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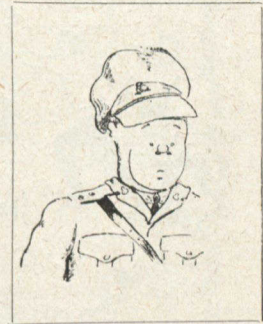
Canadian Training School

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Lieutenant-Colonel CRITCHLEY, D.S.O.

Editor: Lieut. J. J. TOMPKINS.

Art Editor: Lieut. E. LE MESSURIER.

Sports Editor: Cadet I. P. COCKE.



CHRISTMAS ISSUE.

DECEMBER, 1917.

PRICE: ONE SHILLING.

MERRY XMAS!

Brigadiers and Buck Privates of the Canadian Army; Britishers all; Bexhillians; Brave Poilu allies; Brother Soldiers of the U.S.A.! Accept the sincere greetings of the season from the Commandant and Staff of the C.T.S., for Good Luck, Happiness, Prosperity, Success, Health, and all the oft-voiced wishes of the season.

Tempered with the sorrow we feel for gallant comrades who have daily gone from us in the Great Adventure during the past year, we still have the great and comforting knowledge that the fights they fought, the parts they played, have added to the lustrous record which Canada has made in the war, and that it was primarily their efforts which made Canadian valour take such a large share of the credit for the most successful year of the war as far as the Western Front is concerned.

The C.T.S., because it is the institution that moulds the leaders for the Canadian Army, has a great deal to be proud of, too. In each V.C., D.S.O., M.C., or other merit decoration won at the Front, a reflected credit comes to the School, for it was at the C.T.S. where these officers have for the most part been trained, and since the inception of the School, its record has kept pace with the forward march of the Dominion troops at the Front, an unbroken achievement of success.

And with the good wishes of the Commandant and Staff of the C.T.S., the Editor and Staff of "Chevrans To Stars" join their humble felicitations; "Merry Christmas and Happy and Prosperous New Year to all Civilization, and more particularly our readers."

A HEALTH TO THOSE AT HOME. CHRISTMAS! 1917!

A Christmas of the Past, the Present, and—the Future. A Christmas full of Past Memories, full of Present Longings, full of Future Hopes. And all our memories are of you. Your many kindnesses, your faithful esteem, your many generous acts. We Drink to You!

And CHRISTMAS Present; a Christmas wherein we try to live again the many Christmases past; where we clothe the shade of the present greyer Christmas with the wonderful bright robes of the Christmases that are gone, and strive to reach our happiness in its light. And so—We Drink to You!

And CHRISTMAS FUTURE; dreams of happier, gayer times yet to come. Veiled by the dim curtains of the Future, the light shimmers gently through, giving promise of the glorious refulgence to be ours when the shadows lift. We turn toward it and with brimming cup We drink to You!

CHRISTMAS! 1917! A Christmas of the Past, the Present and the Future. A holly-garnished trinity in whose radiance

We Drink to You!

T. W.

POLITIC—BUT NO POLITICS.

K. R. and O. disapproves of any mixture of politics and Army ideas; and the dear old lady is very wise. But our School magazine is the periscope we hold up to our friends at home and overseas to see us as we really are—just now. Therefore it would be a poor mirror which did not reflect everything portrayed. And at the time of writing our greatest army ideas are intertwined with the Canadian election. Not that we of the C.T.S. (and "we" means staff, candidate officers, cadets, and all at the School) are doubtful of the issue in so far as our own say in the matter is concerned, but we wonder about the folks at home. The riots in Quebec make us swear (and the machine gunners wishful), but the work of the West makes us cheerful. The stand of the East makes the Easterners self-congratulatory—and the Westerners admit for once that the "effete" East is showing glimmerings of real sanity. And so, without at all mixing in politics or violating the secrecy of the ballot, we give "three rousing cheers" for the people at home who back us up, and hope that the percentage in favour of ———? (censored, no politics!) shows as great a majority as we showed at the C.T.S., which, according to mess and ante-room discussions, was about 99.5 per cent. in favour of ———? God bless 'em.



Ye Jerks' class playeth at snowballs

(providing ye gentle snow falleth)

Major Devey exerciseth ye reindeers

Ye R.S.M. takes ye squad in apple ducking

Ye P.T. Instructors bring in ye yule log.

Ye C.I. bringeth home ye Xmas turkey

Ye 2nd in Command chaseth ya puck on ye ice

(presupposing ye ice formeth)

Ye Q.M. provideth ye good cheer for ye troops

Ye Adjutant goeth for ye Xmas promenade

Ye merrie Commandant as Santa Claus giveth away ye welcome railway warrants for leave

Ye merrie engineers, Cpts. Campbell, McChaffey M.C. erect ye Xmas camoutlage

Ye ass't adj masqueradeth as Chu Chin Chow for ye troops

Ye Staff subalterns sing ye Xmas Carols

Ye Xmas magazine selleth full well

Ye subs rejoice

Ye rugby squad work off effects of ye Xmas cheer

AN ANXIOUS MOMENT IN GERMANY, DECEMBER, 1916.

By R. G. Barnes.

The camp lay in the midst of the Black Forest. Years ago, as a free man, I had fished in the neighbourhood and enjoyed my visit to the country. With its rocky hills covered with dark pine forests it brought back memories of British Columbia. But the highly cultivated valleys and the quaint old villages struck a different note. In former days I had often tramped through the woods only a few miles away, up the orderly little paths from the village in which I was staying and into the higher and wilder parts of the country. At intervals along the lower parts of these paths one would pass benches set in small clearings and by each bench would be a finger post pointing out through the clearing, each one marked "Schöne Aussicht" (Fine view).

This visit was a contrast. Now those wandering paths and well-stocked trout streams seemed very far away. This time my residence was an incomplete school-house, shared with some five hundred other prisoners of war. Our walks were limited by a double barbed wire fence, 10 feet high, and a chain of sentries both inside and outside the wire. In the snow of last December their bayonets looked particularly sharp and chilly. So we tramped round and round our school house, and looked out at the sleepy little village, a few hundred yards down the valley, and listened to the sound of the train which passed up and down twice a day. They were signs of a life that still existed outside. On Sundays the old village people used to stroll up and stare through the wire at these strange animals, these wild French and Russians who had actually come to fight against Germany. And now some British had arrived. There were only eleven British officers in this camp. They had been going to Switzerland, exchanged there for internment as they had been badly wounded. Something, however, had annoyed the Bosch Government, and at the last minute we had been sent back into Germany instead of Switzerland. Some of them had lived over two years in a barbed wire enclosure, and when release had almost arrived for them, we had all been sent to this camp under a strong guard. We found some 30 Russian and over 400 French prisoners already there. The French had been taken mainly at Verdun, and we have to thank them for a hearty welcome, which took away some of the bitterness of getting "strafed" at this moment.

The eleven of us were given one large room to ourselves. We each had a little iron cot, and a wooden stool. In the centre of the room stood two large tables, and one electric light hung over it. The room was on the corner of the building and had plenty of window space, with double windows. The first night we opened two or three windows wide, but it was not long before the guard arrived and shut the windows; argument was of no avail, windows were not allowed open at night. Apparently on seeing the windows the guard had jumped to the conclusion that an attempt at escape was imminent.

There was an "Appel" each morning at 9 o'clock and at 8 o'clock in the evening. An "Appel" was not a roll-call, but everyone fell in five deep and the Bosch officer came round and counted the total present. It was an expeditious method of satisfying themselves that no one had escaped. In addition to this the guard came round at midnight to see that every bunk or cot was occupied.

In the basement of the school was a large room which served as dining-room and sitting-room between meals. It was the only room which was not used as a bedroom. As we had unexpectedly come in for this "strafe," we none of us had any parcels. Parcels of food from home are an absolute necessity in any German camp or hospital. Life cannot be maintained without them. Fortunately for us in this camp the food was more plentiful and of better quality than of any of the camps in Northern Germany. The bread for one was eatable, and we had some 3 lbs. a week served out to us. Of meat we had hardly any, the ration amounting to about one-tenth of a pound for each man per week. This deficiency in meat the Germans tried to make up by giving us mussels about twice a week—boiled mussels and potatoes. Heaven knows where the mussels came from or how long they took to penetrate into that wayside spot in South Germany. Under the best of conditions they are not a food one would choose, and when old and boiled hard with potatoes did not form a palatable dish; however, it was that or nothing. Butter, tea and coffee, of course, the Bosch cannot provide, they hardly exist, at any rate for the civilian population, and certainly not for mere prisoners of war. The ordinary coffee is made from acorns, or a rather better brand from rye. Fortunately some tea was produced by someone, so we drank that and ate our bread ration dry for breakfast. For luncheon we had potatoes, cabbage and soup, vegetable soup, of course, and in the evening more potato and cabbage.

It was early in December that we arrived in this camp, and we still had hopes of reaching Switzerland before Christmas, but as time drifted towards that date we began to get anxious. Would it be New Year or should we be there till the end of the war? We had no idea why we were being "strafed" and the Germans vouchsafed no information. Meanwhile we tramped round and argued our hopes or fears endlessly.

Just a week before Christmas the Commandant of the Camp sent for the senior Russian officer, an old Colonel of about 70, the senior French officer, another Colonel some 60 years of age, and myself as interpreter for the English. In this venerable company I went down to the Commandant's office. He was a picturesque old man with his white beard and weather-beaten face, the local land-lord pressed into the service. After an exchange of salutes he addressed us:—

"Gentlemen, I quite understand that Christmas here cannot be very nice for you, but I would like to do anything I can for you. I hope that by next year you will all be at home once more, but as you are obliged to be here for this Christmas will you please tell me what I can do to make it pleasant? Now, gentlemen, we have some very nice trees here, so you can, if you wish, have a Christmas tree. (To

the Russian Colonel) Do you think that the Russians would like to have a Christmas tree?"

Russian Colonel: "No, sir."

(To the French Colonel) "Do you think that the French would enjoy a Christmas tree?"

French Colonel (unable to hide his indignation): "No, sir!"

Commandant (to myself): "I must apologise to you and to the other English officers here. I know the English customs at Christmas very well, but unfortunately mistletoe does not grow in the Black Forest, so I cannot offer you any mistletoe, but don't you think the English would like a Christmas tree?"

Myself: "Thank you, sir; I have not asked the other British, but I do not think they will want a Christmas tree."

