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CHEVRONS TO STARS

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE CANADIAN TRAINING SCHOOL

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Lieut.-Colonel CAMERON, M.C.

Editor: ... Capt. Rev. A. GILLIES WILKEN.
Business Manager: ... Lieut. R. N. LYON.



QUARTERLY

JUNE, 1918.

PRICE: SIXPENCE.

EDITORIAL.

"The Old Order changeth, yielding place to the new."

The June Number of "Chevrans To Stars" is no exception to this; and since the last issue many changes have taken place. We bid farewell to the last Editor, Lieut. Ernest Le Messurier, who has left us to go to the Corps School in France. We hope his stay will be only temporary and that he will soon return to us.

To say that we miss him in his post of Editor does not fully express what his leadership meant to the magazine. As an artist his fame now extends far and wide, and new readers will recognize his skill when they examine some of his sketches in this number.

Lieut. W. Kennedy, former business manager, was Editor for some time after Lieut. Le Messurier had gone, but he found his duties prevented him from giving the necessary time to it.

The magazine was therefore entrusted to a new editorial staff, who were officially requested to take over the duties. But in reviewing the publication of this issue, the Editor would like to express his personal thanks to the Company representatives, and especially to Cadets George Palmer and H. R. Evans, whose long experience of journalistic work in civilian life has been invaluable and of the greatest assistance.

Readers will notice that the magazine is

smaller in size. This is due to the necessary economy of paper in war time. It will also be noticed that the price is reduced to sixpence per copy. This, we may say, is also due to the general economy which prevails, but it will meet the demand of those who have expressed the desire to purchase additional copies for mailing purposes.

An attempt has been made to confine the contents to the affairs of the Canadian Training School, both in the reading and the artistic work. With three exceptions this has been carried out. These are two short poems by Col. the Rev. F. G. Scott, Senior Chaplain, First Canadian Division, a poem by Major the Rev. A. P. Shatford, and a valued drawing by Miss M. E. Gray, of Bexhill.

Since the last issue we regret the departure of several officers, notably Capt. L. Scott, Capt. Cowley, Capt. Armstrong, Major MacFarlane, D.S.O., who have been advanced to a new sphere in the Imperial Forces and are attached to the Royal Air Force at Hastings—a fitting compliment to the Canadian system of training and making of Officers.

The "Pep" board innovation, commenced last Course, has spread now to every Company, producing well-earned compliments and displaying in humorous and sometimes serious sketch the result of the previous day and the spirit of the day to come.

Conference of Commanding Officers held at Canadian Training School.

Considered desirable that C.T.S. standard for training be adopted
throughout Canadian areas in England.

The Commanders of the various Canadian Training Areas and Commanders of Canadian Reserve Battalions visited the Canadian Training School, Bexhill, on June 10th and 11th, to see the work of the C.T.S. and confer on matters relating to Administration and Training in England. The first day was spent in seeing the work of the C.T.S. and the Canadian Trench Warfare School. The visiting officers were present at the 9.00 a.m. parade of the Cadet Battalion, and Brig-General H. F. McDonald, C.M.G., D.S.O., inspected the Cadet and N.C.O. Companies. General McDonald took the salute as the Cadet Battalion marched off the parade ground to carry out the programme of training for the day.

Mutual Instruction Given.

The visitors then saw the various Companies at work at Bayonet Fighting, Platoon and Company Drill and Musketry. (It was observed that in all this training the Platoons and Companies were actually handled by Cadets. The Cadets take turns in acting as Company and Platoon Commanders, and all commands are given by these acting officers, the Instructional Officers being at hand to assist check up, and advise when necessary. The actual instruction in Drill, Bayonet Fighting, Musketry, etc., is given by Technical Experts, and as each item of instruction is completed, the Cadets are practised in Mutual Instruction, each one in turn taking charge of instructing, and checking up his squad or platoon. In this way the military knowledge of the Cadets is made definite, and they are constantly practising the work of officers, under the careful supervision of the Instructional Staff. No opportunity is lost of developing the latent qualities of leadership and initiative that these men possess.)

The second period of the morning's programme was occupied by Company Lectures on such subjects as Map Reading, Interior Economy, and Tactical Employment of Platoons.

Saw Trench Warfare.

In the afternoon a visit was paid to the Canadian Trench Warfare School, where No. 1 Company of the C.T.S. was being instructed in the newest Anti-Gas measures, Bombing and Lewis Gunnery. Each Company in turn spends two weeks at the C.T.W.S., where they are made acquainted with the latest developments in the use of the weapons and appliances which are adapted for Trench Warfare.

But it was seen that the instruction is by no means confined to stationary warfare. At 3 p.m. the visitors watched one Cadet Company demonstrate the use of the platoon in attack. Here again the handling of the demonstrating platoon was done entirely by Cadets. In the tactical exercises the Cadets themselves lay out the scheme from their maps, and after

a personal reconnaissance of the ground prepare a solution. These are subjected to the criticism of the Instructional Officers and finally carried out in as realistic a manner as possible. The scheme is then discussed, its weaknesses and defects discovered, and suggestions made for its improvement.

The visiting officers were entertained at a Garden Party and Dinner given by the Officers' Casualty Company at the Bexhill Manor House. Here they found convalescent officers regaining their strength, prior to rejoining their units after leaving Hospital. While unfit for strenuous training, these officers keep up-to-date in their work, receiving daily instruction in Map Reading, Tactics, etc., and spending several hours daily at P.T. and outdoor games. The Officers' Casualty Company is under the command of Lieut.-Colonel M. Francis, D.S.O.

Many Subjects Discussed.

On Monday evening the C.T.S. Concert Troupe, "The ChanTeurS," gave a musical entertainment, and at 10.30 p.m. the visitors attended a demonstration in the Anti-Gas measures at the C.T.W.S. Cloud Gas, Gas Shells, Gas Projector and Flammenwerfer were used. The C.T.W.S. is commanded by Major K. L. Patton, M.C.

On Tuesday, a second visit was paid to the Officers' Casualty Company to see the officers at work. Guard Mounting occupied the attention of the visitors for a short time, and at 10.45 a.m. they assembled for a Conference.

Such subjects as "Regimental Employ," "Forfeiture of Pay for Absence without Leave," "Allowance for Officers' Uniforms," "Establishment of Local Registry Officers in the various areas to economise postage and facilitate the handling of Men's Papers," "Replacement of Junior Officers in Reserve Battalions by Senior Officers arriving from France," "Barrack Damages," etc., were discussed and recommendations made which will be brought to the notice of Headquarters, London.

Several Recommendations.

Tuesday afternoon was largely occupied with discussions relating to training. Brig-General McDonald dealt briefly with the subject of the Syllabus in Reserve Battalions. With regard to Standardization of Training, it was decided that it is desirable that the C.T.S. should be the accepted standard for drill and other training throughout the Canadian Areas in England. As the training at the C.T.S. is identical with that of the Canadian Corps School in France, this will ensure exact uniformity in matter of detail throughout the Canadian Forces.

With regard to Musketry and Gas Training, it was considered desirable to have the same instructor take

his squad from the beginning of their elementary training at the end of the firing of the G.M.C. It was stated that London Headquarters will publish in Routine Orders the names of the N.C.O. Instructors who obtain the best results from their squads. Also London Headquarters will give favourable consideration to applications for leave from N.C.O. Instructors in Musketry, B.F. and P.T., etc., who obtain good results from the recruits under their charge. The preliminary training of Cadets before they report to the C.T.S. was also discussed at some length.

On Tuesday evening the visiting officers were the guests at dinner of Lieut.-Col. A. D. Cameron, M.C., Commandant C.T.S., and his Staff.

Among those who attended the Conference were Lieut.-General Sir R. E. W. Turner, V.C., K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O., Major-General G. S. Hughes, C.M.G., D.S.O., Brig.-General H. F. McDonald, C.M.G., D.S.O., Brig.-General F. S. Meighen, C.M.G., Brig.-General D. M. Hogarth, C.M.G., D.S.O., Quartermaster-General, Colonel John A. Gunn, C.M.G., D.S.O., Colonel J. G. Rattray, C.M.G., D.S.O., Col. S. D. Gardner, C.M.G., D.S.O., Colonel C. A. Smart, C.M.G., and Colonel C. H. L. Sharman, C.R.A., Major S. Morrisey, D.S.O., Lieut.-Colonel Prismatic, O.B.E., Lieut.-Colonel G. Casselis, Colonel C. M. Ruttan (Inspector of Catering), Lieut.-Colonel R. W. Frost, D.S.O., Lieut.-Colonel MacKay, D.S.O., Lieut.-Colonel G. S. Cantlie, D.S.O., Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Muirhead, Lieut.-Colonel C. F. Ritchie, M.C., Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Hewgill, Lieut.-Colonel M. J. R. H. DesRosiers, Lieut.-Colonel W. R. Brown, D.S.O., Lieut.-Colonel H. S. Tobin, Major F. L. French, D.S.O., Major A. G. Turner, M.C., Major W. T. Daniel, Lieut.-Colonel T. V. Anderson, D.S.O., Lieut.-Colonel W. M. Balfour, D.S.O., Lieut.-Colonel W. F. Kemp, D.S.O., Lieut.-Colonel Daley, D.S.O., Lieut.-Colonel T. R. Caldwell, Lieut.-Colonel K. C. Bedsom, Lieut.-Colonel C. B. Worsnop, D.S.O., Colonel F. St. S. Skinner, Lieut.-Colonel F. W. Miller, Lieut.-Col. O. F. Brothers, Lieut.-Colonel W. S. Buell, Lieut.-Colonel C. H. Rogers, Lieut.-Colonel W. Towers, and Lieut.-Colonel L. Ross, D.S.O.

CAPTAIN LOUIS SCOTT, D.C.M.



“One of the Stars of the C.T.S. shining in the R.A.F.”

LEIUT. PARKER TRANSFERRED

Since the last issue Lieut. C. S. Parker, Y.M.C.A. officer at Bexhill, has been transferred to Orpington. During the months he was here he became well known and was very popular. As an athlete he will be greatly missed in all branches of sport. He was particularly brilliant in Association football as a goal-keeper, and also excelled in cricket and in tennis.

In his official capacity he was hard working and very painstaking, and never saved himself if there was anything to do for the benefit of others. He possessed a very kindly disposition, which made him the good friend of all who knew him.

We wish him all success.

This well describes the late Assistant Chief Instructor of the C.T.S., Capt. Scott, D.C.M., who has left us to take over new duties at the School of Instruction in connection with the Royal Air Force at Hastings. As a soldier he would shine anywhere (quite apart, you readers will confess you yet remember the brilliant polish of his buttons, stars and badges), and while we deplore his loss, we recognise the compliment paid to his soldierly qualities.

He comes from Sussex, being born in this county. For four years (1904-1908) he was in the Royal Engineers, going later to Canada, returning in the ranks of the Princess Patricia Canadian Light Infantry in September, 1914. At the front he was twice wounded, and won the D.C.M. and his commission.

He came to Bexhill in May, 1917.

A PISCATORIAL BLACK- STONE.

BEING A SOLEMN REVELATION OF
WHY CADET STEPHEN SPINKS IS
NOW CONCENTRATING ON
MILITARY LAW.

Cadet Stephen Spinks was going to spend *this* Saturday afternoon in his *own* way. Wiles nor pleas of tennis, baseball or swimming enthusiasts could move him from his resolve. He was going fishing. It came about in this wise.

In those dear dim days before the present prevalent international unpleasantness Spinks had dwelt in a part of Canada where people "went fishin'" on Saturday afternoons and on other legitimate sureseases from toil. Mark you, they did not go "angling," they "went fishin'": to followers of the ancient pastime further explanation is superlative. They know that on such joyous expeditions two sorts of bait are carried. One is worms—in a can; the other, er—cold tea, in a bottle.

So, faded youth's instincts being strong in Spinks, he sallied far from the asphalt of Bexhill to a sylvan nook, not to angle, merely "going fishin'." And arranging the necessary tackle, to wit—bait, hooks, floater, rod and corkscrew—about him, he commenced to enjoy the long-denied pleasure. He fished.

The afternoon wore pleasantly on. A fish or two of diminutive dimensions had been caught, and the, ahem! cold tea in the flagon expended judiciously until its surface was flush with the top of the label, when Spinks hooked, landed and deposited beside him on the grass a really full-grown fish; a fish ripe in years; a goodly fish. Spinks observed this success as a true fisherman should. The cold tea in the bottle consequently sank three-quarters of an inch.

The spot was very restful. Overhead the lark larked, and about him the primroses rose and the butterflies butterflyed. Spinks (solely as the effect of his restful surroundings, you understand) became drowsy; his eyes closed. And then the weird thing happened. Spinks looked up; there stood his prize leaning against a sapling, one fin pointed accusingly at him, its entire scaly length trembling with what appeared to be anger. The Fish was speaking.

"What—wha-a-t's that?" said Spinks.

"I said," rapped out The Fish, holding him the while with its unblinking eye, "I said I

demand to know why I am being so treated. Why am I placed under close arrest?"

Hazy recollections of a tedious tome called K.R. and O. came to Spinks. Ah, he had it; he drew himself up in his best Egerton Park parade ground manner; he cleared his throat. "You are, aw, that is to say, you are—you are drunk." Spinks thought he had done this very cleverly. Pooh, it was going to be easy: what would a fish know about Military Law?

Like a flash The Fish snapped back, "I demand to see the Orderly Officer. I say I demand to see the Orderly Officer. I refer you to K.R. and O. Section 478. If not the Orderly Officer a Field Officer. I demand to see him at once."

