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COODEN CAMP.



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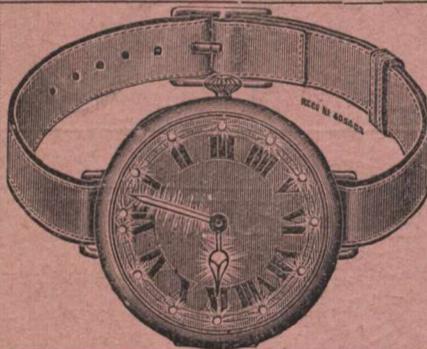
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OUR COMMANDANT.

In Lt.-Col. T. C. D. BEDELL, Princess Patricia Canadian Red Cross Hospital has a Commandant of wide experience, and one who has gone through the Military Mill from Private to his present rank.

Born at Hillier, Prince Edward County, Ontario, Lt.-Col. Bedell enlisted in June, 1898, as a Private in the 16th P.E.C. Regiment, staying with the Unit until 1907, when he was appointed M.O. of the 56th. In the fall of the same year, considering that his vocation lay more along combatant lines, he resigned as Regimental M.O., and was gazetted as Provisional Lieutenant. Some six years later he took command of the Regiment, and was O.C. at the outbreak of War.

In the early days of the War, Lt.-Col. Bedell filled many and varied positions at Valcartier, and came over to England as a surplus Officer.

On the historic plains of Salisbury, Lt.-Col. Bedell was in charge of surplus Officers, until he was appointed President of the Pensions and Claims' Board. This appointment he relinquished to go to France in August, 1915, to become second in command to the 15th Battalion, C.E.F.

On the last day of 1915, Lt.-Col. Bedell sailed for Canada to take command of the 156th Battalion (Leeds and Grenville), bringing his regiment to England in October, 1916. He severed his connection with the 156th in March, 1917, and transferred to the C.A.M.C. in May of the same year, being posted for duty to Epsom Convalescent Hospital.

On January 22nd, 1918, Lt.-Col. Bedell was given command of Princess Patricia Canadian Red Cross Hospital, Cooden Camp.

At all times a strict disciplinarian, he has, by his unswerving administration of justice, earned the respect and loyal support of all ranks under his command, and it is conceded by all, that the Personnel of Princess Pats are very fortunate in having an officer of such experience to rule over their destinies.

Camp Sketches



Corporal x Washes



Canteen Stories



Why the sea was pink?



a Gentle reminder

R. Baxter



The Guard Room Cat Returns.



"Princess Pat's Post."

STAFF:

Major Sutherland - - Chief Censor.
 Staff-Sergt. Marriott - Business Manager.
 Staff-Sergt. Firth - - Editor.

May, 1918.

EDITORIAL SANCTUM.

To our Readers.

In presenting this, the first number of Princess Pat's Post, we take the opportunity of asking our readers to help us to make it an ideal paper. We aim to publish, every month, a magazine, of its kind, equalled by few and surpassed by none, and this ideal can only be attained by the whole-hearted co-operation, individually and collectively, patients and personnel, of all connected with the hospital. We fully realise that, as far as good wishes are concerned, we have the unstinted support of our comrades, but in order to insure the production of a readable and attractive magazine, we want something more than "good wishes," we want copy, *copy*, and then some COPY.

A good story is a good story whatever its metre. Be it humorous or pathetic it makes good copy, and especially so when it concerns someone we know. Get the habit of being on the look-out for a good thing, and, this is the secret of success, make a note of it before memory plays you false. Many of the most human-interest stories have come from the barrack-room and the hospital ward, and there is no reason whatever why Princess Pat's should be behind in this respect.

Don't be diffident and say, "I can't write a story, or put a joke into readable form." Just take a hand and try, and you will be surprised how much easier the next attempt will be. If you are still sceptical of your ability to write, bring

your story to the editor, and he will be only too pleased to lick it into shape—or die in the attempt.

One great feature of the Magazine will be the illustrations, and for these we have been fortunate enough to secure the services of a first-class black-and-white artist, who will portray many of the stories sent in by our contributors, thereby adding piquancy to the stunts that are pulled off in the Camp.

All kinds of sport will have a prominent place in our columns, and we hope to relate many a stirring scrap on the Diamond, Cricket and Football Fields.

Now boys, put your shoulder to the wheel and send your copy in, and we promise to do our share by producing a Magazine that you will be proud of having helped to place on its high pinnacle,—a magazine that will take no second place in its own particular field.

SOME LIMERICKS.

There's Colonel T.C.D. Bedell,
 Who wishes the Kaiser in Hell.
 If he got hold of Bill,
 He'd give him No. 9's till,
 Poor William would feel far from well.

There is a Lieutenant named Ross,
 Of the Cooks and the Waiters he's boss.
 He tries to save cash
 With mysterious hash,
 So the Messing Book won't show a loss.

The Corporal in charge of the linen
 Is a terrible man for the women.
 And while in Ramsgate,
 With the ladies he'd skate,
 And over the rink take them skimmin'.

