

# PAT'S POST

PRINCESS

VOL. I.—No. 3.

PRICE 4d.

JULY, 1918.

COODEN CAMP.



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(TRAMS PASS DOOR).

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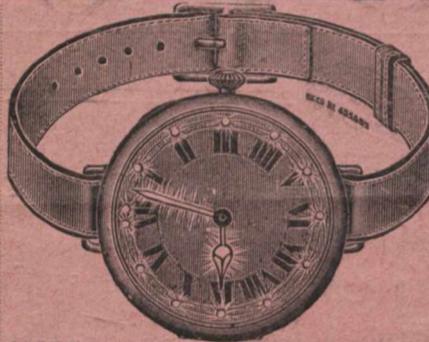
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ENTRANCE—COODEN CAMP.

### A SHORT HISTORY OF PRINCESS PATRICIA CANADIAN RED CROSS HOSPITAL.

What is now known as Princess Patricia Canadian Red Cross Hospital, had its origin at Ramsgate in January, 1917, when the No. 4 C.C.S. opened up the St. Lawrence College in that much raided town, as a special convalescent hospital for Canadians. When, on June 1st, 1917, the above Unit went to France, the hospital was taken over by Lt.-Col. A. J. Mackenzie as O.C., and Major G. B. Peat as adjutant; the requisite staff to make up the establishment of a six hundred-bed hospital being drawn from the C.A.M.C. Depot. Not long after taking over, Colonel Mackenzie was granted an establishment, the Unit thereafter being known as the P.P.C.R.C. Special Hospital.

In August, of the same year, it was deemed advisable to evacuate all the hospitals in the Ramsgate and Broadstairs area, and on the 29th of that month 500 patients were sent to Epsom, the balance going to Monks Horton on September 4th; the personnel of the Unit being distributed to various hospitals, until such time as a new home could be found.

It was not until January, 1918, that a home was found, when, about the 15th of that month, a party, consisting of a part of the staff of the Ramsgate Unit and a part of the Uxbridge Unit, took over Cooden Camp, and the fitting up of the huts as hospital wards was at once proceeded with. Shortly after this, Lt.-Col. T. C. D. Bedell and Major R. H. Sutherland being appointed Commandant and Adjutant respectively, and the establishment raised to a "2250 bed capacity" hospital with the called-for increase in personnel.

Since being taken over by the Canadians great improvements have been made, and this is especially noticeable in the approach to the hospital, and around the numerous huts that go to make up the camp. What with laying down of grass and the making of attractive flower beds, the camp is hardly recognizable to those who knew Cooden in the times when the Canadians 'were not.' The work has been done entirely by the personnel, assisted by patients who were fit for the work, and is very favourably commented upon by all visitors.



## "Princess Pat's Post."

### STAFF:

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

July, 1918.

## EDITORIAL SANCTUM.

To our Readers.

Now, Boys, I want to make a special appeal to you in this number of *Princess Pal's Post*, not only to help us in the matter of circulation, but in that of sending in matter for publication. Every minute of the day you come across amusing yarns, told by some of your contemporaries, and it surely wouldn't take a minute of your time to jot them down for the benefit of your camp magazine.

A camp like Cooden should be able to provide enough first-class material to fill a paper much larger than ours, and it is up to you to help us to maintain the standard we have set. Tell us of some of your experiences over the Pond. It is not necessary that they should be humorous—they are sure to be full of human interest whatever their metre.

Some of you may want to pull pal's a leg! And, so long as there is no spite or venom attached to the operation, send the result to us and you will see it in print. These little "What we'd like to know" form the most attractive feature in a production like *P.P.P.*, and cause many hearty laughs among our readers. The one and great aim of the Editor of a magazine is to use, as far as possible, only copy that is original, and to avoid "paste and scissors," as he would the d—Kaiser. You certainly wouldn't like to have your magazine filled with "padding," and so become a by-word among magazines. You would much rather see some of your own or your chum's efforts in print—

something you could send home to your friends to show them that you and pal are very much alive.

Of course you would, and that is why this appeal is being made to you to give us a helping hand. When you realise that it will be one of two things—a magazine filled with the clippings from other papers, many of which you will recognise as "chestnuts,"—or a magazine overflowing with the bright sayings and the doings of your immediate neighbours—there is not the slightest doubt that you, one and all, will turn to and make the next number of the "Pink 'Un" something worth while.

To produce a successful periodical two most important matters have to be taken into consideration—Advertising and Circulation. If a good circulation cannot be obtained, resort must be had to advertising, in order to meet the cost of production.

When *Princess Pal's Post* was first conceived it was hoped that sufficient support would be forthcoming to enable the management to dispense with advertisements, more or less, and to fill its pages entirely with reading matter and illustrations, but this Utopian dream has had to be abandoned. We find that we are not getting the circulation that the magazine is entitled to, and in consequence, for the present at any rate, we are compelled to have recourse to advertisements. We should like to point out, in this connection, that the work done both by the Editorial and Business Departments are purely voluntary, and without pay or allowances, and simply undertaken to provide a means of recording the outstanding events of Camp life, and to perpetuate its memory to after-war days.

From all sides we have been receiving congratulations on the June number of *Pal's Post* and on its improvement over the May issue, and, with your co-operation, it will go on improving until it reaches the ideal we have set for it. We mean to stick to the Guns, Boys! all we need is

# Lewis Hyland & Co.

## Military Tailors & Outfitters.

**58 & 60 Devonshire Road,**  
**'Phone 4Y. Bexhill-on-Sea.**

the ammunition, and that we confidently expect you to provide.

For the supplement, "March On, O Mighty Empire," which is included in the first five-hundred copies of this month's number, we are indebted to Mme. Laura G. Lemon, the well-known composer of "My Ain Folk,"—a song sung and loved by thousands of Canadians in our home across the broad Atlantic. This talented composer of songs is a Canadian, and is at the present time living in Bexhill. Among many of her successes are "Mighty Dominion," "Canada," "In Old Quebec," "There are the Boys who'll fight for Dear Old England." In addition to being a composer of note, Mm. Lemon is the discoverer of a highly-successful treatment for 'stammering and loss of voice,' due to the effects of 'having been gassed.'

Another song, "Mighty Dominion," has been kindly promised for next month's issue. So look alive, Boys, and order your copies 'early.'

### WATER ON THE BRAIN.

Do you think we're a lot of heathens.

Don't live on Angel's plan?

But we're sticking it here in the trenches,

And doing the best we can.

While preachers over in Canada,

Who rave about Kingdom Come;

Ar'nt pleased with our ability,

And trying to stop our rum.

Water they say would be better.

Water! Great Scot, out here!

We are up to our knees in water,

Do they think we are standing in Beer?

Oh! It sounds alright from the Pulpit,

When you sit in a cushioned pew.

But try four days in the trenches

And see what water will do.

They haven't the heart to say Thank You

For fighting on their behalf.

Perhaps they'll object to our smoking,

Perhaps it's a fault to laugh.

Now, some of those coffee-faced blighters

I think must be German bred;

It's time they called in a doctor,

For it's water they have on their head.

First Tommy (to second who has fallen in a shell hole): "Are you wet, Bill?"

Second Tommy: "No, yer blank idiot, I'm only perspirin'."

## Purely Personnel!



### What We'd Like To Know ?

Who is the Crown Prince of the Unit ? Is it a Lance-Jack that is known by this unenviable title ?

What does a certain P.T. N.C.O. expect to gain by running into Bexhill in athletic costume at various hours during the day ? It is said that from the Camp to Cooden Beach is his limit now ! It isn't "Ophelia ?"

Baillie has, or rather had, a new Pup. Did he get it on a trade for his glengarry cap ?

Who is the N.C.O. who is continuously quoting "Kelly ?"

