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CHEVRONS TO STARS

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE CANADIAN TRAINING SCHOOL

Published by kind permission of the Commandant,
Lieut.-Colonel N. GENTLES, D.S.O.

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



QUARTERLY

NOVEMBER, 1918.

PRICE: SIXPENCE.

EDITORIAL.

It is with mingled feelings that the Editor sits down to write his Editorial, the natural feeling of relief and thankfulness that all must feel that the Great War is over, and yet a natural feeling, too, of regret that farewells are soon to come and good-byes must be said. For in a few days this School will break up, and all its happy associations be only a pleasant memory.

"Chevrans To Stars" here then bids good-bye to its readers. With this number it has reached its eighth issue, the first being published in April, 1917. Its career has not been long, perhaps, but we hope it has had its place in the life of the School. Its readers have steadily grown in numbers, and its circulation extended throughout the Canadian Army here in England and overseas.

And we hope, too, our readers will perhaps keep a copy or two as a souvenir, and when they look at them in years to come may these pages bring back happy memories of the C.T.S. and Bexhill.

To our contributors we extend our sincere thanks for their assistance, and for all that they have given. May they, too, remember with affection the little Magazine in which some of them perhaps saw their first literary efforts in print.

Of these, some, alas! have finished "their

last course." To them, at no risk of breaking their quiet sleep, *Ave atque vale*.

We would ask our readers to pardon many references and articles in this number which may seem "out of date." It was practically finished before the Armistice was signed.

Time has shown that these claims and aspirations have not been boastful. The Critic has but to look at the work of the Canadian Corps and its glorious history to realise the spirit of deep pride which animates every one of Canada's soldier sons.

One page in this issue is worthy of distinct mention, that which contains the special letter of Marshal Foch to the School. Its history may be interesting. The essay on the opposite page, written at a General Knowledge Examination at the beginning of this Course, inspired the author, Cadet M. Eastman, to ask the Marshal for a special message to the School. With all his kindness and readiness so well known in complying with even the smallest request, the great Generalissimo himself dictated the inspiring words we print.

And now we must take leave of our readers and friends, and as they go back to civilian life again we hope that we shall not strike a discordant note if we still wish them the now time-honoured farewell salutation—

"GOOD-BYE AND GOOD LUCK!"

ESSAY AT GENERAL EXAMINATION.

By CADET M. EASTMAN.

MORALE.

"War is a department of moral force." So says our Generalissimo. In his famous pre-war lectures at the *Ecole de Guerre*, Marshal Foch loved to repeat: "Battle is the struggle between two Wills. The loss of a battle is a moral phenomenon; so is the winning of one." Everything then depends upon *morale*, upon mental and spiritual fitness. The Will of the Leader to win does not suffice, but "all the human wills engaged must be attuned to harmony." How is this result to be attained? A high morale cannot spring from mere command. It is a psychic state dependent upon circumstances political, physical and personal. To ensure its permanence, these must be, on the whole, favourable.

The influence of political factors may be illustrated, to choose one example among a thousand, by contrasting the apparent cowardice of Walloon troops at Waterloo with the heroism of their grandsons at Liege in 1914. In the former case, their political environment had been such as to make them sympathise with their quondam Emperor and comrades-in-arms. Their hearts were not in the fight; they lacked conviction; but potentially they were as brave as their descendants of our day.

Besides the political factor, there is the physical. Unquestionably, in the long run, bad physical conditions are subversive of high morale. Poor food, insufficient clothing, defective sanitation, bodily discomfort due to dirt or vermin—these things tend to break the spirit of an army. I have witnessed an absolute transformation in the psychology of a company after a sudden release from the louse-torture. The men themselves remarked that their morale had risen fifty per cent. And examples might be multiplied. We must make war on the louse.

Influence by political and physical considerations, but more important than either, is the mental state of the individual soldier. It is largely dependent upon leadership. A discipline characterised by firmness, governed by justice, and tempered by sympathetic reason, is a sure aid to good morale. The soldier must have confidence not only in the courage and strategic ability of his chiefs, but also in the

general reasonableness of the orders he is required to obey. Sometimes it is to be feared that the High Command is not aware of the extent to which it loses the true confidence of the average private by insistence on elements of discipline which remain unexplained and appear inexplicable. To recall only one instance, I have heard hundreds of soldiers deplore our worship of shining brass; and their dissatisfaction is notably intensified by their observation of other armies, American, French and German.

However, while it is desirable that all the elements, political, physical and mental, should be generally favourable, nevertheless it remains true that officers, senior or junior, may counteract almost any untoward circumstance by complete devotion to duty, sincere interest in the welfare of their men, generous conduct on the field of battle, and, above all, by proved efficiency. Those platoon commanders who, without diminishing their own authority, can go further and cultivate genuine friendships with their subordinates, will find their recompense in the still higher spirit of loyalty and self-sacrifice which will animate their men. And all these qualities will culminate in Victory, which is both the reward and the guarantee of perfect morale.

OBITUARY.

Death of former Editor of "Chevrans to Stars."

We regret to announce the death, on July 20th, of pneumonia, at the Military Hospital, Magnall, Liverpool, of Captain Barrington Chadwick Quinan, 5th Battalion Canadian Infantry, attached R.A.F., youngest son of Mrs. W. L. Chadwick, Newlands, Glasgow.

Captain Quinan was the first Editor of "Chevrans To Stars," and it was his initial work and enthusiasm which raised the magazine to the position it now occupies among the recognised institutions of the School.

SOLDIERS' INSTITUTES & CLUBS

In a magazine which purports to contain an account of the activities, military and athletic, of the C.T.S. it is only fitting and just that some reference should be made to the many Clubs and Institutes started in Bexhill for the welfare of Canadian troops. There are in all seven buildings set aside for this purpose apart from the Regimental Canteens, and how much they are appreciated and needed can readily be realised by a casual visit to any one in the course of an evening.

The largest of these Associations is naturally the Canadian Y.M.C.A., under the supervision in Bexhill of Lieut. W. Dobson, late 4th C.M.R. The absolutely invaluable work of the Y.M.C.A. in this war is too well known to need further description here. But as to the value of its presence here one item alone, apart from the institutes, is worth recording, namely, that since January £300 worth of sporting and athletic material have been given. There are three Y.M.C.A. buildings, the Mission Hall in Clifford Road, the Mission Hall opposite the Down School, lent by S. Stephen's Church, started this Summer especially for the C.T.W.S., and the newest and largest institution, the spacious and complete Cadets' Club adjoining the Metropole. This Club, which is 40 feet by 100 feet, was erected this Summer by the Canadian Engineers at a cost of £2,500.

Next one might mention, and perhaps first

in point of view of length of time of its foundation; the Institute in Station Road. This, a general recreation room and club of pre-war days, was early in the war taken over as a Soldiers' Club, organised and managed by the Vicar of S. Barnabas Church and a party of ladies of the parish. By Imperial and then by Canadian soldiers it has retained its popularity, and its spacious rooms are always well filled.

The Roman Catholic Soldiers' Club was first started in November, 1915, moving into larger premises in November, 1916, and coming under the auspices of the Catholic Women's League. Its popularity and usefulness increasing so much, a further move into the present premises was made this Summer. The Catholic Army Huts Committee, under Col. Rev. W. Workman, Senior Roman Catholic Chaplain, Canadian Forces, furnished and fitted out the new quarters, which contain separate rooms for Cadets, N.C.O.'s and private soldiers, besides the Canteen. It is situated in Sackville Road, and is open at the usual hours, 5.30—10. A photo of the outside of the Club is printed on this page by kind permission of the Committee.

The two other Soldiers' Clubs are, first, that organised and managed by the Sackville Road Wesleyan Church, the Club being situated in the Mission Hall, Parkhurst Road; and the "Dug-Out Soldiers' Club, organised and run by a Committee of Ladies, and situated on the Marine Parade.





Gee!! I've another six weeks to go. Wonder if I'll make it?

APOLOGY.

In our last number we published a photo of the Chief Instructor, Major J. Jeffery, M.C., and omitted through an oversight in acknowledging that this photograph was by "Swaine," New Bond Street, W.1. As Mr. Swaine's photographs are so well known, and deservedly so, in the Canadian Army, and as he is also a valued contributor in the advertisement pages of this magazine, we hasten to express our sincere apologies.

THE DUCK WALK.

Time, 0655. Scene, The Pond, Egerton Park. Squad drawn up for P.T. under a sarcastic instructor. Intending to dismiss them, he calls them to attention, and while they are in that position a duck suddenly quacks loudly. A certain Cadet strains forward ready to step off, and the instructor relieves himself of the following: "You have been marching like a bally old duck all morning, and it's no wonder you want to move when a duck quacks."

LETTER FROM MARSHAL FOCH

The Generalissimo of the Allied Armies sends a Special Message to the Canadian Training School.



This photo of Marshal Foch was kindly loaned for the occasion by the "Universe."
The Associated Catholic Newspapers, Ltd.

Le Maréchal FOCH.

Le 25 Octobre, 1918.

Mon Cher Camarade,

Le Maréchal FOCH a volontiers accepté de répondre au désir que vous lui exprimez au nom de vos camarades de la "Canadian Training School" de BEXHILL.

Voici les paroles qu'il m'a dictées à votre intention :

"Je souhaite la bienvenue aux jeunes Officiers Canadiens qui viennent défendre la plus noble des causes. Qu'ils soient dignes de leurs aînés et des magnifiques troupes qu'ils conduiront au combat, à la Victoire."

Je vous adresse, mon Cher Camarade, l'expression de mes sentiments cordialement dévoués.

CNE. PUFIER,
Officier d'Ordonnance
du Maréchal Foch.

My dear Comrade,

Marshal Foch has gladly agreed to answer the request you have made him in the name of your comrades of the Canadian Training School, Bexhill.

Here is the message he has dictated to me on your behalf:

"I extend a welcome to the young Canadian officers who are coming to defend the most noble of causes. May they be worthy of their predecessors and of the magnificent troops which they will lead to battle, to victory."

I send you, my dear Comrade, the expression of my sincere and cordial sentiments.

A.D.C. to
MARSHAL FOCH.

"B" COMPANY.

("B." but never "B" alone) Our Motto.

EN PASSANT.

We are two months old, and still one would think we are twenty years! Pep has done it and is still doing it!

The Sergeant-Major's favourite song: "Got 'em, Sir!" is sold out, but a new edition is under press. Instead of half-an-hour, we will now have a full sixty minutes to think it over, after we've heard it.

Sports are at the highest amongst the "B.'s." No football or baseball team dare to challenge ours; that means their members have been to our previous games, and they know us. But, the tug-of-war team—hum, the worthy members of this hanging business are wondering if they are to cable home for a cable or if they'll resign and apply for a soft job!!

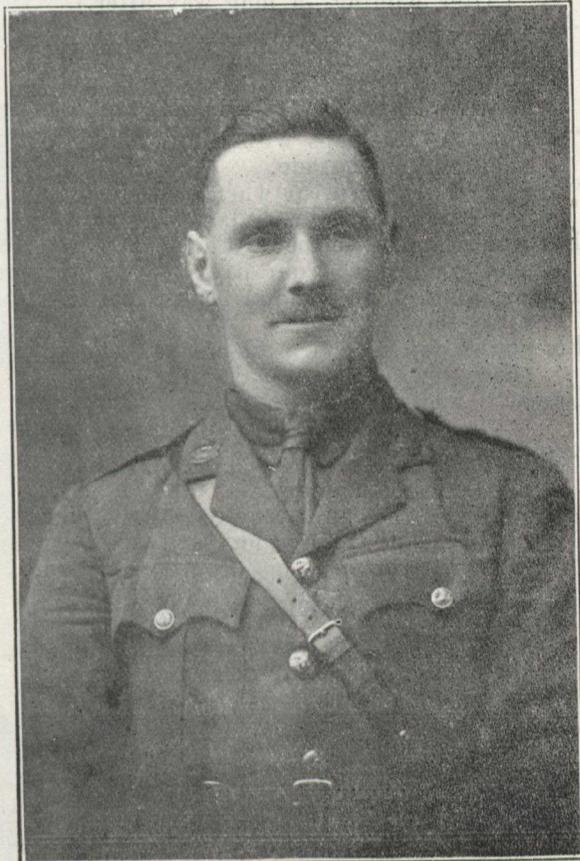
Esprit de Corps in "B" Company is responsible for the fact that you can see a Virgin and a Crook climbing up the Hill to Power, under the same Laws!

