

PAT'S POST

PRINCESS

VOL. I.—No. 6.

PRICE 4d.

OCT., 1918.

COODEN CAMP.



T. DAVIS, 42 Devonshire Rd.

(TRAMS PASS DOOR).

TELEPHONE
426.

**The Military Store. ..
Sports & Leather Goods.**

**The House to get
a good Article or a
.. sensible Present. ..**

Buy British Goods from an All-British Store. Why not?

J. W. COLLBRAN,

Goldsmith and
Silversmith ::
TELEPHONE :: 416.

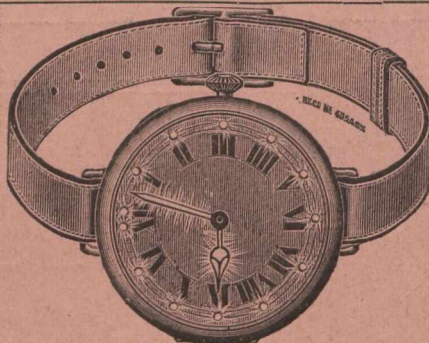
54, St. Leonard's Road, BEXHILL-ON-SEA.

Lucky "Fumsup"
Charm.
Silver :: 2/6
Gold :: 12/6



REGISTERED

"FUMSUP" for Luck.
When Romans fought with
Sword and Knife,
The Sign "Thumbs up"
Meant Spare his Life.



COLLBRAN'S Service Wrist Watch.
Luminous Dial in Nickel Cases, from 21/-
Solid Silver from 35/-
Lever Movements 35/- to 84/-



OPEN.
The New Photo
Signet Ring ::
9-carat :: 21/-
18-carat :: 35/-
Plain Solid Gold
:: Signet Rings ::
9-ct. 21/-, 25/-
18-ct. 40/- to 70/-



Diamond
Engagement
Ring £3 3s.
A splendid selec-
tion of Gem
Rings from
21/- to £50.

Onoto ::
Swan &
Waterman Pens

The Largest & Best Selection of Watches & Jewellery in the Town.

CINEMA DE LUXE

WESTERN ROAD,
.. BEXHILL. ..

Manager - - - GEO. L. TICHBORNE. Tel. 78.

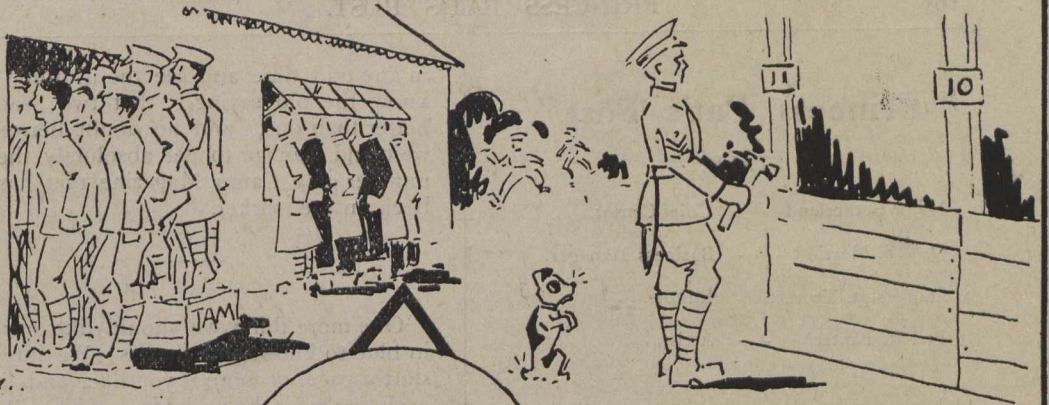
The Cinema of the District,

Where the best of the World's Films are shown.

WELL VENTILATED. COMFORTABLE SEATING.

Matinees Daily at 3. Continuous Performance 6 to 10.30.

Prices 1/3, 8d., 5d., 4d. (including Tax).



A CONCERT AT THE Y.M.C.A.

DIV II OPENS UP.



V.A.D



THE PARAKEETS



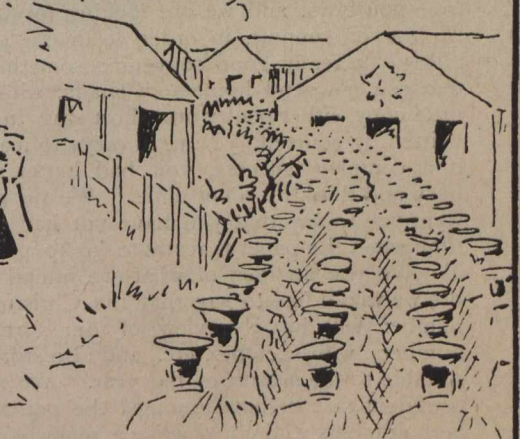
V.A.D. (



MR ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH



R BAXTER 1915



ALL ROADS LEAD TO CODDEN

"Princess Pat's Post."

STAFF:

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

October, 1918.

EDITORIAL SANCTUM.

To our Readers.

We have again reached our limit by selling out all our copies of the "Pat's Post" shortly after their arrival from the printers. It is regretted though that, through an error by the printers, the Camp Sketches were omitted. However, they will appear in our Christmas number.

Talking of the Christmas number, we should be glad to hear of some suggestions from you boys, and we are looking forward to lots of support, in order to make our "Rag" a really good souvenir; something that you can send home to Canada, with a little copy, either poetry or a short story in it, written by yourself. Now, in order to make it a complete success, you had better get busy and think up some dope. We do not want you to say that you have not had the time when the paper is ready to go to print. To give you an idea of what we intend to do, we would like to say that the Christmas number will be a review of our former numbers, with sketches, etc., and also stories suitable to the season of the year. We are confident that we have amongst the patients here numbers who could write a really good article. Well, why not come forward; step

in any odd time and see the Editor. You know the old saying, "that two heads are better than one," and no doubt between us we could manage to get absolutely the best number of a Camp Magazine that has ever been on the market.

One more thing we should like our boys in blue to know, and that is—We intend to start a page, or more if you like, and keep it exclusively for the patients. This will come under the heading of "Ward Whispers."

In the columns we should like to have the co-operation of a patient in each hut to record or collect any information that would be amusing or interesting to the boys; any questions which may require an answer, or any funny anecdotes which happen in the huts. This column we intend to start in our November issue, and for further information just drop in and see the Editor.

Now, get a move on some of you writers and literary men; hustle some stuff into the Editor's hands just as soon as you know how.

Last but not least, we would bring to the notice of all in the Camp that a far greater number of magazines are being sold, in proportion, outside of the Camp than inside. Now, an explanation is probably needed to give you an idea of what the financial condition of the "Pat's Post" is, and where the surplus funds are going. Well, sufficient to say that we are now ahead of the game, and that surplus monies will be expended to the benefit of both Staff and Patients. Suggestions from you would be appreciated also in this matter.

We are glad to state that a large number of the "Pat's Post" are sold both in Hastings and Eastbourne, not to mention Bexhill. Credit should be given to our circulating agents, namely, Sergeant Baker and Private Wright, and we must admit that they surely have the business capabilities in the selling line.

Y.M.C.A. NOTES.

RECENT CONCERTS.

During the month some splendid shows were put on, among which were the following :—

EMIL HARDY DRAMATIC CO.

This company put on a Triple Bill, three very amusing plays, which were much enjoyed by all.

MISS MARIE CLAIRE'S PARTY.

A return visit from this Tunbridge Wells Party was appreciated. Miss Claire's Party always gives us an entertaining programme.

YOUNG SOLDIERS' BATTALION PARTY.

Full of original fun, the Musical Comedy put on by the boys was a credit to them. The work of Sergt. Browne, director of the show, was specially good. He and Alonzo Zantoles carried the heavy end of the laugh-producing. Charlie Clarkson gave a very good impersonation of "Gladys," the heroine of the show.

"THE WHIMSICALS."

This was the first visit from this London Party, and we hope it will not be the last. Their programme was lively and bright from start to finish. A rather unique rendering of "Old King Cole" was specially good.

BOB BARRY AND SHEILA McCARTHY.

With the assistance of Miss Annie Sills, Mr. Barry and Miss McCarthy gave a two-hour show, such as we have never had surpassed on our stage. As announced, the programme consisted of tit-bits of Revue, including the latest Ragtime hits, humorous songs, duets, etc., and some decidedly funny dancing by Mr. Barry. A packed house showed their appreciation of this splendid show. We are pleased to announce that we have been able to secure three later bookings from Mr. Barry's Party.

RETURN VISITS.

The following popular parties entertained us once more, Mde. Welling's Party, of Brighton; The "Winkles," of Newhaven; The Oscar Asche Dramatic Society, of London; Miss Nellie Moore's Party, of Brighton; and the "Top-holes," of London.

CHECKERS TOURNAMENT.

Thirty men entered a Tournament, held during the month, and some very fine games resulted. Corporal Thurley won the first prize, a silver cigarette case; and Pte. Moore the second, a cigarette holder. We intend holding these tournaments from time to time,

WHIST DRIVES.