The Commandant then asked if there was anything that we would like. The French Colonel asked if we could get some trout. No, they were out of season. I enquired if we could buy a goose. The Commandant almost got angry, a goose was impossible—I suspect he could not get one for himself. Finally he said he would try to get us some fresh sea fish; this was our prospect of a Christmas dinner.

When I reported this conversation to the other British the news was received very coldly. It seemed to be the death-knell to our hopes of Switzerland by Christmas. There never were eleven more depressed men than we were that afternoon. At about 4 o'clock I had to go to the Secretary's office about some small thing, and while I was there a telegram was handed in. He turned to me and said, "You English go to Switzerland to-morrow." Never was any message so welcome! After all we would get a Christmas dinner; the barbed wire would not be our only prospect. Next day we left, and arrived in Switzerland with three days to spare.

HALIFAX.

In the whirling of a storm a peaceful ship and a warful ship collided—and Hell struck Halifax. And while Humanity on the Atlantic seaboard of the Western World rushed to her aid—a civilized world gazed mutely over the seas and wondered.

The past three years life has been a great jigsaw puzzle, and while the nations struggle desperately to piece together the problem Mars callously thumps on the sections and the mass crumbles again and again. Here and there in sheer wantonly his iron fist comes down like the blow of a drunken man—without aim, without direction, and an innocent community is stricken.

Then the eternal "Why?" blazes forth. Why? the Belgian horror! Why? the Lusitania! Why? the Zeppelined mothers and babes of England! Why?—the Hell at Halifax!

The question stands; and the answer—none. The world can only say: "God Help Halifax."

INSPECTION BY ALLIED OFFICERS.

Two distinguished French officers, Captains Mercier and Aumeran, of the 2nd and 3rd Zouave Regiments respectively, paid a visit to the C.T.S. on November 14th, their inspection here being made at the request of the G.H.Q. Canadians, London, following a recommendation from the War Office.

After witnessing the morning Ceremonial Parade, the visiting Captains were shown the various phases of training in the C.T.S., and later inspected the Trench Warfare School, where a special "show" was put on for their benefit.

Throughout their tour of inspection, the visiting officers expressed the greatest admiration for the keenness and energy of the candidates attending the various courses, and they were also very much impressed with the thoroughness with which the training is carried on throughout the School.

In the evening Captains Mercier and Aumeran were entertained at dinner by Lieut.-Colonel A. C. Critchley, D.S.O., Commandant of the School, and his staff, at the Albany Hotel. Speaking in their finest French, the Commandant and Captain Gibson welcomed the visitors, and called to mind the various occasions when Canadians had been honoured by fighting side by side with the gallant French. After responding to the toast of "France," both visiting officers expressed their delight with the hospitality afforded them at the hands of the Canadian Training School.

The following articles are translated excerpts from articles which recently appeared in leading French newspapers. They were written on the return to France of a party of French journalists who recently visited the C.T.S. They appear very favourably impressed with the manner in which the C.T.S. is carrying on.

The articles were kindly translated for "Chevrons To Stars" by the Rev. I. G. Quinlan, to whom our thanks are due.

CANADA'S EFFORT.

[From the "Petit Marseillais."]

Nov. 2nd, 1917.

Des chevrons aux étoiles. A peculiarly French title, you will say. Well, it isn't. It's translated from English. We have borrowed it from the magazine of the "Canadian Training School," established at Bexhill on the English coast, the Saint Cyr or Woolwich of the Canadians. It is more, it is a Saint Cyr at high pressure; of intensive studies compressed into a method of astonishingly rapid results.

The scientific spirit and an acute sense of realities combine in this method under pressure a compelling necessity. We have welcomed in a previous article the powerful armies which Canada's national effort has brought forth for the Allies. But to make these forces formidable in number and value of effectives, in the quantity and quality of material, it has been necessary, it is more necessary every day, to multiply the commands and to enlarge the staffs.

Rapid promotion was the more urgent through the

big number of regular officers perishing in the battles, those especially of Vimy, Lens, and more recently Ypres-Roulers, which typify Canadian intrepidity and heroism. As we shouted in the past for more guns and more munitions, the Canadian armies' cry has been for more cadets, more officers. Thus these schools sprang into being, producing their most admirable model at Bexhill.

It is here in the Canadian Training School that the new-comers from Canada enter. They are engineers, university men, lawyers and business men who acquire a military rank by their intellectual culture or their patriotic zeal. To this school come also in increasing numbers the N.C.O.'s from France and Belgium, distinguished and covered with glory, the pick of the best on the Canadian front.

The soldier who comes soon leaves with his stars to return to the fighting, destined to the glory of sacrifice or promotion to the higher grades. Hence the proud motto, reminiscent of Napoleon's, which put the marshal's baton into every pouch—"Chevrans To Stars." This motto, based on a modern version of Cæsar's *Veni, vidi, vici*, has been put into a cartoon in the Canadian Training School where the studies need no spur. The picture shows a Canadian Tommy entering the school with his gun on his shoulder. "Came!" says he. Next one sees the same soldier, wearing the Cadet's band in his cap—"Tried!" In the third figure he is a smart officer, and he says "Succeeded!" "I came, I tried, I succeeded"—and this all in a few weeks! This speed is extraordinary, the method employed is not less so, being based on the equally strong determination of Cadets and instructors and on the will-power of a chief, a hero of 27 years—Lieut.-Colonel Critchley.

One of the C.G.H.Q.2 automobiles put at the disposal of us journalists with our staff escort was delayed on the road from London to Bexhill. Should we wait for it? A Canadian, of superb movement and youthful ardour, glowing with restless activity and handsome of face, a bundle of sinew, shook hands with no like a laughing athlete, and, becoming suddenly grave, said one word: "Time! It's time!" So much the worse for the late ones. Off we go full tilt towards the manœuvring ground, where companies of Cadets have a review as a preliminary to the operations ordered for the day. And a magnificent parade it is of those lithe, vigorous lads moving like one man, marching with a perfect swing. A thrilling pageant marching to the "Marseillaise," these "braves" have learned their soldier's trade in the trenches.

Colonel Critchley himself has earned his promotions in the fighting line, and recalled, he left the front in order to form many other Critchleys at Bexhill. Master of his method, he relies less on the stereotyped methods of schools than on the school of immediate war, so a little theory and very little textbook come in. He has to do, moreover, with specialised and cultivated men. Series of discussions follow the public lectures, and there is the lantern screen for all practical demonstrations, movements of men in massed or open formation, use of cover, preparation of attack, allotment of line and order of advance. Then the cinema! All that an officer should know or teach passes before him in animated pictures, projections of plans and map-reading. Only one officer explains and comments for the rest on

what all must in turn analyse and discuss on the ground itself. So much less time lost! As for the soundness of the instruction, it is tested by consecutive manœuvres in which the mortars are no longer dummies and the grenades no harmless projectiles.

Passing from the Training School to the Trench Warfare School, we were able to watch an operation directed by an ex-ranker, Major L. K. Patton. "We shall use shrapnel" (indicated at point C., the scheme which had been shown us). They used much more. On the beach covered with breastworks, lined with trenches, bristling with barbed wire, began at the grim moment a hurricane of fire. Heavy artillery put up a barrage which ploughed up the earth. Then trench guns came into line, next sections of bombers and from bombardment to final assault, rushing to the objective in open order, we had in very truth a picture of the coup de main of which, as a French officer testifies, the Canadians are past masters among the most expert.

At the precise moment of the given time, the Cadets consolidated the conquered position. The action of these men and the intense energy of camp life at Bexhill speak eloquently for the specially picked officers who are prepared at the Canadian Training School for the great armies of the Dominion. In conclusion, let our readers realise that since last March the School has sent out more than 2,500 officers—more than 2,500 fearless leaders who, having left their chevrons, have set forth bent on marching to the stars.

CANADA'S EFFORT.

(Translated from an article in "L'Excelsior"
by V. Forbin.)

Oct. 26, 1917.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

July, 1914, no army; August, 1914, 40,000 soldiers; Campaign of 1916, 300,000 fighting men! If we complete these figures by adding its present effectives, we have in a few words the history of the Canadian Army. They show at least the bewildering rapidity of formation of that army which was so soon to earn immortality before Poelcapelle and St. Julien by barring the road to Ypres against the German hordes throughout that magic day, April 22, 1915, when the devilish invention of poisoned gas made its first appearance.

Invited, as representative of the "Excelsior," to visit the instruction camps of this young and valiant army in England, I regret that the demands of the present day do not allow me the space such a subject deserves. I must therefore content myself with a general survey.

Compulsory military training in Canada came into force only this week. That is to say, the Canadian Army has hitherto been composed of volunteers. Except for some regular officers trained before the war, all the other officers of the Canadian Army followed civil professions in August, 1914.

It is indeed small surprise for a Frenchman to learn that a certain General, who has covered himself with glory on the plains of Flanders, managed a bank or worked mines or forests on the eve of the declaration of war! All trades, all classes, all races

appear in these valiant men. A colonel, who was a brilliant barrister, counts among his officers an architect of French race, a musical composer who is an American subject, and a solicitor descended from the laird of a Scottish clan.

Walking among the huts and questioning the soldiers, I discovered a young woodsman born in Ardichi, a naturalised Japanese, a Chinese, and even some pure-blooded Red Indians of the tribe of Algonquins, which was once our faithful ally. All these volunteers leave Canada only after having undergone a first course of training. Once knocked into shape, they come to complete their military instruction in the immense camps with which England is covered. The work here is intensely methodical. From morn till night, under the eye of officers and N.C.O.'s who have gained their knowledge of modern warfare on the field of battle, the soldiers learn trench-digging, grenade-throwing and machine-gun drill.

In the front rank of military establishments I have had the luck to visit, I must put the Canadian Training School of Bexhill, where they train the officers and N.C.O. instructors of the Canadian Army. This school is directed by one of the youngest colonels in the world—he is only 27 years of age! Yet Cornelle's brilliant epigram is admirably true of this young commander, who has already won a reputation in France, and all forces are rapidly adopting his methods of instruction.

Colonel A. C. Critchley—a name surely fated to become famous—has introduced new scientific methods into military teaching. We will refer in particular to the use he makes of the cinematograph. By the film the pupils learn how to salute a superior or an inferior; by the film he grows familiar with the reading of geographical charts and the different fighting formations. The method has yielded marvellous results, notably by shortening the period of instruction.

