

very disappointing from our point of view. Our rivals emerged victorious by a score of 2 to 1. We played against the sun in the first half, when all the scoring was done. The loss of the match was entirely due to lack of condition of our men. The 46th were on the ball all the time, followed up hard, and were triers all the way. Our men, however, were very slack and had no ginger after the first fifteen minutes, with perhaps the exception of the last five minutes, when they made a futile burst which was easily enough repelled. Shearman at centre was slow; Capt. Okell seemed right off colour; Lumsden never seemed to wake up—in fact, the only men to uphold their reputations were Ord, Nicholls and Allen. Of course, it is easy to criticise, but we hope that the lesson the team should have learned will bear fruit. Training must be methodical and regular. Celebrations after wins are all very well, but won't help condition. Inter-company games should be encouraged and talent spotted, encouraged, and developed. Let the men in the Battalion eleven appreciate that they must work to keep their places, and a difference will soon be observed. It is to be hoped the members of the team will take criticism in the proper way, and aspire to better things, and first of all get into condition.

THE CANDID CRITIC.

"A" COMPANY NOTES.

Does matrimony tend to increase the joyous outlook on life? A difficult question to answer this. One of our able correspondents, under pressure, gives us the celibate's point of view thusly:

"In my youthful innocence I used to think that matrimony was the be-all and end-all of existence, but lately, alas, my ideals have been badly shaken. My youthful friend Pete Secundus got entangled in this web of matrimony, and settled down to be a sober-living soldier. Time passed, and in the course of events we crossed the Herring Pond. Alas and alack! My youthful friend changes the scheme of his personality. Whereas he used to be the silent knight of the cubicle, now he becomes the rollicking roysterer of No. 3 Platoon, ever lifting high his voice in song and merriness! But what must a poor celibate outcast think of it all? Do the songs of joy celebrate the parting or presage the future meeting?"

Well, we don't know. Perhaps some experienced Benedict will advise our perplexed friend.

The canteen was opened for business on Friday evening.

We are glad to welcome Sergt. Gammond back amongst us, as a duly qualified instructor of gymnastics and bayonet work. Added to this he is said to be in a position to impart some valuable information, derived from personal experience, on economical railway travelling, passes, and economical outfit replenishing.

We hear that the 6-30 morning air at the sick parade is proving very beneficial.

On Saturday we had our first practical experience as pioneers since coming to Bramshott.

Now that we are a Pioneer Battalion and the tin-smiths and blacksmiths are to be placed at their trade, what are the other Smiths to do?

We are informed that night-training is shortly to start. There are many perplexed ones in this company. Their individual efforts along this line have, in the past, been distinctly frowned upon.

The following is extracted from a letter recently picked up, and is inserted here, not only for its interesting nature, but also in the hope that it will lead to its reclamation by the owner:—

"MY DEAR NELLIE,—As you can see by the above address, we have moved from our old quarters to new ones. Orders to move arrived, and amid a whirl of hurry and scurry we gathered and packed our belongings, the transport conveying them to our new resting place. For ourselves we paraded and marched off, headed by our gallant pipers, resplendent in belts and shoulder straps of shining brown leather, heavily mounted with glistening metal sufficient to start a silversmith or hardware store. But really the braw pipers played splendidly, having even compelled some of our Englishmen to a grudging smile of toleration. So away we stepped, through the deep shady country lanes, and over the gorse-covered moorland, past nestling cottage and hidden manor house. Half way we were given a rest of a couple of hours. A nearby hotel was left high and dry in about half an hour, anything liquid being utilised for washing down the dry rations every man was provided with before starting, consisting of bully beef sandwiches, and good ones, too. Resuming our march, another three miles brought us to our new camp. This is situated on a plateau, an ideal spot for a military encampment. You asked me about the kilts. Some of the officers have them already, and we are terribly anxious to see two of them especially, one being our beloved paymaster and the other a certain platoon commander of our company. The first is built on fine, slender lines, the latter being of generous proportions. The contrast should be striking. Another whose appearance will be eagerly watched for is a sergeant whose build is like that of an ice-breaker, sort of undercut. The pipers wear spats. A feckless southerner explains this on the score that Scotchmen, having big feet, use the spats to cover them up. Also he states that with big feet one gets a firm grip of the ground, and as a Scot gets a firm grip on anything he can get hold of, etc., etc., etc. I'll send you a photo as soon as we are kilted. Must go now. If only you were here, my (censored)."

"B" COMPANY NOTES.

While regretting the absence of our able O.C. we are glad to see that he is convalescing after his recent painful accident. Best wishes to you, Major, for a speedy and complete recovery.

PLAYING THE GAME.

We received too late for inclusion in our last issue a letter from Major Meredith-Jones thanking the members of the Battalion for the sympathy expressed through the medium of this paper. The following extract will show that the gallant major has been well treated. We are glad, but we are sure that, could they be consulted, his nurses would be as loud in praise of their patient as is he of the treatment meted out to him:—

"I freely endorse the remarks re the great kindness of the officers of the Battalion to whom we had the good fortune to be attached. Since I have been lying in hospital I have received constant visits from officers of the 44th, who have cheered my long hours, brought me tobacco to soothe the pain of torn muscles and tendons, and many acts of kindness, which means that they play the game which leads to good fellowship and brotherly help.

"The poor nursing sisters, in spite of assistance from V.A.D.'s, have a pretty hard time of it, but in spite of being fagged out they are always the same—smiling, a cheery word, and consideration itself. Playing the game all the time. Go into the scullery after meals and you will find a couple of convalescent Tommies washing up for the sisters. It is their way of trying