

The following are the names of our brilliant fans, who fought for the pinnacle of the league with such brilliant courage, and finally took it by storm, viz. :—Brooks, Capt., 1b; Kemsley, c; Mathers, 3b; Hawthorne, 1b; Shurman, 1.f; White, s.s.; Byas, p.; Shore, p.; Turnbull, p.; Gray, c.f.; Aldridge, 1.f.; Flanigan, r.f.; Paget, r.f.; Mollard, 3b.; Blaikie, s.s.; McPartland, C.

In the 12 games, our fans scored 148 runs to their opponents' 56; and are accredited with 102 hits to their opponents' 72.

The Ball Team of the Princess Patricia Hospital left Bexhill on Friday morning, July 26th, on a tour to Wokingham and Taplow.

Having arrived at the Bearwood Hospital, Woking, in the pouring rain, it was decided to leave the game over until after tea. At 6 p.m. the 15th Reserve Battalion Baseball Team, who were also visitors at Bearwood, elected to play the "Pats," and both teams started out for the Ball Ground to the tune of the 20th Reserve Battalion Pipers' Band.

The ground was in very bad condition, but our boys put up a good game against them, resulting in a win for the 15th Reserve Battalion team by 3 to 1. After the game the boys had a look over the fine estate which surrounds the main building of the Hospital. It is, no doubt, one of the most beautiful of English Homes, and belongs to Mr. Walters, the former owner of the "Times" newspaper.

Leaving Bearwood early next morning the "Pats" Ball Team arrived in London at 10.45 a.m., and proceeded to the Maple Leaf Club, Charles Street, which they made their Headquarters during their stay in London. Saturday afternoon saw the boys making off for the Stadium, Stamford Bridge, to see the Ball Game—American Army v. Northolt—and later in the evening, after supper, to the Prince of Wales' Theatre.

Sunday was a free day, and the boys wandered about on their own; most of them, not having seen London before, went around looking at the different places of interest.

Monday morning. The boys were up bright and early, and caught the 9.15 a.m. train out of Paddington for Taplow, and on arriving at the Hospital some of the boys availed themselves of the opportunity of strolling around the grounds of Major and Mrs. Astor's home. It is indeed a lovely spot.

The Ball game started at 2.15 p.m., and resulted in a win for the Taplow Team by 4—0. The game, however, was a good one, and our boys certainly did their utmost, and played good ball.

Arrangements were made by Mrs. Astor and Capt. Lupton to take a trip up the river in a steam launch loaned by Mrs. Astor, and we started out from the boat house at 6.45 p.m.

The boys unanimously agreed that they had enjoyed a very fine trip, and had seen most beautiful scenery, which cannot be excelled anywhere in England.

Tuesday morning saw the boys once more on the way, leaving Taplow by an early morning train for Bexhill, and arriving at midday after a most enjoyable time.

They wish to extend to Mrs. Astor, through the medium of this paper, their hearty thanks for her efforts on their behalf.

C. P. S.

Its a little known phase of the War, Sir,
Is the work of the C.P.S.

It means Carrier Pigeon Service, Sir,
I know you would never guess.

A flying Squadron, this, Sir,
No! not like the R.F.C.
But they've done some very fine work, Sir,
As you'll know if you'll listen to me.

A Company of men cut off, Sir,
Out on the right of the line.
Perhaps they advanced too far, Sir,
Or the rest were not up to time.

A barrage is up in the rear, Sir,
Like a living molten wall.
It's death for a man to go through, Sir,
And the Company needs them all.

They have no cable or wires, Sir,
And the runners are out of mess.
This is where we come in, Sir,
With the work of the C.P.S.

The first has got clear away, Sir,
Out of the mouth of Hell.
Nothing else would live, Sir,
Midst that rain of shot and shell.

Yet the message got through in time, Sir,
The percentage is ninety-nine.
And no doubt that gallant bird, Sir,
Helped to save that part of the line.

Many of our brave lads, too, Sir,
Were rescued from dire distress.
And they all have a real good word, Sir,
For the work of the C.P.S.

First Munitioneer: "My old man's won this medal. Don't it make ye jealous?"

Second ditto (with great hauteur): "Not Me! My Bill went out to kill Germans—not collecting sooveneers!"