And then there's Staff-Sergt. Tom Beck,
 Who dishes out beans by the peck,
 And when he plays Poker,
 He oft holds the Joker,
 And every damned Ace in the deck.

COODEN CAMP. (Past and Present).

It is one of the characteristics of human nature to be curious as to the past history of their immediate surroundings, and to get to know something about their predecessors, and it is with the idea of, within the limited space available, satisfying this laudable curiosity, that a short sketch of Cooden Camp—Past and Present, is included in this issue of Princess Pat's Post.

LOWTHER'S LAMBS.

From a purely historical point of view there is not much of interest about Cooden Camp, as hardly four years ago it was non-existent, and the ground now occupied by the Hospital was pasture land. Shortly after the declaration of war, about September, 1914, Colonel Lowther, receiving permission from the War Office, organized the 11th Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment, known as The Southdowns, and more familiarly called "Lowther's Lambs." This Battalion was raised so quickly that it was determined to organize two more Battalions—the 12th and 13th—soon materialising. Under canvas during the first weeks of their training, it was not till, about, the first week in December, that they moved into huts in the Upper Camp. Here the Sussex remained till the summer of 1915.

The K.R.R.'s and SOUTH AFRICANS.

On August 15th, 1915, one company of the 16th K.R.R. marched into camp, and shortly after, they formed, with the details left behind by the Sussex, the 14th Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment. Much interest was evinced in the neighbourhood by the arrival of the South African Heavy Artillery early in September, 1915, seven hundred strong, and straight from the South Western African campaign.

The R.G.A.'s and AUSTRALIANS.

Almost simultaneously with the arrival of the South Africans came the R.G.A.'s., "B" Siege Depot coming into camp on September 9th, followed by "A" Siege Depot on November 15th. Early in the

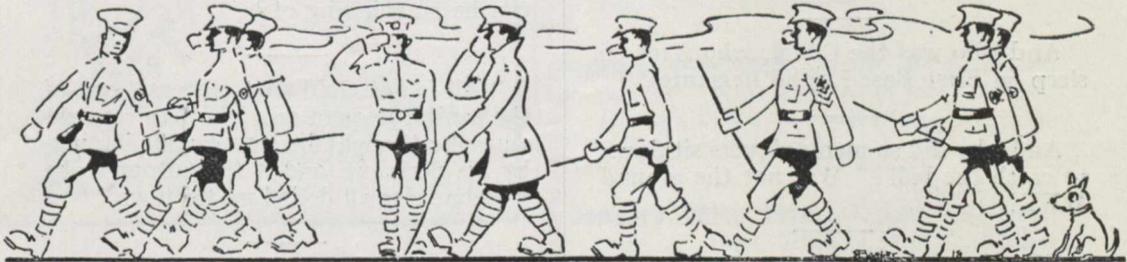
winter of 1915, a small contingent of Australian Artillery was attached to the R.G.A. During this period of the Camp's history a large number of batteries were, temporarily, stationed here before proceeding to Lydd for their final firing course. There were no further changes until July 25th, 1916, when "A" Depot R.G.A. were moved, leaving "B" Depot to take over the whole camp, which they did, changing their name to "No. 1 Reinforcing Depot Royal Siege Artillery." About two months later the South Africans departed to pastures new. During the occupancy of the R.G.A.'s, a great number of other Ranks were trained in Cooden Camp as well as Officers, the school having as many as 150 of commissioned rank present at one time. The R.G.A.'s finally evacuated in January, 1918, when, on the 9th of that month they left for their new quarters.

CANADIANS ARRIVE ON THE SCENE.

Owing to reasons that are well known it was found necessary to close certain hospitals and to find other homes for a large number of patients. Cooden Camp was one of the localities chosen, and on January 13th of the present year a detachment from Uxbridge took over the camp, followed on January 15th by a party from Ramsgate. As, practically, the whole camp had to be remodelled to adapt it for a Convalescent Hospital, there was much work for the early arrivals. While a party of Canadian Engineers were making the necessary structural alterations, the C.A.M.C. personnel were kept busy unloading equipment and fitting the various huts for the reception of patients. It was not until March 27th that the first patients were admitted, when 131 were enrolled on the A. and D. Book.

What the future may have in store for Cooden Camp is hard to say, but from present indications, and taking into account the many alterations made in the buildings, it seems that the Princess Patricia Canadian Red Cross Hospital has come to stay—at any rate for some little time.—D. G. F.

Purely Personnel !



What We'd Like To Know ?

Who turned the streets around in Hastings on Friday evening, April 13th ? Ask Gooblestine and Rosenberg, the Irish Comedians !

Why did the Provost-Sergeant have the trees removed from the front of the Guard room ? Echo answers, why ?

When were the Sanitary-Sergeant's headquarters moved to the Post Office ?

When was the Pay Corps turned into a Cavalry Unit ?

Why is it that the Camp buglers have a weakness for the coal fatigues ?

Where did you lose that moustache Corp., and why ? Must have been round about the middle of April !