On the vast space surrounding the school of Bexhill—close to the famous battlefield of Hastings where the Norman-French crushed Harold and his Saxons—Colonel Critchley has partially reconstructed another battlefield hardly less famous, that of Vimy Ridge, the scene of a recent exploit of the Canadian Army. Here is where his men learn the art of trench-warfare with its grenade-throwing, barrage, gas attacks, machine-gun salvos, and bayonet charging.

The School publishes a review, amply illustrated with sketches and photographs, which does the greatest credit to its lieutenant editor. And we may here point out the important part played by the press in the working of the Canadian military machine. This young army has several publications very well printed and edited, one of them being a daily paper. It runs to eight pages, and is distributed free among the expeditionary forces. It publishes Canadian news almost exclusively.

As the youth of Canada are keenly interested in sports, the "Canadian Daily Record" publishes each day through its Toronto correspondent a long cablegram on the results of the baseball matches throughout Canada—baseball being the national game. In a very modern way, this official journal defrays part of its expenses by throwing open its columns to advertisements.

We gathered from our day's experience a deep im-

pression of order, of precision, and of true well-being in the military atmosphere of Bexhill.

By filling the breach made in our lines by the German gas, the Canadians decided the issue of the second battle of the Yser. By conquering Vimy Ridge, they staggered the German military machine. The Allies, humanity itself and civilization will soon be still more deeply in their debt.



CADET JOHN WILLIAMS.
CUP WINNER.

The Cadet Cup, highest of C.T.S. honours, was taken after one of the School's hardest competitions by Cadet John Williams, of the 10th Battalion C.E.F.

Cadet Williams enlisted originally in the 50th Battalion C.E.F. at Calgary—being anxious for duty in France, he transferred to the 10th Battalion soon after arriving in England, though at a later date his original Battalion proceeded to France. While in France Cadet Williams held every non-commissioned rank, and when appointed to the Cadet School was C.S.M. of his Company. While at the C.T.S. he was in No. 4 Company, and his record there is one of which the Company as a whole is particularly proud.

Lieut. Williams is at present attached to the 9th Canadian Reserve Battalion.

The Staff and Cadet Corps join in heartiest congratulations to him on the award.

Colonel, eating Christmas pudding (wrathfully): "What on earth is this collar button doing in the plum pudding, orderly?"

Orderly (quaveringly): "Well, you see, sir, we couldn't find a pudding cloth to cook the duff in, sir, so the cook had to use his shirt. He must have left the stud in it, sir."

SOME AMERICAN MILITARY CUSTOMS.

The appearance in English streets of other khaki-clad men than those in the familiar togs of Mr. Tommie Atkins has lent an added interest to American soldiers and soldiering. So just now some information regarding them and their customs are of interest, particularly to us who are soon to meet them in the field.

The American Army at present is composed of Regulars, National Guard, who correspond to the Canadian militia, and the newly drafted men. Those now in France and England now belong to the first two classes.

Their officers usually have been trained and educated at West Point, the Yankee Sandhurst, while the enlisted man is of a type very like our own rank and file.

Ranks, both among officers and non-coms., are practically the same as in the British Army. Among officers, ranks are distinguished by markings on the shoulder straps, and lately the British Sam Browne is universally adopted. In addition, every officer wears a gold hat cord on his sombrero.

The shoulder straps of a second lieutenant are bare, while a first lieutenant carries one silver bar set vertically on the straps. These two are platoon officers. A captain, usually a company O.C., has two silver bars, while a major commanding a battalion wears a silver oak leaf.

Colonels, regimental C.O.'s wear golden oak leaves, and the second in command of a regiment, in most cases, a lieutenant-colonel, has a silver leaf and one bar.

Generals wear golden spread eagles or with bars added, as rank may be. There is no such rank as Field Marshal or full General in the Allied Service. General Pershing, commanding the Expeditionary Force, is a Major-General. Staff officers are set apart by bands of black on the cuff, and usually wear swords.

The branch of the service from which a non-com. or enlisted man hails from may be told at a glance from the colour of his hat cord. The infantry, familiarly called "Dough Boys," wear light blue, the cavalry wear yellow, the artillery red, engineers purple, while the "Poor Croakers," as the Hospital Corps are known, have to be content with plain white. The Marine Corps have one peculiar distinction of which they are very proud, its non-coms. may wear vivid red stripes.

The ranking of non-coms. is just as ours save that there are no lance-corporals or company quartermaster-sergeants. Lance rank is not recognized, and each sergeant takes quartermaster duties just as orderly. The stripes worn are smaller than ours, and are worn points upwards, as among the French. The "Top Cutter," as the soldier calls his first sergeant (company sergeant-major), is marked by a small diamond in addition to his three stripes.

Discipline is at all times very strict. No wet canteens or wine messes are allowed.

Each company is composed of two platoons of sixty men, four corporals, and two sergeants. Each platoon is subdivided into eight squads, each under a corporal. These form fire and drill units.

A battalion is composed of three companies and has its own headquarters staff. Two battalions, a company of machine gunners, a band and headquarters staff make up a regiment.

Machine gun companies are equipped with both Lewis and Maxim guns. The regiment and the company as usual units are compared to our battalions and platoons.

Drill movements very similar to our own are carried out, though in a different way. Infantrymen are numbered off 1-2-3-4—1-2-3-4, etc., throughout. To move from line into column the command is, "Squads Right" or "Left." The right hand man, the corporal of each squad, does a "right face," or as we have it, right turn, and the balance of his squad march on him just as we do when "Right form" is given. From this formation "Forward March" is given.

The ranking sergeant marches in the rear of his platoon, while the second sergeant is right guide of No. 1 platoon and the second sergeant of No. 2 is left guide.

Rifle drill differs from ours in that most movements are given from the "port," though any one movement may be given from any other, for instance, the "present" from the "order."

The American soldier carries his rifle on his right shoulder, not flat, but with the trigger guard pressed well into the hollow of his shoulders.

The American salute must be anathema to us at the Canadian Training School. They salute at all times palms towards the ground and tip of forefinger in front of the right eye. All ranks salute only with the right hand.

Customs of dress are quite different. The American officer until quite recently wore no belt save with sword, and canes are not carried. Officers may carry swaggers, but the custom is not general. Recently, however, the Sam Browne belt has been the order for officers at all times.

Swords are worn with greater frequency by American officers, than British, both when on and off duty. Any officer of the day, or guard, or a "post fatigue" officer, at all times wears his sword, and it is very seldom that any officer appears on parade without sword. It is habitually worn on ceremonial parades.

The American enlisted man wears no belt, when walking out, and carries no stick.

The spread eagle coat-of-arms is a universal cap badge through the service, but collar badges vary according to the branch of the service.

Infantrymen wear crossed rifles and the letters U.S.R. or G., according to whether regular or guardsman. Cavalrymen have crossed sabres, artillerymen crossed cannon, engineers a castle, and hospitaliers the familiar wand of Mercury.

The American soldier has an intense admiration for Canadians and the Corps as fellow North Americans, and soon may the Canadian have a wholesome respect for Brother Johnathan as a good fighter in the Allied cause.

AN AFTER DINNER DREAM.

The Cadet arose from the banquet, weary of wine and song;
His head was somewhat "muzzy," and his legs not going strong.
In his room he threw his glad rags in a most untidy heap,
Rolled down his bed and sank on it in a deep and troubled sleep.

In his dream he passed from this earthland to those grim depths far below,
Where for the greater discipline the shades of soldiers go;
And he saw with a strange emotion, commingling of joy and fear,
The sequel of some soldiering he'd seen at the School right here.

A certain sergeant-major was drilling a squad of recruits,
And oh! he looked like a soldier, from his cap to his shining boots
He was teaching them how to slow march, and rock step and turn about,
But despite his utmost efforts, his feet were always out.

For unseen wires checked them, each held by an impish hand,
And pulled from here and pulled from there till he could scarcely stand.
Yet must he keep on trying all through each scorching day,
While the rookies laughed in unholy glee at his legs' fantastic way.

And there, too, was the sergeant, who had always shouted "Still!"
Striving to stand at Attention, but moving against his will;
For friends that none but he could see rushed him with swords of flame,
Till he flinched and shuffled in the ranks and gnashed his teeth in shame.

From a crowded, noisy corner came a horrid, hopeless groan,
Where a squad of bayonet fighters encircled a figure prone.
Its bloody sweats had once been white, its tattered trousers blue,
And each man rushed it in his turn, and pointed through and through.

He didn't ask them for more prep, he didn't beg for noise,
But they delivered much of both, these one-time Bexhill boys;
Making each movement with a cross between a grunt and shout,
The point, foot on, hand up, withdraw. They took it turn about.

The Cadet then wandered to a space where stood a strange parade,
Made up of senior officers in scarlet and gold braid.

Their ranks were opened and they stood like images of stone,
There was no speck nor sign of stain, from head to foot they shone.

Yet the grim inspector paused at each as he passed down the line,
And his eyes found those little flaws for other eyes too fine;
His burning glance bored through each breast to the bared soul of each,
While the bloody sweat stood on their brows; yet none dared venture speech.

An imp who stood beside the gate said "This they do each day;
These once were famous Generals, and when they dwelt in clay,
Inspected the boys at Bexhill School. Have you heard of it up there?
There's a lift here. If you wish it, sir, you may get a moment's air."

Up above was peace and rapture (the soldiers there seemed few),
But among the happy multitude the Cadet soon spotted two
With a silver cup between them, fresh filled from Olympia's vat;
In the shade of a street palm tree Williams and Army sat.

The visitor thought of his wasted hours, and sighed "It might have been,"
But the lift was going down again and he was ushered in.
At a gate marked "Entrance from the earth" it stopped when half-way down,
A lonely spirit entered, wearing major's crown.

"Up or down?" said the imp in charge. The major attempted speech,
But before he could get a sound out, the imp asked, "Why is the breach?
Who is a pull-through? How are the lands? Where are the sights in town?
Tell me, was Knox most sear or bore?" pressed the lever and murmured "Down."

