

PAT'S POST

PRINCESS

VOL. I.—No. 5.

PRICE 4d.

SEPT., 1918.

COODEN CAMP.



T. DAVIS, 42 Devonshire Rd.

(TRAMS PASS DOOR).

TELEPHONE
426.

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

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

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

J. W. COLLBRAN,

Goldsmith and
Silversmith ::
TELEPHONE :: 416.

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

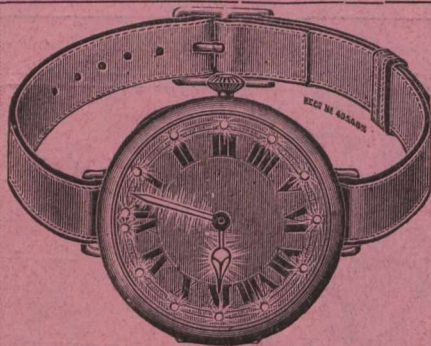
Lucky "Fumsup"
Charm.

Silver :: 2/6
Gold :: 12/6



REGISTERED

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



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



OPEN.

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



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

Onoto ::
Swan &
Waterman Pens

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

CINEMA DE LUXE

WESTERN ROAD,
.. BEXHILL. ..

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

The Cinema of the District,

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

WELL VENTILATED. COMFORTABLE SEATING.

Matinees Daily at 3. Continuous Performance 6 to 10.30.

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

"Princess Pat's Post."

STAFF:

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

September, 1918.

EDITORIAL SANCTUM.

Here we are once more, and the *Pat's Post* is going stronger than ever, but there are just a few things which we should like to call your attention to, and this is one of them. For this issue of our Camp Paper we have received quite a goodly amount of really interesting reading, but some of you are still not giving us the co-operation that is necessary in making the *Pat's Post* the premier magazine of any Camp in England. The hospital is now beginning to fill up rapidly, and I am sure that there are quite a number of patients here who have some literary ability, and who could easily contribute to the *P.P.P.*, and make it twice as interesting as it is even now. If you have any material you want to see in our "Rag" let us have it. Send it to the Editor. Anything you would like to know.

Of course you will understand that the troubles of an Editor are many. Sometimes your articles are not quite up to the mark, but do not be disheartened, try again. What we are aiming at is to make the *P.P.P.* a general paper, in which all branches and departments should be represented, and it is a sure thing that

you are not all so busy that you cannot devote just a few minutes each month gathering up some of the amusing anecdotes which you may have heard, or had seen happen at some time during the month.

Our late Editor, S/Sgt. Firth, I believe, has already appealed to you, so that it should hardly be necessary to repeat this request again. You should remember, that when a long editorial is written, it is taking up some valuable space which might be used for something far more interesting. So next month we should like to see everybody getting busy and hustling some copy along to the Editor's room.

Just a few words more. We should like to mention a few things about our late Editor, S/Sgt. Firth. It is very much regretted that he should have to leave us after working the many, many hours, which he must have done in order to get the *Pat's Post* up to the standard it is today. To have to organize and get a paper started is a work which we think only a good fellow like Firth with his personality could do. So we will try and carry on a good work which he started and built up, so that at a future time it is possible that he will come back and take up the strings where he left off. We wish him "God speed, and the very best of luck" in his new vocation.

We should like, through the medium of the *P.P.P.*, to thank Madame Laura Lemon again for her generosity in sending to us copies of another of her songs, "Mighty Dominion." We are much indebted to her, and we are sure that she has the welfare of the Canadians to heart, in fact she is one of us. We would mention that we did not have a single copy of the last month's *Pat's Post* left, three days after they arrived from the printers,

The KENT-LACEY STUDIOS, Ltd.

(Nearly opposite Railway Station) 104 TERMINUS ROAD, EASTBOURNE,

FINE ART DEALERS & PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHERS.

THE WORK OF THE STUDIO consists in High-class Portraiture at a moderate price (from 25/- per doz.), miniatures on ivory, ivorine or paper, from life or any photograph. Watercolour Sketches, Oil Paintings & Pastels. The distinctive work that we do is largely due to the fact that we "take" all portraits without the "sitter's" knowledge. Result—a good expression, which is the principal thing in the photograph.

The KENT-LACEY STUDIOS, Ltd.

104 Terminus Rd., Eastbourne, and at 69 DEVONSHIRE RD., BEXHILL.

OUR OFFICERS.

NOTES FROM THE MESS.

The following series of Lectures have been arranged, to be given in the Officers' Mess during the coming month. It is understood that the greatest possible care is being taken in the preparation of the various subjects dealt with in these Lectures, and that a careful selection has been made in the different Officers giving them:

- 1st Lecture. General Introduction.—Commandant.
- 2nd Lecture. Ceremonial in the Army, "Special reference to Parades," as laid down in the "Bexhill, Eastbourne Manual Field Service Regulations, Part II."—Lieut.-Col. Murray.
- 3rd Lecture. Army Organization in the present War, "Division Manoeuvres."—O.C. No. 1 Division.
- 4th Lecture. Strategy. The art of "Treat and Retreat."—The Quarter-Master—Major Woodiwiss.
- 5th Lecture. Songs of our Army, Illustrated. "Where is my wandering Boy to-night."—The Adjutant.
- 6th Lecture. Modern implements of War; "Black-jacks," their use and abuse.—O.C. P.T.
- 7th Lecture. The significance of numbers in War; "The deadly 13."—Major Howlett.
- 8th Lecture. Diets and their effect on Troops; "The Brain food. Fish," Do we need whales?—Captain Kennedy.
- 9th Lecture. On the importance of the appearance of being in earnest.—Captain Lowry.

- 10th Lecture. The Financial Standing of our Army. Should our "interests" in it be "deferred."—Paymaster.
 - 11th Lecture. The Soldiers' Health. General Rules and Effects of leadswinging—M.O., No. 1 Division.
 - 12th Lecture. Our system of nominal rolls as contrasted with breakfast rolls.—Registrar and Mess President.
 - 13th Lecture. Army Forms and other "Forms." Full explanations of causes, results, etc., of "tobacco heart." Exhibits from Cooden and Bexhill collection of "Forms."—Captain Lawrence.
 - 14th Lecture. Army terms and their significance. "I'll sleep on the Street," "Two for One," "Double them," "A Transaction," "Hit me Once," "Twist me One." Are these representative?—Hospital Representative.
 - 15th Lecture. "Spiritous" Life in the Army as compared with "La Vie Parisienne."—The Padre.
 - 16th Lecture. Promotion by merit. The necessity of a strong "Pull"—Dental Officer, Captain Janes.
 - 17th Lecture. Comparative Value of "solid" and "liquid" Diets, as preservation for Army Teeth.—Dental Officer, Captain Henry.
 - 18th Lecture. Geometrical progression in the Service. How to "Square" the Red Triangle.—Y.M.C.A. Officer, Captain Cross.
 - 19th Lecture. Have we sold our Birth-right for a "Mess" of Pottage.—Messing Officer, Lieut. Ross.
 - 20th Lecture. The relative standing of the Combatant and non-Combatant or Competent services.—Major Laughlin.
- ALTERNATIVE LECTURE. Comparative Values in an offensive of "Scotch Battalions" and the "Bottled Scotch."

These Lectures are of one hour duration. At the close of each Lecture an informal discussion on the subject will be held. A full report of the proceedings will be submitted if required.

Purely Personnel!



What We'd Like To Know?

When is the Q.M.'s Department going to quit taking the furniture out of the Orderly Room? Let us hope they will leave the linoleum on the floor, as it may be damp in the winter time.

Who was the man who, when asked by one of the boys why so many wasps were buzzing around him, answered, "I've got the hives."

Is it true that one of the patients, when asked by the Sergeant what he was before the war, said "Optimist."

Who was the member of the Sergeants' Mess who almost caused a panic the other evening when he offered to buy a drink? It is rather a good thing that none of the members suffer from heart trouble or shell shock. Wonders will never cease.

What did the Sgt. Major say when his batman did not return with the bootlaces he requested from the Stores.

Who was the Private who remarked, "The more I see of some people, the more I love my dog."

Is it true that the patients are making quite a good thing out of lost golf balls?

And is it true that after searching for nearly two hours, and finding the ball and returning it to the owner, a patient was offered 3d., which he declined, saying, "Give it to Charity."

What makes a certain Major sing, "Darling, I am growing older," and does he expect us to believe him?

Is the Corp. in the Pay Office really mounted now? And where did he learn to ride?

And is the road not wide enough for him to control the horse in without making passers-by get up into the hedge?

Why do Sergt. H. and Sergt. M. choose such young "Flappers?"