What has become of the Registrar Corporal's Cap ?

What became of the Scotch Sergeant's canine find ? The fox terrier that seemed under the influence of extreme agitation, and was last seen trying to emulate an aeroplane ?—Over the garden wall !

If anyone, in camp, can give an exact description of the " Rats " that stole the Sergeant's bacon, and if they possessed the proper number of legs ?

On whom to indent on for a supply of " Cats "—Ordnance or the Red X ? If the latter, would the animals supplied be necessarily of a " Cross " breed ?

What was the naughty word an Officer was heard to exclaim at the Ball Game between the Officers and Sergeants the other day ?

What was the Registrar Sergeant's answer to the query concerning the Rockery ? Judging by the STONY look, and the sarcastic reply, the answer is better left unsaid.

Who was the member of the Sergeant's Mess who, when given a free gratis Sandwich the other evening, kicked, because it was not served up on a plate ? (Must have been used to something better in civilian life)—PERHAPS.

Why does a certain N.C.O. think that the Patients' Dining Hall Staff should consist of all the pick men of the Unit ?

What was the joke amongst certain N.C.O.'s in the Sergeants' Mess on the morning following the Boxing Tournament at the C.T.S. ?

Who was the Officer who made numerous errors at the Indoor Baseball Game between the Officers and N.C.O.'s?

And who was the C.S.M. who went to sleep on First Base? Did he snore?

And why did so many players sit down to catch the ball? Was not the ground WET?

Who it was that reported, late the other night, that the Sentry box, on No. 1 post, was marking time? And, also, what is his favourite "lotion"?

What is the matter with the 15th Field Ambulance? They all seem to have some attraction in the Guard-room.

Who is the man who expects a sleeping-out pass? All Grants, in this respect, are held over for the present.

Every year of the war woman's dress gets shorter! What the Provost-Sergt. wants to know is, "How long is the war going to last"?

Who is running the Patients' dining-room? The Irishman says he is. Is he?

PULL.

To do a morning's parade with full pack and rifle is no light task. A soldier returning to his hut after a strenuous morning's drill encountered a chum engaged in cleaning out the drains. He stood and watched him awhile and then said:

"Hello, Bill! How did you get that cushy job"?

"Well," replied Bill, in not over pleasant tones, "it's pull, my lad, pull."

There's some excuse for the gloomy looks of the Dental Sergeant. By virtue of his profession, he is always looking down-in-the-mouth. Melancholy job—very!

Speaking of the fair sex, Sergt. Behave says that, "Collectively he loves them all; but individually—he doesn't! Who can he be thinking of?"

"All is not Gold that glitters," one of the sanitary squad was heard to remark, when he thought he was caught loafing, by his Sergeant, and it turned out to be someone else all dolled up for town!

On the Camp Parade Ground:
R.S.M., checking over newly-arrived draft from the Depot: "No. 13789654, Pte. Blithers, J.A.; what have you been employed at lately"?

Pte. Blithers: "Doing nothing since I left the Battalion, sir; and I can't stand on both my feet at once, sir. Have to stand on one, sir, to give the other a rest."

R.S.M.: "For of such is the Kingdom of—Cooden"!

WAS IT MUMPS?

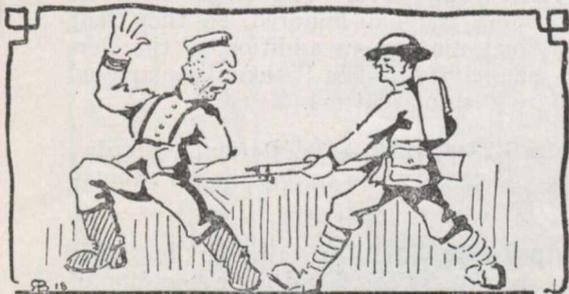
One of the Mumps contacts was sent to Hospital with Mumps a short time ago. It has since transpired that he received a Poke in the Jaw, and reported sick (sic) next morning.

Congratulations to Corporal Nasmyth-Miller on his promotion—it was certainly coming to him.

SOME CONCEIT—WHAT?

A certain P.T. Instructor was heard to remark that if he ever met a girl, as pretty as himself, he would most certainly consider matrimony with her. His bosom friend, another P.T. fiend, retorted that he might have some chance if he removed that Charlie Chaplin of his.

The P.M.G. is looking very chirpy these days! What is it that the poet says about Spring?



LOOKING BACK!

January 13th, 1918.—Party from Uxbridge arrived to take over Cooden Camp, and were refused admittance at first. This looks suspicious, doesn't it? Probably the Barrack Warden did not like the looks of the crowd. Finally found a Billet in the end of "A hut" and lived on Bully Beef for a day or so. Thanks to the Cook, we fared sumptuously, having "Fillet de Boeuf" for Breakfast, "Bully de Boeuf" and trimmings for Dejeuner, and "Entree" Whatsleftover for Supper. A day well spent.

January 15th, 1918.—Draft of wild men, "Original Princess Pats," from Ramsgate swam into Camp about 4 p.m., and put up a Kick because the transport had not arranged for Boats. Damp reception (very).

