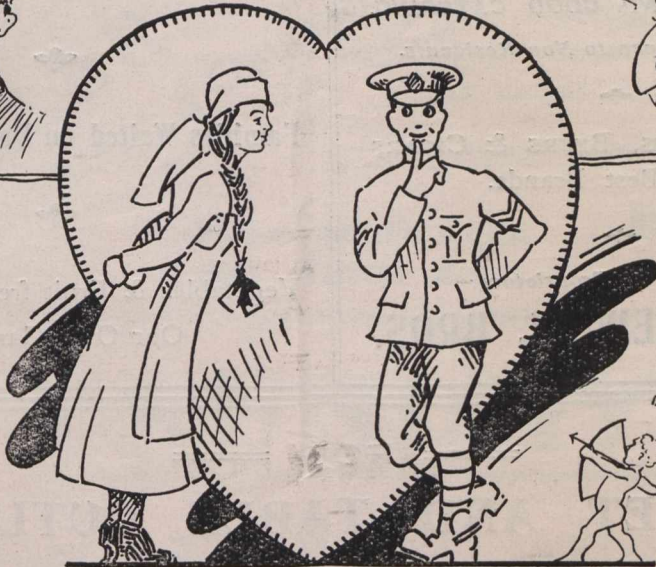
For TAXI AND TOURING CARS

Ring up **322** Bexhill.

Garage:—Opposite Metropole Hotel.



A P.T. INSTRUCTOR GOES FOR
A SWIM.



PRODUCTS



By PRODUCTS



"KISS ME SERGEANT"



CHAMPIONS ?

CAMP SCENES SKETCHES



"AW C'MON JUST ANOTHER"

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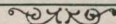


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