Why a certain sergeant was so discourteous when asked by the Sanitary-sergeant if "He was cutting the grass." History has it that he replied, to this innocent and civil query, "Any d—d fool could see that he was sweeping the snow off the lawn !"

Is it another ration 'economy' that compels the Butter-man of the camp to keep his fingernails extremely short ?

Can anyone explain the reason why the N.C.O. in No. 1 Div. Orderly room is wearing the 'smile that won't come off ?' (Date of writing about the middle of June).

What was the 'horse-power' of the language used by the Corp.-in-rubber-boots, when he discovered that some joker had removed the hooks from his fishing lines ? Too 'fishy' to print, probably !

If it is better to have a line of ancestors 'smouldering in the grave,' or be the salt of 'God's earth,' viz. :—a C.A.M.C. Democrat.

Reply to this question might be furnished by the "Blue Triangle."

What is making one of the corporals in the Orderly-room so forgetful these days ? Anything to do with that little affair of 8th June ?

One of the boys in "E" hut wants to know whether a few "Rock Cakes" dropped indiscriminately in the Channel would not act as a good deterrent to submarines ? He says that they are capable of sinking a Dreadnought, let alone a "submarine."

Is it true that our Artist was seen camouflaging the smokestacks of the patient's kitchen a few days ago, and that the Super kept mum, for fear of getting in 'print ?'

When is the "Y" going to put a little more water in the ink ? It is certainly not adhering to Dora's regulation in the matter of being so much under proof.

What is the name of the "Bird" who seemed so flustered recently ? Was it a Carrier ?

Is 'Trebex' ill ? If so, what is the matter with him ?

Why was the Q.M.S. so mad when he inspected the isolation quarters the other day—and what did he find ?

"To the memory of our dear little Alice, who departed this earth for Heaven, April 6th, 1906." Was one of our personnel responsible for adding, in chalk, to the above epitaph, "Not yet arrived. St. Peter very, very uneasy."

Who placed crabs between Pte. P—'s blankets some time ago ? And what sensation did "The Dancer" experience, when the multiplied, bi-clawed, and crabby little pets got a-wooving with his toes ?

Who was the "Sergeant" at the Sergeants' "picnic" who, when he was waltzing, looked like a "Teddy Bear" with half the stuffing knocked out ?

Who is the "dresser" who is always to the fore when anything is wanted by one of the fair sex?

It is said that, recently, when a patient was about to be inoculated, he asked the M.O. if he could take the serum as a drink instead of subcutaneously. Did he belong to the 48th?

Who is the Sergeant who mistook a volume of Shakespeare's works for a Bible? Does he drink?

What became of the carpets that were, at one time, in use in the Sergeants' sleeping quarters? And when is the Coconut matting coming to hand that was promised at the time the said carpets were turned into Stores? Does anyone know? Can anyone tell?

If there is any truth in the rumour that the Poker firm of Ikey and Gooblestein intend, in the near future, to open up a Pawnbrokers' business in camp? As the 'sign' of this particular calling is rather an imposing ornament to any locality, it might be suggested that a prominent spot in camp be chosen. What a time they will have on Pay-days. Vat!

If, when two Quarters get together, they are equal to fifty cents? Reply from any Q.M.S. is requested.

If there is anyone in camp who would like to invest five bob in a nice "Khaki" waistcoat? Mac., the camp buttermilk, has a beauty which he is willing to part with for 5/-; three years ago it cost half-a-crown; one button is missing, and the back is nearly missing; otherwise it is in fine shape.

How many strokes it took the gallant and victorious O.C. to get out of number sixteen bunker, and did the presence of ladies keep the air from going blue?

If it is true that since the Father of the Regiment took over the Officers' Mess, the weight of its members has 'visibly increased.'

Is it true that a good blacksmith has been lost to the Unit by employing "Him" on a softer job?

#### THE MILITARY REPRESENTATIVE.

The Mucken-dyke Tribunal sat in state the other day, To give or else refuse exemptions in the usual way.

The first case was a man who'd had a wooden leg since birth, The chairman said, "Exempted, now hop home for all you're worth!"

But the Military Representative got up and shouted "Bosh! A wooden leg, by gosh! Such tales will never wash.

It was our gallant hearts of oak that beat the foreign foe, And mahogany legs can do the same. Why, of course, he has got to go!"

They called upon the next case, then a woman rose and said, "I'm very sorry, gentlemen, but my husband is dead."

The chairman said, "He is exempt, you needn't come again."

"Oh, thank you," the widow said, as she ran to catch her train.

But the Military Representative got up and shouted "Hi!

How dare your husband die? He was A.I. in July,

What say, ma'am, he's in heaven now! Well, just you let him know,

I'm sending a sergeant to fetch him back, for of course he's got to go!"

They called up Rip Van Winkle next, and, smiling all serene,

He mumbled, "Gents, I'm ninety-one, you've got me down nineteen."

The chairman said, "What! Ninety-one?"

Then, with a thoughtful frown, He said, "You're right, you're right, I've had your papers upside down!"

But the Military Representative got up and shouted, "Say!

Don't let him run away! Tho' he's ninety-one to-day,

There are men down at the War Office as old as he I know,

And I'm sure they're a dam sight sillier, so, of course, he's got to go."

The next exemption candidate was wheeled in on a chair,

He fainted when in court; the chairman shouted "Give him air!"

They burned brown paper underneath his nose to bring him too,

And then the chairman said, "Exempt, this poor man's black and blue."

Then the Military Representative got up and shouted, "Jor!

D'ye want us to lose the war? Exempted him! What for?

He may be black and blue, and purple, too, but don't you know,

That he's just the man for the colours, why, of course, he's got to go!"

"What's up, Alf? You don't seem half in a rage!"

"So'ud you be if you saw a blinkin' civilian fanning your best girl with his exemption card!"

**Y.M.C.A. NOTES.**

During the month we have had several very fine Concerts, and one or two not so good! Few of us will ever forget a certain contralto and her rendering of "Roses of Picardy," also her funny (?) stories! On the other hand, we had not laughed so heartily for a long time, as we did the night the Knutty Knucks gave us their splendid show. It was full of life and fun from start to finish. The "Uniques" also gave us a fine, well-balanced programme. We specially enjoyed Miss Madge Macklin's impersonations. We were favoured with a visit of Mde. Harris' Concert Party, which included the well-known comedian, Charles Coborn. From the first moment he came on to the stage, Mr. Coborn had his audience in fits of laughter. We can now realize how the songs "The Man who broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" and "Two lovely Black Eyes" made the writer famous. A return visit by Mde. Edith Welling's Party, of Brighton, was very much enjoyed. Their quartette contribution was specially good, and through their whole programme there was the lighter touch, which kept the audience at ease and interested. Altogether, we had 12 concerts in the month of June.

**CHESS CLUB.**

One of our latest organizations is the Chess Club. Privates Crookall and Coyne have lined up quite a few chess players in the Hospital, and weekly tournaments are now in progress. We had a visit from the Bexhill Chess Club, five matches, and although we lost all five, the friendly games were enjoyed. Later we hope for more visits from our Bexhill friends.

**WHIST DRIVES.**

The ladies of our voluntary Canteen staff have arranged several enjoyable Whist Drives during the month. Our fellows appreciate these affairs very much, and the hospitality of our Bexhill friends.

**TENNIS COURT.**

Our Tennis Court is now open, and considerable use is being made of it by our tennis enthusiasts. During July a tournament is to be held.

**SICK PARADE.**

By "Panaceus."

M.O.: "Good morning, Corporal."  
 Corpl: "Good morning, Sir."  
 M.O.: "Many on Sick Parade this morning?"  
 Corpl.: "Yes, Sir; Nine, Sir."  
 M.O.: "Landsakes, what is the Army coming to?"  
 "A home for incurables! I'll eat my hat if it ain't. Bring 'em in."