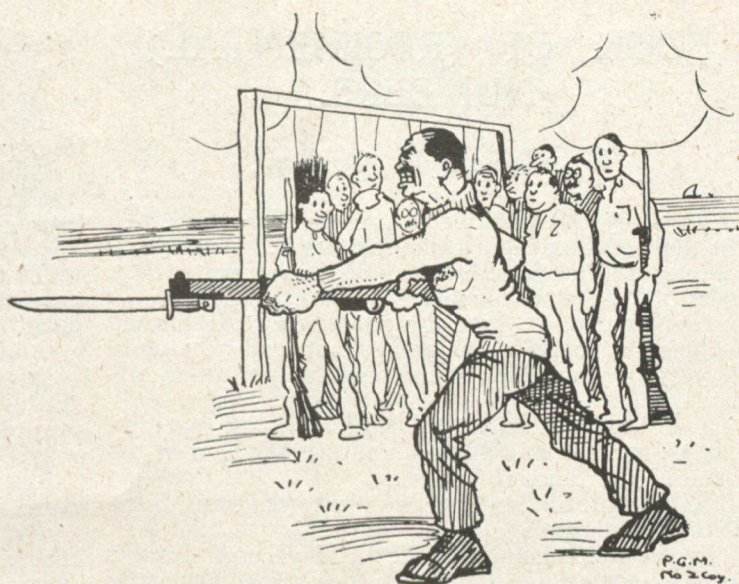
Down below the bugler was blowing a mighty rally,
His room-mate poked the Cadet in the ribs and shouted "Roll out. It's reveille.
"Roll out. It's reveille.
There's no P.T. this morning, to-morrow we go on leave;
Thank God we're through this blinin' course and have seven full days' reprieve."

CADET TURPLE.

CARESSING THE BAR.

A wet canteen and a flowing bowl,
And comrades merry and free,
What care we if the oceans roll,
We ain't going out to sea?

W.



THE SPIRIT OF THE BAYONET.

AT THE C.T.S. BEXHILL.

CADET H. A. SECORD.

They told us such an awful tale
Of fierce Instructors' withering glance,
Of "As you were" in angry wail:
We didn't think we had a chance.

We hoped the course would be quite short;
A call for drafts come very soon;
We wouldn't like this kind of sport;
Trench life again would be a boon.

We reached Bexhill in course of time,
Our billets proved to be quite good;
We thought our mess was really fine,
With lots of appetizing food.

The Instructors each a darn good scout;
The Officers too are all "tres bon";
The course can last till it wears out;
We'll stick it? Sure. And carry on.

When on parade we'll do our best;
Pay attention, look alive;
With chin drawn in, expanded chest,
Keep up the "rep" of Number 5.

And afterwards, when back in France,
Our trenches in an awful mess;
We'll wish we had another chance
To take a course at C.T.S.

Squaddddd-Sher-HUN FerbaynitfightinMOVE!
Aw-'ell! Wotcher think this is; musical chairs?
Do it again. Do it AGAIN!

AROUNMEDUBBLE! Aw, don't hurry, sir,
don't hurry; we're sendin' you a bawthchair. Now
look here, gentlemen, this won't do, you know!
Mmmmm bzzzz, mmxxxxmbzzzz. ToYourPlacesDUB-
BLE!! Will the officer on the extreme right send
us a postcard when he arrives? Ah-h-h! that better.
Steady! Stand STEADY. Don't breathe, Mr.
Jossobosh, you're wiggling your Rifle. REST!!

HONGUARDDD! Azhuwur HONGUARDDD!!
At the man on his stummickPOINTTTT!!

AZHUWUR! Mr. Bingletoot, that will NEVER
do. The man you're trying to stick is supposed to
be a Blxmpqrx"!&xpqz---xx Fritz; a BlinKIN
GERMAN! An' here yer playin' "Do yer like
butter" with the baynit under his chin. Stick 'im,
man, STICKKIM!

SQUADDDDDONGUARDDD!!! AZHUWUR!!
HONGUARDDD!!

AtthemanonhisstummickPOINTTTT!!! Oh! 'ell
Mr. Bobblesquash, DID anyone ever tell yer there
was a war Hon!! Then fer Gawd's sake, look MAD
at 'im; he ain't yer Sunday School teacher!!! He's
a Xqpvwzrtunxuk---bzurrumppp' Fritz! a bleedn-
UNnn!!

AZHUWURRR!! HONGUARDDD!! Attheman-
onhisstummickPPPOINTTTT!!! UrggghWUFF!!
Thass better. Pussum PEP into it. HINNNN---
HOUTTT---HONGUARDDDDD!!!

Genlmen, hit makes me heart bleed ter say it, but
Hiff yer goin' to stick Fritziez like that; then,
THEN, OH HEVVINGS, TherHEN let the Peace
Preposles come. After ticklin' a HUN like that;
yer might as well Kissim, and chortle "Hon with
the Dawnce, let Joy be HUNREFINED!!" AZHU-
WUR!! AROUNMEDUBBLE. Blmpppqzrtuvzzzb-
rrmmmmzzz. Aw! 'ell Sergeant-Major, lemme
go 'ome, I'm sick. There's a Hofficer over there
actually did it right. Hi—Hi feel faint. HEY!
wotcher mean carryin' yer rifle like that? Yer stuck
'im in the Assiniboine Park. Tha'll do for to-day,
Genelmen. QUADDSHer-HUNN! T. W.

BOOK OF (REGIMENTAL) NUMBERS.

By Captain L. O. Day.

And many things came to pass in those days. To the Hill of Bex there came officers . . . yea! there came officers with belts. With new belts, even belts of "Browne," such as are called "Sam."

Then said we, "Who are ye? And wherefore do ye dress in tunics of bright colour, and wherefore do ye gird yourselves in this manner with new raiment?"

And they answered and said, "Verily we were Cadets, but now are Officers, and mighty men in the Band of the Sons of Canada.

To the Hill of Bex have we come, yea even to the Hill of cold winds.

In the ninth month of the third year of the war have we come to be taught by thee and to learn thy cunning.

Of a truth we have striven mightily with the Bosche (who is also called "Hun," and peradventure by the more reckless among us d—d swine) and we have overcome him.

Many M.C.'s have we.

And D.C.M.'s not a few. . . .

M.M.'s are common amongst us.

And two V.C.'s.

Nevertheless we have come to the Hill of the Bex even to the Bex where bloweth the cold wind to learn of thee."

Then spake the Commandant and said, "Cadets ye were, Officers ye are. Go ye behave as Officers and all shall be well with you. But if ye forget my commandments, and the words I spake unto you as Cadets, the discipline I instilled into you and all the teachings ye got from me, then shall thy days be short in the land of the Hill of Bex. Thy comrades shall know thee no more and to Canada shalt thou go, even unto Canada to train conscripts. Thy glory shall depart from thee."

And they heard the words of the Commandant and did pay heed. And now they are gone . . . To fight the Hun are they gone and many have perished.

Cadets come . . . and go.

As Officers do they go bravely and do good work but . . . many fall.

And they, who are called Instructors, are sad; for they have soft hearts (though at times it appeareth not so) and they mourn grievously for those who, having striven cheerfully have since fallen. Thus and thus betides it in war.

And for a time the land was empty of the Bands of the Sons of Canada, and men said, the one to the other, "Where are they, and wherefore have they fled?"

But the Staff, yea the Commandant and the C.I., the O. i/c Administration and all who were with them rejoiced.

With golf clubs did they rejoice and with guns.

But the pheasants rejoiced not and the grouse were sad at heart, the rabbits also in their burrows and the pigeons did pray on high, "Let these things

cease we pray thee, let there be more Cadets in the land of Bex so we be plagued not so grievously."

And thus and thus was it. . . .

For on the tenth day of the fourth month of the fourth year of the war they came.

Officers of their kind and Cadets of their kind. To the hill of Bex came they to gain instruction, to hear words of wisdom from the Commandant and to do his will.

To do P.T. also and to arise early to abase themselves "on the hands down" and "with the knee bent."

And they sweated and were stiff. . . .

Nevertheless after the torture which is called they did drink whiskey and were glad, saying, "Flabby we were, fit we are, and it's better than France anyway."

Deep dugouts dug they and trenches. Sandbags were anathema to them. . . .

But they prospered and marched. One—Two—Three—Four—did they march and halted. One—Two. Right well did they do it and were haughty with pride, each for his Company, yea each for his Platoon and all for the School.

WARNED FOR FRANCE.

A call to the Orderly Room! A quiet word from the Company Commander. A smart salute!—and another C.T.S. candidate goes to pack up for France. These calls have come with disquieting frequency of late, and leave us all wondering—(and it is confessed, hoping) if our turn will come next. It thins our ranks and takes away many of our smartest officers; and as we say good-bye, and wish them "Over the Channel and the best of luck" we add a fervent "Godspeed." For your Canadian officer is a likeable chap, his friendships are many and firm, and every officer who leaves the C.T.S. for the front line leaves with a touch of regret for the friends he is leaving behind and a touch of quiet confidence for the path that lies before.



REVERIE.

Jim had not heard reveille, and consequently had missed his breakfast and felt extremely dopey. After what had seemed to him an interminable time and innumerable "dressings" he had reached the church and found it very soothing to his nerves. Automatically he rose and sat with his comrades until the Padre commenced his address, when he made himself particularly comfortable, and wondered what Louise, who lived in the cottage against the hop-field, would think of him in his officer's kit when he got back. Yes, they were good old times. Ah, well, most of the boys had gone now. Gee, but this church is sure comfortable.

* * * * *

"Gotanessesemmaforyouyh." "What!" "Shake up your 'phone; d'you think I'm a thought-reader?" "Reach me a 'Life Ray,' Jim. This new gink gets my nanny." "Hullo, Hullo!" "Darn it, the line is bust properly now." "Guess we had better call the corporal."

"Never mind, don't call him, he is having a good sleep," said Jim, surveying the corporal, who was uncovered, having tossed aside the mail-sack in scratching himself. "He's got a 'bon' bed here. Where did you pinch the sandbags?" "I'll go and find the linesman and we will fix the break."

"Hi, shut that door!" yelled the operator, as Jim pushed aside the rubber sheet and hesitated in the entrance. "You'll be getting us shelled if you let the light shine out that way."

"All right; don't get the wind up," laughed Jim, as he stumbled out into the trench.

The signaller turned wearily on his stool, remodelled the guttering candle, and glancing at the recumbent corporal addressed the sleeper with "Ain't it funny? Here we are in a oozy, slimy old hole on Christmas Eve, and I'd bet my kid

brother is just about bursting himself with fudge, right now, way back home. Lord, but I wouldn't want to fix lines to-night. Henry knows that Boyau what-d'you-call-it too darned well for it to be healthy." CRASH!! "Lord, that was a near one. Wish I could sleep like the corporal—haven't had a wink for a month."

Meanwhile Jim had slid, bumped and swam his way down the trench to the linesmen's dug-out, and after a deal of profanity and shaking had got one of them to get up, and together they groped their way along the trench.