From the cannons' roar, on a foreign shore,
We to this School have come.
From the field of Hell, where the death cries yell,
Where the shrapnel and bullets hum,
Where the star shells flash and the T.M.'s crash,
Where the world at large seems crazed,
There's a God of War on that foreign shore
Whose methods can ne'er be phrased.

We've left, for a time, on that firing line,
Out there 'midst the dead'ning din,
Our comrades, our friends, who died to defend
That cause which is closer than kin.
With them are our thoughts, as the deeds they
have wrought
Come back in the news of the day,
For we think of the time on that firing line
When we stood by their side in the fray.

From the cannons' roar on that foreign shore
We to this School did come.
Our time has expired, and with knowledge
acquired
We go forth to combat the Hun.
Ludendorff, you, and Hindenburg too,
Through your impregnable lines we pour;
Will you challenge anon, now that Cambrai's
gone,
The invincible Canadian Corps?

A. STAN MITCHELL.



CAPTAIN J. S. WILSON,
O.C. "B" Company.

WHO KNOWS?

Why eating fish and marmalade is unknown at the C.T.S.? Is it because we simply *love* it?

The gentleman with a white band on his cap who had to borrow sixpence from his lady friend to pay his fare to the Metropole on a very, very dark night?

Who found out that 6.30 a.m. was the best hour for P.T.?

Why No. 5 Platoon displays shining buttons, blanched belts and clean rifles when there's no inspection?

Why there is always B.F. on Monday morning?

The Cadet who met Captain Wilson without "his smile"?

"DANNY DEEVER."

(After Kipling—a long way after.)

"What are the bugles blowing for?" said Files-on-Parade.

"To turn you out, to turn you out," the Sergeant-Major said.

"What are these caps with bands of white?" said Files-on-Parade.

"They're what you wear when on the square," the Sergeant-Major said.

For you're going to be a Cadet, and you'll find you'll need your pay

To keep yourself in kit and books, and extras every day,

For you've got to clean your buttons, and your shoes you must pipeclay,

Or you'll find yourself in trouble

In the morning.

"What makes the rear rank breathe so hard?" said Files-on-Parade.

"They've got the 'flu,' they've got the 'flu,'" the Sergeant-Major said.

"That front rank man has dropped his gun," said Files-on-Parade.

"I'VE GOT HIM, SIR! I'VE GOT HIM, SIR!" the Sergeant-Major said.

For you cannot drop your rifle, and you must not make a sound,

Or you'll find yourself in trouble when the C.I. comes around;

And you cannot go to cinemas, for they are out of bounds,

And the red caps would report you

In the morning.

"What do we do at Bexhill?" said Files-on-Parade.

"You'll soon find out, you'll soon find out," the Sergeant-Major said.

"Why do you make us march so fast?" said Files-on-Parade.

"To wake you up, to wake you up," the Sergeant-Major said.

For we'll make you swing your arms, and pound the street like lead,

And we'll have you shout your orders loud enough to wake the dead,

With notes and drill and lectures you will find we'll swell your head,

And you'll wake up as an officer

Some morning.

"What are the joy-bells ringing for?" said Files-on-Parade.

"The war is won, we've beat the Hun," the Sergeant-Major said.

"Why are the boys so glad, so glad?" said Files-on-Parade.

"They're going home, back o'er the foam," the Sergeant-Major said.

For they're hanging Kaiser Billy, and they're looking for his son,

And they've fairly knocked the stuffing out the vile, atrocious Hun,

And we're going back to Canada now that our big job is done,

So good-bye to good old Bexhill

Some fine morning.

J. McK.

Ancient History Up-to-Date.

Alfred the Great's Official Communique.

From G.H.Q., Athelney.

Along the line BRISTOL, AQUA SALIS, TROWBRIDGE heavy bombardment with catapults of all calibres, followed by boiled oil attacks. The enemy are using poisoned arrows. In this section we took and beheaded 37 prisoners, including two House Karls, and captured an immense quantity of bows, arrows, spears, battle-axes and sandbags. Army Group of King Alfred.

A large force of Danes attacked on a large front between STONEHENGE and SALISBURY. In accordance with a pre-arranged plan, the King withdrew to a specially prepared position in the Isle of ATHELNEY. We learn that the enemy have been employing magicians and necromancers to bewitch our troops: a direct infraction of the Holy Roman Empire Convention.

The Admiralty reports:—"One of our coracles (K. A. 118) met a sea-serpent on the morning of April 1st and was eaten. The crew, partly digested, were thrown up some hours later."

[It may be of interest to relate that the above is taken, with apologies, from the "Crefeld Magazine," published by British Officers from the Prison Camp at Crefeld, Rhineland, Germany. There was only one number published when the Camp was broken up and the prisoners scattered over Germany. Crefeld was one of the very few good camps, and only existed as a separate British Camp some ten weeks, in fact, it was too good to last, and the Boche, finding the occupants becoming too comfortable, ordered the evacuation.

This little Magazine was one of the many activities started by British officers to help to pass away the weary months of captivity.]

THE EDITOR.

LIEUT.-COLONEL A. D. CAMERON, M.C.



Things happen hurriedly and without warning in war-time, but nevertheless it came as a great surprise and regret to all when the late Commandant, Lieut.-Colonel A. D. Cameron, M.C., Lord Strathcona's Horse, suddenly got his orders on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 23rd, to proceed to France, and was gone the same evening. His forthcoming departure was expected, but not for a few weeks.

Lieut.-Colonel Cameron assumed command of the School in February of this year, having previously been Commandant of the Canadian

Corps School, France. The eight months during which he has been in command have been months of steady progress and success in all departments of the School. His enthusiasm inspired all, and he showed a real interest in every little detail of the School life. He takes with him the sincere wishes of all for success and a safe return. As we go to press we hear already the success of his regiment in the recent capture of Valenciennes.

Photo by Swaine, 146, New Bond St., W.1.



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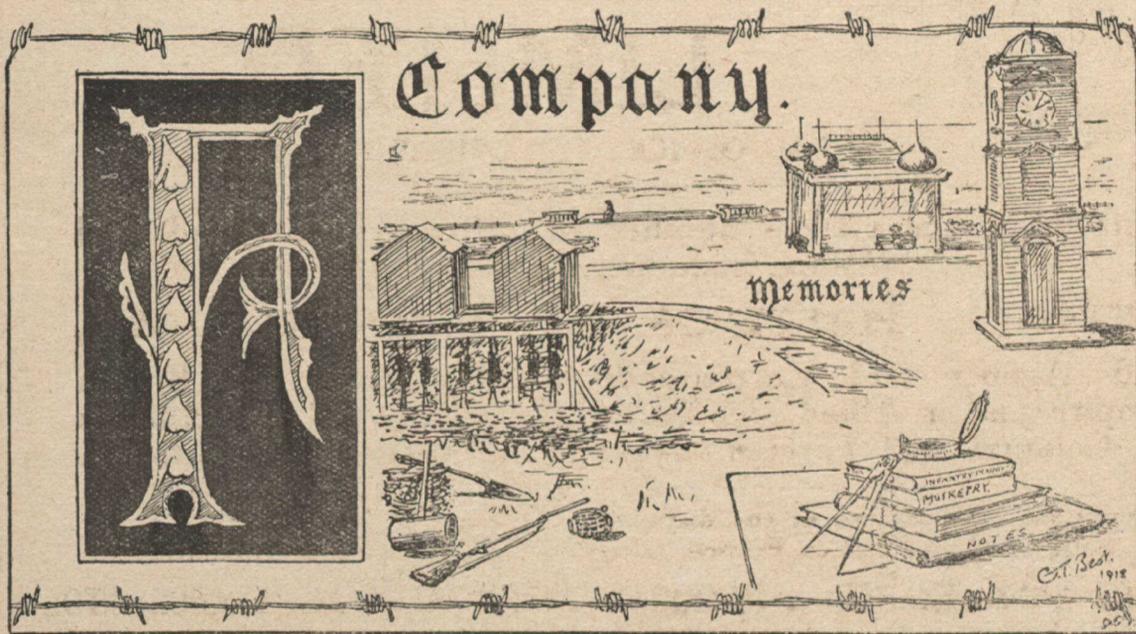
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Bexhill Printing Co., Ltd. (Opposite Town Hall)



OUR OFFICERS.

Some Impressions.

To attempt a biography or a eulogy of our "F" Company officers would be impossible on the strength of a few weeks' acquaintance, and besides being unnecessary, would savour of flattery and impertinence. They are gentlemen all, and we are fortunate in having them to direct our steps in the direction of the coveted stars, so we will leave it at that. These notes will therefore be in the nature of lightning impressions.

First, our O.C., Captain Arthurs, M.C. He has set us a high standard to aim at, and stimulated and co-ordinated our efforts in the line of sports and good comradeship. Besides that, he has taught us to make a noise with our hands on the rifle, and with our feet on the unresisting pavement, and to march along at 180 per, arms swinging to the shoulder and feet hitting the ground as one. He has certainly given us some pointers on drill and other things in the short time he has had us under his care.

Next, our second in command, Capt. Woodward. For volubility we have heard nothing

to equal him, not even the great R. B. Bennett at his top form. When we first encountered him on Military Law, we were almost ready to cry "Kamerad," and visions of being invalidated out of the Army with writer's cramp rose before our eyes. He has a keen eye for billet delinquencies. Lastly, he has the distinction of having figured oftener on the Pep-board than any other officer.

Mr. McCartney is a Scot, both by dress and tongue, wherein he differs from some other gentlemen in kilts, who are merely camouflaged Sassanachs or Canucks. At the time of writing he has not figured on the lecture platform, but we are hoping to hear from him soon.

Mr. Stillman, who directs the destinies of 19 Platoon, has delivered one lecture to date, but even at that he fills a large place in our note books. He is a very useful man for smokers, etc., being an accomplished pianist and vocalist, and is a bear on P.T.

Mr. House, of 18 Platoon, is our Mapping expert, and is never happier than when provided with a blackboard and a piece of chalk. He revels in scales, contours, and diagrams, and made most of us discover how much arithmetic we had forgotten since our school days. He takes a big interest in "Soccer."

"F" COMPANY CUTTINGS.

"We've got pep, vim, and ginger" in "F" Company, says one of our songs. Sure thing. "Ginger" does not imply a reference to Cadet Pr-s-t-y.

The startling news has reached us from our "Special Correspondent" on the Amherst Road front that a Cadet was observed reading a newspaper which he received from Canada only three weeks ago. Let us hope that such a shocking waste of "spare time" will not come to the notice of the authorities.

Our famous "Peddler" of Military Law said the other day that some of us would be wearing crowns on our shoulders after we had been a few months in France. We wonder if he meant wings on our shoulders and crowns (or is it Halos the Saints are wearing this season?) on our heads?

Who was the "Jock" that responded to the Sergeant-Major's "A little more punch to it, gentlemen!" by saying, "I don't care for Punch, but a little shot of Rum wouldn't do us any harm these cold mornings"?

We wish to convey our sympathy to the Cadet from Station Road whose name was taken for

1. Being out of Billets after 11 p.m.
2. Being improperly dressed.

When, as a matter of fact, he was merely starting out in plenty of time to get a cup of coffee before going on P.T. parade.

We are glad to learn that the man who torpedoed the "Lusitania" has paid the extreme penalty. When is the man who invented "Blanco" going to get his just deserts?

It has been suggested that during the windy season members of Captain Plant's Company see a lady's tailor, and have lead weights sewn in the bottom of their garments.

Those living in the Station Road billet have come under some severe censorship lately regarding tidiness. We wonder if they are preparing themselves for batmen already?

A certain member of the Company would like to know why our exponent in the Art of "Peddling" feigned sleep at the Smoker when-

ever the "Angel of Mercy" bearing a tray hove into sight?