A party of men were entertained at the home of Miss Kent, Bexhill, and had a rattling good time. We appreciate these invitations very much, from our friends in town.

SACRED CONCERT.

In place of the usual Song Service, Mde. Welling's Party, of Brighton, gave a very fine programme of sacred music on Sunday, September 30th. A large audience enjoyed the splendidly-rendered solos, duets, quartettes, etc. More of these Sacred Concerts are planned for the future.

BIBLE STUDY GROUP.

New members will always be welcomed to this group, which meets every Wednesday night at 7.30.

HOW ARE YOU PLANNING TO SPEND YOUR LEAVE?

We would like to draw the attention of the men in camp to the facilities which the Y.M.C.A. has available for assisting men on leave. A very efficient Leave Department devotes its entire attention to helping men to make the very most of the few days they have. You can arrange it so that you will be seeing or doing something worth while every hour of your time.

Would you like to take any of the following Tours, every one of which has been found mighty interesting :—

London the Wonderful.
Edinburgh and Aberdeen.
Glasgow and West Highlands.
Shakespeare Country, Leamington, Oxford.
North Wales.
South Wales and Wye Valley.
Devon, Cornwall.
Isle of Wight.
English Lakes.
East Coast.
Yorkshire Coast.
Blackpool.
Isle of Man.

The Leave Dept. will give you full particulars of each or any of these trips, what they will cost, military address to give on Leave application, etc.

Say you thought of going to London, to spend your leave there. How does this sound to you? Sight-seeing under experienced guides (no charge), River Trips, Theatre Parties (usually at reduced rates), House Parties, Dances, Picnics, visits to private homes, and special events from time to time.

If you are interested, apply to the Officer in charge of the camp, Y.M.C.A.

THE KENT-LACEY STUDIOS, LTD.,

**69 Devonshire Road,
BEXHILL;**

**104 Terminus Road,
(Nearly opposite
Railway Station) EASTBOURNE,**

**Fine Art Dealers and
Portrait Photographers.**



THE WORK OF THE
STUDIO consists in High-
class Portraiture at a moder-
ate price,

From **25/-** per doz.

Miniatures on ivory, ivorine
or paper, from life or any
photograph.

**WATER COLOUR SKETCHES,
OIL PAINTINGS AND PASTELS.**

The distinctive work that we do is largely
due to the fact that we "take" all portraits
without the "sitter's" knowledge.

**Result—A GOOD EXPRESSION, which
is the principal thing in the photograph.**

WARD WHISPERS.

Now we have a 'plait from the Linen Store. It appears that when a fellow wants a clean suit, he puts across a yarn something similar to this, "Say, Corporal, will you change this suit of blues for me." The Corporal answers, "Nothing doing." "Aw C' mon, my Mother-in-law is coming to Bexhill this afternoon." Corporal hesitates. The patient sees he has made an impression, and follows up his advantage, culminating in carrying off a clean suit in high elation.

Excuses are the order of the day now, especially for passes. It is wonderful what a lot of brothers happen to be on leave from France. Why not try another, say "Going to London on business."

Two men were talking the other day about the number of patients being admitted. One asked where they were coming from, and the other answered "From all over." The first asked, "Any from Canada," and No. 2 answered, "Yes, even from Canada."

The patients in "J" Hut would like permission to have lights on all night, so as to be able to recognise the night rover who has a habit of self-appointed locker-inspector after lights out.

The first day patients arrive here they buy Beer and Sandwiches. After three days it is Beers and Sandwich. The end of the week, and so on, it is just Beers.

Will General Mardin Laon (lay-on) Metz in the same manner as he did several other large towns.—Savvy?

Now that the Kaiser has lost Albert—Douai (do he) think that he can hold on to Lille?—(lilly).

Should old Hindy attempt to take Roisel he will sure get his *Bellicourt* on our wire.

THE SILENT POST.

In a shell-hole on outpost duty,
Watching and listening he lies;
While the flash of the guns and flare lights,
Illumine the Western Skies.
His thoughts are of home and loved ones,
But he fears not the crack of the shell,
For his faith is pinned in God above,
And he knows that all is well.
Far away in dear old Canada
His wife and children be,
They pray and watch for his safe return
To the land of the Maple Tree. —"Baldy,"

Purely Personnel!



What We'd Like To Know?

Who was the patient from Cooden who saluted an officer cadet on the promenade at Bexhill? and why did the cadet return it?

Since when was the Guard-room known as the Houses of Parliament?

Who was the bugler who was chased by the mascot of the 3rd C.C.D. Band, when they were visiting here?

What is the matter with the P.T. Sergt.-Major who was seen trying to pick a sun ray off his tunic? Did he think it was a golden hair?

Who is the Sergeant who feels rich every time he goes to Hastings?

What is the difference between the V.A.D. unit and a pack of cards? A pack of cards consists of fifty-two besides the Joker, and the V.A.D. unit consists of fifty-two including the Joker. Now, who is the Joker? Is it 'Funny'?

Why did the kitten in the Equipment Store so suddenly depart this life? Some say it was because it had the only real fit that the store ever turned out, because perhaps the skipping lessons were too strenuous for it.

Who is the N.C.O. who works so hard that he is forced to change his clothes twice a day?

Which V.A.D. put the peas in "Happy's" bugle? And what was the result?

Why does it take weeks to tell one of "Happy's" jokes?

Why did a certain Sergeant go out in undress uniform the other evening to find his friend? And how many would like to have a snapshot of the event?

If Staff-Sergt. W. found any porridge mines when on leave in Scotland? Oh! you mush!

We have often heard of skippers going for a cruise, but who ever heard of Cruise going for a skip?

Isn't it time that a Court of Enquiry was held to place the responsibility for the wrong categorization of the kittens in the Messing Office?

Now that winter is coming on, shouldn't the Red Cross Society supply a fur-lined cap for the Coal Corporal?

Will someone kindly supply the Transport Sergeant with a chest protector and ear pads for use on retiring. It is really most annoying to have a bed neighbour who insists upon sitting on your chest and pouring his troubles in your ear when you want to go to sleep.

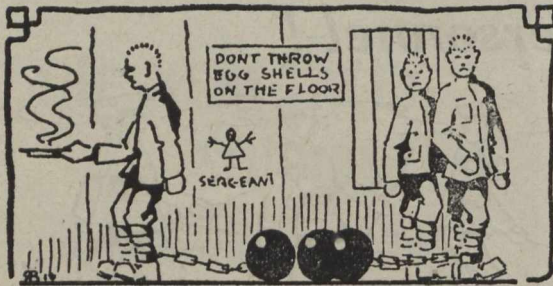
Who is the Morality Officer of the Camp who allows the post card exhibit in the barber's shop to remain there?

Who was responsible for the rumour that a sea serpent had been seen off Cooden Beach? Is it true that it was only the Sergeant of the Equipment Stores enjoying a swim?

Why were the names of the kittens in the Messing Office changed? and why was one of them named after the Caterer of the Officers' Mess?

If it took "Three Weeks" to make Elinor Glyn famous, who is the person who might become a Base-ball umpire in an equal number of years?

Why do the Cooden Parakeets (Camp Concert Party) wear a black ruffle around their necks. Are they in mourning for the unavoidable loss of plumage?



The Clink Contributes!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Some of our clients have registered a complaint about the cracks and knot-holes that tend to make our home rather draughty, but we can assure them that it is very necessary for them to be there, as the "Bull" is so often shot here, that we must have some place to drive him through these cold nights, the door usually being closed.

We would respectfully suggest that you would grace our little home with your presence next time you miss the last car, and give us an opportunity to greet you with a smile. Cheerio.

Sanitation.

In this war sanitation has received the careful consideration of all the armies concerned, and statistics show the wonderful results that are the direct outcome of the efforts of the authorities along these lines. In previous wars the number of deaths from disease was far greater than the number caused by the enemy's bullets, but in the present cataclysm that has overtaken this sphere, the number of deaths from disease has been reduced to a minimum, due solely to the perfection of sanitary arrangements, as everyone recognises that perfect sanitation will be a potent factor in deciding this great struggle of nations.

In no unit of the Canadian army has sanitation attained a higher standard of perfection than at Cooden Camp. Every man in the Sanitary section is an enthusiast at his work, and each is an expert in his special line; for one and all realise that the health and even the lives of the Personnel, Patients, and V.A.D.'s, would be jeopardised if any member of the section would neglect his work in the slightest degree. Hence the great interest that each and every man of the section takes in rounding up and destroying the different bacteria that are likely to be injurious to the health of the humans in the Camp.