Why is it that when there is a line-up of about fifty men at the "Y," the assistants are too busy talking between themselves to attend to business. A patient asked one of the assistants for a postage stamp at the time, and was told to take his place in the line-up.

Why do patients continually take No. 1 Division Dressing Room for a Junk Store. It should also be brought to their notice that it is neither a Lending Library nor a Recreation Room.

Who is known as the Human Incinerator? Has he anything to do with that delicate piece of machinery for burning waste?

Does a certain N.C.O. carry the double-barreled shot gun for protection?

Is it true that the Staff look for their portion of jam with a magnifying glass?

Do the boys who work nights in the different kitchens still have eating competitions? And who is the champion eater of the bunch?

Do some of the Staff who have started reading "Wild West Stories" sit up in bed making faces at the silence?

Is it true that some of their antics while sleeping would make Charlie Chaplin jealous?

Did a certain person in the camp who returned after a night out stop at the Dispensary and call for drinks round? Had the new Red Cross anything to do with it? No, it is not the Gin sign. The Canteen is situated the other side of the hill.

What are the attractions of the end seats in the back row at the Collonade, and why are they monopolized by certain members of our Staff?

Can anyone tell the Engineers where the bridges are on the golf links, especially after the "Star" has been shining?

Who can tell us the shortest way back from Hooe? And how many ditches there are to jump or swim?

I wonder whose quiet foot-falls we hear about 2 a.m. these mornings? Suggestion is made that it could be done much more quietly with boots off.

Are some of the permanent fatigue "permanently fatigued?" In civil life some of them would be arrested for taking money by false pretences.

Who has been advertising the "Staff Mess" as a menagerie? Does it afford certain civilians great pleasure to see the animals fed at noon? Clink please reply.

Who is the Officer who is very often heard to remark, "All I want is a little respect?"

Since when are Sergeants allowed to wear a sling belt? (Urgent).

Who is the Staff-Sergeant who could run this camp better than anyone in the Medical line, and is always fed up, and wants his transfer. Why does he not apply *immediately*?

Who is the member of the Sergeants' Mess wearing four blue chevrons when only entitled to three?

Why did the Sanitary Sergeant, when handed the salad, gently but firmly exchange the salad container with his empty plate; whilst his comrades looked on with anxious hearts and empty stomachs.

We would like to know the owner's name of a new laundry in Little Common. Ask the Sergeant Patient in "G" Hut.

Why should so much responsibility fall on a certain dark young P.T. Sergeant regarding Sport? Never mind, we'll have a football team somehow.

Why there are not three brass balls hung outside the clothing store as all such other stores that deal in second-hand clothing have?

Why is the Sanitary Sergeant wearing the Corporal's rubber boots?

Is it true that all the V.A.D.'s want to be transferred to the Training School since Mac, the butcher man, has gone?

What grievance has the transport driver against the Stationery Hut? It has already been moved once, and we do not want to repeat the experiment.

Who was it that remarked, "Sergt. Foster has the finest bunch of OLD soldiers in his gardening squad?"

How did a certain Staff-Sergeant feel, after being turned down by one of the fair sex in Little Common? And what did she say when he asked her if she would like to go to a Picture Show?

Who passed the nasty remark at the Base Ball game that the Umpire looked like a farmer? Please remember, there are others than farmers that wear leggings.

June 29th.—It seems to-day that the "Little Willies" Army has gotten into rather a bad hole. Will(ie) be able to get out successfully. Of course, coming events will show if his Military Spirits have been properly cultured.

—J. Mahoney.

One of the Sergeants was heard to remark the other day, when it commenced to rain, "I wish I hadn't watered them carrots." Was it Foster fostering his agricultural productions?

Y.M.C.A. NOTES.

AUGUST SHOWS.

WARWICK REPERTOIRE CO.

Once again we enjoyed a visit from this company of versatile artistes. Three plays were staged, "The Tyranny of Tears," "The Mollusc," and "Cousin Kate." It was very hard to choose, but "The Tyranny" seemed to be the favourite, in which Mr. Grant Moline scored a success as the unfortunate husband, helpless under the tyranny of his young wife's tears. The wife was ably played by Miss Madeline Manley. Miss Ethel Samuels, in the title role of "The Mollusc," was splendid, giving a clever impersonation of the self-deceived, yet shrewd "Mollusc." Mr. Arthur Maurice's handling of the part of the curate in "Cousin Kate" was indeed very humorous. Large audiences enjoyed all three plays.

THE "UNIQUES."

A return visit from this popular party from London was a great success. Miss Madge Macklin is the life of the party, ably assisted by Mr. George Steers in the humorous numbers. Misses Marjorie Boothe and Lena Taylor pleased all with their splendid singing. The party put on the new baseball song, which should prove very popular with Canadians and Americans. "The Blighty Girl" was also a big hit, the three ladies impersonating a Tommy, a Nurse, and a Munition worker. There is a swing and "go" to the "Uniques," which will make them always welcome to Cooden.

THE "K-NUTTY K-NUCKS."

This Canadian party gave a fine show on August 3rd. Frank Anders and Sgt.-Major White were the chief funmakers. The lady violinist pleased the audience with her selections. Altogether a first-class party.

Other parties in August included "The Merry Magnets," Mr. Sydney Fenwick's Party, "Shamrocks" Juvenile Party, The "Dainties," Wilby Lunn's Party, and the "Dinkies."

FUTURE BOOKINGS.

Emil Hardy Dramatic Co.
Mde. Edith Welling's Party.
Rembrandt's All Star Vaudeville Show.
Miss Sheila McCarthy and Mr. Bob Barry.
"The Whimsicals."

TRIPS AROUND COODEN.

Some of our patients may not know of the many places of historical interest in the vicinity of Cooden, which are well worth visiting. We are going to suggest one or two.

The trip to Pevensey Castle is one of great interest; the history of this Castle dates back nearly 2,000 years. Built by the Romans in the first place, the outer walls of this Castle still remain, though time and the weather are gradually wearing them away. These ruined walls are a monument to the ability of those Roman Colonists as builders.

The Saxons drove the Romans out, and made use of the Castle for centuries. In 1066, William the Conqueror's invading expedition landed at Pevensey, which was then on the sea shore, and here he prepared for his march against the Saxons, whom he defeated at the battle of Hastings, a short time later on.

The Normans built a smaller Castle inside the walls of the old Roman Castle, and this Castle is still in a fair state of preservation. The old moat still exists, water filled and overgrown with weeds. One can still see where the drawbridge opened and closed the entrance to the Castle.

This Castle may be reached from Cooden by the rail motor, a run of eleven minutes, so that a visit may easily be made in an afternoon. It is well worth while.

Only six miles north of Cooden, just a nice bicycle ride, one can visit the site of the Battle of Hastings. After the Battle, an Abbey was built there by the Normans, and it is the remains of this Abbey which may be seen to-day. The very spot where King Harold fell is pointed out, and from a vantage point the hill may be seen, upon which the Conqueror's Army gathered and then swept against the Saxons. The small village near the Abbey is called Battle, where the tired soldier can secure a nice tea at moderate prices.

Another fine trip is to Beachy Head. Take a train to Eastbourne, or ride on bicycle, then reach the Head via the water front. From the cliff top may be secured one of the finest views in England, of the sea and Downs.

Hastings is full of historical interest, the old town, with its narrow streets and quaint houses, the Fisherman's quarter, the old Castle, St. Clement's Caves, etc., and should not be missed.

To take advantage of our stay in this Country by visiting these places adds an educational value to our time overseas. Don't let the chance slip by!

WHIST DRIVES.

A very enjoyable evening was spent at Miss Sharp's, Bexhill, at a Whist Drive, by a group of patients. Another group was entertained at the home of Mrs. Pugh, Bexhill. Other Whist Drives will be held during the coming months.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

During the month a Tennis Tournament took place. Unfortunately, the weather interfered with the games somewhat, lengthening out the time required for the different rounds. The results were as follows:—

First Round.	Winner.
Pte. Large <i>v.</i> Pte. Wass ..	Pte. Large.
O.M.S. Roy <i>v.</i> Pte. Pattinson ..	O.M.S. Roy.
S/Sgt. Beck <i>v.</i> Pte. Coyne ..	S/Sgt. Beck.
Sgt. Martin <i>v.</i> L/Cpl. Luckraft	Sgt. Martin.
Sgt. Wood <i>v.</i> Sgt. Roberts ..	Sgt. Wood.
L/Cpl. Scrimgeour <i>v.</i> L/Cpl. Sheen	L/Cpl. Sheen

Second Round.

