

LAMDIN'S

*High-Class ..
Boot Makers.*



Devonshire Road,
BEXHILL=ON=SEA.

Society News

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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