January 18th, 1918.—Unloading of Equipment completed, much to the joy of Weary Wullie. Chorus, "Thank Him from whom all Blessings flow."

January 20th, 1918.—The Cook put up two extra stripes; "Extra entrees for Dinner." The same day the Engineers came and started to open up the Roofs to let a little more water in.

January 24th, 1918.—Lt.-Col. Bedell came in Orders and posted as Commandant of the Princess Patricia Canadian Red Cross Hospital.

January 25th, 1918.—More wild men come to stay. Nine Pats from the C.A.M.C. Depot and Twenty-one of the Uxbridge staff from Orpington.

January 28th, 1918.—R.S.M. Campbell and 28 men from C.A.M.C. Depot joined our happy throng. More noise.

January 30th, 1918.—"The Day." The Paymaster paid all hands. Many radiant faces. Smiles could be heard all over the camp. Cooden's first Pay Day was a Good'un.

February 1st, 1918.—Rats stole the Bacon in the Sergeants' Mess. Much language at Breakfast in consequence. Must indent on the Q.M. Department for a cat. Sergt.-Major wants to know who said "ME-OW."

February 4th, 1918.—First regular meeting of the Sergeants' Mess. S/Sgt. Firth elected as President. "Heaven help the Mess."

February 6th, 1918.—Great excitement in Camp. Some-one whispered that there was RUM at Cooden on the Beach. "Enough said—Some Day"!

February 7th, 1918.—Sore Heads and poor appetites at Breakfast. Again "Enough said."

February 18th, 1918.—Personnel keeps growing. Thirty more derelicts from the Depot, to-day.

February 19th, 1918.—Exchange is no Robbery. Twenty-two Other Ranks left for the C.A.M.C. Depot en route for Canada. We made eight on the deal.

March 6th, 1918.—The next interesting item to record. Sgt. Atherton was appointed Secretary-Treasurer at the Regular Meeting of the Sergeants' Mess. "Tough on the Auditors, isn't it."?

March 18th, 1918.—Welcome to R.S.M. Alden, who arrived this day to take over the duties as Camp Regimental Sergeant-Major. More power to his elbow.

March 27th, 1918.—First draft of Patients arrived. 131 from Basingstoke Hospital came this afternoon. Hospital Flag hoisted for the first time. This is Historical, not Hysterical.

April 3rd, 1918.—Grand opening night of the Sergeants' Mess. Smoker was a great success, thanks to the many talented friends from the C.T.S. Bexhill, and other visitors.

April 5th, 1918.—Losing ground once more. Forty-six "A" Men returned to the Depot.

April 6th, 1918.—Another Bunch deserted us. Don't like the Camp. Prefer the Depot.

April 8th, 1918.—Last of the "A" Men left this morning. Groans. Too bad. Best of friends must part.

April 12th, 1918.—We are getting on. Twenty-six more patients arrive. Poor patients.

April 13th, 1918.—Such a surprise. Fifteen men arrived from the Depot, in exchange for the Hundred we sent them. How kind!

April 15th, 1918.—Gradually approaching the 2250. The number of Patients was actually increased by twelve, to-day.

April 17th, 1918.—Yet they come.—Patients' strength increased by twenty-two to-day.

April 19th, 1918.—The Depot could'nt spare the half-hundred, so they sent forty-nine as an addition to the Personnel Staff. Ten Patients also arrived to liven up matters.

April 23rd, 1918.—One Patient yesterday and twenty-one to-day makes twenty-two.

April 25th, 1918.—Meeting of the "Cooden Press Club," and the conception of "Pat's Post." The R.S.M. says it's going to be "Some Rag."

April 26th, 1918.—Double event to-day. 9 a.m.:—nearly everybody had an interview with the Paymaster. That is to say, those who had a balance to their credit. 4.30 p.m.:—Some persons anxiously awaiting the G.O.C. Canadians.

April 28th, 1918.—Inspection of Staff by the D.A.D.M.S. Canadians, Seaford.

Sergeant Baillie's Pup.

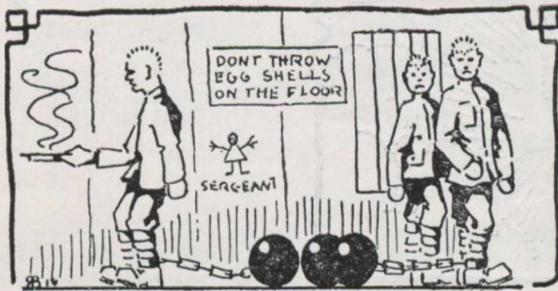
A pup came to the Hospital,
And stayed for just one day.
Where he is now no one can guess,
This subject of my lay.

For when he struck the Sergeant's Mess,
He threw an awful fit;
And someone grabbed him by the neck,
And o'er the fence he lit.

Poor Baillie first the sausage sized,
And o'er it shed a tear.
For he thought that he recognized
The pup he held so dear.