No. 1—"What's your complaint?"

"Got a cold, Sir."  
 "How long have you had it?"  
 "About seven years! A-hem."  
 "Do you spit much?"  
 "No, Sir."

"Right-o, my lad, come back in another seven years and we'll see what we can do for you." Next.

No. 2—"Trouble?"

"Sciatica, Sir."  
 "Serious, I suppose. Throw your arms high above your head. Now touch your toes. Good. Do it again nine times. Fine and dandy. Carry on." Next.

No. 3—"Well!"

"Bad leg, Sir; can't walk very well."  
 "Which one?"  
 "Left, Sir."

"Walk over there and back three times. Next time you come on Sick Parade you'd better cultivate a limp. Your trouble, my lad, is 'Swingilitis,' and the remedy is P.T. or 'Swinglethemics.'" Next.

No. 4—"And you?"

"Influenza, Sir."  
 "What! In flew the hen, Sah! What do you think this is, a chicken coop, and do you take me for a blooming gander? Well, you just fly out again and go and roost elsewhere. Well, I declare! In flew the hen, Sah!" Next.

No. 5—"Yes?"

"Thir, when I wath in my twelfth year, I met with a very theriouth acthidient, and sustained a fracture of both thecapulath and theveral ribths, and am now thuffering from the effecths of thith cataclythm . . . ."  
 "Enough, what's your name, my dear?"

"Archibald Perthival Milton Jellicoe Sphlitpeath."

"Oh! la, la, la! And can't you work at all, Percy? Can't you use your arms?"

"No, Thir. I can't raithe my armths higher than thith."

"You don't tell me! Now, Percy, before you met with that accident you were telling me about how high could you raise your arms."

"Like thith, Thir." (And he raised them high above his head.)

"Right-o, Percy, I will write out a prescription for your treatment." The prescription read thus:—"P.T. on rising, and before and after meals. P.D. for two hours, afternoon and forenoon. (This is known as Webb's treatment). P.H.M.—Posthumous honourable mention should the lad succumb."



## LOOKING BACK!

**June 1st, 1918.**—Grand summer's day, with light wind from the south. Sea-bathing the order of the day, in which the Camp Swimming Club was much in evidence. The "C.S.M." and Charlie Chaplain being in great form.

**June 3rd, 1918.**—The Hospital must be getting well known, as twelve more patients were admitted this afternoon to keep things going.

**June 6th, 1918.**—As the diary mentions that it is still keeping fine, no mention is made of this fact under this date. The Sergeants met in monthly session this afternoon, and, discovering, from the Sec.-Treasurer, Goblestine, that there was "Corn in Egypt," decided to have a picnic (sic) in the immediate future.

**June 7th, 1918.**—The news of a "picnic in sight" must have got noised abroad, as before the day was old, twenty personnel arrived from the Depot, and sixteen were admitted as patients. And yet they say that Old England is behind the times!

**June 10th, 1918.**—After a long spell of glorious weather, it started to rain about 3 p.m. yesterday, and continued all night and well into the morning, brightening up vegetation wonderfully. Even the potatoes and parsnips in the flower beds in front of the H.S.M.'s office began to show through—and wonder!

**June 11th, 1918.**—Twelve patients arrived to-day to swell the ranks of the "O Be Joyfuls." The Printer of *P.P.P.* arrived on the scene this afternoon and exchanged civilities with the management of our little "Rag,"—and congratulations. This means, of course, that our high standard as a work of art (?) must, perforce, be kept up.

**June 12th, 1918.**—The large "Catholic Army Tent," to be used as a recreation room for patients and personnel of any denomination, is in course of erection this afternoon, and will undoubtedly prove a great boon to those in camp.

**June 14th, 1918.**—Coming it rather strong this time—55 patients took their departure for pastures new, much to the regret of those left behind. Later on in the day 9 new men arrived to help out a bit—but it was only a fractional "bit." Mid-month pay day helped some to drown their sorrow!

**June 17th, 1918.**—Extract from diary:—"For some days the one question in camp has been, 'When will the June number of *Pat's Post* be here?' It has arrived, and will be in everybody's hands to-morrow morning." Thank

**June 18th, 1918.**—Hardly had the sweet(?) strains of Reveille ceased to sound than there arose a roar for *Pat's Post*, and the circulation manager had to forego his usual two or three hours beauty sleep to satisfy the public demand for the Magazine. He says that in future he will not let the cat out of the bag till the morning of the sale. The 16 new patients who arrived during the day thought they had struck an asylum, instead of a convalescent camp. It really was awful!

**June 19th, 1918.**—Singing "Back to the Land," four of the personnel left the camp this morning for Ramsgate, where, for some little time, they will be kept busy looking after the potato patch and the fruit trees at the original home of the P.P.C.R.C. Hospital.

**June 20th, 1918.**—Raining hard nearly all day, so three of the personnel were returned to the Depot by 'water transport?'

**June 21st, 1918.**—Wards getting a little overcrowded (?) so 62 patients were sent away to find accommodation elsewhere this morning. Later in the day seven new patients were given a hearty welcome. One of the '62' was so overcome at leaving Cooden that he lost his Railway Warrant; but it didn't work—the lost papers were found up his sleeve just as the train was on the point of pulling out. It was certainly 'some rush.'

**June 22nd, 1918.**—Being a beautiful day, the picnic was abandoned, and the sergeants entertained their visitors to a 'Whist Drive' in their mess. Like its predecessor it was a great success till closing time—after that hour it really didn't matter.

**June 24th, 1918.**—The large 'Catholic Army Tent' to be used as a recreation hut for patients and personnel was opened by Bishop Fallon at 3.30 this afternoon. A number of the boys were confirmed at St. Mary Magdalen's later on in the day.

**June 25th, 1918.**—Beginning to fill up again—28 patients enrolled to-day. Still a little behind on the deal. What!

**June 26th, 1918.**—The personnel having a turn to-day as a job lot of categories, making ten effectives, were taken on the strength. Well! now that summer is coming on there will be lots of work, especially along agricultural lines.

**June 27th, 1918.**—An innovation in camp this afternoon, which was much appreciated by many, and that was an exceedingly clever and pretty show put on, in the Catholic tent, by a number of Catholic children from Bexhill. The Sisters in charge are certainly to be congratulated.

**June 28th, 1918.**—Great exchange of prisoners—no, patients—31 put on, and 19 put out. Balance, twelve in favour of the hospital.

**June 30th, 1918.**—Here endeth the month of June!

THEY ALSO SERVE.

He wears no medals on his breast,  
Nor in crisp khaki is he dressed :  
He rises to no reveille  
Nor sails across the sullen Sea ;  
He merely works—works long and late,  
Then starts afresh each day at eight !

He has no Governmental rank,  
He merely runs a little bank.  
His family has gone to France,  
His daughter drives an ambulance.  
His sons are fighting to be free  
On Flanders field—in Italy :  
His wife has had the training, so  
As Special Nurse she, too, must go,  
He speeds their going, pays their bills,  
For war or peace, for crepe or frills.

With steady effort he keeps trim  
By working Sundays at the Gym.  
For well he knows he must stay fit  
To do his loyal, lonesome bit—  
A prosy part, mere dull finance,  
While all the others get to France !

But when this War is fought and won,  
When stilled at last is every gun,  
When battered, crippled sons come home,  
Weary and spent, no more to roam,  
Or, quiet, lie beneath the grass  
That trembles as young lovers pass,  
Methinks some wise Historian,  
Telling the tale as best he can,  
May write :

" Such Armies could not fail !

And in that hour we tipped the scale,  
Since Wars, at last, are always won,  
Not only by grenade and gun,  
But by each steadfast, plodding Dad  
Who has the grit to give his lad,  
And who, at home, shames every shirk  
By vital, virile, tireless work ! "

—Elizabeth Newport Hepburn in N. Y. Times.