The N.C.O.'s (or, as Trebex would say, the "Getfrichisse") of the section have very responsible duties to perform. The senior N.C.O. is at present conducting research work on the bacteria of the foot-and-mouth disease, and important results are anticipated as a result of his efforts along that line. Any day the *Lancet* may make the announcement that he has succeeded in isolating the germ. Most of the responsibility of the routine rests on the shoulders of his under-study, whose labours begin very early in the day, at Reveille, while his comrades are slumbering. Every morning at six his cheery voice can be heard encouraging and rallying his men for their day's labours, and it is largely due to his great executive ability that the section has attained such a high standard. His wonderful tact in handling men has won him the unswerving loyalty of the whole section, and he is greatly adored by all the men under his command. Strictly speaking, the duties of the Sanitary Section are confined to the limits of the Camp,

but the N.C.O.'s of the section, with the welfare of their comrades always in their mind, scour the surrounding country, destroying rodents, and so the splendid sanitary condition of the Camp spreads far beyond its borders, even as far as the "Wheatsheaf."

It is one of the sights of the South Coast to see Cooden Camp's Sanitary Section drilling on the Parade Ground every morning at 7.30, and visitors say that it is on a par with the changing of the guard at Whitehall. The esprit de corps of the section is magnificent, and it is wonderful to watch their manoeuvres, as they obey the ringing commands of the Corporal, whose voice can be distinctly heard in all parts of the line. After a short drill they are marched off the Parade Ground to their duties, which every man endeavours to do to the best of his ability, as they know that work faithfully done will be rewarded by kindly words of commendation from their N.C.O.'s. And so we leave them at their labours, resting assured that our health is in good keeping with Cooden Camp's Sanitary Squad.

An Appreciation.

Well! Look who we have here. A smack on the back, and you turn to find a chap who was hit about a week before you. "Gee, but you're looking good," you exclaim. "When did you get in?" "Have you seen Johnson?" And a flood of questions pour from you, and some from him. Then the inevitable question—"How do you like this place?" What a world of thought there is in that! During the week I have been in the Camp I have heard that question put by many, and the majority start off with the one thing nearest the boys' hearts—*Grub*. Old man "Nap," is credited with saying, "An army marches on its belly," and I am of the opinion that the boys get fit again through this same organ. Take the lad who has lived on the farm practically all his life, and had never given much thought to what was put on the table before him. If you ask him what he thinks of the food, he will inevitably say, "Fine, only there *ain't* enough of it." The city chap, accustomed to the fancy dishes served in restaurants, thinks we might get a greater variety of foodstuff, but guesses it's not too bad—had worse in France. And so on, we find differences of opinion all around; but there is one thing the boys are unanimous in, that the presence of the white-capped, pleasant-faced ladies that wait on us makes the food taste *jake a bon*. After all is said and done—where will you find a healthier, better fed, and happier-looking lot of chaps than the boys who are resting up from what has been well termed "A h— of a life out there." When this scrap is over, and we get back home again, our thoughts will often wander back to Cooden, and that building of pleasure—The Dining-Hall. Here's hoping.

Behave's Corner.

Motorist: "You want five pounds for compensation? Why, the last time I knocked you down you were content with a sovereign."

Victim: "Everything has gone up during the war."

POLITENESS.

First Tramp: "After all, it pays to be polite."

Second Tramp: "Not always. Some time ago I was acting deaf and dumb, and when a man gave me sixpence, I said, 'Thank you, sir,' and he had me arrested."

She looked with some apprehension over the Gingham spread before her.

"These don't look like fast colours to me," she said.

"Indeed, they are, ma'am," answered the clerk earnestly, "You just ought to see them when they begin to run."

THE MOST USED ONE AT ANY RATE.

"What can I use to clean carpets," asked the young Bride of Bexhill to her elderly friend, an experienced housekeeper. "Several things are good," was the answer, "but the best thing will probably be your husband."

The Bishop (a Limerick) was visiting the family, and was being entertained by the ten year old boy.

"Well, Bunny," said the Bishop smilingly: "Do you know that twelve years ago I married your mother on this very lawn?"

"Why, no," said Bunny, in wide-eyed surprise, "I always thought my father married my mother."

A traveller, visiting a large factory, made a bet with the Manager that he would pick out all the married men among the employees. Accordingly he stationed himself at the door as they came

back from dinner and mentioned all those whom he believed to be married, and in almost every case he was right.

"How do you do it," asked the Manager in amazement.

"Oh, it is quite simple," said the traveller. "The married men all wipe their feet on the mat, and the single men don't."

ANOTHER FISHY POINT.

Owner: "Here, what are you doing? Don't you know you are not allowed to take fish out of the water?"

Angler (three hours without a bite): "I'm not taking them out, I'm feeding them."

Enraged Private of French nationality, to small boy whom he had sent for some cigarettes, and who returned sixpence short in his change, "Next time I sent you for anything, I go meeself."

Lindridge & Son, Ltd.

69, Devonshire Road,
BEXHILL - ON - SEA,

44, Robertson St., Hastings,

For the most Up-to-date Stock of

SHEET MUSIC & BOOKS

(Classical or Modern).



Large Selection of

Gramophone Records.



Pianos by all Makers for Sale or Hire

SPACIOUS PRACTICE ROOMS.

V.A.D.'s OWN CORNER.

October and the end of the summer. It seems sad to think of it, but each season brings its own joys and pleasures. Lots of concerts, plays, etc., and last, but certainly not least, the rumour, we hope not unfounded, of a weekly dance. For the one given to open the new Gymnasium Hut, the V.A.D.'s had nothing but praise, and as soon as they have mastered the difficulties of Turkey Trots and other Canadian dances, we feel sure, given plenty of partners, that even those who had thought of migration for the winter months, will change their minds and stay at Cooden Camp.

We are all very sorry to lose Mrs. Harris; her charming manners and sense of humour caused her to be a general favourite. Miss Hurford, of histrionic fame, has also transferred, we regret to say, on account of the serious illness of her mother.

We hope shortly to have a much larger Unit, as soon as the members can be found the quarters, also it only remains for the "powers that be" to give their consent. A good number of our members have been having leave, some of them had never been so far from home before, and it speaks well for their spirit, that they all came back with smiling faces to finish doing their bit. This is the spirit we want, and it does help the work along.

A story is told of a Sister who was asked by a wounded soldier how long it took to become a nurse. The Sister enquired if what he meant was how long it took to learn to nurse soldiers, and, on being answered in the affirmative, replied, "Six months in a children's hospital and six months in the police force."

A sad tale is told of "Cinder," the V.A.D. mascot of this Hospital.

She wandered away one day, and found herself at the V.A.D. Red Cross Hospital, one of her part-owners having cooked there, and taken Cinder occasionally, she had memories of the kitchen.

Unfortunately, a great and high-born lady rabbit, named Georgina, was sitting in her hutch surrounded by her 9 fine children: the quarters being somewhat confined the mother was sitting up against the wire, and her tail was through it. Cinder being rather bored, strolled around, espied the tail, and in the twinkling of an eye, Georgina and the tail parted company, and when the Sister came round she discovered mother and babies disconsolately regarding the remains of it.

Needless to say, the Mascot is not a *persona grata* in the rabbit world,

A GENTLE HINT.

Two of the boys sat writing at a table to the folks at home or friends in the country, when one exclaimed, "H—, I can't write a letter, I never had no education, and the words don't seem to come right." "Why, said the other, what is wrong?" "Well, it is this way, I am writing to an aunt in England, and I want some money, but I don't want to ask right out for it." "That is easy," said the second. "Just do as I tell you. You don't ask for it, but just give a gentle hint. Now, are you ready?"

Dear Aunt,

I just write a few lines to let you know I am still in the land of the living. Bexhill is a fine place, warm in summer, and cool in winter. It certainly is a fine place for spending money, and as the paymaster does not hand out very much on pay day, I find it very hard to make it last from one pay to another. I have no more at present, so will close.

From your loving Nephew,

ROBERT.

"What do you think of that?" "Fine, that ought to do the trick." "Let me know how you get on." "Sure." Four days afterwards Robert received a letter from his Auntie, and went about looking for his pal with an axe. At last he found him, and was about to start in to carve him up. He was, however, stopped by the rest of the boys, and was made to explain why he wanted to start an operation without anaesthetics. Robert explained thus, "That guy wrote a letter, or told me to write a letter to my Aunt for money, and this is the reply I got."

My Dear Nephew,

I received your letter the other day, and was pleased to hear you are still in the land of the living. I certainly agree with you that Bexhill is a fine place for spending money. I found it so myself when I visited there a few months ago, but I got over that little difficulty by allowing myself so much a day, and I found I got on very well. I would advise you to try the same. It certainly pays.

From your loving Aunt,

MATHILDA.

CAPITAL V. LABOUR.

Capital—Lending People Money.

Labour—Trying To Get It Back.

Overheard in the Sergeants' Mess the night of the Privates' shindy, when the rumour drifted in that there was free beer:—

"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a Private again, just for to-night."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Aunt Queenie regrets that not so much advantage is being taken of this Column as was anticipated. As her stipend is paid on results, as it were, she can see many a Burton from the Wheatsheaf vanishing in the air. Forward, my chickabiddies, surely you have some questions to ask her. Any kind will receive her absolute and undivided attention. Do you wish to know how to darken grey hair? enlarge the figure? remove whiskers from the lips?