"Dolgone it," thought the poor Cadet, "why didn't I read up those references in that lecture on Military Law last week in that bloomin' book?" Then realizing he was in a tight corner, he resorted to diplomacy.

"Look here, old boy, don't become 'er peckish, or 'er, nettled. Will y'have a snort?"

"Certainly not," snapped The Fish, "and I also wish to know if a charge sheet has accompanied me and is now in the hands of the Sergeant of the Guard. I can quote the authority for this if you wish. It is Section 463 of K.R. and O." The Fish looked very severe as he said this.

Poor Spinks. He was floored. Why, oh why, had he gone to Hastings on that evening he had set aside for the study of Military Law? He strove to recall some sections that would assist him. None came. He bowed his head in shame and mortification. From the corner of his eye he could see The Fish's gills heaving with righteous indignation. "Better let the case drop," thought Spinks.

"All right, m'man, you may go." Then as an afterthought, "Please tell me how you came to know so much of military law."

"I will," said The Fish in less hostile tones. "Last summer a soldier with a White Band about his cap, such as you are now wearing, threw himself into these waters and was drowned. About his neck was tied a book called K.R. and O. It was heavy, and prevented his body from being recovered.

"Thank you," mumbled Spinks.

A moment or two passed silently. Then he blinked and looked up suddenly. He rubbed his eyes. The prize fish was gone, and only a few slowly widening ripples on the placid water told him his catch had slipped off the bank to freedom in its own domain.

H. R. EVANS.

1. Lieut. C.T.S. Bexhill (having graduated) finds himself O.A.S. again—without a match

2. Stops a stranger for a light — both register "fed-upedness" in silence

3. Start to chat and one says "Bexhill" Well I'll be —

4. Wild enthusiasm "Hooray!" "Shake!"

5. Decide to drink to "good old C.T.S." ESTAMINET Officers only

6. "Deux bières s'y voo play m'amzelle" "Toot sweet"

7. What course? what Coy.? and then—gossip "New C.O. eh?" "Yep—used to have Corps School in France" "?"—"Yep—General now, R.A.F. Hastings"

8. "?"—"Yep—new Adj & C.I." "?"—"Yep—old Scotty gone—R.A.F." "?"—"Sure, Gibby too, and Devey—both in France"

9. "Same old P.T.?" "Yep" "Same old 180 paces per?" "Same old Colonnade?" "Same old Museum dances" "Beaucoup fair maidens?" "Sure—everything—"

10. "Same old Coy. Cup?" "Yep" "Same old Coy., dinners?" "Sure thing—pretty damp too" "To the old school"

11. leave each other in high spirits "au revoir lots of luck" "cheero old man"

12. — full of pep again "Stuff to give 'em! — good old C.T.S."

"STUFF TO GIVE 'EM."—MORE ADVENTURES OF THE "SNAPPY SUB."

NUMBER THREE COMPANY.

DEMONSTRATION OF SURPLUS PEP.

The Knutty Kanucks of No. 3 Company gave their first concert at the Pavilion on Friday night, May 24th, and the audience that turned out to see them unanimously pronounced it a brilliant success.

We are pleased to admit that there was audible evidence of the presence and support of the other Companies; but No. 3 Company marched down in its usual formation, and it, as usual, furnished the noise for the occasion.

The principal numbers on the programme were a sketch, "Sled Wingers," and a one act farce, "Ginger Snap." The first number, "Sled Wingers," opened with a scene in a French billet at the time of the arrival of the mail. The characters were excellent, and the "cadger," and others, recalled many of our old friends.

"Blue Bonnets over the Border," sung by Lieut. Jerdan, M.C., was a real treat; and the inimitable drollery of Cadets Kempf and Thorpe in "Cuthbert and the Baseball Fan," and Cadets La Fond and Elgin in "Kiwi Brothers," also the "eccentricities" of R.S.M. Carpenter and Sergt. Hutchison in the "Two Goops," were immense.

The most popular turns of the evening were "Impersonations," by Lieut. Caney, who has a style and manner all his own, and the impersonations of the Misses Clara Butt and Marmalade Finney by Cadet Hare and Lieut. Bickle in "Ginger Snap": these evoked abundant laughter and applause from the audience.

The whole evening was one round of fun and laughter, and the event has passed into history as another triumph for No. 3 Company. Their reputation has been splendidly upheld, and the Entertainment Committee and performers deserve the greatest of thanks and praise for their untiring efforts in preparing the programme and carrying it through so successfully. KIM.

Several Cadets had slacks issued to them that would not meet round the waist. They can button them quite easily now. The Quartermaster evidently knew what was coming.

CAPTAIN GIBSON.



Taking one of his favourite walks in France.

This is he. The jovial, genial "Jock," alias Captain Gibson, who departed from the Hill of Bex amid sorrow and gloom one bright day in May in the year of grace 1918. An efficient officer and a Prince of Goodfellows, his departure is regretted and his presence missed by all. His escapades were many, and the story of the "Pink Tea Willies" will be told in many tongues long after the footprints of the present generation have been washed from the sands of time. Three Company mourns the loss of a capable and energetic Company Commander, and the Staff as a whole mourns the loss of one of their most prominent members. Wherever he may roam Captain Gibson can rest assured that he carries with him the best wishes of the C.T.S.

THE SPORTING SPIRIT.

Lieut. Tickle was depressed, and as he looked in his mirror and gave the final adjustment to his Sam Browne belt, Captain Cider's parting words came back to him:—

"Buck up, Tickle, that platoon of yours is running away from you; show them the sporting spirit, look at Sherwin and his men."

"Wake up, Man," was his parting injunction, and as Tickle took his final look and straightened his tie, a flush coloured his face as he realized his shortcomings, for Tickle was hopelessly out of it, and while he was especially good in Rugby, very good in baseball, and good in the 100 yards, still he was very old fashioned, and when it came to the newer forms of sport, he was unable to come up with his men.

"Still," thought Tickle, as he picked up his stick, "I'll try once more," and out he sauntered on parade.

No. 1 Platoon was the sporting platoon of the school, and as they stood there that morning with a tired look about them, heavy eyes, without a smile, they certainly looked it. In this platoon were Clowns, the Champion Pork and Bean eater of Hong Kong—almost glaring for more beans—Oily Rocquefort, the human tank, the Champion Beer drinker of Milwaukee in 1913, and still good for a keg or two when hard pressed—Flay, the Champion Auction bridge player of Stoney Mountain, and—well, almost all of the others could be depended on for anything from Robbing the First National Bank to Tea-Fighting with the Duchess of Bexhill, in short, sport fairly exuded from them.

"STAND AT EASE!—STAND EASY!" The Inspection was over, and Tickle moved to the front of his platoon smiling amiably.

"Well, boys, we are going in for more sport." At this they all pricked up their ears and were attention at once. You could see Clowns' jaws executing a sort of double knee bend, Flay's fingers starting to go through the motions of stacking a deck without observing a pause, while Oily's tongue practised maximum distribution.

"Who will go in for the Shelling Peanuts competition?" cried Tickle with affected confidence. "Come on, let's have someone."

How their faces fell; still this could be worse, so out foxtrots Cadets Hesabear and Alleouette.

"You have done peanut shelling before, have you?" Tickle asks Alleouette.

"Er—No, Sir, but I am willing to try. I used to be good at rolling peanuts uphill with an entrenching tool," replied Alleouette.

"Oh, dam, that's no good. Back you go." His face falling, Tickle turns to Hesabear. "How about you, Hesabear. How many peanuts can you shell a minute?"

"Was it shelling peanuts, sir? I am sorry. I thought you said a He-Knut Spelling competition."

"OH, HELL!" cried Tickle. "Back you go too." Turning to the platoon, "Now look here, boys; come on, let's have someone for this." He looks up and down and no one answers. Tickle looks desperate. Suddenly he remembers the old one, "Well, how about the 100 yards or the relay race?"

THAT Tore it. You should see the faces—fortunately.

No. 3 KNEE. and we marched off.

But there it is, there is no question about it but No. 1 Platoon has the best sports in the school, but they are hopelessly misused and ahead of their time.

The Sporting Instinct? HUH. "Well, you know me A1," as Seattle Mac would say.

By K.S.

 "PRICELESS PETER."

AN APPRECIATION.

You know him, of course.

Who does not? Of all the Cadet promenaders, he is easily the best known, and the reason is not hard to find.

A good enough man in his way in France, he has especially distinguished himself since moving to the Bexhill Sector—he is out on parade every day with a peculiarly blanched belt, the envy of all the Staff. How he manages to get this peculiar tint and colour to it, no one knows. It is a mystery. Some say he combines Blanco with cod-liver-oil and Bromoethylmethylketone, others more envious claim to have solved the riddle, saying he has an *Entente Cordiale* with the dog which howls at Reveille. However, be that as it may, his belt has its disadvantages, since bits of Blanco "Priceless colour" have been discerned at different times on both the Duchess of Bexhill's and the Countess of Hastings' frocks—but still, that's another story.

But outside of his Blanco, which has been a tower of strength in the holding of this sector, he singularly distinguished himself one morning on parade. The Company had just responded to their 9th AZZUWAH, in that most difficult and yet still most essential movement in this war, i.e. the present from the slope, when suddenly a terrible noise and clattering was heard, and around the corner of the Barberspole Hotel came dashing wildly, two immense horses, frothing and foaming at the mouth, pulling a large van filled with cylinders, evidently Phosgene.

It was a moment of moments. The platoons broke and scattered, all except "Priceless." Truly it was wonderful to watch him. He came to the order correctly, observing the pause and cutting the left hand away sharply, grounded arms, about turned, and rising on his toes broke into an easy double, caught up to the van, swinging himself on the rear, he was clambering towards the front while the van swayed from side to side, when—just then it rounded out of sight.

The rest of the tale must be told by others. Some say he stopped them by opening a cylinder of Phosgene, the wind favouring him, holding his breath, it rapidly brought the horses to a standstill. Others still, lay it to the soothing influence of his belt—but still for all that it is understood he is to be decorated for his gallantry with the Order of the Burnisher, Third Class.

In the evenings WHEN OUT OF THE LINE, you may see him on the promenade with Lady St. Leonards or the Hon. Mrs. Cooden, although at dusk his natural bent towards Musketry and Manœuvre generally leads him to H-27-a-20-90 or H-22-b-80-50.

NO, he's not married—ER—ER. Well, you know what I mean.

By K.S.

THE SWAN'S SURMISE.

The all-wise black swan in the pond at Eger-ton Park wonders if it is solely for love of the sport that so many of our best Cadets have become such enthusiastic tennis players or if the dear young things one meets while so doing are not largely responsible.

Up to date the secret service of the C.T.S. has been unable to substantiate significance in the fact that our Padre occupies No. 9 in the Metropole.

EMPIRE DAY.

"Empire Day was celebrated throughout France."

"Canadian Gazette," May 30th, 1918.

We have stood by your aching side, Sister,
On the blood-red fields of war;
In swelter and smother, brother to brother,
We have fought as in days of yore.

All over the smoking seas, Sister,
Come men in a ceaseless tide;
If courage helps, we're the Lion's whelps,
And we'll fight till the last has died.

So now in the Night's fourth watch, Sister,
We stand on the shell-ripped sod,
And you share our Feast, whilst bombs of the
Beast
Shatter your Temples of God.

Our valiant lads with you, Sister,
A temporary home have found,
And our honoured dead have earned a bed
Within your sacred ground.

There are sons of your virile seed, Sister,
Embosomed in our land;
They've learned our tongue, their songs we've
sung,
And we grow a united band.

Our eyes look on to the years, Sister,
That stretch down the shining road,
When side by side, in a mutual pride,
We bear Humanity's load.

Our flags together were twined, Sister,
In the great Crimean fight;
Let us now make Name, and a deathless fame,
For Freedom and the Right.

If we knit together our wills, Sister,
Then we can, by a happy chance,
On Empire Days sing the "Marseillaise"
In Canada and in France.

A. P. S.

Inkey: "Who hit you on the eye, Hank?"

Hank: "Mack did it."

Inkey: "What for?"

Hank: "Oh, I told him not to put molassas in his porridge, because it would spoil the molassas."

THE HUN AND HIS METHOD

AS SEEN BY

A PRISONER OF WAR.



JE Banton

No 3 CONCERT PARTY

THE HUN AND HIS METHOD

AS SEEN BY

A PRISONER OF WAR.

This article does not profess to be a description of the life of a prisoner of war, such would be impossible in the space at one's disposal. Neither will it contain an account of the many incidents of German treatment of prisoners of war which the writer has seen. It is rather his own impression, for what it is worth, of the manner and reason of their behaviour towards their prisoners.

I was taken prisoner on June 2nd, 1916, near Ypres; and returned to England on February 23rd, 1918, thus being in captivity a few days short of twenty-one months. Ten of these months were spent at the large men's camp at Minden, the site of the great battle of August 1st, 1759, the camp being actually built on the old battlefield. The remaining eleven months were spent in five different officers' camps stretching from the north of Germany to the Swiss frontier in the south, the last camp being Freiburg, where one hundred and fifty British officers were cooped up in the centre of the town on an air reprisal. While I was there we were raided seven times by Allied airmen.