An occasional burst of machine-gun fire made them crouch in the shallow parts. The telephone line ran through an old and seldom used trench a little to the rear of the front line and the sides had in places fallen in, making the mud come up to their knees.

"Some Christmas," growled the linesman, pausing long enough to pull his boot from a very sticky hole and spitting a jet of tobacco juice at a rat on the parados. "Phew, but that Frenchman hums," he ejaculated. "I reckon it ain't right to leave men's legs sticking out of trenches like that, Lordy, but you'd sure obstruct a ditch with those feet of yours, Jim!"

"Shut up! Some of you guys give me a pain."

"Hullo, here's the break," said Jim, as he pulled on a loose wire which came through the ooze towards him as he heaved. "Let's get busy and fix this up before he throws any more pineapples over."

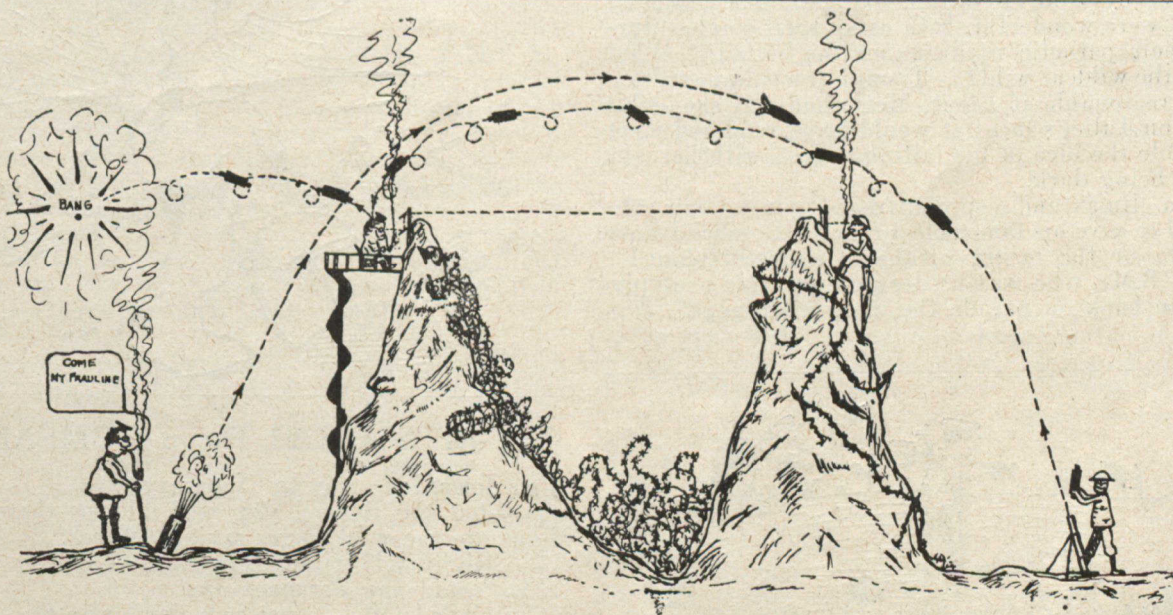
"We'll have to hurry or we will miss the rum issue."

The two figures bent, and were lost in the shadow. Whee-oo—Whee-oo—Whee-oo—Crash!! followed by the rattling of falling earth and debris.

* * * * *

"Come along, get up. The Sergeant-Major has had his eye on you for the last five minutes! Eh? What? Where? Oh, Lord!"

AKETY ACK.



A DRAMATIC CRITICISM

that ought never to have been written about

A CONCERT

that never took place.

Last evening, just before the tide went out, an enjoyable concert was given at the C.T.S. Entrenching Area by artistes, impressarios, songsters, gangsters, punsters, and other disreputable characters, discovered after diligent search and much sleuthing by Detective-Inspector-Sergeant McGibbon, that handsome lineal descendant of the Pirates of Penzance.

The first spasm rended was a beautiful thing by Lieut. G. C. Goater, of Roaring Gulch, who put several new kinks into Whiscagni's tight opera, "The Voice that Roared at Even."

The audience recovering with some effort, Lieut. Mowat interfered with a wonderfully dramatic recitative, from "Whiz-z-zzz-Bang-gggg!" entitled "Ermytrude has lost dear Mamma's Wedding Ring."

After sponges supplied to the audience had been collected and drained, Lieut. Cox pirouetted in and gave a delightful interpretation of "Salome's Dance of Destiny." It was an unqualified success, but we would suggest that Lieut. Cox be more dignified, and use more safety pins.

On the retirement of the audience from the platform Lieut. Montle thrilled everyone with his magnificent rendition of the "Death Scene" from "Faust" by C. Chaplin. He did it all himself, and was much admired.

The management being unable to restrain him, Lieut. Wayling presented Blobsquash's famous masterpiece, "Matilda has eloped with Mother's Sugar Card." It was a sweet thing.

Despite the howls of protest which arose on the announcement, Lieut. McGibbon insisted on performing, with the aid of Lieut. Irwin, that ancient melodrama, "The Balcony Scene from Romeo and Juliet," by John Kendrick Bangs. The lighting effects were wonderful, both using their torches during their pathetic rendition of the ballad, "What made the wildcat wild?" Though it would have been more reasonable if Lieut. McG. had not shone his light on Juliet's face; it would have rendered more probable the idea of his falling in love with her, the night being dark.

As a climax and a special treat Captain Scott consented to give his famous lecture on "Bosches I have Biffed; or the origin of the 'Onetwothreefour!'" The C.S.M., who was used as the horrible example, will be back on parade the week after next.

T. W.



MULLIGAN.

Several members of the French class were heard calling the mess waiters "garçon" after their first lesson. We admire your enthusiasm, boys.

Cadets who stay late in Hastings should find out when the last train leaves, and not have to walk home, like a certain Cadet of No. 19 Platoon. (See Sporting page for further particulars.)

We congratulate the Cadet of No. 20 Platoon who has sworn off. He at last realises that "booze" and "P.T." are not good friends.

Some Acting Company Commanders need a little voice culture. We would advise them to join the Sergeant-Major's Singing Class.

There have been many opinions expressed as to how a Cadet in the Company got his face scratched up so badly. No, it wasn't a girl, fellows. He was merely proving the law of gravitation.

WARNING.—All Cadets are warned not to make appointments for half-holidays with young ladies whom they have met at night. The shock might kill.

A Sergeant-Instructor of No. 5 Company, who, by the way, hails from "bonnie Scotland," in the attempt to develop the voice of a nervous Cadet: "Now then, use your voice as if you were ordering a double Scotch." Needless to say the advice had a wonderful effect.

Did anyone fail to notice the way No. 4 Company looked at us with open mouths, when No. 5 Company marched past them the other morning? Cheer up, No. 4, some of our fellows have kindly consented to give marching lessons to help you along. Come any evening. No charge.



TIT-BITS FROM No. 5 COMPANY.

It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
—but the Bexhill step will take us there.

What are the wild waves saying, Mabel?

"Right, left, right, left, right—"

"Fix," said the Sergeant Instructor,

and Cadet B— got in a devil of a fix.

W. J. B.



-It is still a little early to estimate the extent and ramifications of the many branches of Sport which will provide recreation and pleasure for the Candidates and Instructional Staffs during the 5th C.T.S. Course. This is because organization work is only just under way at the time of writing and the various teams are just rounding into shape for Basketball, Association and Rugby Football, etc., and the athletes who are assiduously being skilled and schooled are still very much under cover, and their exploits and athletic potentialities are only brought to the surface when their various and respective Company Commanders gather about the flowing bowl and vie in the art of drawing the long bow.

While it is yet early, adolescent, young, youthful; as we said before; with the Cadets in the springtime of their ambition, "swatting" at their note-books, and the Officer Candidates, learning for the first time in their untrammelled lives to slope arms, sport has not been entirely dead. One of the very first things that happened at the outset of the current period of instruction was the appointment of Lieut. Long as Officer i.c. Sports for the School. In addition to his good looks and Sandow-like proportions, Lieut. Long possesses great organizing ability and vast energy. He is infusing his "pep" into the various Companies, and already results are coming to light in the line of mysterious challenges hurled promiscuous-like from O.C. Companies, relating darkly to their several desires to mop up each other at Soccer, Rugby, or some other seasonable sport

In addition to Lieut. Long, "Pop" T. I. Lee, erstwhile O.C. Sports, and still Director Destinies in connection with the local branch of the Y.M.C.A., remains on the job, and exerts his fatherly interest in making things easy for the gentle lovers of the long shot. He is hand in glove with A. G. Spaulding, Gamage, Ltd., and Twells Brex. If you have time he can tell you who won the Pennant in the Texas League, the medical category of Gunner Moir, the size boots worn by the Witley goalkeeper, what the annual rainfall is at the Dorset Road Courts, and how much money Stanley Ketchel paid for Copenhagen Snuff in 1903.

At present the Powers, aided by a more promising condition in the Money Marts, and a continuation of the friendly desire to help out the School, as manifest by the civilian population, have been directing their energies towards securing a Gymnasium. This is a want that has been very poignantly felt for some time. The School has one of the most excellent Gymnastic and Physical Training Staffs in England, but to date they have had to do all their training outdoors. The long winter months, with severe rains, make the outdoor work almost impossible, besides curtailing the opportunities in the way of

games and physical training. It is felt that a "Gym" would be of such benefit, that the considerable outlay entailed would be more than warranted. It is possible that in this connection a subscription for upkeep would be necessary. In any case, everyone seems to be so heartily in approval of the scheme, that money matters should be the least of the difficulties involved.

Referring to the Gymnasium calls to mind Basketball, which is considered one of the fastest and most spectacular of Canadian and American indoor games. Among some of the Company Commanders there appears to be a misapprehension with regard to this game. One Captain was even heard to say that it was a pastime peculiar to the female college habituate of the fair Dominion. To one who has played this game, however, the fact that one must be in the finest physical trim to carry on through two 20 minute halves is realized. It is to be hoped that an Inter-Company League will be organized when the Gymnasium becomes a reality. Just at the present time the outdoor facilities in the gardens of the Metropole are not much utilized because of the damp condition of the ground.