LADY.—You ask if you ought to recognise the Sergeants when you meet them on the roads or in town, after accepting their beautiful hospitality at their entertainments. What a question to ask! If you *lowered* yourself to deign to associate with these plebians? the least you could have done would have been to bow when meeting them, subsequent to the enjoyable evening provided for your entertainment. You have chosen the wrong appellation of "Lady." Snob is the term which exactly describes you.

SONG BIRD FANCIER.—The Canary no doubt has its vocal organs properly developed, but needs training and proper diet. See the article on the Food Problem in the last issue of our wonderful fourpenny-worth—the pink (4) pennorth. Eat your insectarian meals in the presence of the bird, thus setting it an example. You will find, I am sure, that it will soon whistle Holmes sweet Holmes or any other ditty.

ENQUIRER.—Glad you enjoyed the Chilli-Vinegar. A recipe is being sent you by (P.P.) Post, under cover of plain sealed envelope. No instruments, tedious exercise, or drugs necessary. Your figure improved as desired.

LIEUT. N-S-G. STR.—I don't know exactly who are the unmarried ones. The Provost Sergt. is making enquiries by means of one of his select private detectives, and when his report comes in I shall be able to give you the information desired. In the meantime, don't let your heart flutter inordinately over any attentions anyone may pay thee. All are good-looking,

and have many baits and guileful spells to inveigle and invite the unwary sense of ladies. At present, they score heavily at the Y.M.C.A. Concerts, where, sitting in the front benches, they receive and bestow sly winks and nods from the play-acting ladies. Like the P.T. man, they are sly "dogs," where the petticoats are concerned.

WISE MAN OF THE YEAST.—Yes, you did quite right to go out into the hedges and by-ways to sell our Magazine. You may get a small write-up from the Editor-in-Chief.

V.A.D.—Thanks, dear, for thinking of me. I am writing to you about the other affair. The proper time to make the pie is when the blackberries are tart.

ASSISTANT SECTION-LEADER.—Yes, it was very like an elopement. I felt at the time sorry for the transport sergeant, as it was through him the char-a-banc was supplied. And to see the Staff pop out from under the hedge, board the car where the two were seated, and whip up the horses, so to speak. It was very realistic as the car flew down the road.

S.O.S.—Don't despair. She is, I think, pulling your leg. You pull hers. If you go to the Orderly Room and see the Quartermaster Sgt., he will give you permission to Marriat-once.

MAJOR.—Sorry I did not see you the other night. It was unfortunate that the breaks on the train broke down (just like our jitney), so that the driver Cooden Halt at the platform.

PRIVATE X.Y.Z.—You wish to know how to reduce your "embompom." Yes, I've noticed you are a trifle adipose. Call at the dispensary and ask the Staff to give you sixpennyworth of Shadeene. Take as much of this as will cover an ordinary shovel heaped up, and rub well into the scalp. Season with a few leeks, half a chopped onion, and a few drops of Antifative, or Antim Acassar oil to taste, and serve hot. See also the article on Food in the last number. Become an Insectarian.

PECCA VI.—You certainly have. What are you going to do about it?

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. —

In the Catholic Army Hut.

We knew the engineers could do it if they put their minds to it. It was only the infantry who said that the Sappers were on the job "for the duration," to which the engineers retorted that the digging of that trench and the laying of those gas and water pipes entailed not only spade work but severe brain work too.

Howsoever, thanks to the jeers of the infantry and soft words from the hut (plus a few soft drinks judiciously applied) the work was successfully carried through.

On one occasion when handing out some refreshments to the said "diggers," we suggested—the sun being high in the heavens—that they must find it hot work digging. Hard work is it, said one of them reflectively. "Well, I reckon we try and make it as easy as we can," and he continued to gaze at the landscape. They were born artists, every one of them, which may have accounted for the time they took.

But, nevertheless, we are grateful to them, for it is thanks to them that we now have a few gas rings with an urn sitting on top of each. In fact, we are getting on. "Gee Whizz," said a man on coming into the hut last week, "got your electric lights fixed. Why, this outfit gets more like home every day. What do you say, boys?"

"It's jake," said one of them.

"Bet your life," said another.

"Best thing in the works," said another.

"Well, I don't know," said a fourth. Give me those first few weeks, with just a light glimmering here and there. It looked picturesque-like, and then romantic, and then when a bunch of the boys put up those choruses in parts, it used to sound real good." "Tell you what," said one who had not spoken before, "but when you get fixed up proper, this is going to be a dandy hut all right. The boys feel at home in this joint."

And so they drift in and out, knowing they are always welcome, and some bring their songs, and some their love affairs; and some bring their tragedies, but more often their comedies, and as each differs from each in feature, so each one is different in character, and the place teems with a living interest which only humanity can give. For in truth:—

"We are no other than a moving row

Of magic shadow shapes that come and go."

Meanwhile, there is a constant buzz of talk carried on in French and English. "Look here," said a man to me one night, "you shouldn't be slinging French like that in this hut." "Why not," I asked. "Why, on account of the shell shock boys. They'll be figuring they are back in France."

Serving behind the counter is never dull. No matter how great the rush, the boys always find time to say things.

Someone asked recently for something that

had to be fetched from the kitchen tent. "Do you mind waiting?" asked the worker. A distinct pause followed. Then said the man with slow deliberation, "Well, I reckon I don't, if only you'll keep on talking to me." Having delivered himself of this opinion, he stared mournfully into space. Behind the counter the workers tried to equal his composure, but failing, with one accord they all laughed together.

Sometimes, among our clients comes a boy from the guard-room, a prisoner on parole, so to speak. Parole, after all, or whether he merely beat it, while the Sergeant was stirring his tea.

It was soon after this that it occurred to some of us that it might be a work of mercy to visit "those that were in prison." Not wishing to go empty-handed we obtained permission to take something with us. Accordingly, we made our way somewhat timidly to the guard-room, with the idea of depositing our offerings on the doorstep in testimony of our visit. But the inmates of the "clink" received us in a body, and the Sergeant, being busy studying the V.A.D. Unit over the palings, we were invited in. Fearing this was against regulations, we hesitated. "Come right in," said the bugler who was doing the honours. "Sure," echoed the clink, and in we went.

It was the first time we had ever been in the clink, and we looked round with interest. It seemed almost too tidy for comfort, and I thought a few art prints would have enlivened the walls and an Eastern rug or two would possibly have improved the floor. But in spite of these omissions, the Company didn't seem unduly depressed. In fact, they were all tails up. So much so, that when the Sergeant Major passed along that way ten minutes later, and saw the victims of the clink drinking lemon squash and swallowing buns, he stopped short and said with conviction:

"I often thought it before, and now I'm sure of it. This place isn't a clink at all. It's a home."

It is on this home-like note that I wish to conclude these jottings, but before doing so, I want to make a definite statement. In the last number of *Pat's Post*, I sought obscurity. Now, I don't. For if there was one boy, there was a dozen boys who came to me and said, "There's a piece about this Hut in *Pat's Post*," and forthwith he read that piece to me. Now it is bad enough having to write these notes, but to have them read aloud to me is more than I can bear. So will the boys please take notice, that it is I, and no other, who has perpetrated these notes; and to prevent any further risk, hereby sign my name
—May Quinlan.

Editor's Note.—We regret that, since this copy was sent to the printer, the high winds have done very serious damage, necessitating the removal of the tent. A sectional hut is now being placed on the same spot, and endeavours are being made to open it at a very near date.

PARADES.

EXTRACT FROM KAY ARRAN DOUGH.

Generally speaking, parades may be divided into four groups, viz.:—popular, unpopular, miscellaneous and indispensable.

Under the first-named classification there are but two parades, meal and pay. The former is conducted under the direct supervision of any old N.C.O. available, who will walk at the head of the squad in order that he may get into the dining-room first. Before moving off, the following commands will be given, "Shun, number, form fours, right," but it is not at all necessary that any notice be taken of them, unless it might be the last-named. Turning to the left would fall one in the wrong direction for the dining-room, but if so placed one might easily back up in this short distance without fear of spoiling the appearance of the parade, which in moving off resembles nothing on earth, unless it might be a column of lumps. Should one accidentally find themselves in step, change without undue delay, one of the principal objects of this parade being to train men to break step when crossing bridges.

PAY PARADE.—A semi-occasional occurrence, supervised by a Sergt.-Major, and very popular with the troops. Men who have to be duly warned at least six times for any other parade will invariably appear on this parade without any warning whatever, from ten to thirty minutes ahead of the time, stand in line without gouching, and return to their duties after parade, without having once cursed the Sergt.-Major; truly a marvellous exhibition of self-control. The event is generally heralded some two days previously by the collection of pay books, a heavy increase in the number of little scented notes that arrive at the front gate by special messenger, and a general atmosphere of peace on earth good-will toward man. It is to be regretted, however, that some twelve hours after a decided re-action sets in, claimed by scientists to be the result of having refrained from cussing the Sergt.-Major, and the surrounding territory is anything but peaceable. Pay parade in itself is a most admirable institution, but is attended merely as a preliminary to securing a place on another little parade known as Orderly Room; it should not be attended at all. See Darwin's "Origin of the Species."