Now, the general observation one would make is that the accounts that are published of the treatment of their prisoners by the Bosches are on the whole true. If they are sometimes exaggerated, against that can be set the fact that the half of all that goes on is not known. We know what a Hun is like in the field, we know how he has behaved in Belgium, France, and Flanders, and elsewhere—at sea, for instance. Sometimes, then, his victims were defenceless. But in captivity they are always defenceless. They are unarmed, and generally have no appeal. How, then, is the same nature going to treat such defenceless beings against whom there is displayed the bitterest hatred? Think what you know of him on this side and try and conceive what is the lot of the helpless and unfortunate men who are captives in his hands.

To obtain a proper conception of the general feeling of the German towards his prisoner this fact must first be realised. And that is, that to the German, honour must always be governed by expediency; and *anything* that he may do for the furthering of his cause is to be considered perfectly permissible and right. This

means that he will stop at nothing in order that he may win. With this in view, what is his conception of the value of the life of a prisoner? Of no value, from the ground of sentiment or of humanity, only valuable for what work he can get out of him. Whether he lives or dies is of no matter so long as he is working. And also it is of no matter what kind of labour he is doing, whether it be agricultural work or in a coal mine, or worse still, an attempt to force him to make munitions to kill his own countrymen. And in passing, be it said to the undying honour of the British soldier that he will not under whatever compulsion or threat work at munitions.

To the Bosche a prisoner of war is merely to be considered as a prisoner, a captive who has merited punishment. There is little thought that his position is an honourable one, captured in fair fight and entitled to honourable treatment as a fellow soldier, although an enemy. In fact, a certain well-known German General commanding a certain notorious army corps or military district, in which I was interned six months, went so far as to say in the hearing of British officers that, if he had his will we would all be shot, which he considered we deserved. When questioned as to why we deserved such a fate he roared out something about "the Baralong" incident. In fact, his mind seemed to run in a groove, because all he would answer, growing more excited and angry, was "Baralong." The idea that we had nothing to do with the "Baralong" never interested him. We were enemies and belonged to the nation, which, according to him, had committed this "brutal crime."

Now the life of a prisoner of war is one of extreme monotony and weariness. Every day is the same. Same walk round Camp, same grouse, same queries as to arrival of parcels and mail, same vain estimates as to when the war will end. And the Bosche does little or nothing to relieve it. Every privilege has to be begged for and its continuation highly problematical. I have been in camps where no games were allowed, and where seemingly everything was done to interfere with the happiness of the interned, to disturb them if they were settling down and making themselves as comfortable as they could. In Minden during the winter of 1916-1917 football was strictly forbidden in the Camp Square, and although permission was grudgingly given to go outside and play in a field, only three or four times the whole winter did we succeed in getting out. There was no attempt and no desire on their part to lighten the hardship and monotony of

The type of officer we do not train at Bexhill.

Readers, halt! stand at ease and stand easy while we regard this truthful portrayal of IT. Allow the revolting contours to sink well into your memory. Avoid emulating this Horrible Example of what An Officer should NOT be, and you will go far up the ladder of military fame, D.V. and the Hun permitting. And your platoon will rise up and call you blessed.

Let us consider first the puttees. They are bound to be what the Commandant calls "lemonade coloured."

The breeches of extreme cut, should be censored. The blatant tie and the too-much-scollar should be avoided as evil things. We may safely surmise the cigarette is scented, and that pseudo moustache! Shades of Bairnsfather's Old Bill.

We are unanimous in our intense dislike of that monocle. The crowning disgrace of it all—the "Gor" blime cap" should only bedeck the tousled poll of a costermonger.

Readers, readers, Shun! Let us march away from this atrocity to pleasant things on the following pages.

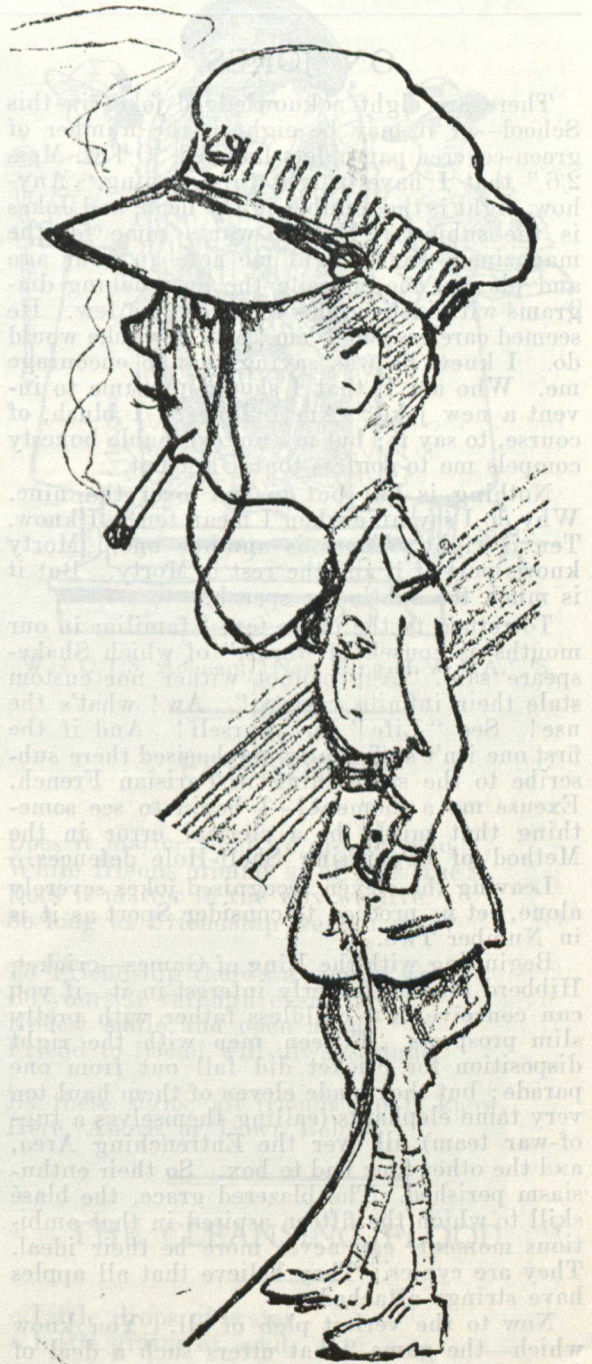
captivity. The prisoners were there to work, and beyond that nothing mattered.

Now this is a hard picture, and it may be that some will say that their experience was different. I do not deny there are good camps, for I have lived in them, but I believe they are the exception. The Bosche still hates, and he does not forget to let the prisoner know it. In Hannover Station in a large basement where prisoners of war are kept while waiting for their trains, is a tablet on which is cut the "Hymn of Hate." This I have seen myself, as all prisoners who have been Kiel there must have seen. There in letters half an inch tall is cut in the German language for the special edification of the unhappy prisoner the expression of his captor's feelings towards him:

"We have one hate, one only hate. England."

Germany still hates, and those who—a charitable minority—are wont to think that the German people are the victims of a military caste and are not themselves so much to blame, let them realise that that spirit now at any rate runs in the whole nation, which hates and is yet growing in hatred.

CAPTAIN REV. A. GILLIES WILKEN.



Bertie Wunpip.

NUMBER TWO COMPANY.

ON JOKES.

There are eight acknowledged jokes in this School—or it may be eight is the number of green-covered pamphlets labelled "O.T.C. Mess 2/6" that I have bought this evening. Anyhow, eight is the number in my head, and Jokes is the subject. Mather wants some for the magazine. He brought me here an hour ago and planted me opposite the entrenching diagrams with instructions to think up a few. He seemed careless about 'em. Any new joke would do. I knew he was saying that to encourage me. Who am I, that I should presume to invent a new joke? Am I Jones? I blush, of course, to say it; but my ungovernable honesty compels me to confess that I am not.

Nothing is left but to run over the nine. Why do I say nine when I mean ten? I know. Ten is right. There is another one. Morty knows part of it and the rest is Morty. But it is much too subtle for speech.

To return to the other ten, "familiar in our mouths as household words," of which Shakespeare said, "Age cannot wither nor custom stale their infinite variety." Aw! what's the use! See "Life" for yourself! And if the first one isn't sufficiently emphasised there subscribe to the same thing in Parisian French. Excuse me a moment! I begin to see something that might be a clerical error in the Method of Organising Shell-Hole defences.

Leaving the eleven recognised jokes severely alone, let us proceed to consider Sport as it is in Number Two.

Beginning with the King of Games—cricket. Hibberd takes a fatherly interest in it—if you can conceive of a childless father with pretty slim prospects. Fifteen men with the right disposition for cricket did fall out from one parade; but they made eleven of them haul ten very tame elephants (calling themselves a tug-of-war team) all over the Entrenching Area, and the other four had to box. So their enthusiasm perished. The blazered grace, the blasé skill to which the fifteen aspired in that ambitious moment, can never more be their ideal. They are cynics. They believe that all apples have strings attached.

Now to the veriest pleb of all. You know which—the game "that utters such a deal of (say) perfumed breath." It was going very well till our strong silent man, Irvine, hurt

his arm. Still from the plate stout Graham pleads: "L'il pep, boys. Put her here!" His voice is blithe; but manly tears fall into the hollow of his mitt, and the next turns automatically into a spit ball that lets in three runs. But there's hope. For example, we have Buettner on first, the reasons for which are that it keeps a large object well in view, compensates for over-estimation of range, and discounts 50 per cent. of the popular habit of shooting high when excited.

Tug-of-war, which means missing P.T. three times a week, draping yourself over a comfortable rope and putting on an agonised expression while the other fellows pull, has a large following, particularly among such fellows as Leese, on whom advancing age begins to tell. It is quite likely that one of the elephants will go to the bench in favour of—no, his name's a secret. The coach will then be trained to say, "One step forward, march!" just as the other team heaves. The elephants will then spit on their hands, take a deep breath and catch the other team on the point of collapse as the command is about to be obeyed.

Hie we to "our gulf enchanted . . . where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair," led by our pearly nautilus of a Hines. Any Two Company man will direct you in Hines' own matchless phrase—which is unhappily too cubistic for reproduction here. On second thoughts, you'd better hie along by yourself. I was dragged out of the middle of a well-earned sleep to go there at half-past six this morning. And I haven't been able to replace my one and elevenpenny bathing costume yet. But Hines has many, many followers.

We have two boxers and one wrestler. A committee of twenty or more has investigated this statement and found it correct. The rest of the Company appears to be satisfied with the honesty and competence of the committee.

Tennis has been humming from the start. Morty has been reported playing with as many as four ladies, but states in defence that witnesses going to Hastings to buy a lead pencil are inclined to exaggerate. The Company Tournament opened on June 2nd with 26 contestants, and a very pleasant time was had.

I really meant to go on the mat with those fourteen jokes; but it is now one minute to ten and space forbids.

NUMBER TWO'S FIRST SMOKER.

Number Two did not run its first smoker solely for the sake of sordid enjoyment: it also wanted to show how the thing should be done.

It began by limiting strictly the amount of bottled amusement and smokes and inviting the Commandant to attend, and Irvine and Leese to bring their own tobacco. Then it knocked off a few catchy little songs during the mid-morning break and got 'em printed. And the rest was simple.

First they sang over all the new songs and made the authors rise and blush, except Mr. Woodward, who did his best, and certainly rose successfully. Then, when the Chairman calculated that careful juggling of the programme and the bottled items would reach 10.45 p.m., things really began. A box of cigars passed the chair (at a distance) and instantly was not. The concern of those outside the instantaneous zone or nucleus was distracted by waiters who defied M.R. by bringing glasses half full more quickly than full ones. In the same way, the necessary transition from whisky to beer was synchronised with the appearance of the R.S.M., on the principle that beer and Mr. Carpenter would bring a man nearer happy delirium than straight barley brew. When the Commandant rose, the air was urbane; when he finished, it was bland. Boxing and squad drill, both blindfold, reduced the crowd to helplessness. Graham, whose brain contrived all this in collusion with the Staff, reckoned that it would not matter if at this point a period of drought set in. Somehow it didn't. And next day the Company freely wrote off the limitation of beverages as another paving stone for the dusty house of Hades. It was quite all right, though the kilted platoon was inclined to think there had been a sinful waste of soda-water.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW

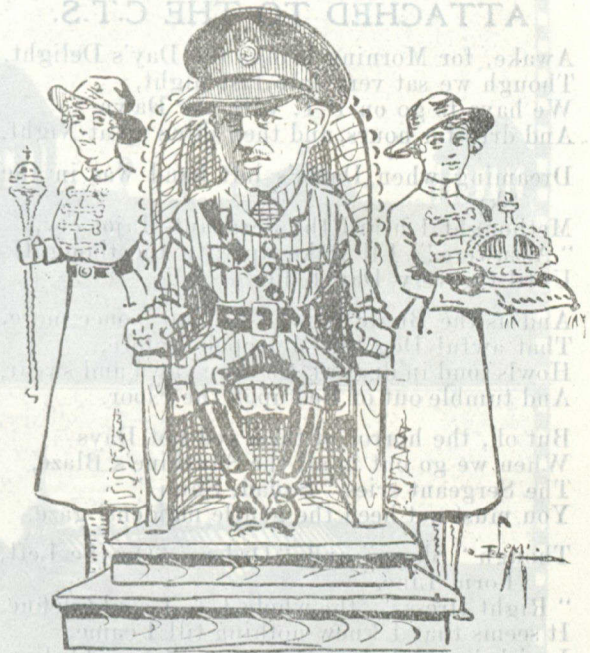
Who the Cadet was who was caught reading a Military Law Book, camouflaged as a hymn book, while on church parade. Also if his real name is Sydney?