We watched our worthy President dispense the hospitality at the Smoker in a manner that caused us to wonder, in awe and admiration, how he did it? Such an achievement must have taken much practice.

One cannot help but be proud of a Company that, for the sake of "Esprit de Corps," will cast other affairs aside and face a storm to cheer the C.T.S. Rugby team on to victory, as "F" did on Wednesday, the 9th, last. Luckily the School is blessed with such a Company or there would have been a shortage of noise for the Purple and Black.

"F" COMPANY SPORT REVUE.

Looking over the candidates for our sport entries, one cannot help but wonder, without prejudice, of course, just how the remaining Companies expect to get a look in, because—well, we don't like to talk about ourselves, but we could almost sympathise with them already.

Of course, we lost the Baseball, but there is a certain amount of pleasure attached to that, because we lost to a bunch of sportsmen, and men who appreciate the value of sportsmanship. "E" Company know full well why we wished to have the game postponed in the first place, and they also know how much more prepared we would be for the final when it did come off, and they were game enough to take a "sporting chance," so "Hats off to them!" we say.

The Soccer team looks good, after drawing their first game, which was against a team that have been organised for some time, and therefore know one another's style of play. Great things are expected of "Dad" Hayens' bunch.

We poor mortals who are not gifted with the "Manly Art of Self-Defence" are just as pleased that we do not possess these qualifications, as we view the Boxing squad work-out each morning under the able direction of Sergt.-Major Wilson. A certain feeling of satisfaction and security for Company honours creeps over us all when we think of what will happen when the finals are decided.

The training of our cross-country men goes on each day, and with it come daily reports of records knocked sky high. It is to be hoped that something will be unearthed to occupy

“ EYE WASH.”



CAPTAIN R. C. ARTHURS,
O.C. “F” Company.

the “ spare time ” of the Company lest the night of Nov. 9th be celebrated not wisely but well.

Capt. Arthurs’ reputation as a Tug-of-War coach is well known in C.T.S. circles, so is it anything out of the ordinary for the others to be quaking in their shoes over the outcome of the pull which will be finally decided on Nov. 13th, though it appears useless, to us, to have it go that far before the outcome will be decided. Each practice it becomes harder and harder to find suitable objects to pull against. Nearly all the large trees in the neighbourhood of the practice grounds have been uprooted, and the Captain is considering moving the training area on to the beach and chartering a Man-of-war to pull against the squad with full steam ahead on.

Summing up the situation, we wonder why the Sports Committee, out of respect for the feelings of the other contestants, do not call the events off and declare “F” Company winners? Still, we suppose the “natives” must be amused.

Kind reader, may I claim your brief “attention”?

Or, if you would prefer it, “stand at ease.” There are a few “short points” I wish to mention,

Without offence, and with desire to please. And now we will dismiss the opening verse, I have some others infinitely worse.

Like to a flock of geese without the gander,
Or helpless chicks without the mother hen,
So would we be without our bold Commander,
Captain Courageous of a hundred men.
His stern appearance hides a kindly heart,
And when he strafes us ’tis to make us “smart.”

And he who peddles Military Law
With other dessicated food,
And roars as though he fain would eat us raw,
Is really only acting for our good,
Though “ill-digested misinformation”
Naturally causes him vexation.

Nor would we lose the wizard of the map,
Who tracks the elusive contour to its lair,
And wakes us gently from our morning nap,
To tell us how to read the magic square,
And how to use “our common” and the compass
So “True” and “Mag” combined, can never
stump us.

Yet others teach us Drill and Engineering,
Jerks, Musketry, and how to give Commands,
With notes to these our evenings, doubtless
fearing
That time would hang too heavy on our hands.
But let us always bear this fact in mind,
Their seeming cruelty is but to be kind.

And when our course is run, and with regrets
We leave Bexhill to go our several ways,
When Company “F’s” a mob of new Cadets,
Midst shot and shell we’ll think of bygone days,
When Captain Arthurs’ men stood side by side,
Our rivals’ envy, and the old School’s pride.

A. J. WOODMAN.

Little Girl: “Oh, mummy, look at that funny soldier with a white band on his cap!”
Mother: “Hush, dearie! That’s not a soldier, it’s a Cadet.” (Collapse of Cadet.)

THE INSTRUCTORS' POOL.

A Short Account of its Inception and Work

The new comer to the C.T.S. is wont to ask, "What is the Instructors' Pool?" He sees the mystical word, but what it is he often hasn't the vaguest notion. Has it any connection with a "pool room" reserved for the instructors, he often asks himself? And so in justice to a very valuable and highly important part of the School's activities, unfortunately little known, and so little appreciated, we have set ourselves the task of tracing its history and explaining its work.

The Instructors' Pool may be defined as a training supply centre to which N.C.O.'s and men are sent to be trained as instructors for the Canadian Forces in England and France. Here they literally come into its "circle of activity," pass a few very active weeks spent in taking in instruction, are examined as to fitness and then depart qualified as instructors.

Moreover, their course of instruction is developed on many lines, and is by no means to be confined to drilling "on the Square," embracing Infantry Drill, Musketry, Anti-Gas, Bombing, Lewis Gun and Entrenching, all of which, except the Musketry, are taught here in Bexhill. So the Pool supplies instructors for all these branches and requirements of modern warfare, so it has rightly come to be the Standard Drill and Instructional department of the Canadian Army.

It was first authorised on Dec. 19th, 1917, there being nothing of its kind in existence before. The present Commanding Officer, Major Marshall, Canadian Scottish, assumed command on January 4th, 1918. To help him in the beginning of things he had nothing at all, no office, quarters or instructors. Everything had to be created. When this is considered side by side with the praise and the high value in which "the Pool" is now held and its manifold and far-reaching activities, too much praise cannot be given to the hard work and organisation displayed by Major Marshall.

Up to the present moment several hundreds of N.C.O.'s have passed through the Pool, and large numbers have come for "Refresher Courses," some direct from France. This summer, too, the value of the pool has been greatly exemplified, for with the arrival of huge French-Canadian drafts from Canada it has been possible to send instructors to all the big Canadian training centres in England. Many of these



MAJOR C. J. MARSHALL,
O.C. Instructors' Pool.

have been French Canadians themselves, ready to instruct the new drafts in their own tongue.

The present staff consists of Major Marshall, Lieuts. Watson and Goss, S.M. Instructor, C.S.M. T. O'Connor, C.S.M. Hall, Quartermaster, with a Sergeant-Major over each department of training.

With this short account of the "Pool" we add a photo of the popular and genial O.C., Major C. J. Marshall.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

It was a concert at the base somewhere, and a shy, nervous Padre like our own was the chairman. He had introduced a flute player, and after he had played a few bars, someone from the back of the room called out, "Chuck the blighter out." The Padre was very angry, and jumping up, said, "Who called the flute player a blighter?" At once the same voice called out, "What we want to know is, Who called the blighter a flute player?"

LIEUT.-COLONEL N. GENTLES, D.S.O.



Having bidden "farewell" to one Commandant, we are fortunate enough in the same issue to be able to say "Welcome" to the new Commandant, Lieut.-Colonel N. Gentles, D.S.O., who assumed command of the Canadian Training School on Friday, Nov. 8th.

Colonel Gentles, like many other good soldiers, came from Scotland, his birthplace being the City of Edinburgh. For over twenty years he served in the 6th Battalion Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), receiving the Long Service Decoration (Territorial Force) and retiring in 1914 with the rank of Major. The year previously he had gone to Canada (1913) and settled in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. When the war broke out he immediately joined the Canadian Expeditionary Force, coming over seas in May, 1915, as Major in command of a company in the 28th Battalion (Saskatchewan Regiment). Later he became Adjutant. He served with his regiment till after the Battle of Sanctuary Wood (June, 1916), sometimes called the Third Battle of Ypres, when he became Instructor at the Central Training School at Havre. This was followed by the Command of the 2nd Canadian Training Battalion, to which was added the command of the Divisional School. With these duties was incorporated the 2nd Canadian Divisional Reinforcement Camp. He became Lieut.-Colonel in June, 1917, received the coveted D.S.O. in May, 1918, and has been three times mentioned in dispatches.

Colonel Gentles has assumed command at a difficult time. With the signing of the Armistice comes the order that the School is soon to be broken up. Let us give to him all the support and backing he needs in the task before him.

SANCTUARY WOOD.

June 2nd, 1916.

Although no words of mine can wake again
Your valiant dead who lie by branch and
stump;
Their battles bravely fought, they rest once
more,
Awaiting Gabriel's Trump.

And though apart, your hands we cannot meet,
Or ease your pain;
Remembrance of this message yet may bring
Some comfort, may take something from the
sting
Of hearts that beat in memory of their slain.

A Regiment's sympathy, a Regiment's pride
In those who mourn in those who died as
men,
For though you loved them, first and last,
but then
We loved them too, and we know how they
died.

God grant our Country
Mothers that shall bear
Such sons as these to keep
Her Honour fair.

J. McQUEEN MOYES,

13th Royal Highlanders of Canada.

GRAINS FROM "A" COY.'S
PEPPER BOX.

Our Sergeant-Major said to me,
"If you don't feel just right,
If you can't sleep at night,
If you moan and sigh,
If your throat is dry,
If you can't smoke or drink,
If your grub tastes like ink,
If your heart doesn't beat,
If you've got cold feet,
If your head is in a whirl,
Why Don't You Marry the Girl?"

Job's lot in life was not so bad,
His troubles would to me seem slight,
He didn't rise at 6 a.m.
To do P.T. by the pale moonlight.

* * *
Six days shalt thou labour, and on the
seventh draw thy pay.
* * *

Let your brass so shine that you will be
named on parade by your Instructional Officer.

A Cadet he would a-wooing go,
Whether his Colonel would let him or no.
"Heigho!" said Antony Rowley.
But on the prom he met with a belle,
And now walks out with her mother as well.
"Heigho!" said Antony Rowley.
Old Nursery Rhyme (adapted).

St. Peter (to Candidate for Entrance): "You
can't get in. You've got 200,000 years to do in
Purgatory."

Candidate: "But look, St. Peter, I've been
to Bexhill."

St. Peter: "Come right in, poor fellow."
From "F" Company Pep Board.

Oily to bed, and Oily to rise,
Is the fate of a man who his rifle doth prize.
* * *

When coming to the "Examine" from the
"Port," do not strike the Inspecting Officer
across the nose with the rifle barrel, but jab
him in the eye with the end of it. If con-
stantly practised, this will do away with the
necessity of pulling it through occasionally.

"D" COMPANY.

QUOTATIONS FROM THE
POETS, ETC.

A new Cadet's impression of Bexhill.
"There is everything advantageous to life."
—Shakespeare ("The Tempest").

Waiting for Pay Day.
" . . . It's damned easy to die,
It's the keeping on living that's hard."
—Robt. W. Service.

C.T.S. Esprit de Corps.
"Hail to thee, blithe spirit."—Shelley.
"Ode to a Skylark."

That "Got 'im, Sir!" feeling.
"Alone, alone, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea."—Coleridge.
"The Ancient Mariner."

At a Company Smoker.
" . . . Drink,
For once dead you never shall return."
—Omar Khayyam.

Waiting for a Cadet's Uniform.
" . . . Abandoned ourselves to the
passage of time."—Kipling.
"The Vortex."

During Any Lecture.
"O sleep! it is a lovely thing,
Beloved from pole to pole."—Coleridge.
"The Ancient Mariner."

D stands for:—
Dope the Sergeants feed us.
Don'ts the S.M. tells us.
Darlings the girls call us.
Dubs the Captain thinks us.
Dough boys we would like to be.
D— fools the C.I. is D— sure we are.

What with Highland Dancing and Bottled
samples, some of the W.A.A.C.'s will pass for
Scotchmen all right.

Definition of a Platoon.
A body of men surrounded by N.C.O.'s and
Officers.

Jones has found a home, I hear. Wonder if
seven days' leave had anything to do with it.

In those Dear Days when D stood for Dollars,
not for pennies, things were not so D— Dear,
were they?

"LIVE ROUNDS."

C.T.S. Score Again.

