

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 wirler, 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."