The pup was of the mongrel breed.
But Baillie cannot see
Why he should be compelled to feed
On dogs of low degree.

We nevermore may see this pup;
But on the other shore
He may be standing sleek and fat
When we the Styx cross o'er.



The Clink Contributes!

Prisoner to Policeman: "Please do not leave me."

Policeman: "Why"?

Prisoner: "Please blow your breath in my face again, will you"?

Policeman: "Why"?

Prisoner: "Well! It is the first smell of 'Johnny Walker' I have had for twenty-eight days."

Some person informed me that Lot's wife looked over her shoulder and turned into a pillar of salt. "I can see nothing wonderful in that. I saw a Coodenite who was walking down the street with a pail in his hand. He also looked over his shoulder, and turned into a PUB." Signed "Provost-Sergt."

One of the well-known Canadian Engineers walked into the Guard-room, last week, and asked for a broom and shovel. This lad must be following the horses.

It is noticed in the Guard-room that the one Bugle Call that it is not necessary to sound is "Sanitary Sergeant." Enough said!

WANTED.—A man with a wooden leg to mash potatoes at Cooden Camp.

FOR SALE.—A paybook nicely covered. Apply Cooden Camp.

FOR SALE.—A Glengarry Cap. Apply Sergeant Baillie.

The following poem was found written on a wall in a "Sanctum Sanctorium" at Cooden Camp by one of the R.P.'s:

I stole a kiss the other night ;
My conscience hurt, alack !
I think I'll have to go to-night
And give the darn thing back.

WHEN THE WAR IS O'ER.

We will be sailing o'er the sea
With heart as heavy as can be,
Leaving behind our V.A.D.
When war is o'er.

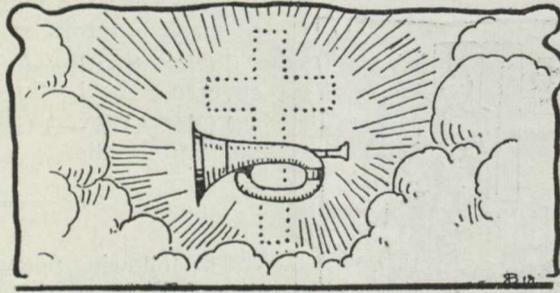
The tall O.C. of Hash and Pies
Will be emitting long-drawn sighs
At thoughts of leaving A.C.I.'s,
When war is o'er.

The Officer i/c of S. & T.
Will then refrain from saying "Gee,
I'll just call up the A.S.C.,"
When war is o'er.

A man whose surname rhymes with toy,
Oft fills the V.A.D.'s with joy.
They'll miss this accommodating boy,
When war is o'er.

He issues stuff from clothes to files
And towels and sheeting by the miles.
The ladies, they will miss his smiles,
When war is o'er.

And when we cross the Great Divide,
And Peter asks us why we died,
We'll say, "V.A.D.'s here reside,
When war is o'er.



LAST REVEILLE.

By "CANADA."

Padre, come a little closer, I can hardly
hear you speak
Raise my head upon my pillow for I'm
feeling tired and weak.
Yes, it hurts—God, how it hurts. Guess
my side is shot away ;
Well—knowing my marching orders,—
I'll be gone before the day.

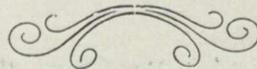
Wonder if the Boys will miss me in the
billets, when they know
That they left behind their bugler, in the
fields where daisies grow.
I have blown the old Reveille for a year
out here in France ;
Do you think, when I'm in Heaven, that
they'll give me half a chance ?

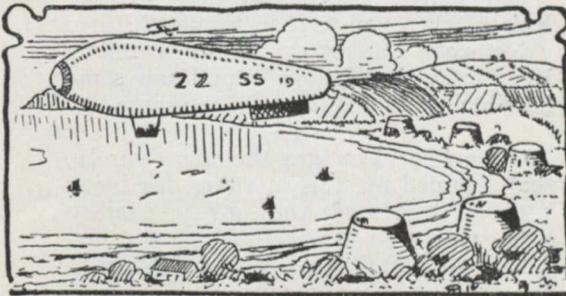
Guess they'll want a lot of buglers when
they have the long roll-call,
For many boys have gone to sleep, since
Mons in '14 Fall.
I shall stand upon the staircase, that
looks up to the Throne,
And I'll blow the last Reveille as it never
has been blown.

And its echoes will go ringing down the
Vales of Paradise,
So the boys, that lie behind the Line,
who'll answer in a trice ;
And then the Angels will float down on
their great snowy wings,
And they'll form the old Battalion and
take command of things.

They'll lead' them back to Heaven
through the Avenue of Stars,
And they'll be done with bomb and gun
and heartaches of earth's wars.
Good-bye Padre. Give me Mother's
picture here ;
There, I've kissed her and she's told me,
"Go to sleep, my Baby dear."

Put her picture in my Tunic and my
Bugle at my head,
I'll meet her up in Heaven when I bugle
for the dead.
Soundly he sleeps with England's Sons,
who wait till that bright morn,
When the little English Bugler calls them
on his Bugle-Horn.