Under the heading of unpopular parades, two deserve special mention, "Orderly Room" and "Church." The first named is rather an impressive affair, in charge of a Provost Sergt. and a Sergt.-Major. It consists of two Cops, the accused, as many witnesses as know anything about the case, and a few who don't. It is unpopular in the extreme with all concerned, and in spite of a prevailing notion to the contrary, equally unpopular with C.O.'s. During our career, we have met with but one C.O. who

enjoyed an Orderly Room parade, and he is deceased. R.I.P. We bear this no ill will. The writer had been A.W.L. four hours—yes, out with the girls as per usual—and next morning found us on this Orderly Room parade. After a series of shunning, quick stepping, cap grabbing, etc., we found ourselves in the awful presence, and, believe us, it was awful. There were no trams in the vicinity, so we couldn't very well hand him that old "missed the last car" trap, so we tried a "Sir, my watch stopped," and drew five days F.P. 2 for our trouble—lucky we didn't get more for lying. Concerning Orderly Room parades, two things should always be kept in mind. Keep off them if possible, but if you do get nipped, don't squeal.

CHURCH PARADE.—A weekly affliction, of Teutonic origin, almost as popular as a bad corn, or an ingrowing toenail. It has, however, one redeeming feature, misery loves company, and it is some little satisfaction to know that an officer is stuck for it as well as the men. Even as he gives the commands his tone implies, "Darn you fellows, why didn't you all beat it and then I wouldn't have to be here." Ninety-nine and a half per cent. of the men anticipate his wishes and do beat it, far, fast and furious, the remaining half per cent. is known as "Church Parade." Many differences of opinion exist as to which honour is the worst, Orderly Room or Church. Personally, we think it is about six of one and half a dozen of the other.

MISCELLANEOUS PARADES.—Are all other occasions, when men are blown into a two thick formation by an happy or an unhappy bugler, and none of them are at all popular with the troops. Many men of B3 Category are excused these parades, but the same men can generally manage to win out by a length and a half when it comes to catching a little bit of fluff when down on the Prom. We know this for a fact, for we have often ran them a heat—and came in second.

Desiring a closer acquaintance with miscellaneous parades one should visit the C.A.M.C. Depot, Risboro. Please bear in mind that we do not recommend this, we merely suggest it; also we suggest that one take their rations with them. We were there for three days ourselves; and the parades were so numerous and the rations so light, that we got rather thin. In consequence, we were taking a bath one morning, and accidentally pulled the plug. They didn't find us until twelve hours after, and then soaked us for being absent without leave.

(To be continued).

Editor's Note:—The next instalment of this very instructive article may appear in our next issue. Don't miss it.

Mighty is the Truth.

A. C. G.

We were four—week-ending in a little front line trench during the height of the season last Spring, at Arras; a warm, lazy, Sunday afternoon, and but for an occasional "heavy" sighing rearward, a single old scout-bus droning lazily overhead with the very material and more intimate evidence at hand, war seemed as far as the stars. We had oiled the rifles and bombs, cleared up the trench, and repaired to the dug-out to make tea; four men drawn together in the common cause, collectively so alike, individually so different, each bearing in his own way his mark of birth and environment; the Soldier, the Poet, Old Bill, and the humble writer.

While the tea-aaten steamed, we talked as men will—of women, of lands afar, hopes and ambitions; we planned, all of us, against the day when this war would be over and we could go home, wash our hands and start all over again. The Soldier, who all his life had borne arms in odd corners, under strange stars, entertained us with spicy observations of life in India, bits of the Hills and the Plains, pertinent barrack-room reminiscences, some sage conclusions on the inability of the Eastern mind to see as that of the West, a rather dissertation on the "wimmin"—of long marches across the sandy wastes of the Soudan—of towns and idols made of mud, a familiarity with South Africa, and at least a nodding acquaintance with local events from Ypres up to date; and concluded with some very interesting side-lights on some of England's greatest soldiers.

The Poet, between sips of scalding tea, rendered, and to the vanishing point of finished elocution, many of Kipling's most beautiful lines; then, with only a breath between, swung the call of the East to the call of the North, and with stanza after stanza of Services' gems, carried us to the eternal snows and the deadly calling silence of Alaska.

Old Bill must have sensed that he, too, should hold up his end, and surely his recital of weird adventures held and thrilled us; here were tales of life in the fulness thereof. They ranged from gold dredges on the Yukon to steam-shovels at Culebra, shearing sheep in Idaho to picking fruit under California's turquoise sky—frightful avalanches, of mining camps in their hectic flush of easy wealth, affairs of the heart from a Pelly Kloooh to a half-breed senorita on the Mexican border, affluence and poverty, long nights on the rods of a freight train in the marrow-searching cold, always for the only and to-morrow, taken carelessly, yet one felt that somehow he had seen many of the lights and shadows of real life, which most of us had been denied.

And the writer listened.

Naturally, the war came in for its share; its evolution from the day of spears and shields, to gas and planes, and seventy-five mile guns, was discussed with an indifferent impartiality, as is common to those who know most of these things by first hand, and we agreed, with one dissenting vote, that it was a perfectly wonderful war.

More tea, and the Soldier very casually asked, I wonder what is the most wonderful thing in the world. Each had some flippant answer to this, like "double rum issue"—or "the war's over"—something equally absurd. It wasn't easy to seriously answer off-hand; each would be bound to have arrived at some conclusion, however hazy and indefinite to a question so direct. One glance at the Poet would suffice, his would be "the love of a woman." The Soldier wasn't so easy to figure, his far-away look carried with it something of the inscrutable East. Suddenly, Old Bill remarked, "I know"—he was all animation, all eagerness, as a child is eager when it will have it's say, so the writer very accomodatingly asked, "Well," and old Bill said, "A little kid, when he finds his big toe, and tries to put it in his mouth."

There was a long full minute of stupefied silence, then we laughed—all but the Poet, and perhaps it was just because he wasn't joining in the mirth that we stopped, for he fixed his eyes on Old Bill, saying, "No, Bill, you're wrong, it's *not* the most wonderful thing in the world, but I'll tell you what is, that you, who hasn't spent a decent hour in a decent home since you left your own, who never had ten dollars ten hours after pay-day, a drunken, shiftless hobo, dirty and lousy, should sit up here in a dug-out on the Western Front"—and here his fine big eye clouded, his voice lowered, and all the infinite tenderness of a young mother with her first-born was in that easy, even cadence,—"that *you*, Bill, should think of it—that is the most wonderful thing in the world."

OVERHEARD AT THE DEPOT.

R.S.M. (To newly-joined cavalry recruit): "You are late. Didn't you hear the Stables sound."

Recruit: "Yes. Played it rather well, didn't he?"

R.S.M.: "Well, I'm"

A man tried to sell a farmer a new bicycle for 50 dollars.

"Why," said the farmer, "If I had 50 dollars to spare, I'd buy a cow."

"But," said the agent, "you'd look funny trying to ride a cow."

"Aye," said the farmer, "but I'd look a darn sight funnier trying to milk a bicycle."

WAR THOUGHTS ON A LONDON 'BUS.
DECEMBER, 1917.

The omnibus is crowded quite,
The light is very dim,
And I gaze around and ponder,
On the lives of other men.
I wonder what they're thinking ?
Where they're going, how they live ?
Do they meditate so sadly,
O'er the sons they had to give ?

A young girl sits beside me,
A long letter in her hand,
It's from her soldier lover,
In a far-off foreign land,
She looks so sad and lonely,
As her fingers gently press,
The dear and treasured letter,
In the bosom of her dress.

The woman in the doorway
Seems anxious and upset.
Is she thinking of her husband
Whom for months she has not met ?
Is he fighting for his country
On the battle fields of France ?
Is he wounded ? Is he missing ?
Has he still a " fighting chance ? "

Oh, the misery and the heartache,
On the faces that I see,
And my soul goes out in longing,
With a strange new sympathy.
I know my eyes are swimming,
There's a feeling in my throat,
As I see those war-dimmed faces,
And it fairly makes me choke.

There's an old man sadly grieving,
Sitting just across the aisle,
And a woman sits beside him,
Striving bravely—just to smile.
He is stooped and crushed with sorrow,
By some overpowering fate,
She in tender silence watches,
Ready comfort for her mate.

There's a maiden in the corner,
Much too young to be alone,
And her eyes are red with weeping,
You feel sure her daddy's gone ;
Gone to join the many millions
Who are fighting over there,
She is left to face life's struggle ;
Tell me, does it seem quite fair ?

You really want to be her friend,
But don't quite see the way,
You want to cheer the poor old man,
But don't know what to say !
I would like to ease your burden,
Like to offer you my hand,
As we all sit here together,
For I think I understand.

But here we are on Regent Street,
And I must surely go,
Though I realise your feelings,
All the sadness, all the woe.
The shadow of your sufferings,
Casts a shadow on my heart,
God help you, fellow passenger,
My blessing 'ere we part.

—L.B.

SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT.