PASSING THE BUCK.

The Colonel tells the Major  
When he wants something done,  
And the Major tells the Captain,  
And gets him on the run.

The Cap'n thinks it over,  
And to be sure an' suit,  
Passes the buck an' baggage  
To some shave-tail Second " Lieut."

The said Lieutenant ponders,  
And strokes his downy jaw,  
Then calls his trusty Sergeant,  
And to him lays down the law.

The Sergeant calls a Corporal,  
To see what he can see,  
So the Corporal gets a Private,  
And the poor damned Private's me.

So you see I run the business  
Of this here regiment,  
I work, 'n strain until  
My blooming back is bent.

But I don't care, it's all a scheme  
To fool Old Kaiser Bill,  
So I'll gladly bust this back o' mine,  
And work 'n sweat until—

We're in Berlin, and the war is won,  
And we're 'et our belly's fill,  
Of meat, 'n butter, 'n lollypops,  
And the treat'll be on Bill.

Then I'll come home, an' see my gal,  
An' mebbe she won't care,  
If I was a first-class Private  
Away off over there.

—American Khakiland.

THAT LITTLE TOT OF RUM.

In the dreary Winter morning when  
The trench is freezing hard ;  
And a fellow's standing shivering after  
Twelve hours weary guard.  
You feel as if you'd like to go  
Away to Kingdom Come,  
Until you see the sergeant bring  
The little tot of rum.  
It's quite all right for the folks at home  
To grumble and to swear,  
They have nothing to annoy them,  
Except what next to wear.  
Let them come out to the shell holes  
With a rifle and a bomb.  
Then perhaps they'll see the need for  
That little tot of rum.  
If they agree to come out 'ere  
And change their place for mine.  
I'll give them my old dug-out  
For their drawing-room so fine.

By " Tipó."

### V.A.D.'s OWN CORNER.

Amongst those mentioned for valuable nursing services in connection with the war, we note the King has been pleased to award the Royal Red Cross, second class, to Mrs. M. Bramley, late Commandant, Dunraven Castle, County Red Cross Hospital, who is now Superintendent of the Women's V.A.D. Unit attached to this hospital.

There was a young lady named 'Davey,'  
Who slipped, one day, with the gravy,  
And the "things" that she said,  
Have quite turned my poor head.  
And my straight hair has since turned quite wavy.

Her uniform is trim and neat  
If not remarkable for beauty,  
And when we see her in the street,  
Taking the golden hours off duty,  
We picture her beside the cot  
Of one sore stricken in the fighting,  
And yet her task, as like as not,  
Is infinitely less exciting.

No hero's eyes look into hers  
With almost uncontrolled emotion;  
No grateful patient e'er avers  
He owes his life to her devotion.  
Her debt to England has been paid  
In tasks that make a humbler showing  
As scrubbing girl or kitchen maid,  
Or any job that may be going.

But though a slave to dull routine  
That leaves her nightly faint and weary,  
She carries on, alert, serene,  
And indefatigable cheery.  
From morning light till set of sun,  
With never fame or pay accruing,  
She does the things that must be done  
And dignifies them in the doing.

You see us shining up at night,  
Making our belt and buttons bright,  
In hopes that we will get in right,  
With a V.A.D.

When we go to Cookhouse we look,  
Trying by every hook and crook,  
To get a line on a nifty cook,  
Of the V.A.D.'s.

The grub they feed us is simply Jake;  
Better than mother used to make.  
We'd do most anything for the sake  
Of the V.A.D.'s.

Sometimes they feed us mysterious hash,  
Or what is worse—that Hungarian goulash,  
Yet we always try to make a mash  
On a V.A.D.

Some have been and some now are girls,  
Some have straight hair and some have curls,  
Yet we all think they are a bunch of pearls,  
Those V.A.D.'s.

And when we're getting short of dough,  
And cannot to the "Denbigh" go,  
Shall we forego all pleasures? NO!  
While there's V.A.D.'s.

On Fridays they give us a dish,  
That the Weekly Menu says is "Fish,"  
But the only thing for which we wish  
Is a V.A.D.

The O. i/c of Messing, Ross  
Of the supply of grub is boss,  
But he leaves the cooking, wise old hoss,  
To the V.A.D.'s.

And when we leave our happy home,  
And sail away across the foam,  
What girls inspire us with a poem?  
The V.A.D.'s.

And when we reach the other shore,  
And see again our friends of yore,  
Who'll greet us at the golden door?  
The V.A.D.'s.

The shades of night were falling fast,  
As by the Metropole there passed,  
A girl who wore a strange device,  
A uniform so very nice.  
The V.A.D.

In Bexhill Town she saw the light  
Of the Cinemas gleam warm and bright.  
And as she chased the flying 'bus  
A special heard her mutter thus.  
The V.A.D.

Try for a pass the young man said.  
Say I'm your long lost brother TED.  
She only answered with a sigh,  
We always tell the truth or die.  
The V.A.D.

At break of day from out the clouds,  
Above the Seas a shout came loud:  
By your right, form fours, halt, stand at  
ease.

It was indeed the noble she,  
The V.A.D.

At Potsdam as in sleep he lay,  
The Kaiser groaned and tried to pray.  
No good, said he, I hear their shout,  
And soon they'll put my troops to rout.  
The V.A.D.

ESTABLISHED 1882.

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## BORROWED BRAINS.

BETWEEN THE SANDHILLS AND THE SEA.

We met a man who was driving a donkey laden with sea-weed. We waited to ask our way to the old Abbey and its graveyard.

He announced his intention of accompanying us all the way. We plied him with many questions, and he told us a good deal about this wonderful wild place.

"G'wanomerat!" He emphasized his parting word to the donkey with a whack of the stick, mercifully in a place where there was a comfortable padding of sea weed. Evidently the animal understood the adjuration, for it proceeded immediately to 'go along home out of that,' whilst its master led us right into the graveyard.

The nameless graves were those that Peter Keene could tell us most about.

"It's a many I've seen comin' here," he said cheerfully. "The Lord have mercy on their souls! There's not much place left in it now. That's where me an' herself'll lie, over beyont, where the Widow Duggan does be buryin' her husbands."

"Husbands! but how many?" we asked in surprise, with sudden thoughts of a female Blue-beard.

"There was Thomas Finlay,—but he's gone these twenty years—an' Neal McCabe, an' poor Jim Duggan himself—God give him rest, for it's little of it he got from his wife. Three of them she has there, an' maybe she'll get a fourth yet before she's done up. Up to this, no sooner does God Almighty take one, than she takes another."

"Isn't she getting rather old? But perhaps she's pretty still?"

"Pretty?—ach, you may be talkin'—a low-sized dark little patch."

"Then has she a farm or a fortune?"

"Divil a penny did she bring the one of them, only the old cabin above. I'll tell ye now what got them for her. 'Twasn't looks that done it, an' 'twasn't money that done it, but she just had the 'comether' in the eye."

Was ever the nameless charm we all know so well defined more aptly?

By A.D.

## RANDOM JOTTINGS.

"Though bread is said to be the staff of life, the Staff of this department must not deduce that their life here should be one continual loaf." This pointed reminder dangles on the wall in one of the hospital departments, in a beetling frame. Critics will note that the style of composition is in harmony with the "queue and ration" literature of the day.

Hot dogs for breakfast. "Lots" of table talk. Jones, in a "Sam Johnson" tone of voice, mentions "botulism." Blighter, who was torpedoed twice in the flooded ruts of Flanders, and has the blasted thing on his brain, harps on U-Bo(a)tulism. Murphy says to H...eaven with all the blarney and clamour for his Frankfort.