The "Live Rounds" of the Canadian Training School Light Opera Company, aided and abetted by a number of young ladies of considerable personal pulchritude, and no little talent, combined under the direction of Major Patterson and Lieut. Baxter to produce on Oct. 24th and subsequent days a most acceptable entertainment. And one's childhood's friend, old Vox Populi, testified through the Box Office, and signified, as the politicians say, in the usual manner, that this conjunction of Mars and Venus was very much to his liking.

The production was a triumph of stage setting and management, and the somewhat slender plot was kept alive by the unflagging energy displayed alike by principals and chorus, in a manner which even to the inexperienced told of tireless rehearsals and insistent attention to details. Indeed, there were occasions that one entirely forgot that a home talent production occupied the boards. The plot of "Live Rounds," "a revusical musical comedy written in a fit of despondency by Lieut. A. B. Baxter," evolved itself in three acts. It told the tale of a Cabaret hero with a melodious voice who flirted in the first act, fought in the second, and got married in the third. Complicating our rake's progress was a Pelmanist of Robeian mein and a collapsible memory. Permeating the whole the bevy of local pulchritude aforesaid. In fact, Mr. Foch, the w.k. expert, can't bring his old war to a conclusion too soon if the odd Cabaret one is like to encounter on one's return (see the hero conq. public, for the use of—one comes) is to contain any half so piquante. Certainly, as the Worcester Sauce ads. have it, there will be considerable "added zest" to one's future.

The stage setting of the Cabaret scene in Act 1 and the trench in Act 2 were wonderfully typical, though a carping critic might urge that the Venice Café or the M. and N.'s were scarcely less neat and tidy, but considering the smallness of the stage and the lack of conveniences the setting was excellent.

The music for the production had been carefully selected by the author, and principals and chorus alike did heroic justice to it, the Colonnade Orchestra adding the final artistic touch. Indeed, some of the choruses have been whistled all over the town ever since.

Of the individual work, the most spectacular effort was undoubtedly the Apache dance of Miss Younger and Major Patterson. The most conscientious, the character study of Miss Birt in the third act as a slave in the Hospital. The duet by Miss Vivian and Mr. Perkins in Act 1 was as clever a bit of fooling as there was in the show. Mr. Le Messurier gave another of his wonderful impersonations as the leading flirt.

Capt. Jerdan's melodious voice was a tower of strength to the whole production, his Canada song brought the chorus up standing, and with a little encouragement would have brought up the house too. Mr. Perkins proved himself a really clever comedian; with a little more experience and coaching he will have a post-war job for life. Messrs. Stevenson and Murtagh gave a couple of admirable character studies as a Scotch and a French-Canadian waiter. Cadet Des Rosiers' rendering of the "Cobbler's Song" was worthy of His Majesty's; higher praise could not be given.

The lines have in many instances passed into colloquial parlance. The book all through is exceptionally clever, and if in the second act it verged on the bathotic, the crowded house liked the relief.

A really great success due to the untiring energy of all and to the unflagging efforts of Major Patterson and Lieut. Baxter.

The cast was as follows: Major G. Patterson, M.C., Lieut. Ernest Le Messurier, Leading Lady; Capt. P. Jerdan, M.C., Lieut. J. F. Perkins, Lieut. J. Stevenson, Major S. Layton, M.C., Lieut. P. Burke, M.C., Cadet G. Thomson, D.C.M., Cadet L. Laurier, Cadet W. Irwin, Cadet C. Nobert, Cadet C. Becigneul, Cadet C. Des Rosiers, Sergt. T. Murtagh, Sergt. J. Foster, Sergt. A. Austin, Pte. J. Clarke, Miss G. Vivian, Miss M. Younger, Miss L. Ackland, Miss J. Burt, and Miss N. Booth. Chorus: Cadets W. Harrison, Driver, La Rue, M. de Laurier, Cartier, Nicholls, Wright, Waters, G. Becigneul, Cook, Gaskin, Anderson, Sawley, Gatien, Hall, and Staff Sergt. Wilson and Sergt. Grostick.

Business Manager: Captain R. N. Lyon.
 Stage Director: Major Patterson, M.C.
 Musical Director: Lieut. A. B. Baxter.
 Concert Master: Mr. D. Bor.
 Accompanist: Miss Robinson.
 Box Office: Lieut. Mitchell.
 Property Master: Sergt. Lee.
 Scenery especially painted by Major G. Patterson, assisted by Lieut. Lewis, Cadet Munro, and C.S.M. Jennings.

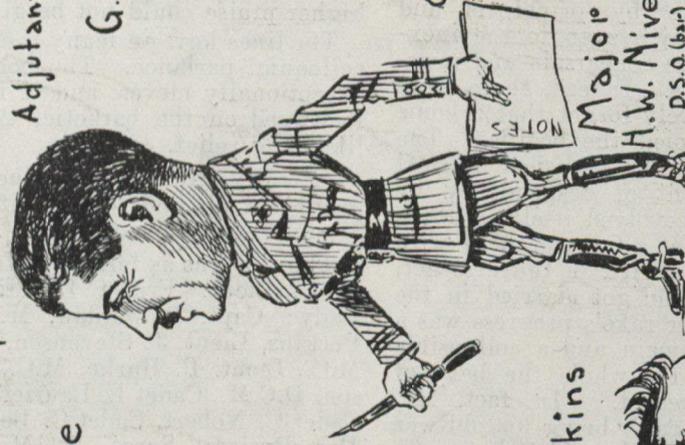
Some Impressions by "Misery."



Lieut.
G. Bickle



(As a
stage
manager)
Adjutant
Major
G. Patterson
M.C.



Lieut.
J.S. Perkins



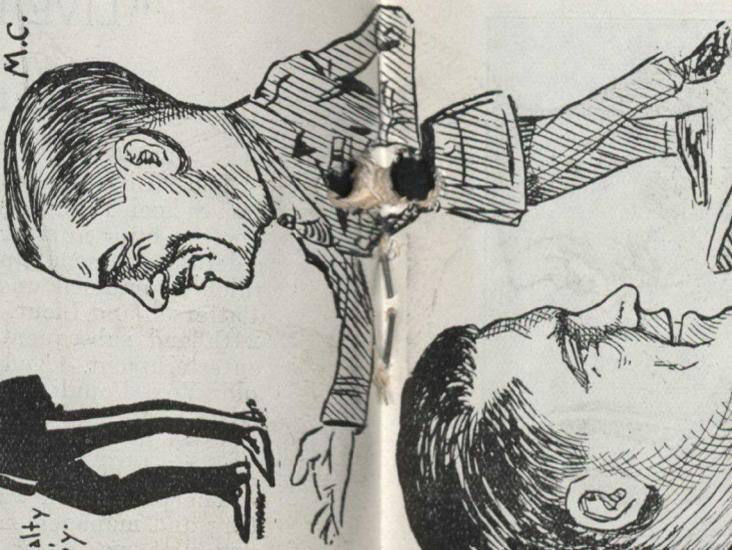
Capt.
A.J. Plant
M.C.



Major
H.W. Niven
D.S.O. (bar)
M.C.
o.c.
Casualty
Coy.



Capt. P. Jerdan
M.C.



Major
J. Jeffers
M.C.
Chief
Instructor



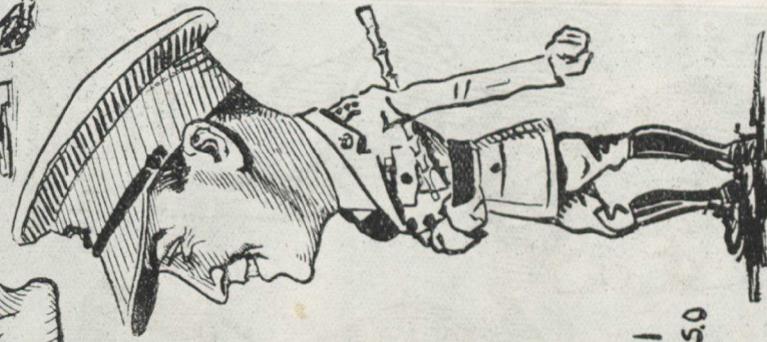
Major
T.W. Macdowell
V.C. D.S.O.



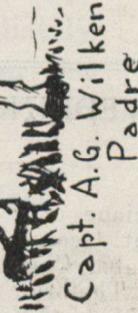
Capt. S. Caldwell M.C.



Lieut.
C.T. Davidson
Asst.-Adj.



Capt
E. Michelmore M.C.



Capt. A.G. Wilken
Padre

SOME OFFICERS ON THE STAFF OF THE G.T.S.



TRENCH SCENE IN "LIVE ROUNDS."

WEDDING BELLS.

The marriage of a popular officer of the School, Lieut. George Victor Irwin, took place at St. Barnabas Church on Saturday, August 10th, 1918. The bride was Miss Ruby Painter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Painter, of Hamilton, Ontario. The bride arrived in England from Canada two days before the ceremony.

Captain the Rev. A. Gillies Wilken, the School Chaplain, officiated. Many of the officers of the School were present, and the bridegroom's Company formed a guard of honour. The bride was given away by Captain Snider, and Major L. Scott was the best man.

The bridegroom's Company subsequently drew the bride and bridegroom in bathchairs with tug-o'-war ropes. Emblems of good

wishes and humorous notices were displayed, the bride having a notice "C.O.," while the bridegroom received the title "Second in command."

A reception was held at the house of Capt. Snider, the O.C. of No. 3 Company.

MUSKETRY DEMONSTRATION— JUDGING DISTANCE.

Instructor: "You should be able to see the face of a man clearly at 100 yards. That man there is 100 yards away. Can you see his face?"

Cadet: "No, sir."

Instructor: "Why not?"

Cadet: "Because his mouth is open, sir."

CHEVRONS TO STARS.

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BOOK OF REGIMENTAL NUMBERS.

By An Odd Number.

Now it came to pass that the heart of the Editor was heavy, and his mouth was full of lamentations.

For behold, in all the land, there was no Scribe worthy to continue the Record, yet must the work go forward.

Wherefor summoneth he unto him one meek and lowly, and sayeth, "Get thee busy, for the time of publication is at hand," also sayeth he unto himself, "Verily these be times of substitutes in all things, and it behoveth me to take a chance."

Now the people of the land of the Hill of Bex are wise, whereas those who come amongst them from afar are otherwise. Wherefor the merchants and those who vend in the marketplace rejoiced mightily, saying, "Behold these strangers wear the white badge of innocence, therefore let us take them in. Let us prepare strange and costly raiment, and make ready baked meats and cakes of flour and honey. For verily they are like unto a sailor flushed with wine, who parteth readily, and our profits shall be great."

And the daughters of the land were glad also, saying amongst themselves, "Let us go forth to the highways and the byways, leaving our stores of silver at home. For our Movie tickets shall be provided for us, and our light refreshments shall cost us nothing."

And they that were fair of face and form had nothing on they that were merely kind of heart.

For the darkness of the night time hideth all things.

So they that came didst sojourn in peace, what time they made themselves ready for war.

Marching and exercises with weapons did they, and in all things obeyed they the commands of their Captains.

So that the movements of a thousand men were as one, and no man was at fault.

Yet did the Captains, and those in power (especially the See-Eye, who overlooketh nothing), complain with voices of brass, for it was their job, likewise the stuff to give the troops.

And it came to pass that the fame of the Cadets went up and down the land, until it reached the ears of a mighty General. Yea, even Lieut.-General Turner, V.C.

And he said, "Verily I will go up amongst them, to prove them with hard questions, and give them the once over."

But the Cadets, and those in power over them, were warned befores of his coming, so that all was prepared.

And when he was come amongst them he was hard put to it to find any faults.

But discovered he faults, both faults that were, and faults that were not, and departed thence content.

But shortly came he again, and they named him Turner the Returner.

And they stood in close array before him, and he marvelled greatly at their steadiness, saying "surely these be graven images, fashioned in the shape of men." But, lo! at a word they marched, and they were indeed alive.

So they marched past, and left him standing, and they saw him no more.

Came also another mighty one, General McDonell, who spake unto them words of kindness and wisdom.

And they hearkened unto him, and verily there were among them some who understood him.