A courtship at Cooden Camp is all very well
until the Orderly Sergt. reads out the list of
discharges on Friday ! Then a few tears and
fond farewells, and a glad eye for someone else.

The Sanitary Sergt. went with the football
team last week to see that they cleaned up
everything properly.

That feed in the Sergeants' Mess at night—
" gone, but not forgotten."

Also the limit of beer, poor patients' Sergt.
no " spirits " for anything.

Baillie's pup.

LION DRUG STORES, LTD.,

9 St. Leonard's Road, BEXHILL.

PURE DRUGS,

LOWEST PRICES.

OPTICAL,

SURGICAL,

PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES.

LAMDIN'S

*High-Class ..
Boot Makers.*



Devonshire Road,
BEXHILL=ON=SEA.

Society News

The Sergeants held a *Salon* on Friday, at which most of the intellect and handsomeness of the Camp attended.

Pleasure took form in various ways, starting with a billiard match between the Mess and the most expert cueists from the Officers' Bungalow.

Six representatives on either side were chosen to pit their skill one against the other, each to each, or rather versus each. Promptly at the call of time Major Woodiwiss and S.-Sgt. Walker stepped into the ring. (This was not a prize fight.—Ed.). Well, they advanced to the table (if that suits you). These two antagonists advanced to the table, shaking hands, and manipulating their two-headed coins for the choice of the manner of offensive.

The light was, at the time of commencement, not of the best quality, and it is certain that the

Major's score would have been larger had there been better illumination. As it was, S.-Sgt. Walker gradually forged ahead, and completed his necessary score some forty-two points ahead, thus causing primary sanguineous fluid for the Sergeants.

Col. Bedell was the next to take up the cudgels on behalf of the Officers. He looked confident, and of heroic mein as he spun a coin for certain advantages accruing to the winner of the toss. Lithe-limbered Tom Beck was the hostile one, and it was not long before the pair, though ill-assorted in physique, were engaged in a ding-dong battle, which again ended in victory for the Sergeants, the scores being, Col. Bedell, 49; S.-Sgt. Beck, 76.

R.S.M. Weekes, W.O., next essayed to quell Capt. McLenahan, and for a time looked as if he would prevail against that gentleman. Up to this game there had been that exhibition of courtesy and demure silence which the Referee, Scorer, and Umpire, the three in one, Sgt. Carpenter, had requested of the onlookers. Now, however, a host of auxiliary waiters circulated amongst the guests, offering tasty wines and liqueurs, and a greater spirit of *bonhomie* was generated. Quaint sayings and sparkling repartee mingled with the expert criticism of each shot, which at once served to banish the licking of dry lips and swallowing of the contestants. Hilarity now ousted seriousness. Nods, becks, and wreathed smiles rippled along, and the waiters skilfully sought out any *Rechabites* there were, ministering unto them the amber liquids dispensed by Q.M. Marriat in his *brasserie*. Metaphorically the Captain and the W.O. fought tooth and nail for supremacy, till at last the former administered a telling emetic, and the gallant W.O. threw up the sponge. (Why does he eat sponge.—Ed). Scores—the Captain, 75; the W.O., 70.

Major Sutherland (who, by the way, is going to censor this effort) next tackled S.C.M. Walker.

The C.S.M. is a P.T. man, and being in chronic training is consequently better able to stand the vicissitudes of 75 up than one leading the comfortable life of an Adjutant. And so it proved. Though the Major put up a gallant fight, his opponent wore him down, and the three in one Sergeant announced C.S.M. Walker, 76; Major Sutherland, 61. ('Ooray for the Sergts.).

Captain Phillips next essayed to quench Masseur Pyves, but this youth was not to be denied, and though the Captain played a skilful game, he is, in fact, a very graceful cueist, the young Massager prevailed against him, and became the winner by some 25 points,

In the final game, Capt. Ricardo was chosen to uphold the Officers' end against S.-Sgt. Malcolm, who, regardless of the fact that his adversary was the local Croesus and could control the amount of his fortnightly stipend, played a conscientious and skilful game. The Sergt. being also a Masseur, there was no hope for the Captain, be he ever so skilful, and the massed attacks of the Staff Sergeant enabled him to win by 31 points.

An exhibition game followed between Capt. Gordon and an opponent chosen by the Entertainment Committee for 1,000 up. After several breaks, accompanied by much good-humoured banter from the hosts and guests and refreshment from the dispensary, the contest was declared a draw by R.S.M. Alden, who had kindly relieved the carpenter of his duties.

In the dining-hall of the Mess a cold collation of excellent comestibles invited the appetited guests, who then gathered thither with fixed determination that no injustice would be done to the viands. Conversations and outbursts of merriment completely obliterated the groans which the tables made on account of their heavy loads of good things.

Everyone, however, was sympathetic, and quickly transferred much of the weight to its proper destination.

Later, enshrouded in a film of cigar or cigarette smoke, the company appreciated an entertainment presented by Sergt. Roberts and his Troupe of Players. It is considered that everyone enjoyed themselves.

(We would like to see our genial guests in the Mess again at no distant date:—Pres. Entertainment Committee).

Staff Smoker.

Well, the long-looked-for "Smoking Concert," after much delay, took place on the evening of the 24th September, 1918, and it was, indeed, a huge success.

The boys started to come in at 7 p.m. (no reserved seats), and, after settling themselves, were supplied with a "drappy o' Beer" and smokes to be going along with.

We were favoured with the presence of our O.C., who kindly consented to open the smoker with a few remarks, which dealt with the welfare of the boys, and his desire to see us comfortably settled in our new Recreation Hut (which he had opened earlier in the evening), and to aid us in every way possible to better our social life in camp.

We were also favoured with the presence of the Adjutant, Major Sutherland, and R.S.M. Alden.

After the Colonel's remarks, the "Parakeets" (who are now famous for good variety) opened the concert part of the evening. It would not be fair to make reference to any individual's particular part, for they all do their best, and all received due applause. Sergt. Roberts, their leader, has every reason to be proud of such a troupe, and he has our best wishes for continued success.

The Committee, who were responsible for the evening's entertainment, certainly made it a great all-round success, doing everything possible to make the occasion what it was.

Cpl. Goodfellow was responsible for the refreshments, and he did it in his most liberal style, there being plenty of ham and salmon sandwiches and tobacco, and also the good old beer. We regret that some did not get enough "moisture," and also that some men do not understand fully that they are human beings and not "Tanks."

John Barleycorn started his rounds rather early, and, of course, finished sooner than was expected. Never mind, boys, this being the first smoker, we hope to improve as we go along, and make each one better than the last.

Cpl. Mahoney was in charge of the programme, and showed excellent taste in getting the "Parakeets" for the evening:

The Committee wish to thank Miss Quinlan, of the Catholic Army Hut, for the loan of the stage decorations, and the Concert Party for their excellent programme,

When Purchasing Your Trench Coat

Bear in mind that the **Proof Is The Essential.**

You must have the Best—**There Is Only One Best.**



'THE MARSHALLETTE'

which has stood the test of time, and has become to-day the national defence against wind and rain.

P. J. MARSHALL,
Military Outfitter,
136, TERMINUS ROAD,
EASTBOURNE.

An Interesting Event.

On the eleventh day of September, a well-known character in the Camp, whom you all know, was joined in holy matrimony to one Miss Alden. I speak of R.Q.M.S. E. G. Roy.

The morning of this interesting event was about as dismal as one could possibly wish it to be for a wedding morning, but shortly before 10.30 the sun peeped out, and the blue sky certainly did help to make the old saying come true: "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on." At about a few minutes before eleven saw the Bridegroom and his best man sitting nervously in a front pew of the church, and looking round one could see the Bridesmaids, two little girls, Miss Bedell and Miss Ayres, and the sister of the Bride, Mrs. Jones, anxiously waiting the arrival of the most important person of the day. Hardly have we time to look around again, and lo, the Bride is here, walking with her father.

The scene was a very pretty one, and the Bride looked very charming in her bridal array. The organ was playing a soft and tuneful melody, appropriate to the occasion, and died away to a whisper as the service commenced.

The Sergeants' Mess was well represented, and after the ceremony formed a guard of honour with crossed sticks, as the newly-married couple made their way from the church entrance to the waiting car.

The Wedding Breakfast was held at the home of R.S.M. Alden, brother of the Bride. Mr. and Mrs. Alden senior, R.S.M. Alden and Mrs. Alden, Mrs. Jones, and guests, including Mrs. Bedell, Col. Murray, Major Woodiwiss and others, were present.

At about 3.30 p.m., Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Roy left for their honeymoon, which was spent at Worthing.

The happy couple were the recipients of many beautiful presents.

COODEN PARAKEETS.