From our Montreal correspondent: After a light drizzle of rain, a Siberian cold spell had set in, and the roads were so slippery that they were practically deserted. Pat Maloney trudged on, or rather slid on towards the shop in spite of weather and roads, and finally reached his destination—ten minutes late.

"Well, Pat," said the boss, "what makes you late?"

"Begorra, Jim, it's the d—d ice. Ivry toime I tried to make one step forward I took two backwards."

"In that case, Pat, how did you reach here?"

"Well, bedad, whin I saw this, I just took to walking backwards, and here I am."

In a certain V.A.D.'s book of Autographs, the following can be found:

In the chimney of your Remembrance  
Consider me a Brick.—Pte. X.

It may not be generally known that in the Official Army list of diseases which a soldier is allowed to have is one called "Dry Mouth," No. 482.

In a lecture, recently delivered by an eminent Canadian doctor (now a Major), it was stated that this was by no means a new disease; men having been known to be afflicted with this trouble many years before the war. During the past three years, however, the ailment has become very prevalent, especially during the summer months, and so great has been the demand for medicine, that Medical Officers have been forced to stop 'treating.'

For the benefit of any that may have the misfortune to contract this disease during the coming months, it is stated, for their information, that the hours for treatment in Public Dispensaries are, 12 noon to 2.30 p.m., and, in the evenings, from 6 p.m. to 9 p.m. Sundays, 12.30 p.m. to 2.30 p.m.

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

## SPORTING TOPICS.

### BASEBALL.

#### PRINCESS PATS. SECOND TO NONE.

Our "nine," after seven league games, remain still undefeated, and first of the South Coast Baseball League.

The following is the box-score record of the games:—

#### PAT'S V. BOYS' BATT., BEXHILL.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	T.
Boys ..	0	0	0	3	1	0	0	4
Pats. ..	0	4	1	0	0	4	3	12

#### PATS. V. C.T.W.S.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	T.
Pats. ..	1	2	1	0	0	2	x	6
C.T.W.S. ..	0	0	2	0	0	1	2	5

#### PATS. V. 13th C. G. HOSP., HASTINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	T.
Pats. ..	2	6	3	3	1	1	7	23
13th ..	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	2

#### PATS. V. 14th C. G. HOSP., EASTBOURNE.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	T.
Pats. ..	0	6	0	3	2	1	4	16
14th ..	2	0	0	0	3	1	0	6

#### PATS. V. C.A.S.C., BEXHILL.

	1	2	3	4	5	T.
Pats. ..	5	3	8	0	1	17
C.A.S.C. ..	0	1	0	0	1	2

#### PATS. V. R.A.F., N. 2 WING.

Pats ..	7	2	1	0	0	10
No. 2. . .	0	0	1	6	1	8

#### PATS. V. R.A.F., No. 5 WING.

PATS., 9. No. 5, 0.

PATS—Won, 7. LOST, 0.

The Pats, elated over their remarkable victorious record in the league, and somewhat inclined to belittle the battling qualities of their adversaries, almost met their Waterloo in the two latest skirmishes, with the Wing No. 2 of the R.A.F., and the Boys' Battalion, of Bexhill. The Pats played these two games in a very loose fashion, while, on the other hand, their opponents, eager to put one over on our invincibles, played with all their might and main. Another reason, in no way negligible, was the great "damp" that has come upon the Pats' rooting since the departure of "Ginger" and "Scottie," the "Zealots."

In the game with the flying nine, our lads succeeded in running away in the first lap with 7 runs, but were granted only three others in the remaining four.

The R.A.F.'s, on the other hand, blanked in the first two relays, but put on a spurt in the last three, chalking 8 runs.

Final Score:—Pats, 10; R.A.F., 8.

The game with the Boys was the tightest encounter yet witnessed in the league series. Fisher, pitching for the Boys, outwitted our red caps, shutting them out for six innings. He weakened, however, in the seventh, handing out two hits and two runs. Turnball, twirling for our nine, allowed one run to slip in the first innings, but held the young-blooded fans to the oval mark during the rest of the game.

The game proved intensely exciting, and kept the Pats on their toes throughout. Good pitching on both sides was the special feature of the game.

Turnbull has 7 strike-outs to his credit and handed out 4 hits.

Fisher scored 6 strike-outs, and allowed only 3 hits and 1 base on balls.

The following are the box-scores :-

	PATS. V. R.A.F.					R. H. E.			
	1	2	3	4	5				
R.A.F. ..	0	0	1	6	1	—	8	4	3
Pats. ..	7	2	1	0	0	—	10	3	4

	PATS. V. BOYS.							R H E	
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7		
Boys ..	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	—	1 4 2
Pats. ..	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	—	2 3 4

**DOMINION DAY SPORTS.**

The anniversary of the Canadian Confederation did not slip by unnoticed at Cooden, but was duly celebrated by a gala field day, in which all the well-known stunts (races, pole fights, etc.), figured, and were fittingly crowned by the good old game of baseball. Everything was carried out very smoothly and without a hitch, a fact which reflects great credit on the able management of the Sports' Committee, whose efforts were crowned with success, in spite of the setback brought about by the "flue," that caused such havoc in our domain, and confined many were-to-be competitors to their couch. Intense rivalry was the dominant note of all the contests, and particularly noticeable between the patients and members of the personnel. The day was a very enjoyable one on the whole, and a goodly crowd of spectators from the "outside world" were present, to witness, encourage and cheer. The C.T.S. band were entrusted with the musical part of the programme, and well did they perform their role.

In the evening the distribution of prizes to the winners of the sports, took place, followed by a grand entertainment by Miss Lillian Tooley's party (of London) in the Y.M.C.A. Hut.

A whist drive was held during the same period, in the Catholic Army Hut, and met with a complete success. The prizes given were of exceptional value, and appreciated by the winners. The Committee wishes to thank most especially Mrs. E. Bagot and another kind lady, who generously donated the prizes.

Before we realise it another month has flown, the sun shines, the "beans" grow, the roses do not, and all is well in the Cooden camp.

The event of the month, the Sergeants' picnic, was most enjoyable, and the members of this unit justified their nickname of "very artful dodgers," by running off with all the ladies' prizes.

Dominion Day for us was also a sad disappointment, for instead of having a gay afternoon at the sports, most of the members had to be in bed. The demon "Flue" was having his own say, high temperatures and sore "heads" being the principal features. But all is well that ends well, and every one is getting better and feeling ready to work again.

Several members have left us, and they write and say what a fine time they had in the camp, and how sorry they were to go.

**THE CONFERENCE.**

The silver moonlight streamed in through the window of the work room, and the little clock on the wall struck twelve. A rat ran out across the floor and stopped in the centre of the moonlit square. Suddenly, without any apparent cause, a bag of golf clubs fell from off a shelf with a loud clatter, and the rat was nowhere to be seen. Deathly silence ensued for several minutes, broken at length by a groan. "Oh-O-O-O-O my poor head, Oh-O-O-O-O." It was a niblick that spoke, and in a complaining voice it continued, "And after such a hard day's work, too. I've been slogging in every bunker on the course to-day, I hit flint, too, and nearly took a chip out of my edge.

"Stop your grumbling," thundered the driver, from its place. It was Robson's own driver, and, as such, ruled the club room with a firm hand. In a judicial tone it went on:

"Now then, whose little niblick are you?"

"I belong to an Officer," said the niblick proudly.

"Sir," roared the driver ferociously.

"Sir," answered the offender meekly.

The driver continued: "What is his name? You seem to forget that there are a good many Officers?"

"His name is Captain Gordon, sir," answered the niblick hastily.

"Now then, what is your complaint?"

"Well sir, he works me overtime, and I think my shaft is breaking," wailed the niblick, bursting into tears.