O.M.S. Roy <i>v.</i> Sgt. Martin ..	Sgt. Martin.
S/Sgt. Beck <i>v.</i> Pte. Large ..	S/Sgt. Beck.
L/Cpl. Sheen <i>v.</i> Sgt. Wood ..	Sgt. Wood.

Third Round.

Sgt. Martin <i>v.</i> S/Sgt. Beck ..	Sgt. Martin.
Sgt. Wood.	

Finals.

Sgt. Wood <i>v.</i> Sgt. Martin ..	Sgt. Martin.
Sgt. Martin winning first prize in the tournament.	

DRIVES FOR THE CRIPPLES.

During the month several drives were arranged for patients who are temporarily compelled to make use of crutches and sticks for getting about. A horse team char-a-banc was hired in town, and the first trips were made to Pevensey Castle. After a look over the old Castle and grounds, the party had tea in the shady, cool tea garden at the west end of the Castle, returning to camp in time for supper.

PHOLOSOPHY.

By Houda Dickens.

Those who say "Music hath charms, etc.," have never heard the patient Sergeant singing in the C.A.H., or they would have changed their minds.

Those who say "Early to bed, early to rise, etc.," evidently existed in pre-soldier days.

Those who say "It's a long road that has no turning" never came home along the Cooden and Bexhill road on paynight.

Those who say "A stitch *in time*, etc.," didn't propagate his propaganda—our tailor has never heard of it.

Those who say "All's well that ends well" have evidently never suffered on the morning after the night before. (Pay night).

Those who say "There's no fool like an old fool" did not take into consideration that some reached the adept age very young.

FOR HONOUR AND FOR HER.

Somewhere a woman, thrusting fear away,
Faces the future bravely for your sake,
Toils on from dawn to dark; from day to day,
Fights back her tears, nor heeds the bitter ache;
She loves you, trusts you, breathes in prayer your name;

Soil not her faith in you by sin or shame.
Somewhere a woman—mother, sweetheart, wife,
Waits betwixt hopes and fears for your return.
Her kiss, her words, will cheer you in the strife,
When death itself confronts you, grim and stern:
But let her image all your reverence claim,
When base temptations scorch you with their flame.

Somewhere a woman watches—thrilled with pride,

Shrined in her heart you share a place with none;
She toils, she waits, she prays, till side by side
You stand together when the battle's done.
O keep for her dear sake a stainless name,
Bring back to her a manhood free from shame!

Some scribe of Cooden Camp once said, "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day." Verily, verily he was wise, he referred to our Paymaster.

Lindridge & Son, Ltd.

69, Devonshire Road,
BEXHILL - ON - SEA,

44, Robertson St., Hastings,

For the most Up-to-date Stock of

SHEET MUSIC & BOOKS

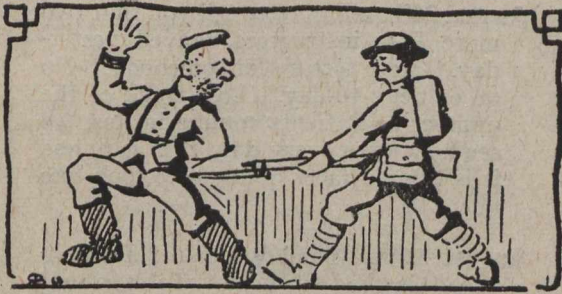
(Classical or Modern).

Large Selection of

Gramophone Records.

Pianos by all Makers for Sale or Hire

SPACIOUS PRACTICE ROOMS.



LOOKING BACK!

August 1st.—Well, Well. Here we are still looking back, and fifty-three patients are already here to join the happy throng. Nice sea breezes and mixed bathing ought to put them in good shape again in a very short time.

August 2nd.—Some mix-up. The Sergeants had a Mess Meeting. President resigned and the other executive members; rumoured that they have some dark horses to take the vacant positions. Change is as good as a rest anyhow; some of the executive members are certainly looking careworn.

August 3rd.—Should have been a Tennis Tournament to-day, but the competitors objected to hold an umbrella as well as a racquet. Beautiful English weather, pouring with rain all the afternoon. To help things along, the Merry Magnets certainly made merry at the Y.M. in the evening.

August 4th.—Am too tired to do anything to-day; must have been up late last night. Forgot to tell you that during the last three days ten more patients arrived to take the sea air cure.

August 5th.—Smiling faces around the Camp. This is a holiday, that is to say, after 11.30 a.m. But sad to say our late Editor has left us to carry on his good work. The new Editor is in trouble already, someone going to give him a black eye. Editor shivering.

August 6th.—Staff to go on Bath Parade to-day. Won't they be a nice clean bunch. One lone patient arrived to-day. Must have come along without the rest of the boys.

August 7th.—Lost my dictionary. I mean diary. Will give you all the news to-morrow.

August 8th.—Behave is now a Staff-Sergeant. Congrats. Too bad we can't have a celebration, but he is going to Ireland to recuperate.

August 9th.—Aldrich left us to-day. I hear he is going in for higher things—joining the R.A.F. Some traffic coming around the corner. Ah! A Band. Now we shall have some noise. I mean music.

August 10th.—Saturday. Very dull day; do not feel inclined to "look back." Should have told you that eighty-five patients have come since the 7th. Run out of pencils at the Q.M. Stores, so couldn't write it down.

August 11th.—I've something to tell you to-day. Our Transport Sergeant first saw the light of day just fifty-four years ago. Fine old man, make a good grandpa. Oh! I almost forgot to tell you that it is Sunday.

August 12th.—Fell asleep. Did not get up in time to report. Hope you do not mind. The Registrar just dropped to tell the Editor that thirty-nine more had arrived at the Camp to be initiated into the mysteries thereof.

August 13th.—The Messing Officer is away to London. Rumours that we are going to have T-bone steaks for supper. Later reports says only the usual bread and jam. Seen in orders that Officers need not wear gloves only on Ceremonial Parade. Won't need to spend so much money now.

August 14th.—Somebody said it was pay-day. Sure, I went up to get some money. Lots of noise in the evening. Every person you meet seems to want to let you know how nicely they can sing.

August 15th.—Sydney Fenwick's Concert Party from Brighton were at the Y.M. to-night. Good Concert.

August 16th.—It seems funny, everything is so quiet just now. Yes, the Band left us, and have gone back to do a little work.

August 17th.—Nothing to report. Registrar behind with his little list of patients; 44 came in on the 13th, 16 on the 14th, 9 on the fifteenth, 82 on the sixteenth (some business), 1 on the seventeenth, (bad business), that's all.

August 18th.—Here's Sunday again. Nothing to disturb us but Church Parade.

August 19th.—Boys having another bath to-day. No restrictions on soap. Rumoured that it is the new Editor's birthday to-day. Cannot be, as he is the most sober man in Camp.

August 20th.—Nothing much to "look back" at. The "Shamrocks" Juvenile Concert Party gave quite a good show at the Y.M.

August 21st.—Don't want to talk to you at all to-day.

August 22nd.—Ha! The Messing Officer is away to London again. But we had disappointments the last time he went. Still we have one comfort. Two V.A.D.'s joined the crowd to-day, so they must still like us a little.

August 23rd.—Had a glimpse of two Medical Officers to-day, but they did not stay long enough to make themselves known. Mac, the buttermilk, has departed to the Training School. Many heavy sighs, numbers would like to go with Mac.

August 24th.—Forgot to tell you that two more P.T. instructors arrived yesterday. More torture for somebody. No other news to-day. Lost track of the number of Patients coming in, but we see new faces every day, that is unless it is the old faces done up to look like new.

August 25th.—Sunday again. Looking ahead instead of back. To-morrow's Monday.

August 26th.—Some Base-ball game to-day, and although we lost, we are out to play them again and WIN. See Sports' Column for a write up of the game.

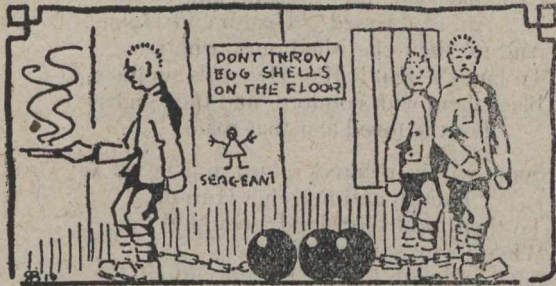
August 27th.—Bunches of Patients have been arriving lately. Starting to fill up the No. 2 Division. Forgotten how to do arithmetic, or I would give you the number each day.

August 28th.—Pay-day again, some more Caruso's found in the Camp. Should advise some to have their voices (s) trained. Say! Have you seen the Fire Picket? Make a good bunch of firemen (in a stoke-hold).