Who the Cadet was that assumed a scratching position while standing rigidly at attention? Was it really coming to No. 5 Platoon to get bowled out so badly? (Have a heart, Monty.)

Why Capt. J. S. Wilson blushed when the gang sang "Who, who, who's your lady friend?" (Never mind, we won't tell.)

When the supply of Blanco is going to run out, so that we will have a "Blancess day"?

CAPTAIN COWLEY.



Was C.T.S. Adjutant, Now King of W.A.A.C.S.

FRIENDSHIP.

Does it matter what we are, or who,
While friends around us all are true?
Does it matter in the way we live,
So long as Friendship we can give?

To Friendship there's a simple way.
Be yourself through every day.
Honest smile and open hand,
Friend to friend will always stand.

By these signs, all friends you'll know,
Here, Above, or Down Below.

THE CLEANSING FLOOD

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make a mighty ocean

--Full of Cadets after Church Parade.

WHAT OMAR KHAYHAM MIGHT HAVE WRITTEN HAD HE BEEN ATTACHED TO THE C.T.S.

Awake, for Morning brings the Day's Delight,
Though we sat very late last night,
We have to go on P.T. with the Dawn
And drill for hours, and then shine up at Night.

Dreaming when Dawn's left hand was in the
Sky,

Methought I heard the Sergeant-Major cry,
"Aszuwere!" I'll wake up with the thought,
Until the very Day I die.

And as the Bugle blows "Get up" once more,
That awful Dog the Metropole before,
Howls loud in discord, then we yawn and swear,
And tumble out of Bed upon the Floor.

But oh, the horror of these red hot Days
When we go out in all the Sunshine's Blaze,
The Sergeant cries "Squad, Shun!"
You must not heed the gentle maidens' gaze.

Though "Slope" and "Order," "On the Left,
Form Line,"

"Right Dress"—the whole I.T. I could define,
It seems that I knew nothing till I came,
I wish 'twere half-past twelve, so I could dine.

How long, how long in infinite pursuit
Must I await the end of this Dispute
With Staff Instructors and with all
And go to drill in just my bathing suit?

Said One, Folks of a crusty C.I. tell,
And say he's of the "denizens of Hell,"
They talk of some strict testing of us, Pshaw!
He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be well.

Oh, Thou, who didst with Pitfall and with
Snare,

Out on the Prom. where pretty Maidens are,
Make me parade, Thou wilt not blame me
If my Thoughts are rather there than here.

O come, let's take a Walk along the Prom.
That just divides the Seashore from the Town,
We'll smile to all the pretty Girlies as they
pass,
And laugh at Kaiser Willie and his Son.

"How fine to be an Officer," think some,
Others, "How great the Glorious Times we
have to come";

Give me but once Form Twenty seventy-nine,*
And I'll enjoy the "Tat-Tat" of the Drum.

J. W. W.

* Note 1. A.F.B. 2079 is the Discharge
Certificate.

THE CADET'S LAMENT.

Oh! "K.R. and O."
You're my spectre of woe.
You haunt me, and taunt me,
Wherever I go.
Pack up, you Magician,
And go to perdition.
Confound you! I hate
All your old composition.

J. B.

YUM! YUM!!

When Lyra's light,
Pale moonshine bright,
Is gleaming soft and fair,
While Terpsichore,
O'er glistening floor,
Glides smooth with raiment rare,
Aphrodite smiles
With all her wiles,
Th' unwary to ensnare,
Now Eros smart
Shoots forth his dart,
And then—why, you are There!!

Delightful chair,
Delightful girl,
Delightful hair,
Delightful curl.

Delightful man,
Delightful knees,
Delightful plan,
Delightful squeeze.

Delightful you,
Delightful kiss,
I'st then a new
Delight sweet miss? W.

AN ODE TO THE SAPPER.

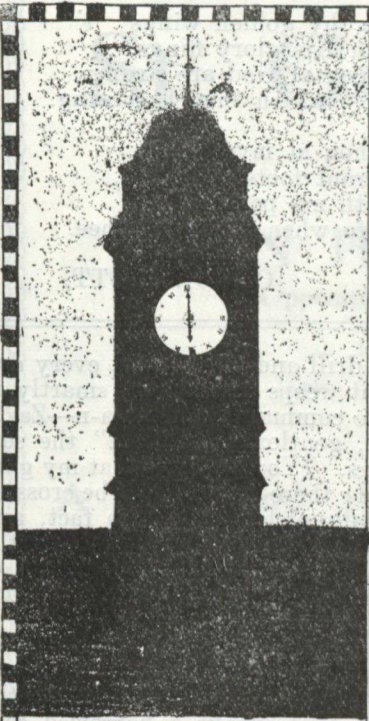
We know old Fritz doesn't love you,
You boys with the M.G. dart;
But the chalk lies solid above you,
So sleep with a tranquil heart.

Above the ladders and hatches
Your sentries watch and wait,
Should he come in mass or in batches,
Your guns shall guard the gate.

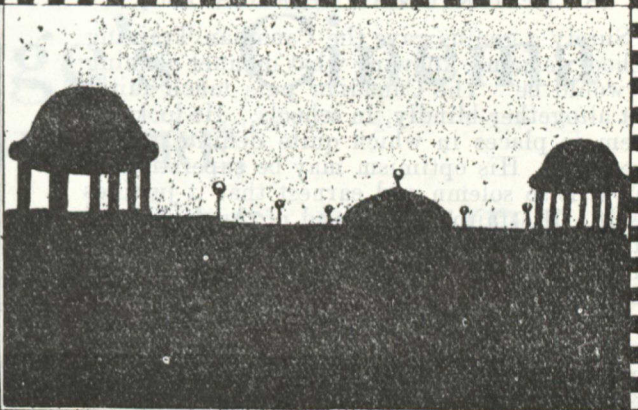
So revile not the humble sapper,
But treat them all as your peers,
And when Hell's bells are wagging their
clappers,

Shoot a belt for the Engineers.

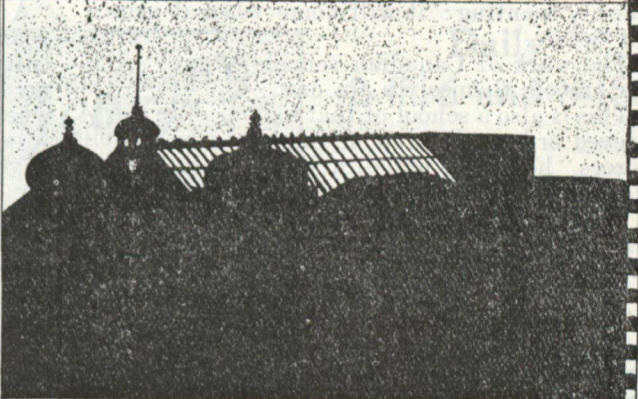
BILL NYE.



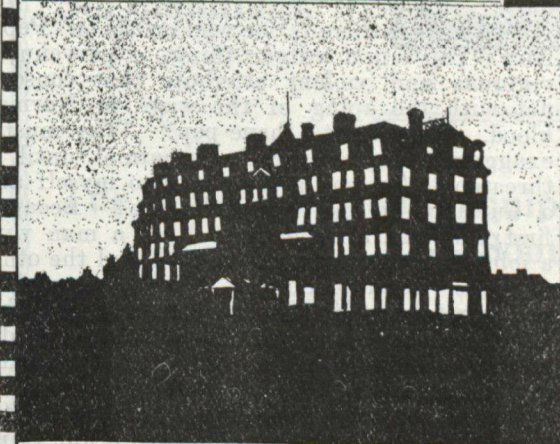
"Music
hath
Charms"



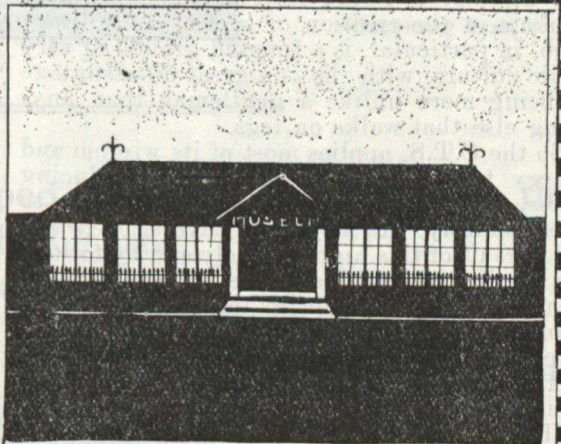
"And they
who slept
not,
Learned
many
wondrous
things."



*Thus the voice of the sluggard;
I heard him complain;
You have called me too soon;
I will slumber again.*



"There's no carpet on the floor,
It's no knocker on the door,
But oh! it is my happy, happy home"



"There was a sound of revelry by night"

REVEILLE TO MIDNIGHT IN THE C.T.S. AS PICTURED BY MISS GRAY.

THE SPIRIT OF THE C.T.S.

(A CHESTERTONIAN APPRECIATION).

Surely a genius gave the Canadian Training School its name, knowing what manner of thing it would be. The Canadian puts much faith, not altogether blindly, in schools. He looks on them as places in which quite definite things are done. His optimism may be superstitious, but it is so solemn and earnest that it justifies itself. His faith leaps ahead of the facts, and in a miraculous way the facts are dragged along in its wake. In some things the Canadian may be given to pompous nomenclature; but he speaks of his schools simply. His colleges and universities are still schools—not ineffective copies of Oxford or Heidelberg. No atmosphere is borrowed, the polish of ancient precedent is frankly wanting: it will come when it grows, not before.

The work of Canadian schools is one. And the schools themselves are one.

This is also a school of that honourable, shirt-sleeved order. It grew in England; but when it goes "home" it will drop lightly into its own place, a true child of the Canadian spirit.

The Canadian Corps elects to be led by officers and gentlemen: on the other hand, it is inclined to insist on being led by soldiers and men. So it picks out certain men who are also soldiers and sends them to school, hopefully. Again that amazing optimism. Officers may undoubtedly be made by taking thought. But any attempt to improvise gentlemen is likely to issue in the creation of snobs. A military snob, in particular, is a fungoid growth of very facile culture, with the one great disadvantage of being more unlike a gentleman than anything else that walks on legs.

So the C.T.S. applies most of its wisdom and energy to the great work of not producing snobs. It is quite possible that it has done so unconsciously. It may even have slipped into the pursuit of this high and holy end by following the line of least resistance. Either assumption pays a compliment to the spirit of Canadian manhood that I, as an improvised but sincere Canadian, am quite ready to accept. The fact that the energies of the school are so bent remains.

How is it done? Let some greater man explain. I see but in part. I know that there is less of snobbery and more of fellowship here than I have found in any other place. I perceive that it is impossible for me to feel anything more than a proper pride in my soldierly achievements when my officer looks more in sorrow than in anger at fifteen different enor-

DUTY.

Duty, from thy golden wings
God on men His glory flings,
And the harps of God are strung
To the songs which thou hast sung.

Duty, be thou at my side,
And my errant footsteps guide,
For, if death my portion be,
Death is life when met with thee.

CANON SCOTT.

mities of dress, drill and deportment every day and my sergeant weeps as I spring smartly to attention on the command, "T-a-a-a-n—Zai!" "A little style, gentlemen, please!" the sergeant-major begs. (You perceive that my gentility is assumed: there is no line to be crossed, no rite to be administered: it is a fact, and whether a fact of the past, the present or the future, I have not had and do not expect to have time to think.) I give him style, I brace my shoulders, head-backward bend, throw a chest, swing my right arm shoulder high and marvel at the rhythm of flashing spats and coloured hose reflected in a window. And on the thought a voice that speaks a harrowed soul murmurs in my ear: "For the love of Mike, MARCH, sir! Don't walk! You are spoiling the whole platoon! And pull down on your butt!"

And always there is one who insists on "Pep." Now "pep" is a vulgar thing, a parvenu, a vigorous and violent attribute that consorts not with the aping of the ways of Norman blood. Why must I have pep? Why must I exaggerate my natural animation until I threaten to become a weariness to myself and a nuisance to the town I live in? Because, first, last and all the time, I am a man with a job. I have to win the war—I and the other millions. And to do that I must very often exaggerate myself. I must make unreasonable efforts habitual, against the day that may demand the impossible, in order that it may not ask in vain.

Under the ceaseless effort, here and after here, there shall grow unremarked a fine thing—perhaps, if I am worthy, if I keep on being too busy to care—the true soldier's modest, strong and gentle soul. Not by taking thought, but by labour turned toward unselfish ends. It is the method of the school. If I lay aside the gentility I have not got, I may eventually acquire it.

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BOOK OF REGIMENTAL NUMBERS.

NOT

By Capt. R. F. Williams.

Wherefore there are tribulations in the tribe of scribes, for the mantle of the great hath fallen upon weakling shoulders and aoth ill-fit and spread upon the earth.

Signed THE UNKNOWN.

Thus in the passage of time, as it hath always been, have changes come to pass; and Ye Scribe, in whose work all readers gloried, now lieth possessed of a malady. Wherefore the understudy now taketh pen in hand to place upon the scroll the record of events occurring in the recent past in the land of Hill of Bex.

Firstly be it said and with regret, Lieut. Le Messurier hath journeyed across waters and by devious highways, being engaged upon a task that seemeth out of all proportion and not of earth, for report sendeth word of the valiant one ascending to a Corps school (in France).