The Airship,

OR

Warden of the Cinque Ports.

A mist hangs low upon the English
Channel,
The rolling deep it ripples on beneath,
As through the storm or shine we ever
battle,
The eyes that watch for England, and
the teeth.

We glance on flowing flag or rippling
pennon,
We see the sails of ships so far below,
As from the frowning ramparts, British
cannon,
Waiting in silence, but to strike one
blow.

Eastbourne and Brighton, Hastings,
Hythe, and Dover,
Follow our trail between them and the
blue.
Upward we rise to watch for that great
Empire,
Know they for her, Her children's
hearts are true.

Sullen and swift e'en like the eagle swoop-
ing,
Far out to sea, then rise to scan,
That coast, where Huns to death come
trooping,
Bring back the tidings "Held them
Man to Man."

Then down the Coast all taking up the
Chorus,
Cannon shall crash from every British
Fort ;
Eastbourne to Brighton, Hastings, Hythe
to Dover,
Thanking that Warden, the Guardian
of their Port.

Pte. A. W. DRUMMOND.

THE KAISER'S PRAYER.

O Gott, will you be mine partner ;
You don't know who I am ?
I am der German Kaiser,
Der Emperor Will-I-am.

You know I whipped the Belgians,
And mitt bullets filled Russia full ;
And I'll whip France and Italy,
And blow up Chonny Bull.

Now, all der odder nations
I don't gif a damn,
If you just be mine partner,
And whip dot Uncle Sam.

You know I got der submarines
All Europe knows so well.
But dot Edison got a patent now,
Vot blows dem all to hell.

Now Gott, if you will do dis,
Den you I will always love.
Und I will be Emperor of de earth,
Und you be Emperor above.

But Gott, if you refuse me dis,
To-morrow night at seven,
I'll call mine Zeppelins out
Und declare war on Heaven.

I vouldn't ask dis from you,
But it's now plainly seen,
Dot when Edison pushes ze button,
To hell mit der submarine.



BORROWED BRAINS.

A keen-eyed old Campaigner, having returned to Canada, led his young son into a country school-house:

"This here boy's arter larnin," he announced. "What's yer bill o' far"?

"Our curriculum, sir," corrected the schoolmaster, "embraces geography, arithmetic, trigonometry . . ."

"That'll do," interrupted the Father . . . "that'll do. Load him up well with triggernometry. He's the only poor shot in the Family."

Fond Grandma (who is rather stout): "What is it, Cherub: Can I help you"?

The Cherub: "Yes, Granny: get down on your hands and knees—I want to draw a Tank."

Canadian: "I don't believe Mac knows what a Moose is."

Mac: "Awa' wi' ye! Ah ken fine, ye catch 'em in Tr-r-r-aps wi' cheese."

Sergeant (to long-haired recruit): "What religion are you"?

Recruit: "Unitarian."

Sergeant: "Unit-hairun! You just hop off and see the barber."

Grandpa (pointing to Maple Leaf on Canadian Tommy's cap): "What may that be"?

Canadian Tommy (trying to be smart): "Oh, that's the rising sun."

Grandpa: "Na, lad, I wasn't meanin' yer face."

Old Lady: "Did you ever see the Kaiser, when you were in France"?

Returned Canuck: "Well, no mam; I can't say that I did. But I saw some horrible sights out there all the same."

Colonel: "You are the man, surely, that I pulled up, this morning, for being improperly dressed—and now you fail to salute me."

Raw Recruit: "Yes, sir—but I thought you might still be sore with me"!

ONE ON SCOTTY.

At a certain railway station a Highland "Tommy" dressed in his kilts, entered a railway carriage in which was seated a little girl, aged eight.

During the journey the soldier started a conversation with her. After asking her how old she was and various other questions, the Tommy said, jokingly, "Give me your address and I'll send you a picture postcard"!

To the great amusement of everybody in the compartment the little girl replied, "I'm sorry I can't give you my dress, but if you come round to our house, I'll give you a pair of dada's trousers"!

A FACT.

The Major: "What! Klink's a hero? Why, he's a 'wash-out.'"

The Girl: "But, major, he told me that in France he's always where the shells are thickest."

The Major: "So he is—in charge of an ammunition dump"

READY EXCUSE.

A private put in for special leave in order to dig up his allotment. Suspecting that the man was trying to "wangle" a holiday without legitimate cause, inquiries were made as to the allotment which was said to need digging.

In due course the private was summoned to appear before his commanding officer, who said, "I have made inquiries as to the truth of your statement, and find that you do not possess any allotment. What have you to say for yourself"?

"Well, sir," replied the private, "I don't know who went to see, but if it is'nt there, someone must have pushed it off the window-sill."

TACT ?

Two workmen were in conversation.

First Workman : Tact is a great thing to have.

Second Workman : And what may that be ?