Rugby, the Canadian game, which has been so popular at the School, has been very prominent during the declining days of the fourth course, and in the infant stage of the present period. The C.T.S. defeated Shorncliffe in the initial game in the Inter-Area Championship series; was defeated by Shorncliffe in the second game, played a tie with Seaford in the third of the series, and unfortunately lost the fourth game with Witley. Throughout the School has played very creditably considering that for each game practically a new team had to be put in the field on account of the transient element of candidates which made up the bulk of the aggregation representing the School. The C.T.S. has been very fortunate in having the services of Captain W. R. McGee as coach. The genial and beefy Cap. is an old member of the I.R.U. (Canadian), 1909, and his knowledge of the game is unequalled on this side of the drink. The Commandant and the Chief Instructor are not only giving their playing services to the team, but plenty of influence in getting chaps off parades and keeping the ball rolling as far as the team itself is concerned.

In the Association Football, several games have been played among the various companies, and an inter-company schedule has been drafted. No. 4 Company appear to have some very promising material, and No. 2 Company is also showing up well at practice, though unfortunately several players have been called back to their reserves during the past few days. In this respect, however, some sterling games may be looked for before the course closes.

The fifth course is going to provide at least one unique feature as regards the preceding courses. This will be Boxing, and the exponents of the padded glove and the hemp-enclosed arena are beginning already to discuss the pasts of the great fighters, claiming familiarity with Jefferies, speaking acquaintance with Battling Nelson, and detail-

ing all the nice details of Jack Johnson's career. From present indications there should be some interesting contests, the plan being to have a representative of each weight from each company to take part in the School Championship Tournament later.

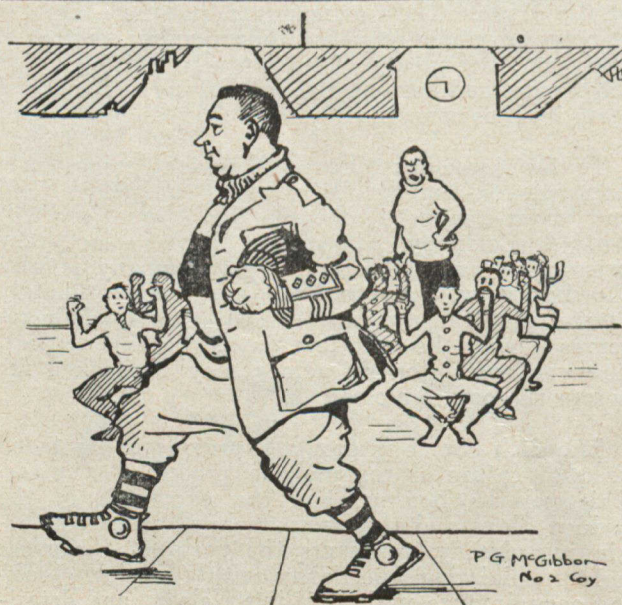
RUGBY FOOTBALL.

Five strenuous games of Rugby have been put up by the C.T.S. fourteen since our last edition was published, and it is a matter of great consolation to review, briefly, these various matches.

On the 13th October, in spite of the very bad weather, the C.T.S. outplayed Shorncliffe at the Dorset Road grounds, scoring 27 to Shorncliffe's 0. Cadet George Bickle played up to his usual standard, and he did the bulk of kicking for the home team. Shorncliffe's line was unable to hold the C.T.S. wings so that Capt. Nick Bawlf, centre half of visitors, was unable to kick to any advantage.

The teams and officials were:—

C.T.S.	SHORNCLIFFE.
	Full back.
Lieut. Acton.	Lieut. Ketchum.
	Half-backs.
Lieut. Cain.	Corpl. Paul.
Cadet Bickle.	Capt. Bawlf.
Lieut. Baker.	Lieut. Harvey.
	Quarter-back.
Lieut. Hale.	Lieut. McQueen.
	Scrimmage.
Lieut. Langdon.	Pte. Coggan.
Lieut. Cassels.	Pte. Gordon.
Lieut. Parsons.	Lieut. Matthews.
	Outside wings.
Lieut. Adams.	Corpl. Kennedy.
Lieut. Orr.	Lieut. Johnstone.
	Middle wings.
Lieut. Dyer.	Pte. Hurd.
Lieut. Amsden.	Pte. Kelly.
	Inside wings.
Capt. Law.	Capt. Bennett.
Lieut. Litster.	Corpl. Rankin.
	Referee—Lieut. Gemmill.



The excellent training of Capt. "Dick" McGee, M.C., and the leadership of Cadet Bickle were very much in evidence at this clever game.

The return match between the C.T.S. team and the Shorncliffe team was played on the 20th of October, and resulted in a score of 14 to 7 in favour of Shorncliffe.

The C.T.S. fourteen on this occasion seemed to be unable to do any effective team work and very few trick plays. The leadership of Captain "Sammy" Manson, star half-back of the Hamilton Tigers, helped Shorncliffe a great deal to their victory, assisted by C.S.M. Smith, of Ottawa, and Captain Blaney, of Regina. Both teams had undergone changes, the C.T.S. facing a faster and heavier team than in the previous game. Lieut. T. Lyall, a new man of the C.T.S. team, played a splendid game in tackling. Lieut. Johnstone's running was a feature of the game, but he was unfortunately injured and forced to retire.

The play was throughout very strenuous and difficult for Referee Major T. E. Bell, D.S.O., and Judge Captain R. M. McLee, M.C., to manage, great credit being due to them.

Line up was as follows:—

SHORNCLIFFE.	C.T.S.
	Flying wing.
Lieut. J. Kitchen.	Lieut. P. Acton.
	Quarter.
Capt. N. Bawlf.	Lieut. K. Knight.
	Backs.
Capt. Blaney.	Lieut. G. Johnstone.
Capt. S. Manson.	Cadet G. Bickle.
C.S.M. Smith.	Lieut. M. Baker.
	Outside wings.
Lieut. Matthews.	Cadet R. Dukes.
Capt. Mackenzie.	Cadet G. Layton.
	Middle wings.
Corpl. Kennedy.	Lieut. A. Wilson.
Corpl. O'Grady.	Lieut. L. Amsden.
	Inside wings.
Capt. Mackenzie.	Lieut. G. Lyall.
Capt. G. Matthews.	Lieut. B. Litster.
	Scrimmage.
Lieut. Johnstone.	Capt. H. O'Brien.
Capt. Bennett.	Pte. W. Matthews.
Lieut. Richardson.	Cadet F. Langton.

The final score in the series being: C.T.S., Bexhill, 34; Shorncliffe, 14.

A very close game was played on 27th October between the C.T.S. and Seaford, resulting in a score of 7 to 7. This game was a very fast one, and the superior weight of the fast Seaford team and their keen watching prevented the C.T.S. team from increasing the score. Major Codville made a nice twenty-five yard run in the second quarter before being brought down. Rushes were the feature of this game. Bickle kicked, getting a gain of thirty yards, Seaford getting the ball and rushing. Baker making one of his famous tackles, holding Seaford on five yard line, resulted in one point by kicking over Seaford line.

The play of Lieut.-Colonel Critchley was as full of "pep" as everything else that he takes in hand, and he put up a fine game.

The teams and officials were:—

C.T.S.	SEAFORD.
Lieut. Acton.	Full back. Capt. Knight.
Lieut. Cains.	Left half. Lieut. Rolands.
Cadet Bickle.	Centre half. Sergt. Evans.
Lieut. Baker.	Right half. Sergt. Smith.
Lieut. Adams.	Outside left. Sergt. Burns.
Lieut. Wilson.	Middle left. Lieut. Henderson.
Lieut. Litster.	Inside left. Sergt. Kirkpatrick.
Cadet Langton.	Scrimmage left. Pte. White.
Lieut. Matthews.	Scrimmage centre. Pte. Smith.
Lieut. O'Brien.	Scrimmage right. Pte. Duncan.
Lieut.-Col. Critchley.	Outside right. Lieut. Franklin.
Major Codville.	Middle right. Lieut. Potticary.
Lieut. Lyall.	Inside right. Lieut. Seaton.
Lieut. Knight.	Quarter back. Lieut. Jeffress.
Referee, Lieut. Armstrong.	Amroy, and timekeeper, Lieut.

The championship Rugby at Witley was rather a reverse for the C.T.S., but it must be remembered that the fourteen of the C.T.S. is always changing. It is difficult, therefore, to gauge the capacity of a team, the members of which do not get enough time to develop their abilities.

The result of this match was a 48 to 8 score in favour of Witley, the line up being:—

C.T.S.	WITLEY.
Acton.	Flying wing. McLaren.
Baker.	Halves. Maynard.
Tucker.	De Gruchy.
Cadet Bickle.	Murray.
Dickson.	Quarter. Campbell.
Gardiner.	Scrimmage. Ireland.
Litster.	Hogg.
Dodds.	Kennedy.
Freda.	Inside wings. Digby.
Capt. Allen.	Bailey.
Wood.	Middle wings. Pritchard.
Layton.	Virgin.
Amsden.	Outsides. O'Brien.
Major Codville.	McCann.

The main feature of this game was the famous X formations of the Witley crowd, which bewildered the C.T.S. and finally led to their defeat. It was a spirited and hard slogging game, and although the

C.T.S. team returned somewhat damaged, they were not by any means disheartened and hopes were not dimmed.

CHAMPIONSHIP GAME.

The final game of the Rugby season was staged under almost ideal conditions, when the victorious Witley fourteen attacked our huskies on Saturday. Witley, jubilant from many victories, had visions of a large score, even larger than that of the previous Saturday.

Fighting up hill all the way, the School team put up one of the cleverest games ever seen on the field. Fast and furious the going was. Witley's attack, led by the brilliant De Gruchy, ably seconded by Maynard and Ramsay, was magnificent. The steady, hard fighting work of the C.T.S. was upheld by the prize play of Major Codville, Tucker, Gardiner, and Amsden.

Patrons were treated to one of the finest and cleanest games the Rugby public in England has ever seen. Though a defeat, the game was great, the magnificent work of the School's team being a fitting close to a successful season. Final score: 24—1. Line up:—

C.T.S.	WITLEY.
Baker.	Right half. Maynard.
Tucker.	Centre half. De Gruchy.
McGee.	Left half. Ramsay.
Acton.	Flying wing. Coste.
Codville.	Quarter. Campbell.
Milne.	Scrimmage. Ireland.
Campbell.	Montgomery.
Saddler.	Goodline.
Gardiner.	Outside left. McCann.
Amsden.	Outside right. Haynes.
Scrivens.	Middle right. Osborne.
Hackey.	Middle left. Kennedy.
Freda.	Inside right. Digby.
Sadler.	Inside left. Virgin.

I. P. C.



SOCCER CUP SERIES.