This is an entirely new enterprise, and, believe "moi," it went some for the first time. Of course, like everything else, it needs touching up, and when these touches are absolutely finished, I think you will agree with me when I say that "The Parakeets," as a troupe will be second to none in this area. I realise just what the reader is thinking, viz., "A wonderful stretch of the imagination will have to be used in that case." No, you are wrong. Let me point out to you one or two facts. First of all—"The Music." All the songs were not as up-to-date as one would wish them to be, but, for a rush, one could not expect anything better than the class which was given. Secondly, "Rehearsals"—under difficulties. I might point out that owing to the kindness of Mrs. Whitlock, a very energetic worker on the staff of the V.A.D. Hospital, Cooden, the boys were able to unfold the songs, stories, and jokes undisturbed several times, for every one who graces the Catholic Army Hut with their presence during the day knows how monotonous it is to hear the same old drum drum of any song, no matter how popular it might be. Hence, our search for new quarters for rehearsal. Well, would you believe that the finishing touches were being put on the costumes when the audience were actually filing in their seats. And didn't they look jake. "Well, it's about time to commence the show" someone was heard to remark. Of course, the boys did not get the wind up, but straightway lined up for instructions, and off they went. "May we introduce ourselves before we start the show," was the very appropriate opening chorus. And after everyone had given the boys the once over and passed opinions about the costumes, background, and style of the Troupe, Pte. Lovekin sang "Over There," which relieved the troupe manager of a great deal of worry, because, as a rule, a good start puts a lasting life on a new venture. One or two jokes cleared the atmosphere for the next song, which was effectually rendered by Pte. Hammond, "Let the great big world keep turning," and it turned quite merrily for the "Parakeets" just then. Now they are getting warmed up to it. The disturber of the peace comes along in fine style—"The Bugler." No adjudication from my pen is needed, because he held the audience from start to finish. Entrez Monsieur Murphy (Spud), Irish Comedian. Nuff sed. I guess if Home Rule could be won as easily as he won the appreciation of the audience, well, there would be some smiling faces in this world. Next comes the shy boy, puden face, who gave an imitation of a young college boy appearing before an audience for the first time, "Jones, Minor." Good for a change from comedy to something more serious, Roberts sang "My dear Soul" and "Macushla." After this brief spell we drifted back to our beloved comic-osity.

A new star in the heavens may have appeared that night, but one thing we are sure of, one did appear on the stage in Mr. Cantopher. I think if Geo. Robey could have been there he would have been pretty well tied up to guess whether he was actually singing or listening—so real was the impersonation—"I've been to the Pictures." Oh yes, he was encored, and he responded in fine style. To close the first half of the programme Pte. McGilp kept the audience rocking from the time he went on until curtain was called. I believe he could have been there yet with the wonderful stock of good songs and screamingly funny patter. My opinion is, that he has got Harry Lauder tied to a post. He is more like Lauder than Lauder himself. After a few minutes' interval the programme was continued in the following manner, each artiste doffing his beautiful green suit for respective make-ups :—

PROGRAMME—PART II.

Song—	Pte. Lovekin.
"Joan of Arc."	
Light Comedy—	Pte. Cowdray.
"River Shannon."	
Irish Comedian—	Pte. Murphy.
"My Mother's so particular with Me."	
Song—	Pte. Hammond
"The other side of the big black cloud."	
Coon Song and Dance—	Pte. Nantais.
"Dixieland."	
Recitation—(Special request)	Pte. Duxbury.
"Gunga Din."	
Song—	Sgt. Roberts.
"Trumpeter."	
Impersonation—	Mr. Cantopher.
"Geo. Robey."	
Scotch Comedian—	Pte. McGilp.
"Nanny."	

There's the end of a very fine show. I am sure that the greatest credit reflects on the untiring devotion of Miss Andrews (at the Piano), whose loyalty the boys will always remember. Also Miss Quinalan, whose heart and soul is wrapped up in the wonderful part she played. I am sure those who have watched her working day in and day out at the C.A.H. will wonder how her strength and cheery spirits hold out so well; and a more popular person does not exist in our Camp at the present time.

Mrs. Cantopher must be mentioned in this dispatch for distinguished service. Her kindly words and little acts of help and encouragement made the boys sit up and take notice.

The stage effects were arranged by Cpl. Timony, with the aid of one or two patients, and nothing could be more desired for the success which was attained. This coming winter will bring something fresh for the Troops. Next show is to be a revue, so before I quit this epistle I would ask you to watch for the opening night in the new C. A. Hut. Thank you!

—XRAY.

Us Colonials.

After four years of the war, a London daily paper is raising a howl about the so-called evils the streets of London contain for the Colonial Troops. An American Editor has written that these evils could and do not exist in the large cities of the U.S.A. His article had all the earmarks of sincerity, but a brother Editor has thrown down the gauntlet, and quotes facts which cannot be disproved, that the streets of the larger cities in the States are as bad, and in some cases worse, than London streets have ever been. I believe I am voicing the opinion of a large number of Colonial Troops when I say that this controversy tends to belittle us in the eyes of the English people, and also raises questions in the minds of our families back home. Because we are in khaki, are we back to our nursery days where we had to be led by the hand, and told what was right or wrong? Surely the people who write of these evils give us credit for at least having common sense. When we have the good fortune to get leave, our capabilities of taking care of ourselves are surely as great as when we went from one place to another in our civil life. It has been said that a man in khaki at times becomes very indiscreet. That, we will grant—but what of the people who write of these street

evils. Do they always use the best discretion? Our folks back home, when they read of the supposed evils that beset us, immediately conjure up in their minds thoughts which should never come there.—the *infidelity* of their men overseas. I wonder if these people ever realise this? Again, does our record in France and Flanders show that we are easily duped by camouflage and traps set by Fritz? We can see through most of the fogs that may be set for us. We have and will continue to show the people of London that these so-called traps set for us by flappers and others are easily kept out of. We have enough confidence in ourselves to know that the eyes of the nation are on us, and we therefore are watching ourselves closer than some people give us credit for. Let this discussion of the street evil stop. We are men; for God's sake, Editors and others, treat us as such!

—A COLONIAL.



Now the cold weather has arrived, the boys in E hut would appreciate it very much if the Q.M. Dept. would have the large folding-door fixed so they could be opened and closed without making enough noise to waken the dead.

—Dauber.

P. HODGKINSON,

Devonshire & Western Roads, BEXHILL-ON-SEA.

Ironmongery and Cutlery.

Furniture.



China and Glass.



The place where you can get things.

A Write-up on the Camp Sketches.

A little write-up on the page of sketches in this month's magazine.

As we have quite a number of civilian subscribers, the following explanations will not come amiss:

The first on the programme is the Y.M.C.A.

Concerts are becoming so popular at this abode of love (?) that the boys have to stand outside. On the night of a concert, although the concerts never commence before 7 p.m., you can see 'em staking their claims as early as 5.30

The second one is of a popular Staff-Sergeant helping to get things into shape for Div. II. He became so enamoured of a hammer that he thought he would try his hand, but missed it.

V.A.D.'s. Here we have the real thing. I know I will get the dickens for these two specimens, but I promise the girlies I will give them the ideal next month. A real ripper.

Our centre piece is a sketch of one of our Concert Party which has just come into being, and believe me, people, it is some concert party. The Parakeets are fine.

Asleep at the switch. Here is an M.P. directing the populace how to board a car. There was quite an abundance of boarding, but no directing, as the Director was in the arms of Morpheus. The gentle breezes and the summer weather experienced in August are responsible for it.

Now this place is becoming something like a Hospital. Patients are admitted and discharged daily, and all roads really lead to Cooden.

OUR OFFICERS.

NOTES FROM THE MESS.

Pursuant to order, as they say on these nice blue Army Forms, the first meeting for the winter lectures was held in the Officers' Mess on Friday, September 13th. A very full meeting it was, too, there being no absentees. The best description was given by the P.T. Officer when he called it "neat but not gaudy."

The Commandant introduced the first Lecture in a brief, well-chosen speech replete with happy similes, his words being, "Gentlemen, the lecture for to-day will be 'Fish,' by the well-known authority, Capt. K., a man known to you all by deeds rather than words." The lecturer then came forward, and, hastily gulping down a glass of water, began his lecture, the following being a brief but accurate summary of it.

"Gentlemen and Brother Officers," said he, when the noise of the welcome had died down and the Registrar had been brought back into the room. "The Great family of fish has been divided for the purpose of this lecture into three great classes:—

- 1.—Those of the Shark Family, or Sharkus Cardicus.
- 2.—The Sucker Group.
- 3.—The Crustaceous or Lobster class.

The above classification differs widely from

any yet published by other Investigators, although the one first made by that celebrated authority, Jonah, comes nearer to it than any. My division has been made after the very closest study of the types I see around me." Interruption by the Registrar: "If the lecturer is going to be personal"—cries of "Name them."—"Here, in the waters of Cooden," continued the lecturer, quite coolly, pouring out another glass of water.

"These three classes are each distinguished by definite customs, habits, movements, etc., and it will be necessary to briefly outline the salient features of each class.