And when he was come to an end, they cheered him with one accord, both they who had heard and understood, and they who had but stood and heard.

But before many days was heard loud wailings and gnashings of teeth amongst the Cadets of the White Band of Hope.

For behold, their Colonel (even he that was Chief amongst them) didst depart from them. Journeying by land and by sea, to a place where war was (and is), to take command over mighty hosts, and lead them into battle against the legions of evil. Grief was their portion at his departure, and grief also shall be the portion of the enemy arrayed against him.

And they mourned many days, crying, "Many bereavements have we borne, but this is the most grievous."

For, aforesaid, had they lamented the departure of one Capt. Campbell (also called "Doc"), of Yukon.

He it was who travelled to Siberia, where the wolves and the winds howl against each other, and the snow covereth all.

And he tarrieth with the Cold Storage Expeditionary Force, and no man hath tidings of him.

Also departed hence Captain John Long ("John" the well-beloved), and they mourned him, saying, "Who now shall be an example unto us in the art of swinging the lead?"

But there were those among them who mourned in moderation, thinking that now some leave might befall them.

And it came to pass that new Captains came unto them, to carry on the good work. To

keep their feet from the paths of idleness, and their hearts from folly and unrighteousness.

And their names were Captain Caldwell and Captain Plant. And there appeared also Major Niven, and one full of fame and honour, Captain McDowell, V.C., D.S.O. But these tarry with the Officers' Casualty Company.

And there was great rejoicing, and music of trumpets and of cymbals, at the return of Lieut. Le Messurier, who had sojourned in far countries. Cunning is he in the fashioning of pictures, and his fame is known in all the lands of the earth.

And there came among them also Major Patterson, a man of subtle humour.

And the Cadets hearkened unto him, fearing to sleep lest perchance they miss something good, which later they could work off as a merry jape of their own.

Now the days of the Cadets were full, and the hours of their nights were full also, so that there were no moments that they might call their own. Yet were their hearts glad, for there was no time to feel fed up.

Many and divers were their sports and games.

And some among them played many games poorly, and some played few games well. But none there were who played nothing.

For they heard of those who had gone before.

Those fleet of foot, who had made names for themselves, and for the School, in the City of London, which is to the North.

And behold they grew strong, neither was there any sickness among them.

Not as aforetime did the many lie idly on the bed of sickness while the few, in bitterness and envy, suffered the raucous reprimands of the instructors.

Now one there was who had hearkened unto the love song of the peacock, and the cry of the coyote in the wilderness, when it was an-hungered. And liked he the noises, and proclaimed them good.

And it came to pass that he discovered two men, like unto himself, who had fashioned two bags, fitted with reeds, which could be tortured to produce sounds not of this earth.

And his heart warmed within him, and he spake unto many, saying, "Let us fashion more of these bags and form us a Band, that we may stir the blood of these our Cadets, and fill their hearts with the spirit of the bayonet."

But all they that heard the bags laughed him to scorn, saying, "Verily these instruments are possessed of devils, and we will have none of them."

So he departed thence, weeping tears of bitterness and disappointment.

And there were none to give him words of comfort, save only the Company of W.A.A.C.'s.

And the W.A.A.C.'s were a byword and a mocking in the mouths of men, having strange tastes in the matters of food and raiment.

Now came many messengers, and written tidings, from the Wars across the Seas, saying, "Be of good cheer, ye seekers of pips. For the enemy flee-eth before our hosts, and ye may never catch up with him."

And the Cadets were exceeding joyful, saying among themselves, "Verily these are some tidings. Let us await here the conquering heroes, and return with them to the land from whence we came."

But there appeared suddenly among them one having authority, who said, "Take heed lest ye rejoice too soon, for Those Who Should Know sit in fear and trembling."

And he straightway left them, and busied himself along the sea coast with much barbed wire and many strange devices. And those who had rejoiced fell silent, and gazed seawards, fearing that the vessels of their enemies might be bearing towards them.

Thus are hopes turned into despair, and the cup of happiness into gall and wormwood.

For the days of rejoicing are not yet.

For a little while longer must we strive.

To the end that Justice and Peace may rule the Earth.

But a little space of blood and tears, and there shall come a Peace approaching unto that Peace which passeth all understanding.

AMIENS, AUGUST, 1918.

Oh, Fritz, you blighter,
You're not much of a fighter,
But an athlete renowned you would be,
If you would quit fighting,
And take to road hiking,
For championship and money.

'Tis quite plain to see
As a runner you'd be
Of higher than "Longboat" renown,
For you run like a deer
Or a prairie bred steer,
But here is where you fall down.

You can't be a sport,
It's not in your forte
To take a fighting man's chance,
Your skin's your first heed,
And you've got too much speed,
Or you'd lead us a h—— of a dance.

ANON.

"C" COMPANY.

"C" COMPANY CONCERT.

On Sept. 23rd "C" Company Concert Party opened at the Pavilion with their musical comedy, *Nothing At All*, which has been unanimously voted the best show seen at Bexhill in many years. The oldest inhabitant has been heard to say that away back in the seventies there was a good one, but will not go on record as saying that it has anything whatever on the "C" Company show.

We greatly regret that, owing to the short time at our disposal before the end of the course, we were unable to squeeze in more than four performances, and that so many people had to be turned away disappointed. It is also regretted that, owing to the congestion on railways due to the great number trying to get to this town before Wednesday, the railway employees became overworked and quit. It is even reported that a German submarine crew made several desperate attempts to outwit our Navy and get to the show. Yes, it was certainly a live, snappy, up-to-the minute concert all the way through, and reflects credit on the performers.

It is hard to give everyone the proper amount of credit due to them, and if someone feels that he or she has been slighted—well, please select a brick wall with soft corners because the other kind hurts.

To begin with, Cadet Tobias staged and directed the show, and everybody who saw it will agree with me that he is to be complimented on the result of his labours, tearing of hair and shaking of fists.

Cadet Fogg orchestrated the music. The number of adjectives at my command are insufficient to go all the way round, and if I started here I'd use 'em all up, so I'll merely say that he is a wonderful man, and let it go at that. He wishes me to say that his work was made much easier by the orchestra, composed of members of the C.T.S. Band augmented by six local musicians, who deserve unlimited praise for their patience at and willingness to attend rehearsals at all times.

Cadet Fletcher conducted the choruses and deserves great praise for his untiring efforts throughout.

The performance opened with "Stars and Stripes for Ever" and other selections by the



CAPTAIN SNIDER,
O.C. "C" Company.

orchestra, and after this the "Cadets' Chorus," in all the glory of their "fancy tunics" and white hat bands, introduced the Company mascot, Miss Joan Robinson, and sang some pieces which brought forth that pleased expression on the faces of the audience, which looks like real money to the box office man, as they settled back more comfortably in anticipation of a full evening's enjoyment. Nor were they disappointed. As the last of the chorus tied off to the tune of "Style all the while" the curtain went up on "The Allotment," in which Cadet Freeman as Mr. Bloggs, Cadet Dower as his son Lionel, and Cadet Jackson as the irascible neighbour, Mr. Stubbins, were amusing, if not exactly instructive, in their methods of gardening and choice of implements.

Next in order came Matthews and Dougherty in "Dark K-nights." This act provoked so much laughter that the town policeman came

in to see what it was all about, and arriving at the moment when something was said about burying 'em both, it is said that he collapsed in the arms of a stout Cadet in one of the back seats.

At the end of this act Cadet Morin gave a recitation in French-Canadian patois, followed by "The Burial of Our Rum Jar." That this was appreciated by the soldier portion of the audience was evidenced by the fact that several of the Cadets—not "C" Company—were discovered in a furtive endeavour to dry their fast flowing tears on the sleeves of their best tunics. Lieut. Hare's company, composed of himself and Cadet Parkes, Warner, Farquhar, Chainey, Bond, Giroux and Matthews, in "An Evening in Billets," were quite realistic, and a touch of pathos was added to the scene by the singing of "Smoke Clouds."

Cadet Nelson and —? were quite good in "Seaside Flirtations," and when at the end of the act, —? reappeared and displayed to the audience a "regimental," "down to the wood" hair-cut, one could hear murmurs of surprise—regret in some cases—from certain parts of the audience.

"Our" Quartette, composed of Cadets Muter, Parkes, Maddock and Malin, rendered songs in a very pleasing manner. They finished with a humorous effort which was appreciated by the audience.

And lastly "The Tangle," written by Cadet Tobias, added the finishing touch to a delightful evening. Capt. Snider as Max Daly played the leading part, and Mrs. Irwin as Helen took the part of leading lady. Her song, "A Cosy Corner," was remarkably good. Miss Vivian, as Dorothy, with Cadet Tobias, who took the part of Bobby, executed a dance which brought down the house.

Mrs. McDonald played the part of the Duchess of Bexhill extremely well, Miss Sheed as Peggy and Miss Younger as Daphne were also very good. Cadet Hall, as James, had little to say, but the little was well said.

Cadet Fogg as Peter gave the audience a treat in a violin solo.

The others present in the scene were the Misses Young, Ellis, Gray, Hardy, Bass, Luccock and Booth, and Cadets Lunn, Morris, Hitchin, White, Muter, Matthews, and Farquhar.

Lieut. "Pat" Hare, as bell-boy, was immense. He looked the part to perfection.

The stage manager, Cadet Barton, and the scene shifters, who were ably commanded by

Cadet Steele, deserve special mention for their work during the show.

And now I think I've covered everything, and it remains only to thank the various ladies who so generously contributed their time and efforts towards making the concert something which will be remembered for many months after the present "C" Company have gone back to France; and the business men who so kindly loaned their property. To use the words of our dark friend, "Ebenezer Johnsing," "we are extremely thankful."

KEID.

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD.

Anti-gas Lecturer (wishing to impress upon his hearers the vital necessity of speed in the adjustment of the Gas Mask in moments of danger): "Gentlemen, there are only two kinds of people where poison gas is concerned, *the Quick and the Dead.*"

C T.S. SONGS AND CALLS.

1.

SONG.

We are the boys from the Mountains and the Prairies,
We are the lads you see;
For we come from the East and we come from the West
To fight for the land of the free (I don't think).
Now we're here with the best of Britain's sons,
And we don't care a d——n for the Kaiser and his Huns.

C-A-N-A-D-I-A-N-S!

We are, We are, We are Canadians!

2.

SONG.

We come from the Hills and we come from the Prairies,
We are Canadians, you know.
We came over here to fight for old England
And to give the Kaiser his death-blow.
There is a school that is dear to our hearts, boys,
Where you know they work us with a will.
We are not slow, boys, come, let 'er go, boys,
(Yell) C.T.S., Bexhill!

The Padre speaks-



Saxabryssen!

PHOTO BY LAFAYETTE

and just wait till we
get another **WALLOP**
at Fritz.

MEEK '18

THE UNSPEAKABLE HUN. A TRUE INCIDENT.

It was Thursday morning, February 16th of last year, and intensely cold, the thermometer registering 10 degrees below zero. At 9 a German soldier came to tell me that I was wanted at the camp hospital. I was there met by the British doctor, Capt. Frank Park, C.A.M.C., who told me that sixteen British prisoners had just newly arrived from the station seven kilo-

metres away. With him I went into Ward 2, and there saw 16 specimens of humanity. That is all you could call them, 16 frozen, hollow-cheeked wrecks, the remnants of hundreds and hundreds of once strong, healthy men, who had been taken prisoners and kept to work behind the line. Their comrades were dead.

Now these men were captured in September, October and November, 1916, and kept to work close up to the front, working in preparation of the big German retreat then planned to take place in February and March, 1917. Their work was demolishing houses, bridges, felling trees, making roads and digging trenches, those

called the Hindenburg line. This line and others were built by prisoners of war. We praised German engineering skill and paid silent tribute to the endurance and work of German working parties, but it was not the work of German parties, but the work of prisoners, Russians and Rumanians in thousands, tens of thousands, and of British. They worked under appalling conditions, brutal treatment, blows, kicks, death if they refused, with housing and quarters not fit for pigs and food not enough to keep even body and soul together. What did it matter if they died, there were plenty more where they came from? Germany numbered her prisoners by millions. Prisoners they were, not prisoners of war; slaves, yea, worse than slaves.