"Calm yourself, my friend," said the putter in the same bag. We all have our little hardships. He made me drive off the tee yesterday, it nearly killed me, and I saw him kill a beautiful Sandwich brasseys one day at the 18th hole. "He snapped her across his knee," said the putter, reminiscantly.

Again the chief driver spoke: "This evening we are not hearing complaints. The repaints are to report. Our time is short, so let them begin from the front row, right." The buzz of voices grew silent, and winking its black eyes free from fresh paint, a Silver King began:

"Look at me," it said solemnly, and all eyes turned towards its place on the tray. "Its my beautiful face all seared with deep scars. Yesterday, I was new, and proud, and as well as could be, for a Major walked into the shop and spoke to Mr. Robson, asking for the hut ball he had. I was chosen, and as Mr. Robson handed me over, he said, 'You'll find this chap a good one, Major Sutherland. I'll guarantee it.' Out to the tee we went, and the Major looked so strong and sure, that I smiled as I sat on the sand tee waiting to roar down the fairway.

I'm not very clear as to what happened next, but I felt a stunning blow on the top; someone shouted D - N in a very loud voice, and I found myself embedded in the tee up to my middle. It was awful. The Major dug me up with his knife and sat me on the tee again. I fairly quivered with rage and fear."

"Rotten wind," said the Major. "Round came the driver, and away I went and up into the air. I was passing over a large clump of gorse, when suddenly all my strength deserted me. I sank down, exhausted, in a deep clump of grass underneath a large bush. Presently I heard the Major coming. He cast down his club bag, and gingerly forced his way into the bush. He was humming, 'When the Roll is called up Yonder,' till a thorn spiked him. The song ceased, and he spoke Canadian rapidly and fluently.

I lay as low as I could, and presently he went away. I didn't move till night came, and then I rolled down on to the fairway, where I was found by Robson's caddie at five in the morning. I'm feeling better, thank you." All joined in sympathy, and congratulated the Silver King on his return.

The next ball spoke in a whisper: "I've got a terrible cold" it began, and went off into a fit of coughing. It started again, "This is my second repainting you know. I'm really much older than I look. I was one of Robson's balls

till yesterday, when he gave me to Captain McClenahan. They call him James Braid you know. He played me from the second tee, and (cough—cough) I fell into the water. I hoped he would find me, and once I felt a poke from a club and heard him say, 'H'm—funny, funny. I don't understand it at all.' Unfortunately, he pushed me deeper into the mud, and I heard no more. I was rescued after a day and a night in the water by a man with a hoe, and here I am."

"Well, I'm certainly the oldest ball here," said the next on the tray, "and although I'm marked and scarred, I served the 'Physician' well. I've played eight games with him. They call him the 'Physician' because—well, because he looks the part. He doesn't speak Canadian as well as some of the others, but when he does, he always says something. He has a lady friend whom he never sees, but who is with him on most of his games. He calls her Gwendolyn. When I alight on a crest of a bunker, it is always Gwendolyn who pucks me on to the green. Gwendolyn has sometimes helped the Physician to stymie his opponent. You should see him smile then.

Did the Physician lose me? Oh yes, we all got lost sometime or other. I had a little difference with him the other day. I was in a little tuft of grass just off the fairway, and I smiled confidently at him, saying as clearly as I could 'Take your mashie, O Physician.' But, to my horror, he drew out his terrible niblick and prepared to strike. I was hurt and a little annoyed. So when he struck at me I ducked, and he drove me deep into the grass at his feet.

The sun was blazing full in his face, and he thought I had gone. Away he went, and I chuckled as I heard him grunt with surprise when he couldn't find me. He came back and almost stepped on me, but missed, and I, too, found a resting place in the Golf House."

Robson's driver spoke, "I've got to play a match with Harry Vardon to-morrow, so I think we will hold over the rest of the reports till later. At the next meeting, we will hear from one of our mashies the tragic history of Major Foster at the 15th hole."

The clock struck one.

By Varden.

## ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

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Than to spend your money with the advertisers whose names appear in *Princess Pat's Post*, as you are sure to get good value.

For a well cut Tunic, Slacks, or Breeches—in fact, for anything in the Military Outfitting line, Lewis Hyland & Co. more than fills the bill.

Did you take our 'Tip' and go to Wimhurst for your toilet supplies? Just try his "Liver Pills"—no more distressing pains between the shoulders, if you do—Personal Experience.

When you arrive in town, lunch at the Marina Model Dairy. After shopping, drop in at the same place for "Tea and Trimmings," and then take the car for Cooden with the feeling of "a day well spent."

It is rumoured that you have applied for permission to get married! The next best thing to do is to see Collbran, the St. Leonard's Road Jeweller, about the ring—and the presents.

The St. George's Cinema is going 'strong,' and the many 'star' films that are to be shown will add more to the well-deserved popularity of this enterprising House. More power to the genial Proprietor's elbow!

"Any Complaints?"—No, Sir! The Sackville Laundry is keeping up to its reputation for fine work, and for promptness in fetching and delivering the 'goods.'

"Has anyone seen Kelly—we mean Chapman, the Camp Photographer?" Get right after him if you want a 'speaking' likeness. He's the man!

As the advertiser on the front cover, T. Davies, says, "Everything in his Store is British." His show of Sports and Leather Goods is especially attractive.

Go down St. Leonard's Road, the next time you are in Bexhill, and call at No. 42. If there's anything in the "Officers'" Outfitting Line that Wm. R. Lye can't show you—wire *Pat's Post*.

"As in the past, so in the future." You may be sure of seeing the best of Movies at The Cinema de Luxe, where everything is comfortable and up-to-date.

M. Watson & Co., of 22 Sackville Road, has a very nice assortment of Canadian Equipment, Badges and Titles, which will repay you to investigate. Leave the tram at the "Metropole."

If any of you chaps want a first-class Razor, go to James L. French for it, and if "you are afraid to go home in the dark," get a flash-lamp or battery at the same time.

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PURE DRUGS,

OPTICAL,

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## EXPERIENCE BY A MENTAL PATIENT.

"Now then, you bearers, pick up this stretcher. Take the patient to dammit." "Where to, Sergeant?" queried the patient bearers. "Bell Tent No. 5" snapped the haughty and well-fed Sergeant—who had also made use of the reprehensible word *dammit*, and others first mentioned above. I was carried to the shell-shock mental tent, and the stretcher placed on trestles. Being of beamy build I found the stretcher poles not any too wide apart, so that portion of my anatomy suffered. On the orderly enquiring what sort of a case it was, I heard the bearers say, "Mental," whatever that meant. Was I indeed a lunatic? Had I gone mad? At times during my subsequent experiences I thought so, so I'm just dotting down a few notes of what occurred, in order that the readers of this bright Star in the firmament of journalism may judge for themselves.

The Orderly produced a card, No. oxz3—12345, Army Form 5678—form copyright by W.D., etc., on which, according to the questions he asked me, the most intimate of my private affairs was notified.

I failed to see why this wonderful copyright form, 12345 & 5678, should demand to know what kind of death my grandmother indulged in; or whether my brother, who actually dealt in fish and chips, ran a Chinese laundry, and did I have a price list on me. My answer to his last question seemed to settle the diagnosis of my case. "Have you," quoth he, "been in the Army before joining the Canadian E.F.?" "Yes," said I. "And you enlisted again? That settles it!" "Settles what?" I asked respectfully, thinking that the Orderly was offended by my reply. I won't mention his answer, as I understand from our Sergeant Major that this journal finds its way into many Christian homes.

Shortly after, a Sister, resplendent in sky blue, brass buttons, pips on shoulder straps, and an enormous veil, came to my side stretcher. "What part of Canada do you come from, lad?" she asked tenderly. "Paschendaale," I gurgled. Heaving a deep sigh she left, calling the Orderly to follow her outside.