August 29th.—John Bollingbroke, of historical fame, returned to us to-day; about time too. His garden is beginning to look rotten. Cheer up, John! We will have to erect another monument of stones to celebrate the event of your return to the fold.

August 30th.—Don't know what happened to-day. Must have been on another job elsewhere in the Camp. If I remember, will tell you to-morrow.

August 31st.—Last day of the month. Camp filling up rapidly; in fact it will soon be a real hospital. Somebody said that five Medical Officers had arrived; must be slipping one over. Have not seen them so far. If alive will tell you some more next month.



The Clink Contributes!

Whatever may be said of the "Clink" as a place of enforced residence, it certainly possesses one decided advantage over any other "necessary evil" in Camp. It is an ideal place to study human nature.

Our *guests* certainly are human, in fact it is because they are so very, very human, that they become our guests, and even though they "bum" us for a goodly number of our cigarettes, we are amply repaid by the fresh cuss words we learn every time a new one joins us.

Our location, too, is all that can be desired, for are we not just across the street from the Pay Office—so near and yet so far. Still, it is nice to listen to the crackle of those new crisp notes and think—well, what do you care what we think. True, the Pay Office staff are always running in and out of the Bastille, getting in our way when we want to do something in a hurry. But we always smile and say, "Quite all right, old top," thinking that perhaps we'll get sufficient stand-in to drag an extra £1 on pay day. Vain hope; though up to the time of going to press they have not come through with any "extra."

Our southern exposure—as it were—brings within our line of vision the quarters of the V.A.D.'s. Here words fail us, and a warbling sensation around the region of our hearts remind us that we are "B II. not likely," and just here we don't mind telling you that the secret ambition of the entire force (Police Force, I should say) is a fire call at 2 a.m.; in fact, we have a copy all written up for *Pat's Post*. So please, girls, get busy and kick a lamp over; nothing like being prepared, so we'll give you the headlines in advance.

"Beautiful maids escape death by narrow margin."

"Prompt response by the heroic POLICE FORCE save many lives."

"L/Cpl. H. covers himself with glory."

We have almost given up hopes of ever having a real fire, so we have tried to bribe "Happy" to sound a Fire Call, but there is nothing doing. "Happy" is not game.

Speaking of "Happy." That cairn of stones north of the Bastille commemorates an event of great importance. "Happy" thinks it was something that size that biffed him in the eye. That is the reason it was put there so that "Happy" would not forget.

Of course we know that everybody loves a Cop. (I don't think). But it is surprising and most astonishing the number of friends we have at 10-59 p.m. We always have a feed of bread and butter, also tea, about that time (providing Sub. L/Cpl. Gillgoggler did not forget to go and fetch it earlier in the evening).

Going out of Camp in the evening, the entire personnel slip us a cold and stony "once over" and pass on. But coming in, "Oh me," "Oh my," "How are you?" "Fine night; any spare tea?" "Any spare bread and butter?"—We have hosts of friends (?) sometimes.

In conclusion, just a word to the Editor of "Looking Back." Are not your figures wrong concerning the dates that patients were admitted to our midst. Whenever we descend on a man for being out of bounds, etc., he was invariably "admitted yesterday;" in fact, they pull that old one on us so often that we sometimes doubt your figures. Were there any patients at all here the day before yesterday?

A large reward is offered for "stock" excuse to replace the following, for we are tired of listening to this one when we go to the Orderly Room as escorts, "Sir, I missed the last car."

DOMINION DAY—1918.

Canada, All Hail! Thou brightest jewel on an
Empire's Crown.

The War Lord's Tocsin thro' the world did ring
And show with one accord thy Youth and Treas-
ure bring,
And laid them bleeding at the Mothers' feet.

When once again Peace breathes her lullaby,
Forget not, Brothers, how thy Heroes died,
And boldly climbed the stony path of Duty.

The Love and Thanks of all our grateful Hearts
Goes out to those who came from every part of
thy Dominion;
And evermore thy Names shall be enshrined
With Victory's Glorious Laurel Wreathes en-
twined in every Heart and Home of England.

—(Imperial).

Hail to the Canadian Band.

From dear Old Canada they came,
 "Hurrah and hurrah! Hurrah!"
 With arms of iron and hearts of flame,
 To fight the Huns and play the game—
 And bravely on to win the same—
 "Hurrah and hurrah! Hurrah!"

They joined to help "The Right you are"—
 "Hurrah and hurrah! Hurrah!"
 To help Old England's ways 't endorse,
 To slay her foes of savage force,
 May they be aided through their course—
 "Hurrah and hurrah! Hurrah!"

Then hail we the Canadian band—
 "Hurrah and hurrah! Hurrah!"
 The faithful band, who nobly stand
 For right and justice, and demand
 That honour's flame be ever fanned—
 "Hurrah and hurrah! Hurrah!"

They came to clasp the hands of friends—
 "Hurrah and hurrah! Hurrah!"
 To fight with all that justice lends;
 To fight till German mischief ends,
 And down their eagle quick descends—
 "Hurrah and hurrah! Hurrah!"

They sail beneath their colours true—
 "Hurrah and hurrah! Hurrah!"
 Their very wounds their crest shall be
 (No matter what their pedigree)—
 They sail through their integrity—
 That sailing is the best!"

None can prevent their gathering fame!
 "Hurrah and hurrah! Hurrah!"
 They let out might within the frame,
 And make themselves an envied name;
 Th' honour of the Right their aim—
 "Hurrah and hurrah! Hurrah!"

Hurrah to their loved Maple Leaf!
 "Hurrah and hurrah! Hurrah!"
 And to its wearers, brave and true,
 Who scoff at fear, and dare and do—
 And dauntlessly go terrors through—
 "Hurrah and hurrah! Hurrah!"

Hail to their enterprising land—
 For th' Maple Leaf, "Hurrah!"
 The German's sly inglorious ways,
 May win awhile their Devil's praise!
 But they'll ne'er win the "Victors' Bays"—
 "Hurrah and hurrah! Hurrah!"

Canadians sing for "Health and Home!"
 Ah, for blessed "Health and Home!"
 And for their cherished ones, who rise
 To fancy's sight! May Heaven's supplies
 Bless them with comfort, 'mid their sighs
 For the loved afar that roam.

Soon will their braves return in glee!
 "Hurrah and hurrah! Hurrah!"
 To their blest birth land, great and free,
 When joyful songs of victory
 Shall end with loud "Hurrah, hurrah!"
 Shall end with a loud "Hurrah!"

M.Y.W.

We'll Lay Him Low!

We come from over seas 't assist
 Old Britain, as chastisers
 Of men of guile
 Whose methods vile
 Are urged on by th' old Kaiser!

O, let him make his secret plans,
 But WE'LL give "The Surpriser!"
 Canadians true,
 Big bits can do
 T' help subjugate th' old Kaiser!

Then, come on lads! Who fears? Not we,
 Canadians show they're wiser!
 We'll beat the foe,
 And lay him low,
 And—well—we'll lick th' old Kaiser!

The Trickster says: "He hates our RACE,"
 As for her LAND he eyes her
 With greedy look—
 But to a hook
 We'll hang up high th' old Kaiser!

His Boches think it first rate sport
 To give folk a "Surpriser,"
 To women slay,
 And babes at play,
 But we'll repay th' old Kaiser!

For him, indeed, who would not turn
 Of Haman's fate, th' adviser?
 Let walk by side
 Of King who'll ride
 As conqueror o'er the old Kaiser!

And AFTER that let stand with plate
 (But not as would a miser)
 Great heaps to take
 For BELGIUM'S sake—
 A PILL to that old Kaiser!

M.Y.W.

IT'S ALL GAS.

The late Editor's experience of a Gas Test.

"It doesn't matter whether you are proceeding to France on 'special' orders or not, you must take a gas course before going overseas." Thus spoke the Sergeant, and I, lately come down from the glories of a Staff-Sergeant to that of the humble (?) Private, had perforce to obey. It meant at least another week's sojourn at the Depot—somewhere in England—before going overseas. D—n, I quite forgot that the Kitchener boots must be worn for fourteen days before embarkation. So instead of seven days, at least a fortnight must elapse before I see France.

"Fall in—dress from the right, number. Move to the right in fours—form fours." I was one of a squad of 26, who, according to instructions, had reported at the "Gas" house at 9 a.m. on Monday morning, ready to be instructed into all the mysteries of gas, and how to combat it. We had been previously well prepared by some of the old hands, and fully expected to go through untold horrors during the coming week—but, as in everything else, in this world, the anticipation is decidedly worse than the realization, and not one of the 26 failed in the final tests.