The general interest in Soccer has been largely increased by the announcement of the cup series. The cup offered by the C.O., Lieut.-Colonel Critchley, goes to the Company whose team leads at the end of the elimination series.

To pick men for the various Company teams an inter-platoon series was arranged for in each of the companies. No. 4 Company's series was first played and some crack material found in the different platoons. Interest ran high, and with the fast going of Richards, Browne, Baverstock, and their team mates, No. 4 rooters had ample reason for their enthusiastic noise.

No. 1 Company, after an exciting series, in which Thompson, Rogers and Dark came prominently to the fore, handed its palm to No. 3 Platoon. Each of the other companies finished its series and all eyes turned in expectation to the inter-company series.

The schedule was made up and arrangements carried out under the supervision of the Executive Committee, composed of R.S.M. Carpenter, Lieut. Williams, of No. 3, Cadet McArthur, of No. 4, and Lieut. T. I. Lee as secretary.

The first game came when No. 4 Company's cracks tackled the fast eleven from No. 5 Company on the Dorset Road grounds on Thursday, the 21st. In a fast and hard-fought game No. 4 Company early took the lead, when Peyton at right half shot a brilliant goal from midfield.

In the second half Warne increased the lead by a neatly shot goal from the right wing. No. 5 Company, by steady passing and fast footwork, sent the ball over shortly after. Score: 2-1.

A full schedule has been laid out, and each half-holiday will see a fast game, either on the Entrenching Area or Hastings field.

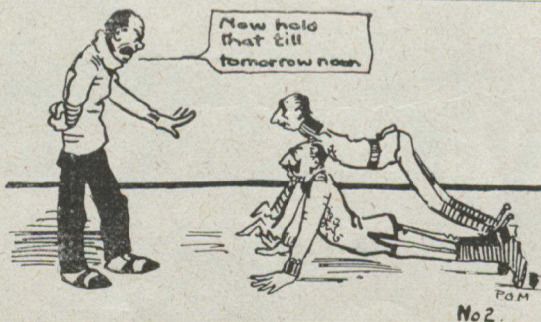
The School team, though lacking training, put up an excellent game against the R.G.A., being defeated by only one goal, and coming from behind in great style, administered defeat to the R.F.C. Cadets to the tune of 5-3. The game was featured by the excellent play of R.S.M. Carpenter, Thompson, Johnston and Browne.

The whole but leads up to the inter-area championship series which is to be staged between all Canadian Training Bases in England.

C.T.S., least in numbers, is putting out one of the fastest teams ever known here, and is sure to make a strong bid for the title.

The first game is with Seaford Area on their ground on December 13th.

I. P. C.



LANGUAGE!!!!!!

There's quite a lot of language used in this Company of ours

That didn't ought never to be done;
There's fellows whose grammar bubbles out in crackling showers,
And if continued in will put us on the bum.

Tut-tut, that's the word to use,
Botheration or fiddledeedee;
For a cuss word fair say "Choco-lat eclair,"
Or say "Tut-tut!" like me.

Now this sage advice I'm handing you is really on the square,
And you're getting it from one who's really wise,
For the sergeant he won't love you, and will say,
"Well, I declare,
If he ain't a blinkin' swearer; Damn my eyes."

"Deah me!" them's the words to use;
"Farinaceous!" or "Oh! Bumblebee!"
For a cuss word really neat, try "Oh! my capacious feet!"
Or say "Deah Hus!" like me.

I have seen the S.M. looking with saddened eyes of gloom
At a naughty chap a-swearin' all the time,
And he ponders, "Ell!" is eddication's bin neglected,
I presume;
'Tint 'is blinkin' fault at all, so I won't make out a crime."

"Hot potatoes," them's the words to use;
"Mangel-wurzel" or "Early garden pea."
For a cuss word really smart, try "Oh, my flutt'ring heart,"
Or say "Ruddy Spuds!" like me.

Oh! you naughty cursifiers, Captain Scott is really vexed
At the presence of this ribald persiflage;
At Church Parade next Sunday he'll hold forth, and for his text?
"Is this dam' cursin' due to lack of fourp'ny ale?"

"Tombstones!" that's the word to use;
"Flyin' Dutchman!" or "Shades of ships at sea!"
For a word that's quite a ripper, say "Oh! you naughty little kipper!"
Or say "Deadweights!" like me.

T. W.

REVEILLE.

Dawn! and the bugle's calling, for you and me;
Dawn! and the Sergeant's bawling; get up and do P.T.
Dawn! and the daylight's coming, in an hour or three;
Damn! but it's cold this morning; GANGWAY;
where's my coff-ee?

"THE ORDERLY ROOM."

BY SERGEANT G. W. F. WILKINSON.

One of the things unexplainable to all military men is the belief that is firmly embedded in the mind of every soldier that to be employed in an Orderly Room in any capacity denotes the possession of a mentality that is devoted entirely to intrigue.

This fact is one of the most remarkable things in the Service. The persistency with which Private Jenkins, whose request for six days' leave—"for the purpose of visiting a brother whom I have not seen for twenty years"—has not been granted by the C.O. asserts that he is the victim of a foul conspiracy of which the Orderly Room Sergeant is the ring-leader, is the despair of all Lieutenants and the wonder of all those of higher rank.

When Private Groucher, whose affinity operates the cash register at the "Maple Leaf Café" in Hastings, is informed by the Orderly Corporal that his application for a midnight pass—"to Hastings, for the purpose of purchasing Soldiers' Friend"—is not granted by the Company Commander, he is firmly convinced that the Company Commander's decision has only been arrived at after consultation with the Orderly Room Sergeant.

Shortly after Private Jenkins has been informed that there is "nothing doing" as far as he is concerned, re leave, he might be noticed as the centre of a sympathetic squad of his comrades. His remarks to the effect that the Orderly Room is a veritable cess-pool of iniquity, and that it is staffed with men whose feet are in a perpetual cold condition, are audibly concurred in by his audience. When, furthermore, he describes the Orderly Room as probably being the home of Sein Finn and as being ably led by the "Big Stiff," concluding with a so and so determination to "get him," he is enthusiastically and volubly supported by his comrades.

Private Groucher, after assuring the Orderly Corporal that a man has no blank rights at all in the Army, wends his way to the canteen, where, while acquiring solace from a pint of beer, he informs the Steward that a man who will work in an Orderly Room is no good, and that immediately after the next Pay Parade he intends to beat it for at least three weeks.

Thus the canker spreads, until at the present time there is not a soldier anywhere in the world whose chief character in his Hymn of Hate is not, first, last and always, The Big Stiff or one of those arch-conspirators who work in that blankety blank place, the Orderly Room.

Another thing of which every soldier is quite sure regarding all Orderly Room Clerks is that Orderly Room work, in addition to requiring a nature similar to that of Guy Fawkes, also necessitates the possession of a pair of feet that are permanently cold. Sergeant Schemer, as denoted by his number, was one of the original Pats, and saw seven years' service in France. He wears five gold bars of courage and his tunic is adorned with a ribbon signifying that the wearer has been awarded the medal—"for Distinguished Conduct in the Field."

Furthermore, Sergeant Schemer's Medical History Sheet states that as a result of G.S.W. right leg, said

leg is seven inches shorter than the other one, necessitating the use and aid of a stick. He is considered by the Officer i/c Medical Boards to be fit only for Category C IIIIII.

Private Beefer, No. 2111506, came over with the 540th from Vancouver. He left a beautiful home in the suburbs of that thriving city, resigned a most important position as Bell Hop in the Hotel Imperial—35 rooms all outside, steam heat and running water, rates, \$1.00 American, \$2.00 European," and travelled thousands of miles in order to fight for this blinking country. By the morning mail he receives a communication from Miss Florence Sotired, to the effect that she is so sorry she was unable to keep the appointment with Mr. Beefer on the previous night, but if it suits Mr. Beefer's convenience, she will be delighted to take supper with him on Thursday night. Private Beefer pens a request to the Company C.O. accompanied by a pass form duly filled out—"to go to Hastings for the purpose of seeing my brother, who is departing for the Front tomorrow morning." At 6.0 p.m. he is informed at the Orderly Room that his pass has been refused, and in reply to his query "why," is curtly but courteously informed by the Orderly Room Sergeant, "Brigade Orders."

Now, Sergeant Schemer also came from Vancouver; moreover, he was a close personal friend of Mr. C. R. Nick Beefer. The city of Vancouver was thrilled with pride when the heroic deeds of that gallant soldier and fellow citizen, Sergeant Schemer, were described in the "Vancouver Blizzard," and Mr. Beefer was one of the most enthusiastic supporters of a torch-light procession which was organised to show appreciation of Sergeant Schemer's bravery. But now, Sergeant Schemer is employed in the Orderly Room. Moreover, he is N.C.O. i/c Passes and Leave. Private Beefer's pass has been turned down, and that fact to Private Beefer is quite enough. He is convinced that Sergeant Schemer only acquired his D.C.M. as the result of intrigue with the Commander-in-Chief. The gallant Sergeant is working in the Orderly Room because he simply hasn't got the nerve to go out to the front again. He is no good, and he spends considerable time in conspiring against the unfortunate Private Beefer. He is, as Private Beefer informs his section, a son of a gun of the most despicable variety.

Nothing avails to alter the convictions of the Jenkinases, Grouchers and Beefers of the Army. General Staffs have devoted considerable time to the problem thus created, but so far, without evolving any method of education or instruction that will broaden the mind of the soldier and cause him to consider the poor old Orderly Room man, a soldier and a comrade. May be if Lord Kitchener had lived, he might.

Possibly some reader of these lines might suggest something. I leave it to them.

A LAMENT.

Oh! Sergeant, don't you know the game?
Sergeant, Sergeant, didn't you do the same
When you were learning squad drill; your movements were like glue;
But we didn't come hanging round and interfere
with you. T. W.

YPRES.

City of death, whose ruined towers raise
 In pitiful appeal their shattered spires
 From out the chaos where thy funeral pyres
 Long since have calcined the enmartyred maze,
 Thy prayers are heard, the mental agonies
 Pitying, our solemn oath to God aspires—
 "Our swords unsheathed, our vengeance never tires
 Till Belgium's freed from German ravages.
 Then shall thy wounds be healed, restored thy powers,
 Thy streets and byways ring with infant lay,
 In pristine beauty thy Cathedral towers
 Shall toll the Angelus at close of day,
 And, silent stealing in the sunset hours,
 Thy teeming barges take their winding way."

CADET WILSON.

On Observatory Ridge, 1916.