I heard them consulting in low and mellow tones, and could only pick up stray words here and there—amongst which were "theatre—the orderly sergeant will operate—Captain Ludenberg—chloroform—ether—let him—whiskey,—sergeants' mess," and such like, then their voices dropped so low I could distinguish nothing. I could hear the devoted lady sobbing. For a while I let them cry in their great grief, but on rolling over, I banged myself on the stretcher pole, and could not, for the life of me, refrain from uttering a sharp cry of inconvenience. The Orderly rushed in, I could see he had been weeping copiously, and he had the snuffles. Before I could speak he fixed my box respirator on me,

and with equal expedition pulled an H.P. helmet over all, thus shutting me out from everything external. This was, I'm sure, a bluff to convince me that there was lachrymatory gas in the air, but what upset him really, was—well, it was a mere trifle. He had asked for a few minutes off to visit an estaminet across the road to extend an all welcome good-night meeting, and hadn't been able to click.

Anon cometh two bearers to take me to the theatre, where the latest operation for *ossification of the hippocampus* was to be performed on me by a specialist from the Orderly Room.

The theatre was a blaze of light, charmingly decorated with festoons of exotic palms and other foliage from the Royal gardens at Ypres. The table on which I lay was very tastefully arranged with fancy cushions and plain needlework. I could see a good deal through the windows of both the box respirator and H.P. helmet somewhat limited my view. I was very much interested to note that H.P. made sauce besides helmet, as I saw several bottles on the various supper tables with the letters H.P. on them. There was evidently going to be a large dinner party in commemoration of my operation, in fact, dancing was being indulged in by the Sisters and many Air Force men when I arrived. By the way, I heard during the evening, that the H.P. bottles were only a camouflage, they did not contain sauce, "they were empty?" You quoth, gentle readers? No, the bottles did not stand there empty, only the O.C. was a total abstainer, and deluded himself that the M.O.'s and Sisters were, too.

My case must have been spoken of before my arrival, as on my being noticed, the nurses at once crowded round my humble bed, and soon a jewelled throng of ladies fair encompassed me as stars the night. My H.P. and B.R. were hurriedly pulled off, and I was simply inundated with ice creams, chops, steaks, all kinds of soups, the best brands of fermented and spirituous liquors, besides matches, tobacco, cigars, cigarettes and pipes. How they did wait on me and how thankful I felt to the Canadian Red Cross that we poor battle-stricken wretches could feast on such delicacies while the operating surgeons were searching our innermost soul-cases for the penetrating shell fragments.

The orchestra again tuned its stringy song, and every one rushed off soon to whirling in the "giddy mazes of the waltz." (This last is an original expression you never see in novels or newspapers).

Outside, the airmen gyrated up and down, back and forth. Many had their planes handsomely decorated with variegated lanterns, streamers of coloured paper, and with such like confetti beloved by airmen.

As they slowly soared by the theatre door, the light from the thousand and one arcs gave them the appearance of huge fireflies enjoying the tropical nights in far-off Southern Seas.

Of the airmen, some more daring than the rest would jump out, rush into the room, greet a friend here and there, dash out and vault into their seats again, cracking their whips and shouting in their glee. Presently there cometh the Orderly Room Expert, to be hereinafter known as the O.R.E. He spent a deal of his time and mine too in making notes of my case, and had his stenographer to write a full family history of myself and relatives, taking care to impress me that he came from Toronto, and knew all about the mountain at Hamilton and the Young St. Bridge. After much research work, he informed me that the ossification was bad, but the hippo-campus was dambad. He then called upon Count Ludenberg and Prince Hindendorff to administer the anaesthetics. "Certainly," said the Prince, dashing the ash off his immaculate evening dress and lighting a fresh cigarette.

Soon I began to see the roof of the theatre going higher and higher till I remember no more.

Coming to, in the bell tent, I could faintly hear the sounds of revelry which were rife and perfect in my listening ear.

Suddenly, three whistles, and my attendant dashed out, showing, as he threw the tent flaps aside, many searchlights streaking the night.

Then the unmistakable sound of the double-engined Gotha. "Fritz is up," I heard various people say. There was no alarm, only curiosity, as to where the first one would drop.

They did not have to wait long. Jerry seemed to be right over my tent when I heard the well known whistling of a descending bomb.

It struck the tent fairly, and I was immediately blown to pieces.

The above story is very typical of the condition of "shell-shocks" on the first onset of that fell disease.—Ed.

### BISHOP FALLON IN CAMP.

The afternoon of June 24th saw a little commotion in our quiet little domain, the peace of which is seldom broken by other noises than such as are now and then wafted on the breeze from the baseball diamond and the golf links. The reason of the bustle on this particular day was the visit to the camp of His Lordship, Mgr. Fallon, O.M.I., Bishop of London, Ontario, who, during the past week or two has been touring the Canadian camps and billets in France and England, with the purpose of bringing a word of cheer, greeting and encouragement to the boys, from their beloved homeland across the pond.

A goodly crowd assembled in the vast cinema tent newly erected on the camp grounds, under the direction of the Catholic Women's League, and generously financed by the Knights of Columbus of Canada.

Bishop Fallon, whose eloquence and easy flow of language are so well known and appreciated in the Dominion, addressed the boys in terms both familiar and genial. His Lordship opened his address by relating in what way the Canadian Government had called upon him to visit the Canadians in England and France, and how pressing circumstances led him to start in France. In glowing words, he told of the magnificent spirit of the Canadian Forces, its co-ordination, energy and unity of command. The words spoken by an Imperial Major-General, he said, made his heart beat high, and never before did he feel so proud of being a Canadian. "Our war effort," continued the speaker, "is marvellous. Not many years ago, when questioned as to what effective of men Canada could furnish at the call of the Motherland, did not Lord Roberts state ten thousand as a maximum. But we now see his error."

His Lordship had a word of praise for all the various branches of the Army, and said that the thing that struck him most during his tour was the astonishing cheerfulness of all the boys in hospitals.

"I had a little chat with the Canadian Corps Commander in London the other day," he said, "and he told me that he was the proudest man on the earth, but not the happiest. The proudest, for to command such a corps is an incomparable honour; but not the happiest, for he knew that his men must go into battle soon again, and faithful to their past records they would achieve or remain."

"Many of you," the Bishop added, "will return to Canada soon. The more the better, for we need you. On your return your country expects from you the same loyalty, the same good citizenship, of which you gave proof in pre-war days. When the Canadian Army returns it will receive its due—justice and generosity—from its just and generous people. The army, on its return, must build up the country. A corps with such extensive and admirable organization, such a sense of responsibility, will do in peace things so great that those they have done in war will pale before them."

His Lordship concluded his little confab by congratulating the generous workers of the C.W.L., to whose care the new hut has been confided, and extended to them, as to all the other "angels of mercy," who exercise so "blessed an influence" in all camps and billets, Canada's most sincere thanks.

Harry (just "out"): "Listen, Bill! Sounds like ole Fritz comin' over in the mud—squish squash—squishsquash."

Bill: "That's orl right—that's only the American boys further up a-chewin' their gum rations."

### CATHOLIC ARMY HUT.

As mentioned in the above, the Knights of Columbus in Canada and the members of the Catholic Women's League, working in concert, have enriched our camp with a beautiful new refreshment and rest salon in the shape of a vast tent. The C.W.L. labours and achievements are things too well known by men who have seen different camps in England and France for us to make any commentary. The tent, 100 by 30, is beautifully situated on the very outskirts of the camp, and flanked on all sides by thick hedges. Its position of retirement renders it most favourable to quiet reading and peaceful games. The novelty of the open-air luncheon lends another charm to the place. The work done by the C.W.L. ladies here is to be purely one of charity and bounty to the boys. All proceeds of sales, if proceeds there be, are to be given over to the sports' fund of the camp.

