

The portion of the Indian Army which was employed in France was mainly composed of men enlisted in the Punjab and the Gurkhas—who come from Nepal, which is really outside British India proper. These men in their own country have to contend for a portion of the year with a cold and wet climate, so they were not affected as much as is supposed by the winter in Flanders. They landed in France at the end of September and were first employed in October, when the move up from the Aisne took place, and trained troops were urgently needed. They did well and took their hardships cheerily, more than that no one can do.

SPORTS.

Our first game of baseball since our arrival in Bramshott was with the Canadian Army Pay Corps. The game was played on their ground, near Liphook. We took the heavy end of an 11—7 score, and the game was one of the best throughout the whole nine innings. McGregor twirled the first six innings for us, allowing only a few scattered hits. "Yammy" is getting back into his old form again, and was always at his best when in a tight corner. Kenny at first played a sterling game, taking them from all angles. Arbuthnot on third was always there with the peg to first, and made a brilliant catch in the seventh inning. Richards played a stonewall game behind the bat, cutting off six runners at second. He has a good team-mate in James at second, who was there to take the throw every time. Menard at short was there with the scoop, and few slipped past. Lieut. McDiarmid in centre-field played a star game, getting no less than four hits, and stealing four bases. "Mac" is sure there with the big stick, and his base-stealing average is away up already. Cothrin played big league ball in left field. Dakers pitched the last three innings, and shut them out the last two. The team lined up as follows:—Richards (C.), McGregor and Dakers (pitchers), Kenny (1st B.), James (2nd B.), Arbuthnot (3rd B.), Menard, (S.S.), Cothrin, (L.F.), McDiarmid (B.), and Dakers (R.F.). Here is the score by innings:—

67th W.S.	...	...	2	0	2	3	1	1	0	1	1	—11
C.A.P.C.	...	...	1	0	0	0	2	0	4	0	0	—7

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SPARKS FROM THE GAME.

Manager Wallack sported himself to a cigar after the game.

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"Yammy" wants another game at an early date; two shillings a game is good, so he says, in England.

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The ground was well prepared as to sliding necessities, thanks to the farmers' property of the countryside.

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Some of our players were worrying about their batting and base-stealing averages, but Manager Wallack assures me that there is no cause to worry on their part.

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Both McGregor and Dakers state that they always had "something" on the ball. Richards agrees with them in that respect.

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As a "fan" Arbuthnot is of the first water, and kept the opposing pitcher guessing how to slip them past him.

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If Lieut. McDiarmid stole four bases in his first game, how many will he take in the next?

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Cricket has at last made its appearance in the already long list of games participated in by the battalion. The set of gear purchased through the Y.M.C.A. was sent to Whitehill while the left-half battalion was doing its musketry there, and in spite of a poor wicket, some good cricket was seen. The players are out each evening now, and very soon a good eleven should make its appearance ready to challenge the camp.

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The return football game, officers and sergeants, took place Thursday evening, the N.C.O.'s again being victorious to the tune 2—1.

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SIGNAL FLASHES.

After seeing the results of a collision between our worthy officer and B.S.M. Haynes, a couple of nights ago, we have no fear for the welfare of the Section if we ever meet the Huns. 'Twas simple yet effective.

Congratulations are offered to our Father Neptune and Brother Sinbad on the result of Friday's exam. Our dark horse, although a late starter, as well as some of the more nervous ones, is still well in the running. Keep cool and calm.

It is understood that the hours of the headquarters signaller are to be arranged so that when he "rests his eyes" for a few minutes after lunch, the balance of the orderly room staff who by accident are around will not be unnecessarily disturbed.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. For instance, if two of our staff men had made the grade at North Camp we would be minus two good men.

Brother Ben was a welcome visitor in our midst again yesterday. He has been sadly missed during the last heavy drive.

The parting between the Twins on the occasion of Brother Day's departure for the 51st was touching in the extreme.

Our new tunics are particularly serviceable in these days of ventilated pants. We need not be afraid to go on a week-end now. They have been likened to an overcoat; but that's nothing. They cover a multitude of holes.

It isn't every section of the size of ours that can claim a marksman amongst them. Congratulations to our officer. The scores are good reading, and would doubtless have been more so only for that loose wind gauge, etc. Still, someone had to be in the rear.