First Workman : Well, I'll tell you. The other day I was working in a house and had to examine the pipes in the bathroom. I turned the handle of the door walked in, and nearly dropped with fright. There was a *lady* in the bath. "I beg your pardon, *sir*," said I, and rushed out. Now, that's tact.

NOT TAKING ANY.

"John, you ought to get in the aviation service," a York man told a negro last week. "You are a good mechanic and would come in handy in an aeroplane. How would you like to fly among the clouds a mile high and drop a few bombs down on the Germans" ?

"I ain't in no special hurry to fly, Cap," the negro answered. "When wese up 'bout a mile high, s'pose de engine stopt and de white man told me to git out an' crank" ?

IT WAS HEAVY !

Two colliers were going to their work the other morning, when one of them asked the other to feel how heavy his bread was.

"That's now't," said the other one. "My wife made a Yorkshire pudding fort' Sunday's dinner, but it were that 'heavy' we could'nt ate it, so I gid it to my ducks.

"About half an hour later a lad of mine came running in, shouting, 'Hey, feyther, come on ; our ducks un sunk.'"

WAR ECONOMY ?

Mr. Spuffinstein and his little son were walking down the main street the other day, when a large side show poster caught the eye of little Ikey. "Fader," he cried, "give me a penny to go and see the sea-serpent."

"Vasteful poy," exclaimed his parent, "vanting to pay a penny to see a sea-serpent ! Here's a magnifying glass ; go and find a worm."

FROM THE ORDERLY ROOM.

Clerk (making excuses for a big error) : "But, sir, man is'nt a machine. He can't go for ever."

Employer : "Oh, yes, he can ! You're going for ever at the end of the month" !

EVOLUTION OF WOMAN.

A little girl wrote the following composition on men : "Men are what women marry. They drink and smoke and swear, but don't go to church. Perhaps if they wore bonnets they would. They are more logical than women, also more zoological. Both men and women sprang from monkeys, but the women sprang farther than the men."

A FALSE REPORT.

Old Timer : "The worst experience I ever had was when we ran out of port in a gale of wind."

The Amateur : "Gracious ! I thought sailors always drank rum."

NEXT, PLEASE.

Tommy (to captured Hun) : "Nah, then, get along with the others. Wot yer 'angling about 'ere for" ?

Hun : "I vos wait for mine brudder. He vos surrender in der next batch."

EMERALD ISLE,

"Paddy," said a tourist at Killarney, "I'll give you sixpence if you tell me the biggest lie you ever told in your life."

"Begorra, your honour's a gentleman ! Give me the sixpence !"

A man who lived in Cork was notorious for always being behind time for everything. He knew his failing, and was rather touchy about it.

One night, stumbling out of a whisky shop, he lurched into a yard, and fell against the door, which gave way, and finished his slumbers peacefully in the shed, which was the warehouse of an undertaker.

In the morning he awoke, rubbed his eyes in astonishment at the strange surroundings amid which he found himself, and after recollecting his own pet proclivity, as he ruefully surveyed all the empty coffins, ejaculated: "Just my usual luck, late for the Resurrection."

An Officer was wont to reward his car-driver with a glass of whisky, and gave it to him in an antique glass, which did not contain as much as the car-driver wished for:

"That's a very queer glass, Captain," said he.

"Yes," replied the captain, "that's blown glass."

"Why, Captain," says the carman, "the man must have been darned short in the breath that blew that."



A HAPPY ENDING.

They were arguing, in the sitting-room, before a blazing log fire. The boy and his father discussed the pronunciation of a word that had cropped up in the conversation. The mother, knitting in hand, beamed on the pair as they sat in the light of the great fire arguing in a friendly way.

At last the boy jumped up and rushed to the library in search of the big Webster dictionary. He switched on the electric light. Out of the six French windows streamed light that could be seen right

out to sea. He never noticed that the blinds had not been drawn. He soon discovered that he was right, and, quite forgetful, rushed back to father to tell him of the result of his search But the lights blazed on

Mother had retired to rest. After more conversation, the boy, too, had gone. Father sat before the fire, smoking and reading the late edition of the evening paper He heard a ring. There was a rattle of keys and the opening of the great hall door. A subdued murmur of voices could be heard. Presently there were heavy footsteps in the hall. The door-keeper knocked at the sitting-room door. He announced Constable Jones from the neighbouring village

The Constable had come up the drive and had passed by the library windows. He had seen the lights, too.

"To-morrow morning, sir," said the policeman, "there are some special cases to come before the bench. The clerk has sent me to say that it would be well if you could attend to-morrow." The squire nodded assent. The constable went on, and added with some amount of hesitation He knew how, time and again, the squire had been irritated easily, and therefore picked his words carefully: "There is a meeting of the fox-hounds at the Bull Inn, and it was just possible you might be riding out to-morrow morning, sir but I was asked to say that it was most important that you should attend the Sessions."

"Very well, constable, tell the clerk I shall come," said the squire.

The constable hesitated once more and then withdrew. He passed out of the hall and went along under the library window and down the drive to the village. The lights were still streaming out of the library windows. He never mentioned the matter to the squire . . . he passed on. He had not the slightest remorse either.