The first three days were devoted to

mastering the box respirator, and to be able to place it in position in 6 seconds, and if instructions are carefully followed this is easy of accomplishment. To those whose sight is not of the best, and whose breathing apparatus is not up-to-date, the route march at night is somewhat of a disagreeable experience. Gas masks are placed in position, and are not to be taken off, under dire penalties, for two hours, the while you are marching over unfamiliar roads. For the first ten minutes you feel that whatever happens, you must take that d—d thing off your face or suffocate. A longing for Cooden Camp comes over you, and you think what an ass you have been, and just as you are about to surreptitiously take a breath of God's pure air—bang goes a gas bomb, and out of the tail of your eye you see a flame and a cloud of smoke. You forget all about removing that mask—in fact, you feel jolly glad you have got it on. And when, shortly after midnight, you get back to Barracks, and you have had a bounteous supper (?), you feel quite a hero, though you don't say so to your chums.

As with the night march, the gas chamber is not as bad as it is painted. You certainly have a horrid feeling just at first, and wonder if there is anything wrong with your mask, but you have hardly started wondering when it is all over, and your pay book bears the gas certificate—and you are 7 days nearer France.

—D.G.F.

LION DRUG STORES, LTD.,

9 St. Leonard's Road, BEXHILL.

PURE DRUGS,

LOWEST PRICES.

OPTICAL,

SURGICAL,

PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES.

YOU CAN'T DO BETTER, BOYS!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LAMDIN'S

*High-Class ..
Boot Makers.*



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



BASEBALL LORE.

Our brilliant nine have kept up their excellent record in the games played since our August number of the *P.P.P.* made its appearance, capturing six wins out of the seven contests. The seven games were practically all "at homes," held either at Cooden or Bexhill.

FIRST GAME.—The first victims to fall under our battle-axe were the gallant crew of the Canadian Trench Warfare School, of Bexhill. The T.W. lads gave us an exciting battle, and showed great improvement in their field manoeuvring, since last we met. Our lads tallied ten runs in the first, third and fourth innings, shutting out in the second, fifth and sixth. In the first four relays and in the sixth, the T.W.'s were completely shut out, but managed at the seventh lap to chalk five counts on the trail of the solitary one scored in the fifth. Farrell, pitching for the C.T.W.S., granted 12 hits, while Tod, for Cooden, allowed but nine. Final score, 10—6.

SECOND GAME.—The C.A.S.C. nine were the next to succumb to our red socks. They played fine ball, however, and did honour to the good old game. In spite of very strong odds they did not allow us past the tenth peg. Murray pitched a smart game for the C.A.S.C., and did splendid clubbing with the ash. All our lads played flawless ball. Final score, 10—6. Hits, 11—6.

THIRD GAME.—Stanley, our star moulder, captured the third game from 11th Canadian Reserve squad, from Seaford, to the tune of 16—5. In spite of this fast score, the game proved very exciting. Green, Verrell and Byas made good at the bat, all three slamming out two double-sackers each. Stanley did not store away all his energy for the mound operations, as many twirlers do, but twice did he send the pill to pasture for a two-bagger and a triple. The longest hit plucked by our rivals was Foreman's two-bagger to right field. Russell, pitching for the 11th, proved a very easy mark, and our fans found no difficulty in getting at his number. Final score 16—5. Hits, 14—7. Struck out by Stanley, 14. By Russell, 3.

FOURTH GAME.—No. 5 Wing of the Royal Air Force fell an easy prey to us in the fourth game, their regular team having been dispersed by recent events; the scratch team they brought up was far below par value, and little versed in Spalding-Reach lore. The Flying boys gave proof of great gallantry in coming over to give us a game. It was a sort of delicate apology, on their part, for the disappointment our crew met with on our last journey to Hastings, when, owing to very particular circumstances, the scheduled game had to be postponed. The R.A.F. boys proved very game in all past encounters, and they are passed off by the Cooden mob as a "lot of good sports and perfect white men." Final score, 26—1.

FIFTH GAME.—It fell to Stanley's lot to face the 18th Reserve nine, from Seaford, in the fifth game, and well did he perform his task. For eight relays he held the reservists spellbound, not granting one count, and allowing but three sniffs of the sphere. In the ninth, however, by a stroke of luck, Coulter trapped the pill for a two-bagger and managed to tar one board of the whitewashed fence. Our lads found Irish Moran one cinch of a wirlor, and tickled his delivery for nine clean hits and twelve runs, two of them homers, jockeyed by Cann and Stanley. Final Score, 12—1. Hits, 9—4. Struck out by Stanley, 13. By Moran, 6.

SIXTH GAME.—Great Epsom, of the Anglo-American league, snatched the laurels from us in this game, after a strenuous and close struggle. The whole blue population of Cooden was afoot, each and everyone on their toes. We realized what we were up against when we faced Epsom, but we were decided to give them a close run for it, and we did. Epsom started off the fray, in the first lap, by two hits and three runs, but cowered sheepishly down before the irate Stanley,

in the five succeeding relays, getting only three smells of the pill and no joy rides. They made good use of the free warrants granted them in the seventh; one base-on-balls and two hit-by-pitcher's, all three hoofing home on a two-bagger. In the eighth they tallied two more double-baggers and two runs, shutting out in the ninth. Our fans were shut out in the first, second, sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth relays, chalking their four runs in the third, fourth and fifth. Verrall found the pitcher's number twice for a double-bagger. Greene and Hawthorne shared the remainder of our hits; Greene pegging a two-bagger and a single; Hawthorne singling a ripping liner past second. Final score, 8—4. Hits: Epsom 9, Cooden 5. Errors: Epsom 3, Cooden 6.

SEVENTH GAME.—In the seventh game the C.A.S.C. again fell, neck and halter, on our execution block, with the lamentable score of 16—0. The C.A.S.C. boys, we must say, are a valiant lot, and deserve better appreciation on our part. We all know what a small number of C.A.S.C. lads there is in Bexhill, barely forty; so we can well imagine what small choice they have, when it comes to organising a ball team. The fact that, in spite of this, they have framed a team, speaks well for their thrift and sportsmanship, and is deserving of our consideration. Bravo! C.A.S.C.!!!

OH! THOSE V.A.D.'s.

Veni, Vidi, Vinci—I came, I saw, I was conquered. (New Translation).†

This is rather good on "Ophelia!" Ophelia is, by the way, something of a runner, and has spent many weeks training for the Bexhill Marathon, but when the great event came off, on Saturday, July 27th, Ophelia was taking shelter from a light shower, when the race started, and did not find out that the event was on till the fifth lap—just to be in it, he took up the running. He was not in at the "Finish."



When Purchasing Your Trench Coat

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

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

'THE MARSHALLETTE'

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

P. J. MARSHALL,

Military Outfitter,

136, TERMINUS ROAD,

EASTBOURNE.

SHORT STORY.

In Cooden there once dwelt an honest family by the name of Smothers. The family consisted of John Smothers, his wife, and their little daughter five years of age.

One night after supper, the little girl was seized with a severe Colic, and John Smothers hurried down to Bexhill to get some medicine. Time seemed to pass, but he did not come back; the little girl, however, recovered, and in time, grew up to womanhood. The mother grieved very much over her husband's disappearance, and it seemed ages ere she married again and moved to Hastings.

The little girl also married in time, and after what seemed a lengthy period, she also had a little girl. This family lived in the house which the mother had previously occupied before going to Hastings.

One night, by a remarkable coincidence, her little girl was taken sick, and exactly on the

anniversary of the disappearance of John Smothers, who would now have been her Grandfather.

The husband of the daughter at once prepared to go down to Bexhill for medicine. Said John Smith (for it was none other than he whom she had married) "I'll soon be back."

"No, no, dear John," cried his wife, "You too might disappear for ever and forget to come back." So John Smith did not go, and together they sat by the bedside of little Pansy.

For a time, Pansy seemed to grow worse and worse; Smith again attempted to go for medicine, but his wife would not give her consent.

Suddenly the door opened, and an old man bent with age, and long white hair, entered the room. "Hello, here is Grandpa," said Pansy. She had recognised him before any of the others. The old man drew a bottle of medicine from his pocket, and gave Pansy a spoonful. She got well immediately.

"I was a little late," said John Smothers. "But I had to wait for the Cooden car."

V.A.D.'s OWN CORNER.

On Monday, August 14th, the V.A.D.'s gave their first party. Several days beforehand, great questions were discussed as to decorations, place to hold party, and refreshments.

Early in the morning a band of workers was busy transforming the dormitory, and the result was well worth the amount of trouble. The room certainly looked lovely with flowers, ferns and bunting, the latter lent by the Y.M.C.A., through the kindness of Captain Cross.