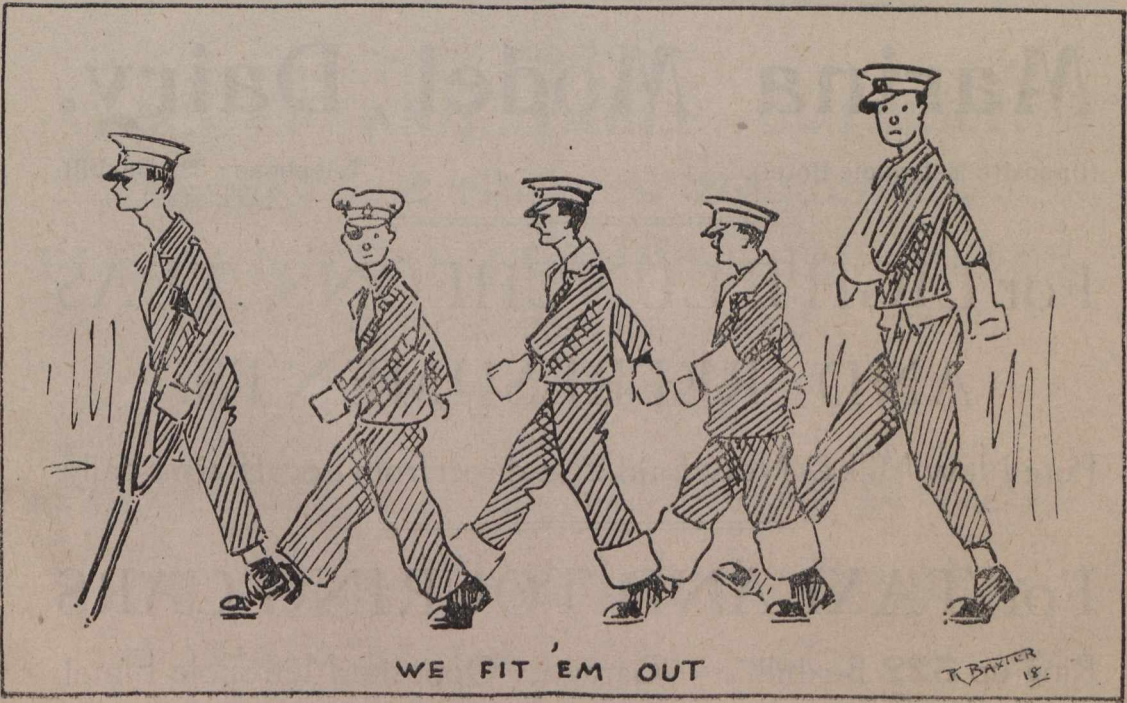
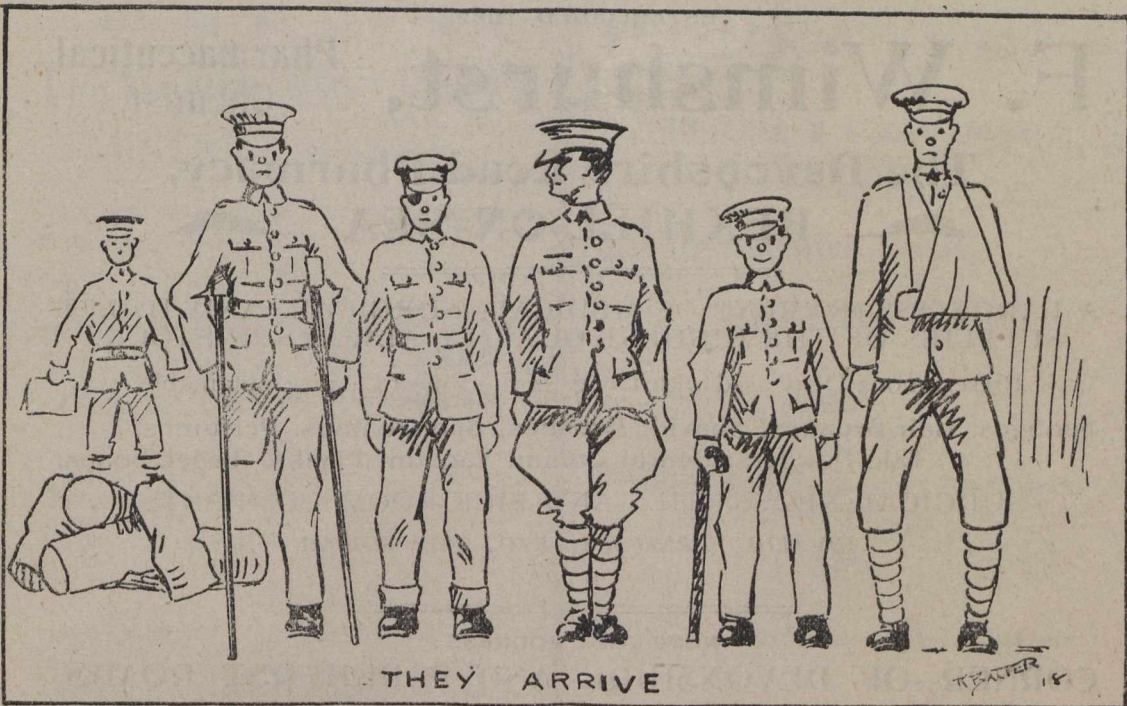
Those of the shark class are of large size and rapid movements. They are both rapacious and voracious. Their food is obtained by sudden attacks on their more timid neighbours. It has been said that in order to devour his prey, the shark must turn on his back. From my personal observation this is not a fact. The sharks I have known can enjoy their meal in any position; in fact, a card table seems to be their natural element. At times they go disguised as M.O.'s Dental Officers, and even assume the appearance of Quarter Masters, in which latter case they try to get their victims cornered at a Billiard Table.

The second and largest group nearly always furnish the food for the first. It has been said that the Sucker group have special and distinctive markings. This is not the case. Their one claim to special notice is the fact that they are 'born and not made.' The great Russian Pathologist, 'Makemkoff,' has shown that all the members of this group are edible and may be eaten in quantity without the slightest effect on the digestive system of the shark. I believe this to be a fact firmly established by my own work. There are none of this group at Cooden.

The third and smallest group, the Crustaceous are noted for their method of locomotion, namely, a sliding autero-posterior movement; of this group the Lobsters form a prominent part. It is from this member of the class and from their marked tendency to cling or 'sit tight' when feeding that the common term, 'the clutching hand,' originated. The lobster, and his brother in arms, so to speak, the 'crab,' while not active in movement, are able to follow their prey for weeks, and once attached, it is a lasting one. Eels, that is the slippery ones; 'Shrimps,' Bloaters, or Breakfast fish, and the Sandwich fish or Sardine, have all been identified by me among the 'Fish' at Cooden."

At this point the enthusiasm of the audience could no longer be restrained. In one solid body they made for the Lecturer, and it is with great regret that we have to announce his refusal to wait for his admirers. He disappeared suddenly, taking with him his jug and glass, which has led to the suspicion that although it was a water jug, it was not a jug of water.

The second lecture will be held next week, under the auspices of the A.P.M.



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.

ALL TRAMS STOP AT
The Devonshire Hotel
BEXHILL-ON-SEA

(25 YEARS IN THE SAME HANDS).



NOTED FOR COMFORT
AND GOOD CATERING.

Dining Room Open to Non-Residents.



WINES, SPIRITS, BEERS & CIGARS
of the Best Brands.



TELEPHONE:

413.

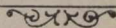


Proprietors:

SEWELL BROS.

P. PRATLEY,

FRUITERER & GREENGROCER,



2a, Devonshire Road,

BEXHILL-ON-SEA.



Families Waited on Daily for Orders.



Vegetables & Fruit fresh Daily from
Our Own Gardens.

== FOR ==

POCKET AND TABLE CUTLERY,
Razors and Shavers' Requisites,
ELECTRIC FLASH LAMPS & BATTERIES
At Lowest Possible Prices.

James L. French & Co.,

36 & 38 Devonshire Road,

❖ BEXHILL-ON-SEA. ❖

REPRAT EV

THURSDAY

THE

REPRAT EV

TO LET.



REPRAT EV

THURSDAY

THE

REPRAT EV

THURSDAY

THE

TO LET.

The Royal Restaurant,

DEVONSHIRE ROAD,

also Prince's Cafe, Marina,

FOR

Luncheons, Afternoon Teas,

.. Dinners and Suppers. ..

LAUNDRY.

Our Vans call MONDAY, WEDNESDAY,
FRIDAY and SATURDAY in each week.

Drop us a Card, telling us where to find the goods; they
will be called for and returned promptly.

SACKVILLE LAUNDRY,

Western Road, BEXHILL.

Telephone 365.

**THE LARGEST
MILITARY STORES IN ENGLAND.**

M. WATSON & Co., Ltd.

27, WATERLOO ROAD,

LONDON, S.E. 1.

LOCAL BRANCHES—

22 Sackville Road, Bexhill,
5 London Road, St. Leonards,
41 & 41a Robertson Street, Hastings.

.....

*ALL CANADIAN EQUIPMENT, BADGES,
TITLES, Etc., always in Stock.*

**Special Quotations for Large Quantities.
Prompt Attention to Battalion and Canteen Orders.**

.....

WATSON'S MILITARY STORES