These details these poor wretches told us with tears in their eyes when they spoke of some dear friend and pal who died beside them at his work, died of exposure, starvation, or our own shell fire. They told us of the clothes they had to wear. There was no need to tell, we saw it ourselves when we undressed them. Here is the list, and think of the temperature and cold as you read it: Thin Service tunic and trousers, old cotton shirt, socks and boots, and old cap. That was all, no warm underclothing, no great coat. All these the Boche had stolen under the plea that they had to be fumigated. But they were never returned.

And what did the outside world know of this or care? It may have cared, it must have cared, but it knew nothing. Germany took good care of that. These men were reported in British Casualty Lists as "missing," and missing they will remain till the end of time. But they were *not missing*, they were once strong, healthy men, prisoners of war. They were not allowed to write to their relatives, Germany did not want the world to know where they were, or of their existence. Amongst the sixteen who reached Minden were men who had been prisoners four or five months. This I found out as a fact when I wrote home to their relatives. They told me of pals who died beside them and I reported them to the Record Office of their Regiments and my letters never got home. It was always a mystery to us that these sixteen and other little parties later ever got back into Germany. They attributed it to the fact that, being men of fine physique and health, they didn't succumb as quickly as their comrades, went into hospital suffering chiefly from dysentery, recovered a little strength, and the Germans, seeing it was no good sending them back to the line, put them

on a train and back they came into Germany.

This is just one isolated instance of many that might be quoted. What one must realise in relation to these crimes is that while primarily they may be said to be the work of the system and spirit inculcated throughout the German Army by "Prussian militarism," yet nevertheless they were perpetrated by the Boche generally, and that right down to the very last German soldier this devilish brutality is to be expected and looked for. This is not generally realised, and only those who have lived amongst the Boche can fully appreciate what it means, what it means to be at the mercy of a brutal bully, when you have no possible redress, no chance of even making your conditions known to the outside world, and you have only your own British spirit to carry you through.

If you can realise what this means, perhaps then you can appreciate what the ex-prisoner feels when he tells you that never again can he hold out his hand in friendship to a German.

CAPT. REV. A. GILLIES WILKEN.

(Late British Prisoner of War.)

MILITARY PRIZE WINNERS.

The successful winners during the Mid-summer Course ending August 10th, 1918, of the purely Military Prizes of the School were as follows:—

Individual Cup for Best All-round Cadet.—1st, Cadet Hereron, No. 5 Company; 2nd, Cadet G. W. Robinson, No. 1 Company; 3rd, Cadet Bond, No. 2 Company.

Company Cup (for General Efficiency).—No. 5 Company (Captain Holloway).

Platoon Cup (for General Efficiency).—1st, No. 1 Company (Platoon Commander, Cadet G. W. Robinson).

A STAFF COLLAPSE.

Staff Officer (with red band round his hat): "Why don't you salute? Weren't you taught to salute all officers?"

Private: "Beg pardon, sir; fact is I'm colour blind. I thought you were a Cadet. (Complete collapse of Staff Officer.)"

"E" COMPANY.

Motto: "We're going to see the whole show through."

You will have noticed that since our last publication we have changed our name from No. 5 Company to "E" Company. "E" stands for Excellence and Efficiency. Hence the change.

In the words of "our beloved," if marching is not walking, singing is not talking. Kindly define locomotion and articulation in detail from "the Halt to the Halt."

"It's cheaper in the long run," said a certain tired Cadet when he took the cross-country run around the corner on "Recreational" mornings.

Wanted, someone to surpass the immaculate perfection of "E" Company's "Gilbert the Filbert" with his "Go-get-em" clothes on.

Resolved, that one Cadet in Fifteen Platoon has supernatural powers in locating, without the aid of a microscope, dirt on rifle slings.

Great pep and enthusiasm was shown at the Bayonet Fighting Competition. "E" Company's bloodthirsty thirty won rather easily.

Napoleon said an army moves on its stomach.

I wonder what he would have said had he visited a certain hotel near Crowhurst at noon on Nov. 3rd, and seen "E" Company's Intelligence Staff at work. (Nobody felt like moving after it was over.)

To date "E" Company have had two written Examinations, 1st General, and Engineering. The results have been exceptionally good in both papers.

In the Company Drill Competition 16 Platoon again showed their superiority and carried off the honours.

Many compliments have been paid "E" Company on their singing on the march and at different gatherings in the Pavilion. Much praise is due to our able "Cheer Leader" for his wonderful efforts.

As a result of the recent issue of new bayonets a number of burnishers are for sale by different members of the Company.

* * *

The Company Dance has been unavoidably postponed owing to the "flu" epidemic. It is hoped, though, that we will be able to arrange to hold it some time before we leave.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"Young Lady" wishing to enter for the ladies' race at some sports, and seeing on the advertisements "Ladies' Race, Post Entry," sends a letter to the Sports Secretary by post and asks for her name to be entered for the race. She now writes to know if she acted rightly.

We would like to remind our fair correspondent that "post entry" means at "the starting post." We hope nevertheless that she entered for the race, and was perhaps successful in winning a prize.

"Ornithology." Yes, the sea-front in Bexhill is the best spot for the study of birds and their habits. Also there is no close season for the pursuit of same.

"Weary." No, Regimental Sergeant-Majors do make mistakes sometimes, but, like yourself, we've never heard one.

"Quick-step." The quick step was originally an invention of the Greeks for torturing prisoners. One imagines it must have been very successful.

"Native of Bexhill." NO. The white band does not mean the wearer is a Conscientious Objector. A glance at the left cuff of nearly all the tunics should have told you.

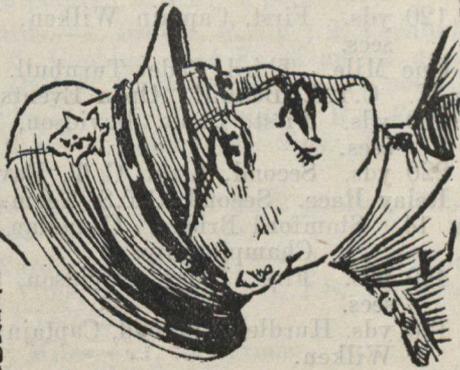
GOT 'EM, SIR!

Officer: "Take that gentleman's name."
 Cadet: "Got no name, sir."
 Officer: "Got no name? Are you crazy?"
 Cadet: "Sergeant-Major took my name three times already this morning, Sir."

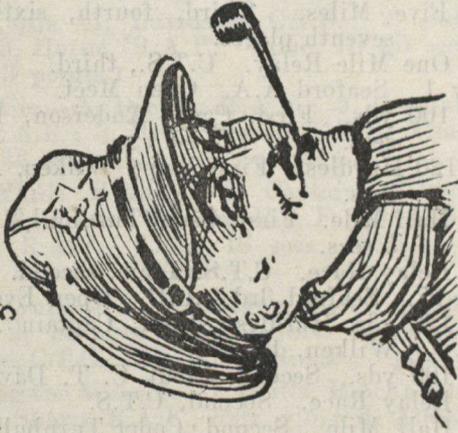
First Cadet: "I saw you sleeping at the lecture this morning."

Second Cadet: "Well, I haven't interviewed the Paymaster for so long that I can't even pay attention."

Piccadilly -



Crossing over -



Back to the Bn. -



Billets -



On patrol -



Leave.



THE EVOLUTION OF THE GOR' BLIME' HAT.

SPORTS AT THE C.T.S.

"SPORT," just one little word of five letters, and yet a great part of the development of manhood depends upon it. The percentage of non-participants in the Anglo-Saxon race, that is to say, those who take no interest whatever in any branch of sport, is comparatively small; for this trait is lying dormant in each one of us until developed by sport of some kind. True it can be developed by other methods, but it takes good sound British Sport to bring out properly much of that which is best in man.

It is little wonder then that in the training laid down by the powers that be in the C.T.S. so much time has been allowed for sport. Little can be carried on in the soldier's life without it, as it not only improves the soldier's physique, but has a great deal to do with the development and maintenance of that which is so essential in all fighting men—morale.

SCHOOL TRACK TEAM RESUME OF SUMMER'S WORK.

During this summer of 1918 the School was represented by a Track Team which made itself very well known along the Sussex coast and also in London at the Canadian Army Championships. The team was captained by the School "Padre" and trained by Major Marshall, to whom it owes very much of its success. His knowledge and experience in all track and field events was of the greatest possible assistance. A special debt of gratitude is due to the hard work and skill of Sergt. R. Garland, C.A.G.S., who acted as trainer.

The School was fortunate in possessing runners of more than average ability, which formed the nucleus of an excellent all-round team, three of whom were eventually chosen to represent Canada at the International Meet held at Stamford Bridge on Sept. 7th. The most successful runners were Cadet Anderson, who never failed to do less than 10 $\frac{4}{5}$ in the Hundred yards and also ran a very fast Quarter Mile; Lieut. Davidson, also always good for 10 $\frac{4}{5}$ in the Hundred and who could run a brilliant Quarter Mile; the School Chaplain, Capt. A. G. Wilken, in the 120 yards Hurdles; Cadet Turnbull in the Half Mile, and Sergt. Bell, Hundred yards and Quarter Mile, and Cadets Thorpe, Keffer and Walkeden in the Three Miles.

The following are the different open meets in which the School competed:—

May 20. At the R.A.F., Hastings. Three Open Events.

100 yds. All three places.

440 yds. All three places.

Three Miles. First and second places.

June 15. Seaford C.M.G.D. Meet. Open Events.

100 yds. Cadet Anderson, second.

440 yds. Cadet Anderson, first.

Five Miles. Third, fourth, sixth and seventh places.

One Mile Relay. C.T.S., third.

July 1. Seaford A.A. Open Meet.

100 yds. First, Cadet Anderson, 10 $\frac{3}{5}$ secs.

120 Hurdles. First, Capt. Wilken, 17 $\frac{1}{5}$ secs.

Half Mile. First, Cadet Turnbull, 2 mins. 5 secs.

Relay Race. C.T.S. Team, second.

July 27. Seaford 3rd C.C.D. Open Events.

120 yds. Hurdles. First, Captain A. G. Wilken, 17 secs.

100 yds. Second, Lieut. C. T. Davidson.

Relay Race. Second, C.T.S.

Half Mile. Second, Cadet Turnbull.

Aug. 5. Hastings R.A.F. Open Events.

100 yds. First, Lieut. Davidson; third, Sergt. Bell.

440 yds. First, Lieut. Davidson, 53 $\frac{4}{5}$ secs.

120 yds. First, Captain Wilken, 16 $\frac{4}{5}$ secs.

One Mile. Third, Cadet Turnbull.

Aug. 7. C.T.S., Bexhill. Open Events.

100 yds. First, Lieut. Davidson, 10 $\frac{4}{5}$ secs.

220 yds. Second, Lieut. C. T. Davidson.

Relay Race. Second, C.T.S. Team.

Aug. 14. Stamford Bridge. Canadian Army Championships.

440 yds. First, Lieut. Davidson, 51 $\frac{4}{5}$ secs.

120 yds. Hurdles. Second, Captain A. G. Wilken.

Half Mile. Third, Cadet Turnbull.

Grand total of prizes won by the C.T.S. team in all open events: Firsts, 13; Seconds, 12; Thirds, 5.—Total 30.

ATHLETIC CONTEST.

C.T.S. v. R.A.F.

An enjoyable Field and Track contest between the above units took place at Hastings on August 10th. The R.A.F. Cadet Brigade was victorious by two points after a very good afternoon's sport. Some very good times were made, and some of the races were very exciting, especially the Officers' Relay Race, which was won on the tape for the C.T.S. by the School Padre, who ran in the last relay, namely the half mile. Our thanks are due to our opponents for organising this pleasant contest.

Below are the results of the various races:—

100 Yards.—1, Davidson, C.T.S.; 2, Bell, C.T.S.; 3, Horne, R.A.F. Time, 10 $\frac{4}{5}$ secs. (C.T.S., 3 points.)

One Mile.—1, Dreyer, R.A.F.; 2, Constantinidi, R.A.F.; 3, Montambeault, C.T.S. Time, 4 mins. 42 secs. (R.A.F., 3 points.)