About 140 guests accepted the invitation, amongst whom were Colonel and Mrs. Bedell, the Misses Bennett and Hunter, Mrs. Kohler of the "Dug Out" fame, Mr. and Mrs. Scott, and Miss Andrews, who was also helped by accompanying songs, etc.

The stirring music of the 11th Reserve Battalion, under the able conducting of their Bandmaster, was simply delightful, both during the whist drive and also for the dancing.

Thanks to Mrs. Harris and her band of willing assistants, a most excellent light supper was provided.

Every member of the Unit was permitted to ask a guest, so we had friends from all over the Camp. Captain Gordon kindly undertook the duties of M.C. Mention should also be made of the excellent singing of Sgt. Roberts (patient), Pte. Cottrell, Miss Clare (V.A.D.), and also choruses with Miss Shepherd as leader. Miss Hurford caused great amusement by her excellent rendering of the "Matinee Hat."

Unfortunately in the Army there is always a time or rather a "light limit," and everybody had to go away much earlier than either hosts or guests wished. Next time we will bribe the powers that be, or those in charge of the lights, for an extension of time.

The first prize (ladies) was won by Miss Hooper, V.A.D. Second prize by Miss Andrews. Booby prize by Miss Cruickshank. The first prize (gentlemen) S/Sgt. Trevett; Second, Sgt. Roberts. Booby prize by Sergt. Butcher.

HEIGHO! WHAT FUN "FORM FOURS," "COMPANY 'SHUN."

In lines of white the ladies stood,
As the Sergeant-Major drilled.
And Oh! the fag of "forming fours"
When one's absolutely grilled.
Our shirts unto our back did stick
And out throats with thirst were parched,
And the next time I go on parade,
I'll see my shirt ain't starched.

The V.A.D.'s to a picnic went
In the Sergeants' Mess one day,
And though they arrived at the stated time
The "Blighters" sent 'em away.

So off they trudged to the dining-room
Where the band was playing fine,
And the jolly old Sergeant with "auburn" socks
Helped to pass away the time.

Then back they went at half-past four
And they had a feed "sublime."
There were cakes, salad, and fruit galore
And some wobbly stuff with "pine."

But sad was the ending to that glad time;
Next day the poor girls were ill.
But the lady in charge, with the wisdom of age,
Soon settled their "hash" with a pill.

We have all heard of Hiawatha, the mighty hunter, so it will come as no surprise to hear we have a Hiawatha amongst us. Hiawatha and Minniehaha to be correct, but in this case Minnie will have to be dispensed with, therefore our mighty one just gets the ha! ha! The role of Hiawatha in this piece is filled by Corporal C—, and as he strides forward to the chase he presents a noble picture (see camp sketches). One day he happened to be in a terrible predicament. Right before him he saw two rabbits about six feet apart, and he had only one cartridge left. Did this deter our mighty one? No! He crawled forward a few yards and stuck his service knife in the ground blade upward, and just as gently crawled back about 20 yards, then taking careful aim at the knife, fired. Hey presto! Both rabbits fell dead, for the blade of the knife split part of the shot, and spread it just enough to kill the rabbits. Our story is not yet finished, for the recoil of the gun knocked over our hero, and as he fell backward stepped on a hare and broke its back; then fell into a pond just behind him. You would have thought that such succession of calamities would have put the wind up the gallant Corp. Decidedly not, for when he crawled out of the pond his rubber boots were full of eels. You will all agree with me it was a truly remarkable adventure, and would have ended "jake" for his nibs, but next day he got a bill from the proprietor of the canteen for killing his son's pet rabbits. How are the mighty fallen.

DAUBER.

YOUNG CANADA.

He has brought from the West all the
vigour and zest

Of a land that is still in its youth,
Where a spade is a spade, and no man is
afraid

To did down for the rock for the truth.
He's the pick of the schools in a country
where fools

Don't abound in a general way ;
And he's earned a good name in each pas-
time or game

That the sons of the Empire may play.
He's a begger for fun, and, in spite of the
Hun,

He will get it—that fact is quite plain.
He is out for his fling, but that isn't the
thing

That he came to old England to gain.
To his home overseas, it was borne on the
breeze,

That his right arm might hasten the end
Well, he's answered the call, and it's up to
us all

To extend him the hand of a friend.
It was more to his heart to be in at the
start,

And see the performance begin ;
But he's doing his share, and, you bet,
he'll be there,

When the Allies march into Berlin.

—Kate Rawlins.

THE BOYS IN BLUE.

When the war cloud burst upon us,
And Britain called : " To Arms ! "
We saw our stalwart youths and men
Pour in from shops and farms.
They knew their Country needed them ;
They heard her pressing call ;
And so they vested the khaki,
And vowed to fight or fall.

We all felt proud of our khaki boys,
We cheered them marching by.
These soldier lads with martial soul
Reflected in their eye.
We saw them drill, we saw them work ;
And then one fateful day,
Mid clank of steel and tread of feet,
We saw them march away.

Months went by and we saw them not
Return to soothe our pain.
Then we heard that some had fallen,
But we knew 'twas not in vain.
We hoped, we prayed and we waited ;
And then our dreams came true ;
We saw our lads troop back again
In waving ranks of blue.

Those khaki lads that parted us
With gallant heart and bold,
Not all, alas ! are back with us,
For some, lone graves enfold.
Yet those whom God has left to us
We cherish deep and true ;
The boys we cheered when in khaki
And the gallant Boys in Blue.

—J. Rogers, C.A.M.C.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

FOUNTAIN PENS :

WATERMAN, ONOTO,
SWAN, WHITWORTH,
&C.

VALE'S LIBRARY.

Goss China,

Books, Stationery.

A Friend's Greeting.

I'd like to be the sort of friend that
 You have been to me.
 I'd like to be the help that you've
 Been always glad to be.
 I'd like to mean as much as you
 Each minute of the day,
 As you have meant, old friend of
 Mine, to me along the way.

I'd like to do the big things and
 The splendid things for you ;
 To brush the grey from out your
 Skies and leave them only blue :
 I'd like to say the kind things that
 I so oft have heard,
 And feel that I could rouse your soul
 The way that mine you've stirred.

I'd like to give back the joy that
 You have given me,
 Yet that were wishing you a need I
 Hope will never be :
 I'd like to make you feel as rich as
 I who travel on,
 Undaunted, in the darkest hours, with
 You to lean upon.

I'm wishing at this present time
 That I could but repay
 A portion of the gladness that you've
 Strewn along my way,
 And could I have one wish this year,
 This only would it be :
 I'd like to be the sort of friend that
 You have been to me.

Things We Should Not Do.

By Houda Dickens.

- 1—Never take the dust off your shoes with a
 currie comb. They seldom shine as well after-
 wards.
- 2—Never throw away your old pianos. The
 wires may be used for pipe-cleaners.
- 3—Never drink soup with a fork, as this method
 has a tendency to split up the soup too much.
- 4—Never use too much sugar in your tea—have
 you ever heard of sugar Diabetes? And have
 you ever heard of too much sugar in Cooden
 Camp?
- 5—When eating T Bone Steak, never throw away
 the S Bone, (the one before that). Hand it
 over to the By-Products, where they make—
 Oh! God knows what from it.
- 6—When paying a visit to the Wet Canteen (for
 directions enquire of "Happy") always bring
 your own pail of water. This saves the bar
 tender a lot of trouble in having him serve it
 out all ready mixed with the beer.

Nero was just preparing plans for the burning
 of a few more Christian towns, when his copy of
 the *P.P.P.* arrived, and therein he found a new
 and more pleasing pastime.

When women disagree—then comes a world
 war.

Many's the time one was heard to say, "Gee,
 but this is a sad world. Oh! But that was
 before the *P.P.P.* came out. Watch the smiles
 now."

Behave's Corner.

Editor's Note.—"He seems to be still butting
 in."

Women flavour life. But more often they
 make it either too sweet or too bitter.

The secrets a woman keeps are those she had to
 forget about.

Heart strings and purse strings are the reins
 with which the clever woman guides the Matri-
 monial Tandem.

Country Doctor, (Superintendent of a Sunday
 School): "Now, children, who can tell me what
 we should do in order to get to Heaven?"

Bright Boy: "We must die."

Country Doctor: "Quite right. But what
 must we do before we die?"

Bright Boy: "Get sick, and send for you."

The four most important mile-stones in life:—

- 1.—Blarney Stone.
- 2.—Moonstone.
- 3.—Grindstone.
- 4.—Tombstone.

A woman, when she sets out to conquer, pins
 her faith to frocks; a man to his bad reputation.