Lament we still. And sadly do we weep. Glad we are no more (sometimes); for from our sight is banished hence the arm in sling and bandaged knee that once did cause much merriment. Yet fond memory cometh amid the tears and smile we, though sadly, in remembrance. Even poetical we wax. O.C., Pink Tea and Number 3. The rumpus brought, O.C. police court. Guilt was unproved and case removed. But broken chairs do need repairs.

Wherefore, evergreen lingereth the memory with those of knowledge in the land of the Hill of Bex of one jovial fellow, Gibson by name, who herein is enscribed in fame. He, too, dieth the death, for even he is banished unto the Corps School maintained in travail beyond waters.

Thus in these departures were great gaps made in the ranks of the stalwarts who do guide the footsteps of young and aspiring youth in the land of the Hill of Bex. And wherefore did he who wields great destiny, search hurriedly round about for warriors of prowess sufficient to make solid the foundations of Great Enterprise. Wherefore is it herein related that upon a day previous to the great event the eagle eye did light upon six (Heavenly) stars and there straightway advanced, bright-girt, and in full armour, a trinity of Hope, Glory, and 180 per.

Thus happeneth it that Lieuts. Watson, Ingersol and Anderson daily perform deeds of much merit and (sometimes) in soldierly measure guide the feet of the aspiring young to the portals of devout worship. Previously did the trinity spread much bright light in the land of the Hill of Bex, for though time passeth quickly, it is but a space since Hope, Glory, and 180 per were but aspiring claimants towards the exalted.

There cometh now upon the record one freed from bitterness and tribulation. Where sore of heart he was at the sins of men and in horror protested against Satanic cruelty, timely liberation brought him among the free and glad in the land of the Hill of Bex. And wherefore doth he eat well and sleep righteously, for atrocity and horror dwell not here, but peace smiles at the sunlit waves and Padre Capt. A. Gillies Wilken guideth the footsteps of the wilful and the erring and within this volume doth he picture in graceful yet indignant phrases the evil doings of that human enemy, the Hun, with whom he dwelt a captive.

Momentous was the occasion when one day in Spring the land of the Hill of Bex did shake as upon it walked a great warrior. He of the name of Turner. A V.C. was he, and withal, a General. And he looked and saw and went. Yet his departure came not until gifts he disposed for valiant service.

And the record containeth the departure here from of Captain Scott, who perforce upon a steed did sit, and from this height look down upon the marionettes who squirm and toil and count and don't count (sometimes). But great sadness prevailleth not in this departure, for in a short period of time eastward may we travel to a haven where once was war; and there, ensconced, discover the valiant Captain, who now disturbs the air with machines mystic and of character unnatural.

Oh! Hail all ye who merriment make. Around me nip, for unto you would I a tale relate. E'en would I make known to you that one who strutted with long tread and wrote much wisdom from his head, became the mark for witch's eye. He wears a crown so bright that I, in strained vision cannot see. And if it were that I could be, I'd take a chance on two old Jacks, to really be the King of W.A.A.C.'s.

And he possesseth the name of Cowley and the rank of Captain and aforetime was he known as adjutant here. Yet now he occupieth mighty place. So hopeful ones, who, garbed in bands of virgin (sometimes) white do strut,

despair ye not; for truly it is said that the virtuous goeth to the virgins.

It hath been said, perchance truly, "Once an oatmeal miner, always an oatmeal miner." Perchance the record lieth, yet have we not among us one of oatmeal visage and braw voice? One who sitteth high upon a steed and doth declare in parlance vile, "Very ragged," "Take that gentleman's name," "It won't do." Yea, it is even so; but look you deeply at the steel eye, for therein liveth much humanity and kindly feeling for those who do their part meritoriously. There liveth no man in the land of the Hill of Bex who doth not in self-pride straightway square his shoulders and in rigidity tender the salute in passing the new Chief Instructor (Major Jeffries, M.C.). Truly doth the record state; therefore do we forgive all seeming sins.

Unto that port of call named "railway station" there came caravans, steam drawn, bearing unto the land of the Hill of Bex personages; namely, Captain Snyder, father of Company Three; and those renowned Generals, Logie and Cruickshanks, from the land where conscientious objectors object. Tarried these two here a space and hence departed enthralled, gladness in their hearts.

Straightway one morn did changes come to pass when the great entourage hied westward as had not been done on previous morns. And, lo, before the sun yet was high much martial display did take place. Courageous and warlike in action the Honourable Artillery Company did receive as reward applause in tumult by gesture and sound of the warriors gathered round. Even as the ancients lauded prowess in the lists did the mannikins of the land of the Hill of Bex do honour to their great brothers, who, having journeyed from afar did bide with them, e'er onward carried they the lesson learned skilfully and well and known as DISCIPLINE.

And upon a day when the sun was bright in the bride month of the fourth year of the great war there arrived behind previous advices and great rehearsal and much preparation a PERSONAGE, much moustached and titled. He was of kindly appearance and did possess a smile and a quality of humour: a cordial greeting and a handshake for the C.I., and across his breast wore he much bedeckment; of resemblance to those historic flags the great Nelson flew from mastheads at Trafalgar.

With martial stride, the great man (name of

Sir Francis Howard and a General withal) mingled among the aspiring and the perspiring. Spake he unto such as seemed worthy and also unto one who remained at easy posture.

Human kindness the great man displayed, learned by the wisdom of years and the travail of many wars, that within the khakied mannikin bideth the soul.

Great was the occasion and worthy of foremost place on the scroll.

Impressive was the function of flashing steel and brilliant brass and shined leather; yet oppressive, too, it seemed to one, who, though high knight he be, moved he in the wrong place and wherefore? E'en so hath he on frequent occasions admonished the mannikins who aspire, for similar fault. Thus even be it said that beneath the leather and the blanco beat all hearts as one.

Shortly closeth this record and as in proper place do I, the poor Unknown, acclaim upon the renown and lustre, the silverware and victory brought from the town of war to the land of the Hill of Bex by those striplings of Company Three. For so it was that Snyder's suicides did carry back trophies in number won in strength and speed and without armour from pretentious varlets who eastward live.

Thus do we close our record.

Our errors we regret. Our good parts please remember. The others, please forget.

THE UNKNOWN.

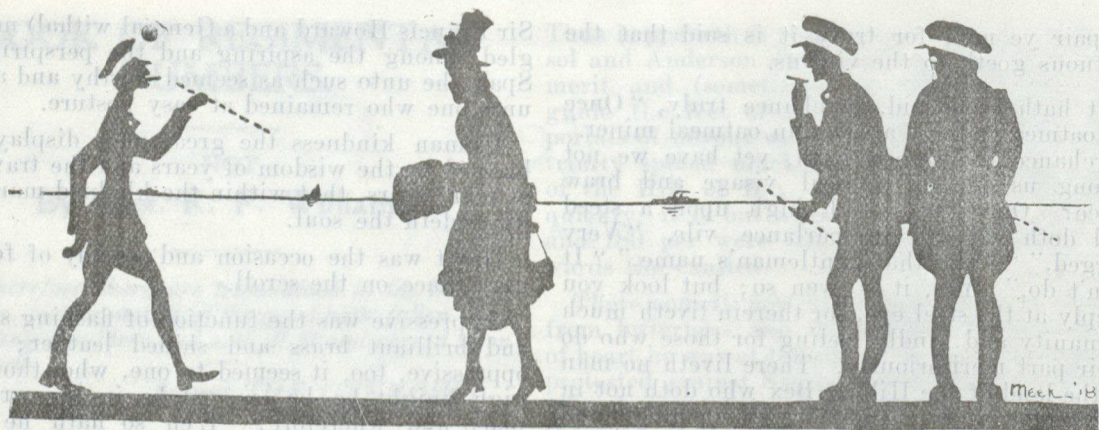
I WONDER!

How a certain Cadet in his Orderly Officer's report manages to add thirteen minutes on an ordinary hour of sixty minutes and yet is still a year behind time in his dates.

THE PATH OF GLORY.

The brave Canuck knew where he WANTED to go,

Yet his mouth was determined and set,
For his feet much favoured the parados,
While his heart said the parapet.



FOUR COMPANY NOTES

Motto—"Per ardua ad astra"

Or—"There is no royal road to paps."

We came, we saw, we— The C.I. says we'd better wait a few months before we fill that blank.

We are freshmen at the School and we are likely to stay fresh.

Our modesty is only exceeded by our lack of cash and our good nature, and by that of a yellow pup on a holiday.

If you like us it doesn't surprise us, and if you don't we are awfully sorry—for you.

"PURELY PIFFLE."

Guess there won't be any more "Can't hear you, Four!" after our gentle warbles at Three Company Concert.

Where is Shove's "little place in the country?" Handy to have a bicycle, isn't it?

Four Company Sergeant-Major: "Cadet Binks, I want you to march that squad ten paces up the street, turn them about, halt them, and have them facing their flank, all with one word of command."

Is the Three Company "Pep" artist trying to qualify for a job on "La Vie Parisien"?

B-r-n-t-n (seeing a bunch of boarding school girls coming up the promenade): "Lookee, lookee, fellows! Here comes a bunch of W.A.A.C. Cadets."

From the "Hastings Highbrow": "A very select theatre party attended the special performance of 'Inside the Lines' at the Gaiety Theatre on Tuesday evening."

The inter-act performances by Monsieur Shovinsky and his talented fellow artists were très recherché.

Any Cadets who have not heard the famous megaphone baritone voice should drop into the C.W.L. and hear the Prince of 13 Platoon sing.

Many of the folk songs, which were in Chinook, Chinese, Egyptian, and Esperanto, were heard for the first time in England.

The proceeds, which amounted to £0 0s. 3d., will be devoted to the founding of a home for disused Cadets.

Any Cadets wishing to join the "Knuts' Club" can do so by applying to the under-mentioned nobility:—Prince T.; Duke D.; Viscount W.; Marquis M.; Chu Chin Chow L.; or Piccadilly Jim, all of 13 Platoon. Entrance free—two cackles and a grunt.

The Sergeant-Major made an attack on 13 Platoon one morning, but was held up by dirt on the hidden brass ends of the belt. By a great display of initiative he was able to reach his objective—the following morning. The password in these operations was "Good God!"

We want to know who the studious Cadet is who hasn't time to spend his pay. Fourteen Platoon can give the required information.

The girls of Bexhill are much struck with the head of hair displayed by Duke D-p-ss--e. Sleekness takes the girls in every time.

The Duke wishes to announce, however, to his lady friends that he will not be able to give them the usual good time for a few days owing to the generosity of the Paymaster.

The "Cadet's Lament" (just after interviewing his tailor): "O, tempora! O Moses!"

Who is our "Pep" artist? Well, he is commonly known as "Meek." He forgot his name some years ago. Anyway, he's making the other Company "Peps" look frosty. We rather guess "Jazz" is fast supplanting "Pep" in the daily diet sheet.

Chorus.

"If you want to find the Paymaster
We know where he is,
We know where he is.
If you want to find the Paymaster
We know where he is,
Dishing out the ten bob notes."

Song by J. Pip G. McS—d.
"It's a long way to Chilliwack."

The Request Courteous: "Buy a tag, sir?"
The Reply Cadetish: "Can you change a pound note? Awfully sorry."

According to the Padre, if a Boche got into the Seventh Heaven he would spend his time dropping bombs on the other six.

Fancy the Padre in a railway carriage with six brutal Germans and not even a copy of the "Times" to protect himself with!

Have you met our "Alluetta Man," Cadet C-s-q-r-n? He has the Gutta Percha Man skinned a mile.

The Three Company "Noise Artist" will succeed as medicine man to the Fiji Islanders or in the little game of "Now you see him, now you don't."

NINETY-AND-NINE.

Ninety-nine steps to the top floor
Of the good old Metropole,
I swear if there was one more
I'd hunt for a Better 'Ole.

Ninety-nine steps in the morning,
If you start about half-past three
And keep running down till reveillé
You'll just be in time for P.T.

Ninety-nine steps at breakfast,
If you start when you hear the call
You're a mighty good runner or lucky
If you get any breakfast at all.

Ninety-nine steps before dinner,
You'll have to dispense with a wash,
For after all, dinner is dinner,
Tho' sometimes dinner is hash.

Ninety-nine steps in the evening,
And if you forget your cane,
Just ninety-nine steps to climb up,
And ninety-nine down again.

So day after day we climb them,
Climb the Metropole stair,
And if man can climb up to Heaven,
I guess Four Company's there.

SOURDOUGH.

THE SPIRIT OF THE BAYONET.

Thank Heaven we remembered it. And at the last moment too. For an Army magazine to go to press without referring to the Spirit of the Bayonet would mean failure indeed.

The Spirit of the Bayonet—the instructors all talk about it. The recruit and also the trained soldier hears of it, and sometimes frequently. Well, what is it?

"Did you ever stick a German?" asked an instructor one morning not very long ago, as he tried to infuse ginger and pep into the class.

"Yes," replied one of the bare armed number.

The whole class looked at him, and in reply to the enquiring eyes the heroic one answered: "I stuck one for two dollars in a poker game before the war."

Another chap said that he stuck two Germans at once. It was a dark night, but he knew there were two on his bayonet because he heard the back one ask the front one to move forward and make room for him.

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SOCIETY.

On Saturday, the 11th of May, the Staff Officers' Mess lost one of its shining lights, and the ranks of the Benedicts were increased by the addition of an extremely likely recruit.

We refer to the marriage of Captain C. S. B. White to Cicely, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Dodson Hessey, of 49, Eversfield Place, Hastings. The ceremony took place at Christ Church, St. Leonards.

At the time of going to press, the gallant Captain seems to be proving a complete and unqualified success as a husband, and is carrying on in his usual efficient manner.