120 Yards Hurdles.—1, Captain Wilken, C.T.S.; 2, Lieut. Savage, R.A.F.; 3, Cadet Hollyer, R.A.F. Time, 16 secs. (C.T.S., 2 points; R.A.F., 1 point.)

Long Jump.—1, Gascoigne, R.A.F., 19ft. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.; 2, Savage, R.A.F., 18ft. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.; 3, Robinson, C.T.C., 18ft. 2ins. (R.A.F., 3 points.)

Putting the Weight.—1, Grills, R.A.F., 32ft. $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; 2, Sharp, R.A.F., 32ft. $\frac{1}{4}$ in.; 3, Young, C.T.S., 31ft. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins. (R.A.F., 3 points.)

Tug-of-War.—1, C.T.S. (C.T.S., 2 points.)

220 Yards.—1, Davidson, C.T.S.; 2, Vallett, R.A.F.; 3, Horne, R.A.F. Time, 23 $\frac{4}{5}$ secs. (C.T.S., 2 points; R.A.F., 1 point.)

880 Yards.—1, Dreyer, R.A.F.; 2, Turnbull, C.T.S.; 3, Copping, R.A.F. Time, 2 mins. 8 secs. (R.A.F., 2 points, C.T.S., 1 point.)

High Jump.—1, Gascoigne, R.A.F.; 2, Mount, R.A.F. Height, 5ft. 2ins. R.A.F., 3 points.)

Officers' Relay.—1, C.T.S., 2 points. Time, 4 mins. 53 secs.

440 Yards.—1, Bell, C.T.S.; 2, Vallett, R.A.F. Time, 53 $\frac{1}{5}$ secs. (C.T.S., 2 points; R.A.F., 1 point.)

Three Miles.—1, Alderman, R.A.F.; 2, Montambeault, C.T.S. Time, 16 mins. 29 $\frac{1}{5}$ secs. (R.A.F., 2 points; S.C.T., 1 point.)

Relay Race.—C.T.S., 2 points.

Result.—R.A.F., 19 points; C.T.S., 17 points.

SCHOOL CHAMPIONSHIP
SPORTS.

The School's Sports were held on Wednesday, August 7th, in Dorset Road Tennis Grounds. The event was very well advertised, thanks to the hard work and enthusiasm of Lieut. J. F. Perkins, who brought into practice many novel schemes to attract, which resulted in a huge crowd of nearly five thousand people, one of the features being a party of "Wild Men, Redskins," and gaily dressed clowns paraded the streets immediately before the sports under the leadership of R.S.M. Carpenter.

The arrangement of the grounds was carried out by Capt. Campbell and the Engineer Staff, and the excellent manner in which this was done drew praise from all. With the arena marked out with flags, tapes and white lines, and tents, and the gaily dressed crowd around Dorset Road, it certainly presented a wonderful spectacle in the sunlight.

The Executive Committee in charge of the Sports were Capt. the Rev. A. G. Wilken, Capt. J. Long, and Lieut. Dobson, who also acted as Clerks of the Course. Those in charge of the Entertainments were Capt. Dunn, Lieut. Harrison, and Lieut. Lyon. The Referees were Lieut.-Col. Cameron and Major J. Jeffery. Starter, Major Marshall; Timekeepers, Capt. Brock and Lieuts. Allen and Milburn; Judges, Major Rush, Major Kay, Major Patterson, Major Mills, Captains Campbell, Firmstone, Wedd, and Hewitt.

It would be fitting to make a special mention of the Canadian Midway organised by R.S.M. Carpenter, and composed chiefly of the Staff Sergeants, who worked very hard and successfully in a special enclosure, amusing huge crowds by their humorous antics.

The main events of the day were exceedingly well contested, and some very good racing was witnessed and good times accomplished. There were six open events, which drew competitors from many South Coast towns. Probably the most exciting race was the Open Relay One Mile, in which the M.G.D. beat the C.T.S. The Cup for the Champion Company was in doubt until the very last event, when "D" Company, by winning the Long Jump, beat "B" Company by 20 points to 19. Amongst the prizes were two challenge cups, the first presented by Lieut.-Colonel Cameron (won by the Staff Team) and the second the Company Challenge Cup, presented by Major C. M. Dewey.

The Results.

100 Yards, Cadets.—1st, Cadet Friendmacher, No. 4 Coy.; 2nd, Cadet McGlashan, No. 2 Coy.; 3rd, Cadet Birrell, No. 3 Coy. Time, 11 secs.

100 Yards, Open.—1st, Lieut. Davidson, C.T.S.; 2nd, Corpl. Kelly, C.M.G.D.; 3rd, Sergt. Rushton, C.M.G.D. Time, 10 $\frac{4}{5}$ secs.

220 Yards, Cadets.—1st, Cadet Robson, No. 1 Coy.; 2nd, Cadet Robinson, No. 3 Coy.; 3rd, Cadet Pirie, No. 4 Coy. Time, 26 secs.

220 Yards, Open.—1st, Sergt. Rushton, C.M.G.D.; 2nd, Lieut. Davidson, C.T.S.; 3rd, Corpl. Kelly, C.M.G.D. Time, 24 secs.

880 Yards, Cadets.—1st, Cadet Turnbull, No. 2 Coy.; 2nd, Cadet Knox, No. 2 Coy.; 3rd, Cadet Black, No. 1 Coy. Time, 2 mins. 17 $\frac{4}{5}$ secs.

Three Miles, Cadets.—1st, Cadet Montambeault, No. 3 Coy.; 2nd, Cadet Cobb, No. 5 Coy.; 3rd, Cadet Elvey, No. 2 Coy. Time, 17 mins. 35 secs.

Hurdles, Cadets.—1st, Cadet Dixon, No. 4 Coy.; 2nd, Cadet Shove, No. 4 Coy.; 3rd, Cadet Langhorn, No. 2 Coy. Time, 20 $\frac{1}{5}$ secs.

Ladies' Race, 75 Yards.—1st, Miss Cochrane; 2nd, Miss Dellow; 3rd, Miss Hutchinson.

Boys' Race.—1st, Whitley; 2nd, Pluck; 3rd, Grant.

Girls' Race.—1st, Nellie Kelly; 2nd, Sybil Weil.

High Jump, Cadets.—1st, Cadet Oldham, No. 4 Coy.; 2nd, Cadet Durrell, No. 4 Coy.; 3rd, Cadet Langhorn, No. 2 Coy. Height, 4ft. 8ins.

Relay Race, Closed, 1,100 Yards.—1st, Staff; 2nd, No. 3 Coy.; 3rd, No. 2 Coy. Time, 2 mins. 17 $\frac{3}{5}$ secs.

High Jump, Open.—1st, Cadet Hollier, R.A.F.; 2nd, Cadet Mount, R.A.F.; 3rd, Pte. Green. Height, 5ft. 3ins.

Officers' Race.—1st, Lieut. Burke; 2nd, Capt. Wedd; 3rd, Capt. Legge.

440 Yards, Open.—1st, Sergeant Lloyd, C.M.G.D.; 2nd, Pte. Heyland, C.M.G.D.; 3rd, Flowers. Time, 58 $\frac{2}{5}$ secs.

One Mile, Cadets.—1st, Cadet Turnbull, No. 2 Coy.; 2nd, Cadet Montambeault, No. 3 Coy.; 3rd, Cadet McLeod, No. 4 Coy. Time, 5 mins. 10 $\frac{2}{5}$ secs.

Lady and Gentleman Blindfolded.—1st, Miss Mantle and Cadet Finley; 2nd, Miss Denton and Pte. Whitehead.

Tug-of-War Final.—1st, No. 1 Coy.; 2nd, No. 6 Coy.

Mile, Open.—1st, Private Whitehead, 1st Reserve; 2nd, Private Jackson, C.M.G.D.; 3rd, Corpl. Keith, 11th Reserve. Time, 4 mins. 57 secs.

440 Yards, Cadets.—1st, Cadet McGlashan, No. 2 Coy.; 2nd, Cadet Black, No. 1 Coy.; 3rd, Cadet Dube, No. 3 Coy. Time, 1 min.

Band Race.—1st, Sergt. Ritchie; 2nd, Lce.-Corpl. Hine; 3rd, Drummer Foy.

Open Relay.—1st, C.M.G.D.; 2nd, C.T.S.; 3rd, R.A.F. No. 1 Wing. Time, 3 mins. 42 $\frac{2}{5}$ secs.

Broad Jump.—1st, Cadet McTaggart, No. 4 Coy.; 2nd, Cadet Rawlinson, No. 1 Coy.; 3rd, Cadet Robinson, No. 3 Coy. Distance, 18ft. 6ins.

Putting Shot.—1st, Cadet Bradford, No. 2 Coy. Distance, 30 ft.

Champion Company.—No. 4, 20 points; 2nd place, No. 2, 19 points.

AN EMPIRE MEETING.

School Representatives Run for Canada.

The nearest approach to an Olympic Games since the outbreak of war was the meeting at Stamford Bridge on Saturday, September 7th, when selected teams from the Army, Navy, R.A.F., America, Canada, Australia and New Zealand were in opposition. The School was honoured by two representatives being chosen, Lieut. C. T. Davidson and the School "Padre," Capt. A. G. Wilken.

The great crowd of 12,000 people gave a rousing reception to the representatives of the various parts of the Empire and the American Forces. They had come from fighting side by side against a common enemy to compete in friendly rivalry on field and track. The result of the meeting was a win for the Army with 27 points, Canada coming second with 15.

Lieut. Davidson in the Quarter Mile, after running well in his heat, was crowded out on the turns in the final event and failed to gain a place. This was won in the very fast time of 51 $\frac{1}{5}$ secs. In the 120 yards Hurdles the School "Padre" in his heat was drawn against the ultimate winner, and although pressing him hard to the finish, failed to gain a place in what was the fastest heat run. The time for this heat was 16 $\frac{2}{5}$ secs.

C.T.S. AT STAMFORD BRIDGE

Canadian Army Athletic Championships.

On Wednesday, August 14th, the C.T.S. sent a team to compete in the Canadian Army Athletic Championship at Stamford Bridge. The School competitors consisted of Capt. Rev. A. G. Wilken, Lieut. C. T. Davidson, Lieut. A. Turnbull, Lieut. A. Knox, Cadets Montambeault, Birrell, Robinson, and Sergt. C. C. Bell. There were seven areas competing, and Bexhill, with only such a few runners and such small numbers to choose from, did very well to come away with one first prize, one second, and one third. The successes were in the 440 yards (quarter-mile), in which Lieut. C. T. Davidson ran a magnificent race, and won in the very fast time of 51 $\frac{4}{5}$ secs., two seconds faster than the Canadian Army record. Davidson, who was crowded out at the turns in the track, entered the straight fourth, but running with wonderful pluck overhauled the leaders and won by a yard.

In the 120 yards Hurdles, Captain A. G. Wilken, the School Chaplain, after winning his heat in 17 $\frac{1}{5}$ secs., secured second place in the final, which was won in 16 $\frac{4}{5}$ secs. Lieut. A. Turnbull in the Half-mile made a great effort at the finish, only just failing to secure second place. The time for this race was 2 mins. 2 secs., the winner getting home by a few yards.

The School competed in other events, and although they did not secure prizes, yet their representatives ran well, Sergt. Bell winning his heat in the 440 yards in 54 secs., and Lieut. Davidson again running well in the 100 yards and 220 yards, and Cadet Montambeault in the three miles, in which he finished fifth.

SCHOOL BOXING.

On June the 26th last the Boxing Championships of the previous course were run off with excellent results, some very good talent being uncovered. In the Feather-weight class Park defeated Robinson, in one of the best fights ever seen in the South, which brought the crowd to its feet with applause at the finish.

In the Middle-weights, Durrell defeated Younie, Ramsay got the verdict over Langhorne, and Durrell beat Cadman, working Ramsay and Durrell into the finals, which Ramsay won.

Young and Bradford fought their way into

the finals by beating Cary and Jones respectively, which Bradford won.