Let us just add one word of hearty thanks in appreciation of the kind labours of the C.W.L. workers among us, and let us wish them, forever and in all, prosperity and happiness.

### LITTLE DANCERS.

The first entertainment to take place in the Catholic Church Hut was given by the little girls of Our Lady's Convent, Bexhill. The little ones called forth repeated and hearty applause by their grace of movement, in the various dances they performed, and their nimbleness of foot. Maypole dance, hornpipe, Irish jig, minuet, hesitation waltz, country dance, followed one after another in rapid succession, and were all executed without a hitch. Great praise and credit are due to the little ones, as well as their splendid tutors and guardians.

### A CONFESSION.

Gentlemen—To-day, I must confess, I make a clean breast of it. For too long the shame of it all has been overpowering me. For too long have I awakened in the night, covered with a cold sweat, trembling with the fear that my horrible secret would be discovered. For too long, again, gentlemen, has the nightmare of such an act, which will fill you all with disgust, been following me night and day, torturing me, to the very depths of my soul, in broad sunshine; as well as tormenting me in the darkest hours of the night.

Yes, gentlemen, I will confess, and if I could not be true to myself then, I will brave your scornful looks in the future, and will take them as expiation for the most horrible of crimes, for the one unpardonable sin—*cowardice*!

In my extremity, I charge you all to be Judge and Jury, and should your verdict be *death*, the only atonement for such a crime, gladly shall I rid the world of such a one as I.

But, before you condemn me, gentlemen, please bear with me a little longer. Give me the same right as you give to the lowest of criminals, the right to at least put forth a few feeble excuses, and though I know that your stern sense of justice will forbid you to condone such an act, they may at least bring me your sympathy.

On the day when I was challenged, I was sick. I had been indulging during the past few weeks in frequent libations, and I was not the man I generally am. My nerves were overwrought, and though the fiery liquor, which had been coursing through my veins, caused me to accept the challenge, I could not carry it through. I could not poison myself as agreed in the challenge and as was luck's decree against me.

To enable those of you gentlemen who do not know the exact state of affairs to judge, with thorough impartiality, I shall lay down, as concisely as possible, the true facts of the case.

It was at dinner-time when my ex-friend stood up and dared me, and then . . . Oh! God, Why did you let me live to be covered with such shame. Why did you not help me in my last extremity and increase my capacity a little? . . . Gentlemen, please do bear with me a little longer. It is hard to say it. Oh God! . . . You and I alone know how hard it is. But, I must, though after this I must brave your ill-grace and your sneers. I saw . . . Oh God! how could you let such a thing happen to your faithful servant . . . I saw . . . my . . . glass full of Government Beer, and I could not summon up the courage to drink it.

—SERGT. HOSPREP.

### DAY DREAMS.

We're B.3 to-day, and we're all feeling gay,  
In the thought that we're all going home.  
And we vow and declare and solemnly swear  
That never again shall we roam.  
We can see Maple trees and flowers and beer,  
In the dreams we are dreaming to-day.  
We can see the old cows and horses and ploughs,  
And we long to be pitching the hay.  
Oh! won't it be grand to shake Dad by the hand,  
And to kiss dear old Mother once more.  
It will sound like a lark to hear the dog bark,  
When we knock on the back kitchen door.  
But there's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip,  
And the ship that will carry us over.  
And we'll find to our sorrow we'll be AI to-morrow.  
And our ship will be sailing from Dover.

Private Leadswinger (entertaining new draft)—"Wot! Was there much of an explosion when the mine went up—I should say so! Why, the sandbags was falling down ten minutes afterwards with snow on 'em."

## OUR OFFICERS.

### NOTES FROM THE MESS.

Wonder why it is that the concert parties are able to pick out the 'Ladies' men so well. Look at the way they pick out Capt. G. Chu Chin Chou each time!

There is a rumour that Church Parade will be made compulsory—it's the only way to get some of the officers out!

Some of the Q.M.'s are much disliked in the Mess—they have such taking ways!

It has been almost unanimously decided that *John Bull* will not be bought by the Officers' Mess!

It is reported that some of the officers are not allowed to come to the Y.M.C.A. concerts without their better-halves. Some of the rumours of their carryings-on must have spread!

The officers played the ladies of the Cooden Golf Club the other day, enough said! It was a very painful affair—for the officers. Even the great Vardon couldn't save us.

Birth-days are becoming fairly common and very popular in the mess these days!

Some of the officers are so overcome by dances that they often find difficulty in making the breakfast-table the same day the dance finished.

### FAVOURITE SAYINGS OF THE OFFICERS

Lt.-Col. Bedell:—"Well, I guess I'll have to go home."

Lt.-Col. Murray:—"Let's take a walk down town."

Major Sutherland:—"Blank-blankety-blank."

Major Foster:—"The patients haven't enough parades."

Major Woodiwiss:—"It's nearly half-past-ten."

Major Howlett:—"Have you seen the article in *John Bull* this week?"

Capt. Scardifield:—"I haven't any money to-day."

Capt. McClenahan:—"I can't lay by a cent."

Capt. Gordon:—"I wish I could read your writing."

Capt. Kennedy:—"Half-a-pint of bitters."

Lt. McClune:—"We didn't feel like dancing—we went outside."

Capt. Phillips:—"Have you done any caddying at the golf links?"

Lt. Ross:—"There is a lot of fat in the meat to-day."

Capt. Conron:—"I wish I could get some of the officers out to church."

Capt. Marshall:—"I think it will have to come out."

Capt. Henry:—"I wish they would put me in charge of the V.A.D. concert party."

Capt. Lowry:—"Will you take over orderly officer, Dad?—I want to go to Eastbourne."

Capt. Lawrence:—"I pick up a little at the national game."

Capt. Cross:—"It is recommended to me as a very good party."

## SERGEANTS' MESS.

What should have been a picnic was, owing to the inclemency of the weather, turned into a Whist Drive at the Sergeant's mess, on Saturday evening, June 22nd, and, despite the short notice, turned out a great success.

About three in the afternoon, the time originally set for the picnic, the guests of the sergeants began to arrive, and from then until 5 p.m. were entertained at the ball game, and by the excellent band of the C.T.S. Bexhill, which, by the kindness of Lt.-Col. Cameron, O.C., C.T.S., played during the afternoon and evening.

At 6 p.m., after every one had fortified the inner man for the coming struggle, and after much breath had been expended praising the excellent repast provided by the famous caterer, Mr. Joseph Norris Lyons, the serious business of the evening commenced; Sergt. Carpenter blowing "the kick-off" on his referee's whistle. A start once made the game went merrily on at the twenty-four tables, punctuated, at the end of each hand by the Referee whistling 'Off-side.' Much amusement was frequently caused by some of the ladies, playing 'gentleman,' objecting to go down one table, instead of up one! At the conclusion of the twenty-fourth hand the scores were called and the prizes allotted. Ladies: First—Miss Cruickshank; 2nd went to Mrs. Alden, while the third and fourth were captured by Miss M. Claire and Mrs. Carpenter respectively—Miss Ellington taking the "Booby" in great style. The lucky gentlemen were Sergt. Martin, Sergt. Tomson, Capt. Scardifield, in the order named. Sergt. Holmes "also ran."

Mrs. Bedell, the wife of the Commandant, who was also present, presented the prizes to the winners, accompanied by a few appropriate words of congratulation, after which the room was cleared for dancing, which was kept up till 10.30 p.m.

Much credit is due to S.-Sgt. Trevett and his Committee for the excellent arrangements that ensured the success of the evening, and to the Band of the C.T.S., under the capable baton of Bandmaster Fish. The ladies of the V.A.D. Unit, who were present in force, added very much to the enjoyment of the evening. Unfortunately, another engagement prevented many of our officers being present.

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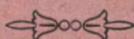
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