A girl is not nearly so much afraid of a man in
 the dark as she would be of a mouse.

No woman can afford to stoop to conquer
 now-a-days—her skirts are too short.

A V.A.D. on her first visit to Western Canada,
 meeting a Cow Puncher, asked, "For what pur-
 pose do you use that coil of line on your saddle?"
 COW PUNCHER: "That line as you call it,
 lady, is used for catching cattle and horses."

V.A.D.: "I dare say. Now, may I ask what
 kind of bait you use?"

The Cow Puncher collapsed.

CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

Under this heading the Editor proposed to reply to anxious enquirers from those who are in any way afflicted in Mind, Body, Estate, or Romantic Situations. Romance will have special attention, as the lady engaged to deal with this has had world-wide experience in all kinds of love in all kinds of countries.

Letters should be addressed to, Aunt Queenie, c/o the Editor, *P.P. Post*.

Many letters have already been received in anticipation of this column being available, and Aunt Queenie, who has been hastily summoned from Vancouver, takes pleasure in replying to them.

SERGEANT, C.A.M.C.—If the lady treated you as you say, I would not have anything more to do with her. Cut off communications. Not a thousand miles from the R.P.O. there is a galaxy of youth and maidenly beauty unsurpassable for charm and loveliness in any country. Get an introduction, George, and may luck go with you.

SUPERINTENDENT.—No, the Editor does not exchange photographs with his correspondent. You are welcome to one of my hatchet cut wood engravings. I'm sending you one by (*P.P.*) *Post*.

V.A.D.—No doubt the villian, taking advantage of the blue uniform, which excites so much sympathy in these days, has torn your poor little heart in shreds by his unseemly attention to the cook on Collingwood Avenue. Don't you mind, dearie. Remember the proverb about the fish in the sea. Your old Aunt has had many such experiences, and yet, at the discreet age of 84, still remains single. There are lots of good-looking corporals whose addresses I'm sending you post free.

OFFICER.—If the girl in the Concert Party at the Y.M.C.A. seemed to sing *at* you, I wouldn't flatter myself that I had made a great impression were I you. These girls, though exceedingly beautiful, seem to delight in captivating good-looking young fellows, only to flit away again to other pastures, and, alas! never to return. Still, a man of your good-looking attributes may have made a real impression; if so, Auntie will be very glad indeed to note the permission to marry in daily orders.

PATIENT IN BLUE.—You must not be annoyed because the man in Khaki bumped against you. People in hospital blue do not own every path in the hospital grounds, nor in Bexhill either. Your old Aunt has often seen some of you walking three and four abreast, and leaving no room for anyone passing in an opposite direction. Perhaps the man who bumped you has seen just as much service in France as you have, maybe more. Being too impolite to give way a little to another, savours very much of the German. Arrogance is distasteful.

PRO BONO PUBLICHOUSEO.—Thanks for the tip. Bitter of decent taste is difficult to get now. Sorry your Chief will not allow it in the Dormitory. I hear there's some palatable stuff in the Sergeants' Mess, also doubles. Why not have a deputation of you girls attend the next meeting, and get elected Honorary Members.

R.S.M., SIR.—Yes, I quite agree with you. Carry on in the usual way. Sink the Pink every time you can, and sink him too, if you get the chance.

ANOTHER V.A.D.—You little minx. So you have set out to do that, have you? Don't forget that there will be a breach of promise regarding women as well as men "apres la guerre," and if the dining-room Orderly takes action against you, you may lose all your wealth.

Certainly you are far from ugly, like your elderly Aunt used to be. But spare the poor boy's feelings. I believe he's had a dose of shell-shock in France.

PRIVATE X.—Two tablespoonsful three times a day will remove freckles.

CAPTAIN.—If you bogey out in three holes and one to play, I should bunker out in the mashie. Look out for his return and half-volley his leg-breaks, especially when the bases are full, as a sacrifice cleaver will put the tin hat on all the machinations of the devil.

I would rather deal with your romantic efforts. Come, tell your elderly Aunt about your love affairs; it will pay, Master.

TRANSPORT SERGEANT.—No—will you really walk out with me? He-he-he—what a flirt you are. Yes, I'll be there at 2.30 a.m. It will be lovely in the moonlight. We must be careful near the hedges, for I hear that a sergeant wanders round with a gun and a ferocious dog about this time,

PAY PARADE.

At last the day has arrived. A parade! and not a man absent. Has the millennium arrived? No, dear reader. It is pay day—and pay parade. As usual all the A's fall out, then the B's, and so on down the line until the end of the alphabet. Now everything is set, and the men begin to file into the pay office, receive their pay, and file out again. Study the expressions. Did any artist ever get such a variety in any of his compositions? No, for this is life; in fact, this is *the* life, and expressions such as these are seen in any old camp on any old pay day. There is the usual expression of disappointment of the man who was paraded before the Paymaster the day before, and asked for a little more, as he wanted to buy his girl a little present. By his dial, you can tell the Paymaster didn't take his "bull." Then there is the expression of—well, I am satisfied, but I wouldn't have refused a little more. Another expression is one of quiet elation, and of—what are you "fellers" kicking about, the Paymaster is "jake a bon." It is quite evident this man's story has passed the test, and he has received a pretty good "hand out." Then the cry goes up, "Who says a game of poker." Everybody being flush, two or three parties start up. Maybe a Crown and Anchor board, if a Sergeant is not around. Poker is the game though. Some men find more excitement in it than going over the top, but some men never play poker, and I don't suppose will ever go over the top. To proceed. Of course

the men only play for chips, as it is not permissible to gamble in the Army. To get over this little difficulty, however, the chips exchange hands for the sum of threepence. Said chips generally represented by an old pack of cards. Subtle, isn't it. This is a way they have in the Canadian Army of beating the rules, and the R.S.M. or the H.S.M. never see that one is being put over them! Oh, no! Ahem! As the game proceeds, excitement runs high, when somebody butts in with a remark, "Ah! America's greatest invention; any chance of a hand?" "Sure jump in next hand. The more the merrier." My! aren't they going to it, and the expressions! Not on their faces this time. "Well, what are you doing?" "I'm betting six." "I'll raise yer six." Here three players drop out, and three stay. The betting goes apace. Somebody calls, so does another, "What yer got?" "Three aces and two tens." "No good, I got four Jacks." Proceeds to grab the pot. Number three, who has kept quiet, says, "Keep yer mit off that pot, it's mine, I got four K boys, slip the dough over here." Two men rise from the party, sadder but not one iota wiser, and broke. Another wait of two weeks for one glorious hour of excitement. Still the war goes on unmindful of such little tragedies being enacted within our midst. Surely it is an awful war. It is the only life though where a man doesn't worry about being broke, as he is sure of "three square" a day, and at the worst, another "pay day" in two weeks. So, cheerio!

—Dauber.

L. LEON,

3, St. Leonard's Road, BEXHILL.

Cigarette Manufacturers and Cigar Merchants.

OUR SPECIALITY—Cigarettes Hand Made on the Premises.

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

— MESSES AND CLUBS SUPPLIED. —

THE KAISER'S LATEST ULTIMATUM.

By Van de Todd.

Gott, Gott, dear Gott, attention please :
Your bardner Vilhelm's here,
Und has a word or two to say
Indo your brivate ear ;
So durn away all udders now
Und listen vell to me,
For vat I say concerns me much,
Meinself und Shermany.

You know, dear Gott, I was your friendt,
Und from mein hour of birth,
I quietly let you rule in Heffen,
Vile I ruled here-on earth,
Und ven I told mein soldiers
Of bygone battle days,
I gladly split the glory,
Und half gave you of praise.

In every way I tried to prove
Mine heart to you vas true,
Und only claimed mein honest share
In great deeds dat ve do.
You could not haf a better friendt
In sky, or land, or sea,
Dan Kaiser Vilhelm number two,
De Lord of Shermany.

So vat I say, dear Gott, is dis,
Dat ve should still be friendts,
Und you should help to send my foes
To meet deir bitter ends.
If you, dear Gott, vill dis me do
I'll nothing ask again,
Und you and I will bardners be
For evermore, Amen !

But listen, Gott, it must be quick
Your help to me you send,
Or else I haf to stop attack
And only blay defend.
So four and twenty hours I gif
To make de Allies run
Und put me safe into mein blace—
De middle of de Sun.

If you do dis, I'll do my bart :
I'll tell de world dot fact,
But if you don't, ven I must tink
It is an hostile act.
Den var at once I vill declare,
Und in mein anger rise
Und send mein Zepp'lin ships to wage
A fight up in de skies.