Of course not, it was before July, 1914.



How is it that the Scotch Sergeant and his football team from the Sergeants' Mess could not accept the challenge of the dining-room staff, for April 25th? Had the ladies anything to do with it?

BASEBALL.

It was some Ball-game, of the variety "Indoor," that was pulled off on the Cooden Campus, on the afternoon of April 15th between members of the Officers' and Sergeants' Messes, resulting in a win for the N.C.O.'s.

It is a regrettable fact, that, owing to the large number of errors, and the high scoring, and the limited amount of writing material available, a full and detailed account of the game cannot be given.

From the humorous point of view, the game was decidedly above the average, as even that, usually prosaic individual, the scorer, being frequently in extremis from hysteria.

The afternoon was cold, and fine rain was falling, when the game started, and whether it was owing to the slipperiness of the ground, or to the players' sense of humour, most of the attempts to catch the ball were made—sitting down. Another remarkable feature about the game was that, though so early in the season, flies abounded. Many traps were set, but few were captured. One Rude Rooter from the bleachers asked if the C.S.M. on first base had gone to sleep. No!—

as no one heard him snore, and presently he began to move on to second base, it was surmised that he was laying a trap for the "flies." Another Rooter, this time from the Grand Stand, wanted to know, in an aggressive tone, who gave the R.S.M. permission to sell the last innings, and how dare he get in the way of a ball which the O.C. had just batted out.

It was noted with regret, that some of the Sergeants had evidently forgotten the good manners insisted upon in their Mess, and that they frequently attempted to knock out some of their Officers. (N.B "This kind of thing must cease."—R.S.M.)

Owing to the remoteness of the past pay-day, and the large (?) amount drawn by each N.C.O., the bulk of the money, if any, that was put on the game, must have been laid out by the losing Nine.

OFFICERS.

Lt.-Col.	Bedell	O.F.
Major	Sutherland	1st
Capt.	McClellanahan	P.
Capt.	Cross	C.
Capt.	Rutherford	2nd
Capt.	Lowrie	3rd
Capt.	Gordon	O.F.
Capt.	Kennedy	S.S.
Lieut.	Ross	O.F.

N.C.O.'S.

R.S.M.	Alden	P.
C.S.M.	Walker	S.S.
Q.M.S.	Roy	C.
S/Sgt.	Beck	O.F.
Sgt.	Cruze	1st
Sgt.	McLaughlan	2nd
Sgt.	Tomson	S.S.
Sgt.	Gold	O.F.
Sgt.	Jobson	O.F.

UMPIRE—Pte. Brooks.

OUR OFFICERS.

PEOPLE OF NOTE.

- Capt. R.— The Arm-chair Critic !
- Capt. K.— The famous Roman patrician Latrinus !
- Capt. P.— The physician—the people's friend !
- Capt. A.A.G.— The famous billiard-marker — Chin, Chin, Chow !
- Capt. A.R.G.— A second Varden at 17 !
- Capt. Sc.— The Beau Brummel of the Mess—why shouldn't he be? He has all the money !
- Capt. F.— The buffer for all other departments in the hospital !
- The O.C.— A d—d fine fellow !
- Capt. L.— Otherwise " Lenin " !
- Major S.— The only officer in the Camp who does any work !
- Capt. Low.— A knight on a wheel !
- Capt. M.— The Hamilton Gas Works !
- Lieut. R.— Who thinks he is O i/c Messing—but who really is'nt !
- Lt.-Col. M.— The greatest billiard flucker in the world !
- Major W.— O.C. Birthday parties !
- Major P.— Who speaks several languages, including "golf."

It has been noted that critics are not necessarily experts on the subjects on which they wax eloquent.

It is reported that the Adjutant, in moments of great stress, does not necessarily use the word " Rot " !

Some of the Officers have already lost their hearts to members of the fair sex—of the concert parties ! For further particulars refer to the paymaster.

It is rumoured that, the reason why V.A.D.'s were not taken to wait in the Officers' Mess was, that it was felt that too great strain would be put on the language of some of the members—they would perforce have to become " silent."

Why is it that there is a special issue of cigarettes to all connected with the Q.M. Department !

Why do so many of the Officers go to Hastings and Eastbourne weekly ? Some even go to Brighton, and one or two occasionally slip up to London !

Things to be avoided :—

- 1.—Riding bicycles in the halls of the Officers' quarters !
- 2.—Sacred music while bathing—except on Sunday morning !
- 3.—Church on Sunday !
- 4.—Orderly Officer, at all times—and especially on Saturday !
- 5.—Poker—if some Officers are playing !
- 6.—Ladies—except on Pay Day !

SAY, BOYS! TAKE THIS TIP!!

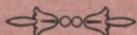
That's the Man ..

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G. CHAPMAN

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In Imperial Yeomanry during the South African War, 1902.
Voluntarily attested for the present War, and finally rejected
as Medically unfit for further service.

OFFICIAL CAMP PHOTOGRAPHER.



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