As to his charming wife, those of us who have been privileged to meet her are all convinced that the Captain is the luckiest man that ever left the Staff Officers' Mess to set up one of his own.

THREE COMPANY DANCING.

No. 3 Company Cadets have indeed done well for themselves as far as social life is concerned. The five dances they have given since their arrival in town have been most successful. Amongst the charming ladies who usually attend the dances we are pleased to mention the names of Mrs. D. Cameron, Mrs. and Miss Codville, Miss Vivian, the Misses Dowter, Miss Younger, Mrs. and Miss Grey, and Miss Ellis. Originality and "pep" are two bywords in No. 3 Company, and their dances always show both.

FIVE COMPANY DANCE.

No. 5 Company, present C.T.S. course, held their first ball on May 25th at the Museum, where about seventy attended and enjoyed themselves. Cadet Buchanan (O.C. Number 5 Company entertainments) introduced everyone to everybody in six short words, the ball bounced, and everyone lent a couple of feet towards its success. Later on they lent consistent appetites to a tasteful, plentiful and well-served supper. Q.E.D.

The Commandant, Lieut.-Colonel Cameron, M.C., attended and danced. Captain Holloway, O.C. Number 5 Company, Mrs. Holloway, the Company officers, Lieuts. Jerdan, M.C., Ingersoll and Anderson, and other C.T.S. officers were present. All Number 5 Company devotees of Terpsichore sallied forth to make acquaintance and to dance with Bexhill's mermaids and mer-madames, of whom there was a sufficient attendance to keep all soldierly feet dance-marching

THE SILENT TOAST.

They stand with reverent faces,
And their merriment give o'er,
As they drink the toast to the unseen host,
Who have fought and gone before.

It is only a passing moment
In the midst of the feast and song,
But it grips the breath, as the wing of death
In a vision sweeps along.

No more they see the banquet
And the brilliant lights around;
But they charge again on the hideous plain
When the shell-bursts rip the ground.

Or they creep at night, like panthers,
Through the waste of No Man's Land,
Their hearts afire with a wild desire
And death on every hand.

And out of the roar and tumult,
Or the black night loud with rain,
Some face comes back on the fiery track
And looks in their eyes again.

And the love that is passing woman's,
And the bonds that are forged by death,
Now grip the soul with a strange control
And speak what no man saith.

The vision dies off in the stillness,
Once more the tables shine,
But the eyes of all in the banquet hall
Are lit with a light divine.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT,

1st Canadian Division.

Vimy Ridge, April, 1917.

up and down the Museum floor until midnight.

Compliments were bestowed upon the Committee and the Orchestra. There were three extras and some encores. Also there were some pretty gowns.

ONE COMPANY DANCE.

Number One Company held an enjoyable dance on Saturday evening, June 15th, which was largely attended.

This was Number One's first dance, and among the dancers there were several officers, just commissioned, from No. 3 Company, who were making their social debut as lieutenants.

NUMBER FIVE COMPANY.

Firstly, this being the flag-waving page of Number 5 Company, it is in place to publish the fact that Captain Holloway's never-deads have established something new at the Canadian Training School, Bexhill. Harken, therefore, ye people.

It was on the first day of June, this year, that Companies One, Two, Three, Four and Six found their sails flat and the doggerel they sing on the street a byword.

Verily, Number 5 Company possesseth not only soldierly quality and ability, but also artistic talent and much genius. Whereof this scribe will now relate.

Even so. For on the day aforesaid No. 5 Company printed and published and sold and sang the first Company song book ever compiled at the C.T.S. And there, has been great envy thereof. Author, Cadet Wardrop.

No. 5 Company assembled at Bexhill on May 11th and have been enthusiastically doing all the things which a C.T.S. Company will and must do at a C.T.S. course. (Brevity fortunately excludes a lot of description.)

On Friday and Saturday, June 14th and 15th, Number Five Company had their first written examinations. On Monday, 17th, they heard from Captain Holloway that the papers written at the examination of Saturday were, on the whole, very good. The examination on June 14th was on Engineering. That of Saturday covered all the other subjects on which lectures had been given.

Cadet "Hard-Work" Buchanan (they all say "Good old Buck!") and the able members of his Entertainment Committee are to be congratulated for their work upon which the success of the social events has been based. The Company, in meeting assembled, has passed a well-deserved vote of thanks in recognition of these efforts.

Coming as a surprise, it was made an occasion at the first Number 5 Company smoker (this course) that evening, when a souvenir copy contained in a hand-painted cover (artistic work by Cadet W. T. Fielder) was presented on a silver tray to the Commandant by Cadet Harry Mullins, V.C., M.M.

On receiving the artistic work, Lieut.-Colonel Cameron, M.C., suggested the compilation of a school song book on similar lines. Which is to be done. Thereby has Number 5 gained great honour.

Many congratulations were offered the author and much gaiety prevailed at the singing of the songs within the little green book. Thereby was the smoker made more harmonious and even more greatly entertaining.

Past smokers were put into the shade, almost into utter darkness, by the affair of the night June One, and the chairman was told by the guests that it was a pleasure to attend. Thereby was the chairman greatly delighted.

Among the guests and speakers were the Commandant, Lieut.-Colonel Cameron, M.C.; the Chief Instructor, Major Jeffries; Lieut. Long, Lieut. Perkins, Lieut. McGarry (who officiated as accompanist), officers of Number 5 Company, Sergt.-Major Carpenter, he of the ready wit and of the tuneful voice oft heard in the call for MAR-KERS.

Nothing that should be done was left corked and those things that should be left not done at a smoker were not begun. The Company officers said things which the Cadets appreciated.

Yet another and even as successful a smoker will be held by Number 5 Company one summer evening hence.

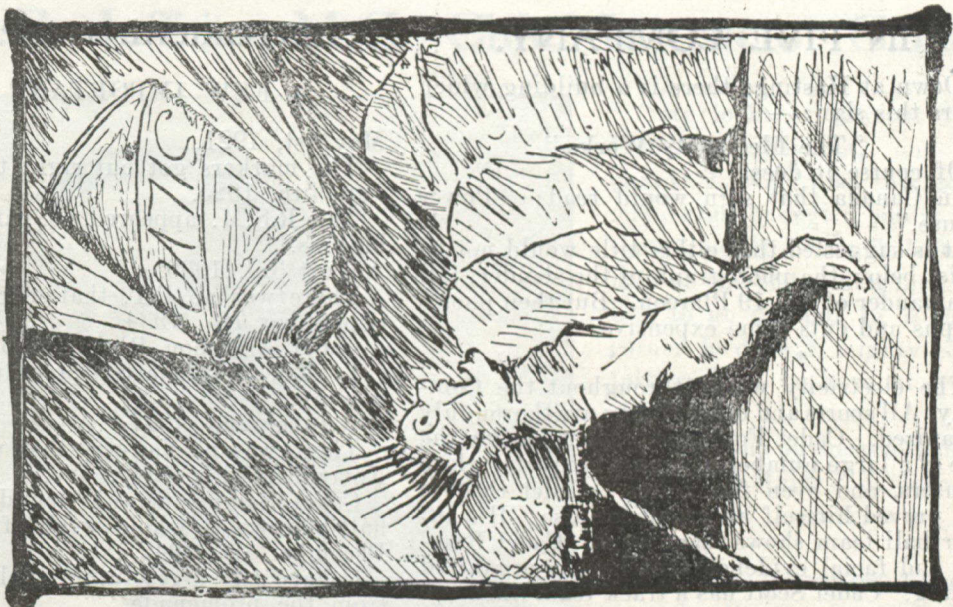
THE CHAIRMAN.

Strangers we were. Friends we became.
We'll give Number 5 a jolly good name,

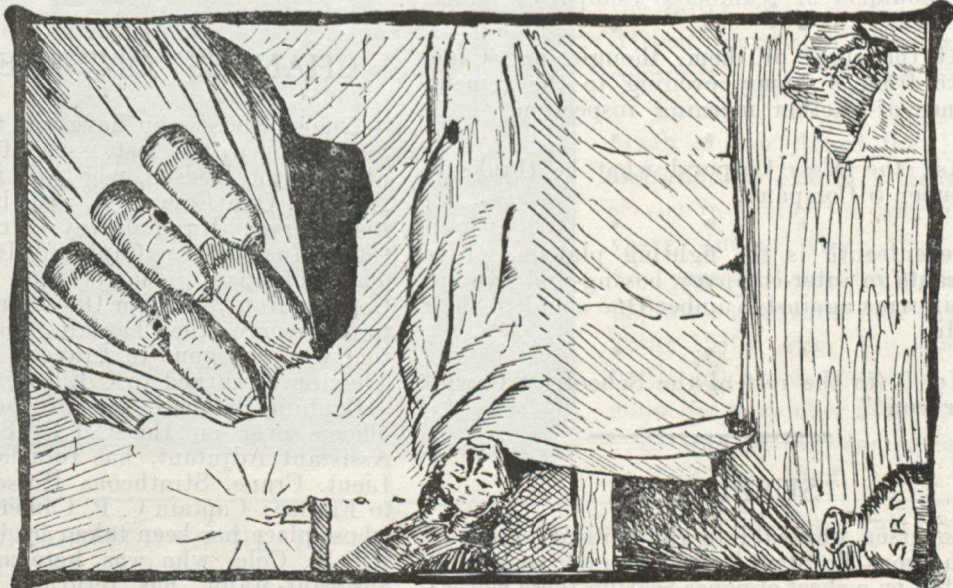
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N^o 5

~. FROM SALVO TO SALVO ~

N^o 5



Drawing by W. T. Fielder



As
 Artist
 W. T. Fielder
 Views
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 Compared
 With
 The
 I read
 Of
 Morning
 Inspection
 At
 Bexhill.



IN FIVE COMPANY.

Down at Hastings there is a building which bears this sign:—

“The Electricity Works.”

Of course it does.

In Canada that sign would read: “Power House.”

It is suggested that either title would not be amiss below the photograph of the slender, tall commander of No. 19 Platoon. But then photographs and cuts come expensive.

* * *

The electricity works throughout the Company. All sports and other things are thoroughly organized. Cadet Foulds is responsible for the sale of a large number of tennis racquets, white trousers, and even fancy ties. Cadet Ogilvie has proved himself an organizer also. His indoor ball team shows team work. Cadet Ramsay had facial evidence that he has organized boxing. Cadet Scott has a track team lined up.

* * *

No, Gladys, you are wrong. Those were not a Cadet's bunishers the Commandant wore on his shoulders at Number 5 Company's dance.

* * *

At the sight of them, though, one Cadet woke from a happy evening to the remembrance of another morning inspection.

* * *

Ask the Mess Corporal what he thinks of Number 5 Company.

* * *

Seventeenth is the fighting platoon. Five entrants in inter-company boxing and five out of six wins against Number One stand to their credit.

* * *

No. 5 (to the rest of the School): “Cawn't hear you!”

SUSPICIOUS.

A person walked into the editorial room of “Chevrans To Stars,” and glancing round, his eye fell on a sheet of paper bearing these words:

“Kill Wilson. Insert Book of Regimental Numbers.”

Another job for the secret service.

The sleuth, after investigation and a brain storm over the mess bar, discovered the words did not have a German intent and that the Book of Regimental Numbers is not a blanket.

He has learned a magazine “shop” phrase.

HISTORICAL HAPPENINGS.

A FEW IMPORTANT DATES.

May 1st, 1921.

The markers got out right the first time.

June 5th, 1925.

The R.S.M. appeared on parade with dirty buttons.

August 3rd, 1930.

There was no P.T. that morning.

September 7th, 1934.

Cadet Algernon Binks forgot to salute the C.I. The court-martial procedure is still proceeding.

November 2nd, 1937.

There was no flag-day that week.

November 12th, 1940.

Cadet Sammy Swank found himself with half-a-crown a whole week after pay day.

December 1st, 1942.

Cadets pass a resolution abolishing all girls from the promenade.

N.B. Shortly after this the School was dissolved.

CHANGES ON THE STAFF.

Among those who have left the Staff of the School since the last issue of the magazine are: Major Hodson, who was in command of Number One Company, and has returned to his reserve; Major Devey, Strathcona Horse, Chief Instructor; Captain McGee, Number Three Company, also returned to his reserve; Captain Rant, Number One Company, returned to his reserve; the Chaplain, Major S. J. Comp-ton, who has gone to France; Captain R. D. Thexton, returned to C.E.T.C.

Captain Patchell, one of the most popular officers ever on the C.T.S. Staff, who was Assistant Adjutant, has returned to Canada; Lieut. Crane, Strathcona Horse, has returned to France; Captain C. P. Cameron, Paymaster, whose place has been taken by Captain Fraser. R.S.M. Cole, who was here as Instructional Sergeant-Major, has returned to the Second Division in France. His departure all will regret.

Three other officers, in addition to those mentioned elsewhere in this issue, have joined the Staff. These are Major Patterson, officer in charge of map-reading, and Lieuts. Amos and Rouse, who came in charge of the platoon of the Young Soldiers' Battalion.

Major J.E. Jeffries, M.C., Chief Instructor C.T.S.



“He looks as efficient as a blued-steel bayonet, and on parade I can’t obey his commands fast enough; but at the same time, if I were in trouble he’d be one of the first men I’d like to go to, and in a tight corner he’d be a mighty comforting man to have at your shoulder.”

This is one outspoken Cadet’s estimate of Major J. E. Jeffries, M.C., Chief Instructor at the C.T.S.