Two bouts were only needed to decide the Light-weight competition, Seal beating Howard in the first bout, with Donohue sharing a bye. In the final Donohue got the best of Leal, whose hard fight in the semi-final told on him.

It was the Feather-weight scraps for the championship, as has been mentioned, that carried the crowd. In the first battle Elvey beat Wardrope, and in the second Park beat Robinson, in what was the best scrap of the evening's entertainment. Park won the final, by knocking Elvey out.

The Welter-weight bouts were run off with three good fights, Buckingham beat Bedford in the first, Laycock got the best of Moore in the second, and in the final Laycock defeated Buckingham, by forcing him to retire in the second round.

An exhibition bout between two kiddies, Horace and Jack, five and seven years old respectively, caused roars of laughter. Horace won the bout by knocking his elder brother out.

The events took place by the kind permission of Lieut.-Colonel Cameron, M.C., who was present with a number of other officers.

The officials for the evening were: Referee, Mr. Bonner, N.S.C.; Judges, Sir Charles Kirkpatrick and Captain Cowley; Timekeepers, Lieut. Davidson and R.S.M. Carpenter.

N.C.O.'S TOURNAMENT.

A special tournament was organised on June 29th for the N.C.O.'s of the Bexhill Area. The Pavilion was crowded with supporters from the C.T.S. and the C.T.W.S. There was a good evening's sport, and many exciting fights were witnessed. Preliminary rounds in all classes were fought the same evening, and below is appended the result of the finals:—

Feather-weights.—Sergt. Murtagh v. Sergt. Blanche. This was a very even but exciting fight, Murtagh eventually gaining the decision on points with good work with his left.

Light-weights.—Sergt. Yougson v. Sergt. Ingram. After an even start Yougson with fine straight left body blows caused Ingram to retire.

Welter-weights.—Sergt. Wilson v. Sergt. McIlvride. In the first round McIlvride led, but Wilson improving in the second round, knocked out his opponent with a fine half-arm blow in the third.

Middle-weights.—Sergt. Robinson v. Sergt.

Abraham. Sergt. Robinson won by a default, as Sergt. Abraham, who had won his preliminary bout by the finest fight of the evening, broke his finger and could not reappear.

Light-Heavies.—Lance-Corporal Adams v. Peirier. A terrific fight in the first round, with Peirier a little to the good. Adams, after several cautions for clinching and holding, was disqualified in the third for butting.

Heavy-weights.—C.S.M. Hall v. Sergt. Murtagh. After Murtagh had been knocked down several times in the first round the fight was stopped by the referee, the decision being given to Hall.

The officials were as follows:—Referee, Mr. E. Bonner, N.S.C.; Judges, Major Marshall and Lieut. Bickle; Timekeeper, Capt. Wilken; Announcer, R.S.M. Carpenter.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

The School Rugby Football Team has had a very successful season up to date, despite the fact that the English game is new to many of the players. Lieut. Harrison was elected Captain, and he had as a nucleus for a team several of last season's most prominent players. New players have come forward, and although they did not know the game at the start, by their keenness in turning out to practices have soon mastered the main principles, with the result that the School now possess a really good fifteen.

At full back Cadet McGarrity is a tower of strength, the three-quarter line is very fast, and good in both defence and attack, the most prominent being Captain Wedd, Lieuts. Bickle and Davidson. The halves up to date are Lieut. Harrison and Lieut. Ross. The scrum is heavy, works hard, and is now beginning to play a really good game. Amongst those who have played are the following: Lieuts. Burke, Watt, Dobson, Capt. Jerdan, the School "Padre," Lieut. Gayner, and Cadets Wilson, Rock, Thomson, Spera, Graham, and Schaefer.

To date the School has scored 67 points against 11, winning all five matches. The results are:—

Oct. 5th, v. R.A., Brighton, at Bexhill. School 18 points, R.A. 0.

Oct. 9th, v. C.T.W.S., at Bexhill. School 11 points, C.T.W.S. 0.

Oct. 16th, v. R.A., Brighton, at Brighton. School 15 points, R.A. 11 points.

Oct. 23rd, v. C.T.W.S., at Bexhill. School 9 points, C.T.W.S. 0.

Oct. 26th, v. O.C.D., at Eastbourne. School 14 points, O.C.D. 0.

C.T.S. SOCCER LEAGUE.

The School Soccer League was brought to a close with a most exciting finish on Nov. 6th, which gave "B" Company the much coveted position of first place, and the honour of winning the Soccer Cup, through tying with "F" Company, as the deciding game finished with both teams having scored one goal apiece.

Sport "dopesters" in the School certainly were kept busy during the latter part of the League, as for a time it looked as if the finish would be a three-cornered tie, with the Instructors, "B" and "F" Companies forming the triangle. However, "B" knocked the Instructors' hopes sky high through beating them on Nov. 2nd by a score of 2 to 0. This left the deciding game for the Championship to be played off by the other two. "B" had a two to one chance over "F," as the number of points both teams had were 9 and 8 respectively, which meant that to finish up "top of the heap" "F" had to beat "B," while the latter was quite safe in holding their opponents down to a tie, which they succeeded in doing.

It was a splendid game from start to finish, as both teams were very evenly matched, and as a result, it was of the "See-Saw" variety. "F" cut the ice early in the first half by working the ball down the field and scoring from the goal mouth. Pandemonium at once broke loose on the side lines as "No. 6" was out in force, and kept a steady stream of "rooting" going, for their team, all through the game. Not until well on in the second half did "B" manage to slip one past their opposing goalie, which tied the score. This gave the supporters of the "Red and Black" a chance to produce some noise, and both sets of "rooters" kept their teams up to concert pitch and going at top speed until the final whistle blew.

SOCCER MATCH.

Up to the time of going to press only one Soccer match has been played. This was due to the fact that the Inter-Company League has occupied the attention of Soccer players and has taken up all the Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. The one match played was against the Officers Command Depot, Eastbourne, on Wednesday, Oct. 23rd. The School was represented by a good team under the leadership of Capt. J. S. Wilson, "B" Company, and won a most enjoyable game by three to nothing.

BASEBALL.

Baseball proved just as attractive as ever to the Cadets, and although the season for playing was well advanced the games played were just as hotly contested as though it were mid-summer.

The School had a team representing the Bexhill Area in the Canadian Championship series played at Witley Camp on Sept. 3rd. While under somewhat of a handicap by having a fresh course just starting and all the players arriving fresh from France, they nevertheless put up a good fight, and made the fast Epsom aggregation extend themselves before being defeated by the score of 8—2. The lack of practice showed itself early in the game, and with more time to work out together the School team would have surely given a much better account of themselves.

The School League, with a team from each of the six Companies, was arranged as a knock-out series, as the weather was such that it could not be counted on to last in running off a longer schedule. The rain and wind hampered the players in their practising, but all the games were run off to scheduled time, and the large crowds that attended each fixture were well satisfied.

On Saturday, Sept. 14th, Numbers 3 and 4 Companies started the League away, and after a good exhibition No. 4 proved the winners by the score of 12 to 3.

The second game that day was between Companies No. 1 and 2, and was a real sensational game, both teams working their hardest for a win, and not till the last man was out in the final innings were either team sure of it. By hitting when they had men on bases No. 1 managed to pull off the victory by the odd run, the final score being 7—6.

The next series of games were played on Sept. 21st, with teams from Nos. 5-1 and Nos. 6-4 doing battle. The first game was between 5-1, and was one of the fastest played, and with the score tied up for the better part of the game No. 5 managed to put the odd run across in their half of the last innings, and No. 1 could not make it. No. 5 won by the close score of 7—6.

The second game of the afternoon was played between Nos. 4 and 6, and was a real good game from a spectator's viewpoint, as lots of heavy hitting was indulged in, the players running wild on the bases. After the smoke had cleared away the final innings was declared with No. 6 Company in the lead, having 17 runs to No. 4 Company's 13.

The final game for the League Championship was played on Oct. 2nd, with Nos. 5 and 6 Companies doing honours. While this game was hardly up to the standard as far as fielding goes, yet for a heavy hitting and base running contest it was a dandy. The game see-sawed back and forth, first one team in the lead and then the other till the seventh innings, when by hitting with men on bases No. 5 got a three run margin which the Six boys could not overcome.

CROSS COUNTRY.

The Inter-Company Cross-Country Race was brought off on Saturday, Nov. 9th. All the Companies had trained the teams carefully, and a very well-contested race was the result. The first man home was Cadet Bell, of "F" Company, Cadet Barnes, of "B," being second, and Cadet Dodsworth, of "F," third. Time, 31 minutes for the course of about 5½ miles. The winners of the race as a team, eight to count, were "A" Company, 118 points; "F" second, 157; and "B" third, 174.

TUG OF WAR.

The Tug-of-War final was pulled off on Wednesday, Nov. 13th. The two teams left were the old rivals in many events, "B" and "F" Companies. A great pull lasted seven minutes before "B" pulled over the last man of "F" Company and won the Cup.

BEXHILL TRUST.

On Wednesday, Sept. 18th, a small programme of Athletic Sports was organised in Egerton Park on behalf of the Mayor's Trust Fund. The organisation of these Sports was left to the C.T.S. at the request of the Civic Authorities, who granted the use of the Park and very kindly provided the prizes. From a financial standpoint the day was a great success, and the Fund benefited by over £100. The actual sports were very well contested, great rivalry being shown by the Companies. While space prevents a detailed account, one event in particular deserves special mention, namely, the High Jump, in which eight competitors cleared over 5ft. 2ins., the winner being Cadet Aitken, "B" Company, 5ft. 6ins.; Cadet Le Faux, "B" Company, 5ft. 5ins.; Lieut. Burke, 5ft. 4ins.; Lieut. Gayner, 5ft. 3ins.



School Sports as seen by the Late Lieut. Leese.

It was Wednesday, August 7th. That very fine and very modern institution, Bank Holiday, occurred unremarked two days before—a rainy day in a rainy week, burdened with its full share of the School's syllabus, but doomed even apart from these things to be dulled for once by the nearness of that bright Wednesday.

Kind, calm and slightly sultry, Wednesday broke into splendour promptly at two Pip Emma. At that hour the distinguished financiers operating at the gate of the Dorset Road grounds (near-Lieut. Sid Jones and almost-married S.-M. Jimmy Saunt) had almost disposed of the huge pile of three-penny bits thoughtfully laid in to encourage business at the Midway; and an hour later they were so sick of the sight of money that they let the crowd in free.

The band was doing splendidly inside the ring, and every now and then the pipers of the 11th Reserve strutted magnificently forth and inspired even Sassanach souls to the point of distinguishing vaguely between "tune"; and it is questionable if the N.C.O.'s impromptu (not used as a cuss-word) band at the Midway did not strike some people as best of the three—such people as Jones, who prefer the "square-face" or "forty-rod" blends when drinking music.

At four o'clock John Bull, of the Midway, had found "The Mysterious Mr. Raffles" and lost his whiskers. At six the four thousand or so who had remained to witness the distribution of prizes by Mrs. MacDonald were pleasantly surprised to find that they could add to a pre-war fifteenpennorth of fun the prospect of not being late for dinner.

"Perk," the genial arranger of everything, had seen to it that those who were in the meanwhile hungry enough to give up a place near the rails should be sufficiently refreshed. Three times the feeding accommodation would have met the occasion better; but "Perk" didn't know until that day what a whale of an advertiser he is when roused.

Let some other take up the tale of the Sports themselves. I couldn't see them fairly for my pride in Two Company—in Turnbull's splendid running, in Knox's mighty effort in the half-mile, in stout MacGlashan's pluck, in Langhorne's thews, in Tiny Docker wandering about forlorn for lack of an elephant to pull, in the Sergeant-Major's drilling of the Church Lads' Brigade, in our N.C.O.'s at the Midway. To the Companies that eclipsed Two on this and other days of high endeavour, the more credit. They did something, nearly every time.

LIEUT. LEESE.

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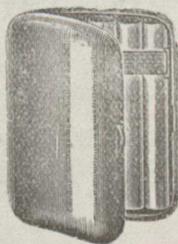
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