Dis ultimatum now, dear Gott,
Is von of many more,
Mine mind is settled up to clean
De whole world off de floor.
Because you vas mein bardner, Gott,
An extra shame is giffen ;
So help at vonce, or else I'll be
De Emperor of Heffen.

" THE PASSING OF A MAN."

Gassed he had been, and the doctors said
He'd never recover his health,
And he thought just then, he'd rather be dead,
Than seek for worldly wealth.
In a world so full of the joy of life,
To one with ambitions of youth,
For he knew 'twould be but struggle and strife,
Since they had told him the truth.

He must live alone, the doctors agreed.
" Consumption," they called it, I think.
A bachelor's life he vowed to lead,
A homestead way out on the brink.
So the trail he took for the great North-West,
To a land by man unknown ;
And for years he stood the acid-test
Of a life of seclusion—alone !

But slowly the deadly posionous germ
Set free by the cowardly Boche,
Accomplished its purpose with cruel but firm
Methods which nothing could quash.
And thus we find him, a broken man,
In body, but not in Soul :
For he's made his peace with his Maker, and can
Look forward towards the goal.

Alone he sits in his shanty,
Its nineteen-twenty-eight.
His fire is out, and his grub is scanty,
And the hour is getting late.
And his thoughts wander back to the past,
Ten years ago, and more ;
His pulses quicken and his heart beats fast,
And he thinks of the days of the War.

He hears once more the roar of guns
And the weird shriek of a shell
As it cleaves the air, by desire of the Huns,
To create its own little Hell.
He hears the groans and moans and cries
Of his comrades as they fall ;
And deeply he drinks from memory's cup,
Filled with the bitterest gall.

Oh God ! have mercy upon me,
In this my fleeting hour.
And take these memories from me,
Give back my manly power.
The power that I had in the old days,
To stand like a man and fight ;
And he falls to his knees, and thus he prays,
Oh God ! Hear my prayer to-night.

For a moment a deathlike stillness
Within those shanty walls.
He shudders, for he feels the chillness
And struggles to rise—but falls.
A moment he lay, like one in a trance,
But only a moment, for see !
He's up on his feet, back there in France,
Fighting to make the world free.
He heeds not the fact he's covered with blood.
He thrills with the joy of the fight.
But sudden he falls in the Flanders' mud,
Though his eyes with a glow are alight.
His pal was kneeling beside him,
" Jack ! speak to me," he said,
" I did my best, but I'm finished,
So long." And he fell back dead.

THOUGHTS ON THE FOOD PROBLEM.

There is no doubt that we all don't get more meat than we cannot eat, and a great saving of tonnage might be effected if so many ships had not been sunk.

The chief nourishment for the body, blood-builders, frame makers, fat producers, brain manufacturers, have been allotted by eminent scientists to emanate from the "in" categories, such as caesin, albumin, protein, and many other "ins," amongst which we may include those derived from the denbighin, wheatsheafin, devonshirein, and even so far out as the white-lionin.

Meat is, we all know, the food derived from the *boss communis*, or common cow, which has the rather unique peculiarity of having the head end opposite the tail end, except when the animal turns round, when the tail end is opposite the head end. There is no occasion to eat meat at all, or at any rate cooked meat. (The writer of this article has been eating meat, cooked, that is to say, for over 45 years, and it's hardly worth while changing the habit now, otherwise he wouldn't taste another drop in future).

How many thousand potatoes are spoiled by being peeled before being boiled? How many I say? You can read in any vegetarian journal that potatoes and all vegetables ought to be eaten unpeeled and raw, and according to the writers of these journals, surely they ought to know, if we insist in eating meat, the same principles ought to apply. In order to get the proper benefit from meat, it should also be eaten unpeeled and raw, especially mutton. What is more strength-giving to the wasted and war-worn soldier than a fine raw mutton chop with the peel or wool on it? Just imagine the succulence of a pork chop served in the same way, and beef served similar in shape to the deadly cancer-producing roast; and how virile would become the phagocytes in our bodies through fighting the *echino-coccus* and other *cocci* introduced in the raw meats, *tubercle bacilli* for instance. But why, I say again, eat meat, raw potatoes, or any faddist foods of the so-called Vegetarian?

Our country abounds in insects, and before continuing, allow me to introduce myself as the prophet of insect consumption or an Insectarian. Moths, Butterflies and other Flies are here in abundance, and only await the ready nets of our chefs to be garnered into our pantries.

For those who like an extra zest, a piquancy, the *Formic Acid* contained in the business ends of bees and wasps would far surpass the effect produced by chilli vinegar on the jaded palates of sergeants, or even of sergeant-majors.

The latter is a frank statement, but it is worthy of notice.

Mosquitoes, before being served up should be carefully graded and sorted, and the proboscis of each minutely examined for the *plasmodium*, which produces the inconvenient Malaria; the same care must be exercised regarding flies, for fear of *Tripanosomiasis*. And look at the grass, the green grass growing all around. Grass, of course, is not an insect, and I may appear inconsistent as an Insectarian in advocating the use of grass as human food.

But that's all wild horses, buffaloes, and deer feed upon. Who wouldn't be a wild horse, an elephant, or a deer? The writer knows several dears not far from this camp. He has never seen them eating grass or wasps, it is true, but they appear intensely charming, either promenading the boulevards, or sporting in the briney during a warm afternoon.

And the costumes!—(Get on with the food business—this is not an article on bathing'costumes—Editor).

So—there is the grand stand-by of grass, uncooked and unpeeled of course. Never allow an uncouth pantryman to peel your grass, mosquitoes, any Hymenopterous, Lepidopterous, or Coleopterous viands.

There are, besides these Opterous diets, others of less appetising appearance, though of palatable taste and entomological nature, which can be included in the menu, none of which are rationed so far, though such things as ant coupons and those of grass and mosquitoes may well eventuate during the remaining years of the Great World's Cataclysm. (This original expression is exclusively copyright by the *P.P. Post* in the U.S. of America).

We who have been blessed with families well know that all babies are supplied with the apparatus to masticate milk, called by the cognoscenti, milk teeth. Following these come others, amongst which are the *canine* teeth, given to man for the express purpose of flesh-eating, so perhaps we might consume a piece of meat occasionally, though I've asked previously, why eat meat? not, however, with the idea of giving an air of versimilitude to a bald and unconvincing narrative.

And so, by indulging in an Insectarian diet, heredity will ordain that the milk-chewing teeth and also the canine teeth will disappear by the process of elimination, even as our tails have done—and insect teeth, grass teeth, will evolve. This will give dental sergeants a new kind of plate to make, and no doubt *wood* cause them extra work, but I'm sure they will welcome the fact that they have some work to do.

ESTABLISHED 1882.

F. Wimshurst, Pharmaceutical
Chemist,

**The Devonshire Road Pharmacy,
BEXHILL-ON-SEA.**

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

Prescriptions Dispensed with Drugs of the Finest Quality obtainable.

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

SURGICAL NECESSITIES AND SICK-ROOM COMFORTS.

INVALID FURNITURE, ETC., FOR HIRING.

NOTE THE ADDRESS:

CORNER OF DEVONSHIRE AND PARKHURST ROADS

Marina Model Dairy.

(Opposite Metropole Hotel).

Telephone : 322 Bexhill.

For LIGHT LUNCHEONS, TEAS
AND REFRESHMENTS.

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

For TAXI AND TOURING CARS

Ring up **322** Bexhill.

Garage:—Opposite Metropole Hotel.

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

(25 YEARS IN THE SAME HANDS).



NOTED FOR COMFORT
AND GOOD CATERING.

Dining Room Open to Non-Residents.



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



TELEPHONE:

413.

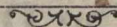


Proprietors:

SEWELL BROS.

P. PRATLEY,

FRUITERER & GREENGROCER,



2a, Devonshire Road,

BEXHILL-ON-SEA.



Families Waited on Daily for Orders.



Vegetables & Fruit fresh Daily from
Our Own Gardens.

== FOR ==

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

James L. French & Co.,

36 & 38 Devonshire Road,

❖ **BEXHILL-ON-SEA.** ❖

RESERVED.

LAUNDRY.

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

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

SACKVILLE LAUNDRY,

Telephone 365.

Western Road, BEXHILL.

**THE LARGEST
MILITARY STORES IN ENGLAND.**

M. WATSON & Co., Ltd.

27, WATERLOO ROAD,

LONDON, S.E. 1.

LOCAL BRANCHES—

22 Sackville Road, Bexhill,

5 London Road, St. Leonards,

41 & 41a Robertson Street, Hastings.

.....

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

Special Quotations for Large Quantities.

Prompt Attention to Battalion and Canteen Orders.

.....

WATSON'S MILITARY STORES