Inverness is where he was reared. For fourteen years he served with the first Cameron Highlanders, and went through the latter part of the South African campaign with that regiment. In 1913 he went to Canada, and at the outbreak of war joined the 13th Battalion as R.S.M. He saw service in France for over three years, during which time he was promoted Lieutenant and Captain on the same date (April 28th, 1915), after the second battle of Ypres, receiving his majority September 27th, 1916.

In May of this year he came to the C.T.S. Staff.

WE ARE DELIGHTED TO HEAR:—

Of the birth of a daughter to Captain and Mrs. R. F. Williams.

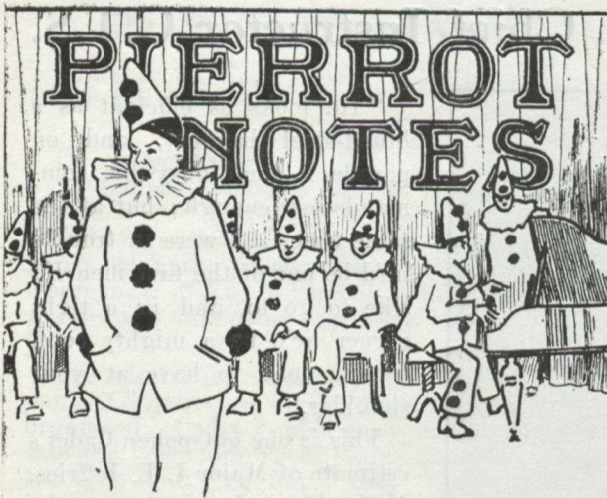
Of a son to Captain and Mrs. Armstrong.

Of a daughter to Captain and Mrs. C. W. Dunn.

Of a son to Lieut. and Mrs. Harrison.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

“A lover of birds” writes to ask what is the best place and time in Bexhill to hear the nightingales sing. We would remind our correspondent that he is rather late this season in inquiring, as our sweet little singer ceases after the end of May. We are sorry that he has been unsuccessful in his search, as we have always had no difficulty in hearing the nightingale’s beautiful song whenever we have gone out.



Since last this publication gladdened the hearts of its readers there have been several nights made merry by the theatrical folk of the School, but the success of these is too well known to require repeating here. Beside, even greater and better productions are in the offing.

On the 29th of this month "The ChanTeurS" offer at the Kursaal a bill of exceptional merit. In addition to favourite artists in entirely new parts, permission has been secured to produce "The Bosun's Mate," a very amusing sketch based on one of Mr. W. W. Jacobs' inimitable sailor-man stories. Mrs. Carpenter, Captain Firmestone and R.S.M. Carpenter are to take leading parts. Sergt. Austin will also feature the bill in his novel sketches of Dickens' characters. Those who have seen rehearsals say the night's offering will be among the best produced by the C.T.S. players.

Parts are now being given out for a playlet to be staged toward the end of next month by C.T.S. players. The nature of this production is as yet a secret, but rehearsals are to commence within the coming week. Special sets of scenery are now being built and costumes arranged for by a designer of high repute. It has been hinted that in one scene absolutely new work of a spectacular nature is being introduced. The production will be well worth seeing. "UP STAGE."

An enthusiastic reception was accorded to Cadet W. Graham's first and last production of "The Three Musketeers." The proceeds are sufficient to endow 1,000 beds at the Rest Home for Shipwrecked Cadets, quite a few having been wrecked lately by the prevailing brainstorms which strike this part of John Bull's Island.

We have quite a few notorious characters in No. 2 Company, but we will only reveal the chief

DISTURBERS IN THIS PIECE.

- D'Artagnan Cadet McLaren
- Athos Cadet O'Brian
- Aramis Cadet Irvine
- Porthos Cadet Knox
- Ballerino Cadet Mortimer

As an extra feature a Highland ballet, drawn from the ranks of No. 5 Platoon, disported, galloped and P.T.'d about the stage in an endeavour to portray the first scene from Carlos Chaplin's "Right Dress" and the inevitable sequel, R.S.M.'s "Asuwer."

Whilst the moppers-up were bombing the last of the ballet off the stage the curtain rose on the first scene, displaying D'Artagnan, steel-helmeted, gas-masked and iron-rationed, standing outside the Bar Americaine, Bracquemont.

After sundry vin blinks he mounts his horse (Cadet Jones took this part. Having been Company Commander the previous day he was a little ho(a)rse), gallops to railhead where a Pullman awaits him labelled 40 hommes, 10 chevaux.

It was tragic to read the inward feelings revealed in our hero's face, it spelt seven days' leave and dix francs in his jeans. The curtain was lowered as a precaution against D'Artagnan speaking his thoughts.

Second Scene: The Barracks, Metropole, Bexhill.

King Louis' Scots Guards, waiting to fall in for B.F.

Cadet McLaren showed up magnificently in his Ingersoll-like movements in the duel scene with Aramis, Porthos and Athos. One after the other pointed, short pointed and jabbed their vital spots on the blob-sticks.

At this point the chief P.T. artist mingled with the audience, and seeing our hero's exhibition, awarded him two months on the faggots or the option of an interview with the C/I I.K.R. 003. R.P. 176 (b).

The play came to an early close, the artists' energy having been overtaxed in the duelling.

But . . . much credit is coming and most likely will take a long time coming, to D'Artagnan for his herbalistic display (he is O/C Rooting for 5 Platoon) at the finale when he gave the key, that was all, for the Company yell.

Needless to say, the yells were mostly to get their money back.

Next week: Massey Harris' "Village Blacksmith."

SAITH THE SUB.

IN THOSE days.
 * * *
 LONG AGO.
 * * *
 DEAR DEAD days.
 * * *
 WHEN WE wore clothes,
 * * *
 LIKE HUMAN folk;
 * * *
 AND SLEPT each night,
 * * *
 'TWEEN SHEETS of white!
 * * *
 I MEAN those days
 * * *
 BEFORE THE war.
 * * *
 I REMEMBER
 * * *
 HOW I stood,
 * * *
 WITH MOUTH agape.
 * * *
 AND GAZED upon
 * * *
 THOSE MORTALS grand
 * * *
 WHO WORE red bands
 * * *
 UPON THEIR hats;
 * * *
 ALSO RED tabs
 * * *
 ON MARTIAL breasts:
 * * *
 THEN CAME the day
 * * *
 WHEN WAR'S alarms
 * * *
 BROKE RUDELY in
 * * *
 UPON MY dreams,
 * * *
 AND I became
 * * *
 SOMETHING LIKE
 * * *
 A SOLDIER:
 * * *
 AND WHEN I told
 * * *
 MY GIRL
 * * *
 THAT I—

EVEN I
 * * *
 WAS IN fact
 * * *
 PART OF
 * * *
 THE ARMY,
 * * *
 WHY THEN my girl
 * * *
 SHE SAID to me,
 * * *
 SHE DID, in fact;
 * * *
 "THANK GOD we've got a Navy."
 * * *
 BUT JUST the same,
 * * *
 I KNEW I was
 * * *
 A SOLDIER.
 * * *
 AND EVEN more
 * * *
 WAS I inspired
 * * *
 WITH DREAD and fear
 * * *
 OF THOSE red tabs;
 * * *
 AND EVEN when
 * * *
 WE WENT to France
 * * *
 IT SEEMED to me
 * * *
 THOSE TABS must be
 * * *
 THE EARMARK of
 * * *
 THE GODS:
 * * *
 AND THAT
 * * *
 IS MONTHS
 * * *
 AGO:
 * * *
 AND NOW
 * * *
 I WORK
 * * *
 UPON THE staff
 * * *
 OF ONE of those
 * * *
 WHO WEAR red tabs;

AND ON his hat
 * * *
 ARE LEAVES of gold,
 * * *
 AND EVERY day
 * * *
 OR MOSTLY so
 * * *
 HE COMES into
 * * *
 THE ROOM wherein
 * * *
 I FEED,
 * * *
 TO HAVE his tea.
 * * *
 AND STRANGE it is
 * * *
 THE TRUTH to tell
 * * *
 I FIND he is
 * * *
 OF FLESH and blood
 * * *
 THE SAME as you
 * * *
 OR ME.
 * * *
 * * *
 I THANK you.

R. N. L.

SAME OLD STORY.

A month ago everyone seemed to have a ragged edge. Some were heard to say that they were fed-up. Some said "France looks good to me." Then came word that there was to be a meeting to discuss suggestions on training. In the billets there followed immediately grave discussions of what suggestions should be offered. A summary of these was: Cut out all training. Give all the morning to study and the afternoon to resting the brain. Have church parades every seventh Sunday. Those who have "been through" say the ragged edge and the tired feeling comes every course. It is, they say, part of the evolution of the worm to the butterfly.

NUMBER ONE COMPANY.

Is there not room for a little suspicion about the two quarts of milk which are left at No. 12, Egerton Road, each morning?

We had only started our course when Capt. Williams became ill. All the members of the Company sympathise with their officer, and hope for his speedy and complete recovery.

Well, from a distance it looks as if the boys of Number One Company have captured all the fair sex around here.

How many Cadets study in their rooms at night?

Who are the two Cadets who taxied to Hastings ONCE and walked home twice?

Who is the Cadet in Milby Lodge who, when asked if he was a black and white artist, replied, "Yes," but added, "Johnnie Walker will do."

LOST.—All hope of beating Number One Company at baseball.

STRAYED.—One run, into the batch of shutouts that Cadet Robinson has pitched. However, it is the exception which proves the rule.

STOLEN.—Bases stolen right and left while pitchers slept. No doubt there will be a fine silver trophy won by these base stealers.

It is understood that Number One Company's dog fancier (one of those C.I. boys), has undertaken to produce, by the end of the war, a dog that will wag its tail up and down instead of sideways.

An Old One: (Heard in the mess). "When is it going to be Strawberry?"

There is hope, now the Government controls these berries.

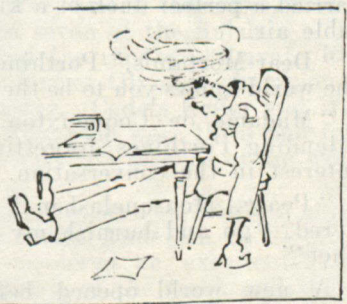
An old proverb adapted: "Number One is mightier with the sword than the pen."

Does the tailor make the man?
 Perhaps! in Bexhill, but not in "the line."

It is never too late to mend.
 How about two minutes after you have handed in your examination paper?

THE CADET WHO SETTLED DOWN TO STUDY

ONE - PAUSE - TWO PAUSE - THREE
CANT THE RIFLE ON THE HANDS
DOWN - FEET ASTRIDE - AT THE THROAT
STOMACH AND STOMACH POINT - SIGHTS
UP 200 - TWINKLE - NOW THE
STOP PAWL ENGAGES THE FORESIGHT AT
THE LOWER BAND - PULL THE PIN WITH THE
RIGHT HAND - PASSING THE LEG -----
WITH HIPS FIRM --- THEY SAY THAT OLD THREE
COMPANY AINT GOT NO STYLE --- ROUND ME NIP -
- FOX TROT - AT MAN ON THE RIGHT!!!!
THERE'S A GIRL OVER --- THERE ---
ONE -- PAUSE -- TWO - PAUSE
THREE - TEE HEE
HORSE LAUGH ---
...HAW... HAW



How They Found Him

ARTIST BANTON PENCILS THE CONFUSED BRAIN STORM OF ALL C.T.S. CADETS.

THE HISTORY OF TWO.

"I have no time. . . ." Well! What more do you want? There's the whole thing in a nutshell.

Having no time for the history of Two, which itself has no time for anything, let us take a holiday and ponder over the doings of the Three Musketeers. The writer makes no secret of his identity. He is the Man of Meung.

It was spring when D'Artiggins came to Paxhill, seeking the hotel of M. de Trevilson, a simple gentleman like himself, in origin, who had risen to the command of the Mousquetaires Rouges et Noirs. All the way from Artois had he come, drawn by the splendour of these famous soldiers, seeking admission to the corps. His face was flushed, his heart beat high with the proceeds of the three livres which paternal authority had counted sufficient for his journey. All his wealth was in the yellow kit bag with which the same authority had saddled him. He wished to sell it; but the buyers jeered.

The hotel, when he reached it, was full of a brawling mob, crowding the stairs, displaying their fine spirit in ways so outrageous and impressive, and wearing their fine clothes with so much grace that D'Artiggins' heart sank for shame of his youth and mean appearance.

"Porthines," said one magnificent musketeer to another, "how did you come by that exquisite gold-lined perambulator you are trying to hide under your hat?"

"Ah!" said the stalwart Porthines, with a vain air, "one has friends, my dear Grathos."

"Your duchess?" mildly queried one who carried a perfect duck of a kilt with an inimicable air.

"Dear Mortamis," Porthines protested. "All the world knows you to be the Beau Shovelier."

"Madame de Coqueuxon," said a lackey attending Porthines, forgetting himself in his interest in the conversation.

"Peace, Mousquelashen!" Porthines thundered, "go and burnish my second best bayonet!"

A new world opened before D'Artiggins' eyes. He rushed after the abashed lackey.

"Where," he gasped, thrusting a cigarette into the lackey's hand, "where did he get it?"

"Moses!" said the lackey in a surly voice. The rest of the conversation passed in whispers.

Finally D'Artiggins pulled up his puttees. "I go," he said, "to see this prophet." And, rising on his toes, he set out at a smart double.

When he returned to the rotunda he was wearing some items of a new outfit, and the rest was coming on. His courage revived. He approached the same impressive group of musketeers.

"Hola! Grimartin," Grathos called, "my cloak. No, dear friends, I will not sing just now. My voice is rather husky. I am a little indisposed through that affair at the Cinema de Luxe."

D'Artiggins' heart filled with compassion. He saw the disappointment of Porthines and Mortamis, to say nothing of the silent Grimartin.

"Sir," he said modestly, "I shall be most happy to be allowed to show you how it should be done."

"'S death!" Grathos exclaimed, paling underneath his tan. "Run away, little boy; and relieve me from the painful necessity of killing you."

D'Artiggins perceived that he was getting in wrong. "I am told," he said, summoning up all the airy grace he could muster, "that Cardinal Decameron has decided to enforce moderation in all things. Otherwise . . ."

The musketeers looked gravely at each other. Mortamis beckoned his lackey.

"Bazones," D'Artiggins heard him say, "take Grimartin and Mousquelashen, and arrange to have this gentleman transferred for his own safety to the convent of the Carmelites at Bethune."

The young man saw that his case was desperate. He must trust to his bright wit to save him.

"May I request," he said politely, "the pleasure of being transferred in M. Porthines' admirable perambu . . .?"

"Tare and ouns!" cried Porthines, forgetting his nationality, "must I also kill you?"

"If so," D'Artiggins smiled, "I am sure you will accomplish the business with the same fine taste displayed by M. Mortamis in the arrangement of his kilt."

Mortamis smiled benignly, concealing the hurt of this vicious thrust, and turned to mount the stair.

Almost immediately he returned, obviously pleased with himself.

"It is unnecessary to distress ourselves about killing this Cadet," he said. "I have seen M. de Trevilson and arranged things more fitly. He will be put in Seven Platoon."

SPORTS AT THE C.T.S.

"In all national games men of British race submit with enthusiasm to training and discipline for the sake of the side; they have an inborn instinct which makes them naturally work for the side and play the game."

The above fact (and it is a fact) is not copied from some sporting editorial; neither is it from the mouth of any sport authority. But in cold hard print it appears in Chapter II., para. 5, of a sober treatise on the Training and Employment of Platoons, for short, the well-known S.S. 143.

Its appearance there explains much. It voices the spirit that prompted Napoleon's complaint to the effect that the British never knew when they were beaten. It is the spirit that has built the Empire and it is the spirit that is making every Britisher worthy of that honoured name, face with confidence and a stout heart the events of these critical days. It is the spirit that baffles the German and his gross ignorance of which will lose him the war.

Once, some years ago, German universities spent considerable money in bringing from this country, Canada, and the United States athletic coaches to promote our sort of sport in the Fatherland. The venture fell flat; the material may have been good, but the spirit was not there.

The games we play here and behind the line in France all go as far toward beating the enemy as bayonet fighting and musketry.

"Play up, school, and play the game!" is a phrase dear to every British heart. So long as it remains so we will win.

NUMBER 3 COMPANY IS UNBEATEN AT HASTINGS.

At the Royal Air Force track meet, held at Hastings on Whit Monday, May 20th, three events were open for competition to the Canadian Training School and other outside competitors. Owing to the recent arrival at the C.T.S. of the other companies now here Number Three and the Staff were the only units from which competitors could be drawn, and it consequently fell to them to represent the whole School.

They made a wonderful showing. Out of three events they won three firsts, three seconds and two thirds.

Cadet Banks' sportsmanlike behaviour in the three miles deserves special mention. By setting a fast pace from the beginning, thus tiring out the School's leading opponents, he allowed the other three C.T.S. runners in this event to get into a victorious finish.

The results in the three events are:—

- 100 yards.—1, Cadet Anderson, 10 4-5 secs.;
2, Lieut. Davidson; 3, Sergt. C. C. Bell.
400 Yards.—1, Cadet Anderson, 53 secs.; 2,
Lieut. Davidson; 3, R.A.F.
Three Miles.—1, Cadet Thorpe,
2, Cadet Keffer; 3, Cadet Walkedon.

SCHOOL RUNNERS WIN IN 4 SEAFORD EVENTS.

The School sent representatives to Seaford on Saturday, June 10th, to compete in the annual sports meeting of the Canadian Machine Gun Depot. Competitors were entered in six of the events, and prizes were gained in four of them. It was an excellent meet, and all the events were hotly contested.

In the five mile race the School did exceptionally well. There were fifty-five entries, the C.T.S. having five, and of these five, four were among the first seven at the finish.

The winner of the race was Private Philips (C.M.G.D.), a former Olympic champion, who won in 27 minutes. Cadets Keffer and Walkedon, of the C.T.S., who were third and fourth, were within twenty-five seconds of the winner's time.

The 440 yards was won in brilliant style for the C.T.S. by Cadet Anderson in 57 seconds, which was considered an excellent showing when the condition of the track and the high wind are taken into consideration.

In the hundred yards Cadet Anderson was only inches behind the winner, and won second place for the School. This event was won in Anderson's Hastings time, 10 4-5 secs.

Against eight teams in the relay race, one

mile, the C.T.S. team finished second. Their running was consistent. The relays were four 220 yards and two 440 yards. The first runner was Cadet Anderson (440), who was leading when he handed over to Cadet Kemp (220), who as leader handed over to Cadet McGlashan (220). Still leading, Cadet McGlashan handed over to Cadet Pirie (220). From second place Cadet Pirie handed over to Sergt. Bell (220), who handed over to the School Padre (Capt. A. G. Wilken (440), who finished second.

The tug-of-war team got into the semi-finals, winning their first pull and then losing against a better team, the Machine Gun Depot ten, who were seven pounds heavier per man.

The School sent four entries for the half-mile, who ran well, but were not speedy enough to gain places. Results:—

100 yards.—2nd, Cadet Anderson. Winner's time, 10 4-5 secs.

440 yards.—1st, Cadet Anderson, 57 secs.

Five Miles (road), six prizes.—3rd, Cadet Keffer; 4th, Cadet Walkedon; 6th, Cadet Thorpe; 7th, Pte. Saunders, Young Soldiers' Battalion.

Mile Relay.—C.T.S. team second place.

C.T.S. representatives at the meeting were: Cadets Knox, Turnbull, Black, Pirie, and McGlashan, Capt. Wilken (Padre), Pte. Saunders, Sergt. Ingram, Sergt. Bell, Lieut. Davidson, Cadets Kemp, Walkedon, Thorpe, Banks, Kaffer and Anderson.

Tug-of-War Team.—Sergt. Johnson, Cadet Morrison, Sergt. McCombie, Cadet Anderson, Lieut. Kennedy, Sergt. Murtagh, Cadets Young, Kleahn, McDonald, and Sergt. Gair. Spares: Sergt. Hickmott, Cadets McKenzie and Docker. Coach: Capt. Arthurs.

MANY PLAYING TENNIS.

The Company tennis tournaments which were organised as soon as the present course began are now finished, and each Company has selected from these tournaments four players to compete in the School championships which are to be held shortly.

The School tennis expert, Lieut. Dobson, reports that the standard of play reached is so far fair and in some cases quite good.

The Canadian tennis championships are to be played in Bexhill on July 24th-25th, and the School will have some representatives taking part.

BALL PLAYERS BUSY OUTSIDE OR INDOOR.

Baseball has been well represented, and the games in the School League keenly contested. The new park, started this season, situated on the Cooden road, has been the rendezvous of hundreds of baseball "fans" who have loyally "rooted" for their teams. The possession of a proper ball ground has added greatly to the interest of the game, and the spectators have been given ample opportunity to see good sport, for there are often two games in one afternoon.

Several Bexhill residents are beginning to take an interest in the game, and many ladies attend. They find amusement in the "strange behaviour" of the Canadian "fan" as he assists his side with his "rooting," which the Bexhillians would call encouragement, support or enthusiasm.

Number One Company (Cadet Robinson, pitcher) is leading the League, having won all three games played. Number Five Company holds second place, having won two, lost one and drawn one. The Staff team stands third in the series with two wins and two defeats.

A forecast indicates that Number One team will be at the head of the League when the schedule is concluded, and Number Five has every appearance of occupying the second place. The C.T.S. nine played the Machine Gun Depot on Wednesday, June 12th. At the end of the third there was no score; but then the School pitcher, Lieut. Bickle, injured his ankle in stealing a base, and the Depot batsmen hit the next pitcher freely, scoring eight runs and shutting the School out.

The injury sustained by Lieut. Bickle has not only robbed the School team of its pitcher, but has proved a great loss to the Staff team, for which he pitched in the School matches.

Indoor baseball has been going very well, and great keenness has been shown. A regular schedule was drawn up between the teams of the staff and the six companies. All the matches have not been completed, but the results so far show that the first place will be won by either the Staff or Three or Five Company teams. At present the Staff team is leading, having won four games and has not been defeated. They are in the position of indoor champions at present. Number Three Company has not lost a game yet and has won three, while Number Five Company has won four and lost one. The other Companies are still playing keenly and are fighting for the lower positions.

CRICKET IS POPULAR SEVERAL GOOD SCORES.

Cricket has hardly yet found its stride at the C.T.S., but there has been lots of enthusiasm, and as the season is yet young there is time for high scores and good averages. The School team possesses many good bats and some able bowlers. Amongst the batsmen are Lieuts. Dobson and Jerdan, R.S.M. Carpenter, Cadets Thursby and Graham. Lieut. Dobson has a happy faculty of getting into the thirties or forties whenever he goes to bat.

The bowling has shown improvement since the matches began, Lieut. Dobson again coming to the fore in the king of summer games.

The School team has so far played four matches, losing three of them and making a draw in favour of the School team in the fourth. Far be it from us to shout our praises, but in the drawn game the School required only twelve runs and had six wickets in hand when time was called. Results:—

May 18th.—R.A.F., 275; C.T.S., 123. Dobson 43, R.S.M. Carpenter 30.

May 29th.—Officers' Command Depot, Eastbourne, 184; C.T.S., 144. Jerdan 30, Parker 26.

June 5th.—Third Canadian Command Depot, Seaford, 160 for 7 wickets, declared; C.T.S., 148 for 4 wickets. Thursby 47, Graham not out 30.

June 15th.—Summerdown Convalescent Hospital, 126 for 7 wickets; C.T.S., 97. Dobson 37.

June 19th, Officers' Command Depot, Eastbourne, 223 (Reynolds 103). C.T.S., 134. Graham 56, Gawthorpe 23.

THREE COMPANY SPORTS.

Number Three Company held a most successful Sports Meeting at the Holmwood School Grounds on Wednesday, June 19. Space forbids a detailed account, and only certain events can be mentioned. The open 100 yards was won by Lt. Anderson, 10 4-5 seconds, and the open 440 yards by Segt. C. C. Bell who beat Lt. Anderson on the tape in 56 1-5 seconds. The 3 mile was a splendid neck to neck race between Lts. Thorp and Walkenden, the latter getting home first by a few yards, while the one mile was a well deserved victory for Banks. The tug-of-war, open to the school, was won by Number Six Company.

There was a handsome array of prizes chiefly coming in the way of gifts from Bexhill tradesmen.

GLOVE ARTISTS GIVE HIGH-GRADE SHOWS.

As in previous courses, boxing has had quite a large following since the present C.T.S. Course assembled. Number Three Company, being the senior residents, started the activity by putting on a show at the Kursaal, where some good glove work was shown. Particular interest was taken in the exhibition of the mid-gets, Jack and Horace Gwynne, known as the mosquito boxers, who boxed three very fast rounds, in which there was never a slow second. The Commandant, who was referee of the events, presented the contestants at the close of their bout with a brand new coaster each.

Winners in the Company bouts were: Cadets Poirier and Meredith (light), Cadet Kerr (welter), Cadets Gagne and Lyle (middle), Cadet Anderson (heavy). Blindfold boxing, Cadets Donald and Horie; and barrel boxing, Cadets Banks and Williams gave great amusement.

The Company bouts were begun on Wednesday, June 12th, when a good programme was presented by Companies One and Five. There were nine Company bouts, of which Number Five Company won six.

The winners were: Cadet Parks (feather-weight), Cadet Nye (light-weight), Cadets Buckingham and Laycock (welter-weights), Cadet Ramsay (middle-weight), and Cadet Cory (heavy-weight). No. 1 Company winners were Cadet Hardy (feather-weight), Cadet Howard (light-weight) and Cadet Youme (welter).

On the same programme the Gwynne boys again gave a very speedy three round exhibition. There was also a fine exhibition bout between Sergts. Wilson and Clark.

June 19th, Number Two and Number Four Companies put on a hard hitting exhibition at the Kursaal, to which interest was added by a clever six round bout between the well-known glove artist, Sergeant Alexander, and Sapper Goodson. Sergeant Lauder, one time light-weight champion of Canada, and Corpl. Webb also boxed three fast rounds.

The Company bouts produced a succession of willing boxers, who waded in to give and to take with all the strength they had. Consequently there was plenty of "claret" and high excitement.

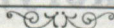
Number Two Company obtained seven decisions out of eight bouts. The winners were: Number Two Company: Cadet Elvey (feather), Cadets O'Donaghue and Seal (light-weights), Cadet Fuller (welter), Cadets Irvine and Langhorne (middle), and Cadet Bradford (heavy). Number Four Company: Cadet Moore (welter).

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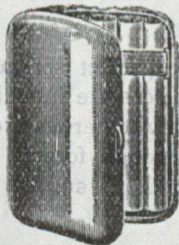
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