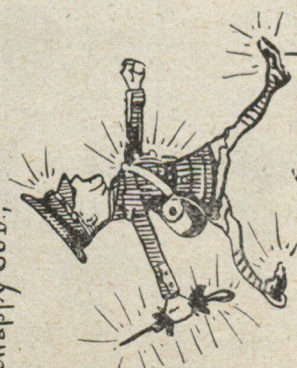
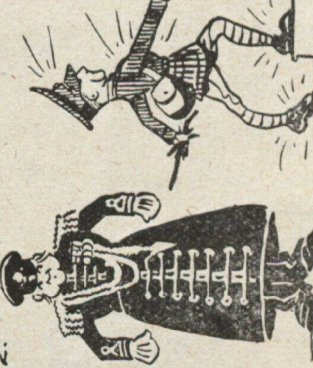
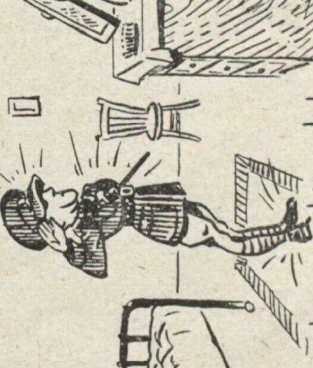
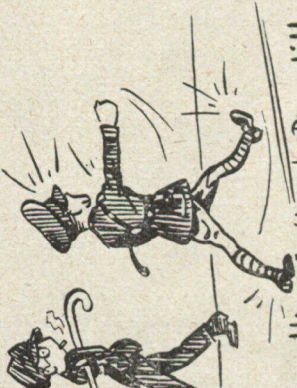
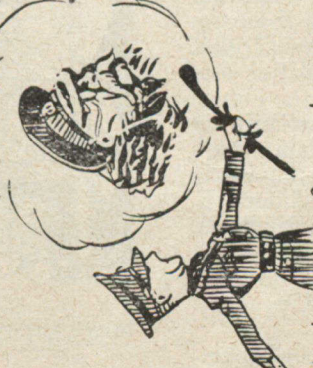


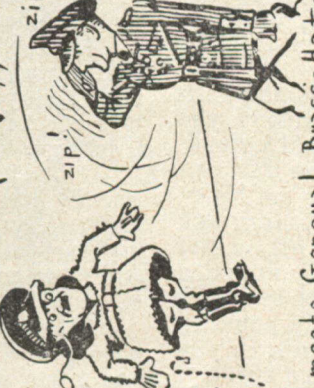
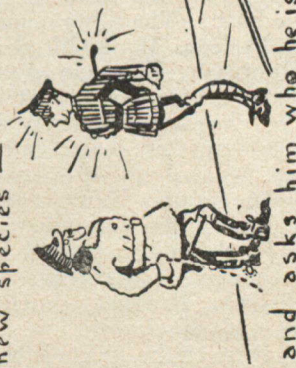
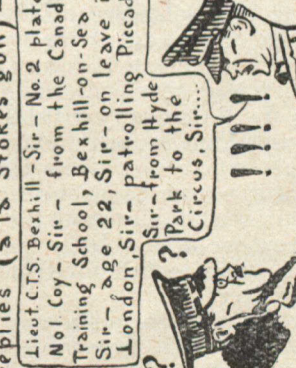
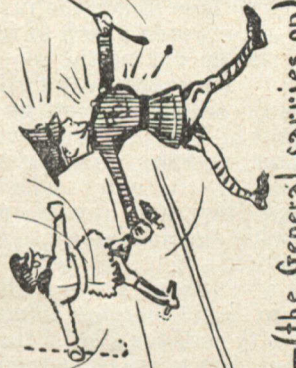
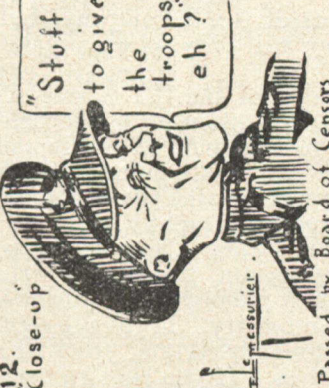
FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A CADET.

The notification of having been selected.
 The exaltation.
 The appreciable increase in height.
 The good-byes.
 The 300 letters we promised to write.
 The 7-mile rush to railhead.
 The 7-hour wait.
 The M.P.'s.
 The scramble at Boulogne.
 The M.P.'s.
 The German shell case.
 The guilty feeling.
 The nervous tension.
 The leaden sky and sea.
 The rush for the gangways.
 The M.P.'s.
 The shell-case.
 The good-byes at Victoria.
 The wondrously beautiful world.
 The benignity towards mankind.
 The Pay office.
 The trying wait.
 The nameless dread.
 The Paymaster.
 The counting out
 The crispness of them.
 The devouring glances.
 The emotional salute.
 The architectural beauties of Westminster.
 The swelling chest.
 The plans for the night.
 The chance meeting.
 The daintiness of her.
 The frank confidences.
 The refreshments.
 The taxi.
 The theatre.
 The hunt for a taxi.
 The remainder of the evening.
 The thirst.

The despondency.
 The mental calculations.
 The self-reproach.
 The dull breakfast.
 The telegram to relatives.
 The dull journey.
 The lionizing.
 The prowess in the field.
 The selected of the regiment.
 The modest but eloquent silence
 The sense of hypocrisy.
 The departure for Bexhill.
 The determination to excel.
 The arrival at Bexhill.
 The brazen-faced Sergeant.
 The rasping voice.
 The clanking on the concrete.
 The undue hurry.
 The general inconvenience.
 The hib, hib, hib, hib.
 The hehb, hehb, hehb, hehb.
 The other sergeants "butting in."
 The alarming number of Sergeants.
 The ominous warnings and speeches.
 The speculations as to how long we'll last.
 The excuses we'll invent, on return.
 The "beating up" an Instructor.
 The incredible ineptitude we found there.
 The dignified withdrawal.
 The Quarter-Master's stores.
 The fine bayonet the other fellow got.
 The P.T. nightmare.
 The Ceremonial tyranny.
 The B.F. nuisance.
 The perspiring march.
 The Instructor's secret hatred.
 The knowledge of his hatred.
 The tranquillity of the Kursaal.
 The respite from their eyes.
 The end of the first week.
 The modified views upon everything.
 The incredible length that eight weeks can assume.

PERKINS.



<p>1. Lieut. C.T.S. Bexhill, the Snappy Sub., goes on leave —</p> 	<p>2. and arrives in London,</p> 	<p>3. — dolls up a bit and — rehearses his salute.</p> 	<p>4. As soon as possible he sallies forth into Piccadilly</p> 
<p>5. to look for Generals etc.,</p> 	<p>6. But meanwhile he meets</p> 	<p>7. salute, & promptly gives</p> 	<p>8. At last (oh joy) he meets General Brass-Hat.</p> 
<p>9. who is interested in the new species — and asks him who he is.</p> 	<p>10. The Snappy Sub, modestly replies (a la Stokes gun) —</p>  <p>Lieut. C.T.S. Bexhill — Sir — No. 2 platoon No. 1 Coy — Sir — from the Canadian Training School, Bexhill-on-Sea Sir — age 22, Sir — on leave in London, Sir — patrolling Piccadilly Park to the Circus, Sir...</p>	<p>11. and departs. — (the General carries on)</p> 	<p>12. (Close-up)</p>  <p>Passed by Board of Censors</p>

"STUFF TO GIVE THE TROOPS."

No. 2 COMPANY—DON'T WORRY.

The officers of No. 2 Company, C.T.S., need not worry if they will only follow up the idea in these few lines

As a member of the C.T.S. one of two things is certain, you will either go to the firing line or you will remain in England. If you remain in England, don't worry. If you are going to the firing line, one of two things is certain, you are going to get hit or you are not going to get hit. If you are not going to get hit, don't worry. If you are to be hit, one of two things is certain, you will be seriously wounded or not seriously wounded. If you are not seriously wounded, don't worry. If you are seriously wounded one of two things is certain, you will recover or you will not recover. If you will recover, don't worry. If you die, you can't.

The spirit animating the officers in charge of No. 2 Company, and those under the instruction, may be expressed in a few words which have been memorised by the writer from one of the season's plays, "The Very Minute." The sentence describes the thoroughbred: "You go on till you can go no further, you reach the limit of human endurance, and then—you hold on another minute, and that's the minute that counts." One of the chief difficulties with most people is that they are quitters and are too well acquainted with the last straw. The other kind—the thoroughbred—gets the prize. Now then, No. 2 Company, what about forging ahead for that Cup which Captain Scott dangles before your eyes?

Great activity is the order of the day with No. 2 Company where sports are concerned, there not being one branch of sports untouched by the officer candidates of this Company.

The sports representatives, Lieuts. F. L. Cook, F. K. Neilson, Mowat and Hinckey, have been very busy looking for the latent forces and talent in the platoons which they represent, and it looks as though very shortly No. 2 Company will be able to challenge anybody or anything in sight. And this in any sport known to the human race, from the most violent to, let us say, bridge. There has been some talk of having a swimming match around the end of the year, when the weather gets a little colder, and a challenge may soon be looked for from those who mentioned the matter.

A good game of Association was put up by No. 2 Company on the 14th November, when the team, hurriedly made up, defeated No. 5 Company Cadets by 2 to 0, and although Lieut. Hagedorn has since gone away, the training is being carried on under Lieut. G. Jackson. The other members of the team are: Lieuts. Nielson, H. Smith, Baty, Owen-Jones, Stillman, Hamilton, Freeman, Cooper, Miller and Barlow. Excellent work is expected from the eleven which will be chosen. The early morning training is getting them in fine shape and a mettle which spells victory.

A tug-of-war team is being coached by Lieut. F. K. Nielson, the following officers being likely to form up for battle in this event: Lieuts. Glanville, Chassé, McGibbon, Chouinard, Jackson, Aubry, Gitoux, Lemieux, Brookes, S. Gordon, Urquhart, McCormack, and McGowan.

Another feature of the sports is the outdoor basket-

ball team, which is getting into good shape and practising daily on the Metropole grounds.

Boxing is also being taken up with much interest, several officer candidates being trained by Lieut. P. G. McGibbon, who is a pretty good "fist-artist," as well as being one of the caricaturists of the C.T.S. It is likely that a few "white hopes" will shortly blossom forth to uphold the good name of No. 2 Company.

With regard to Rugby, on another page of this issue will be seen one of No. 2 Company's noble warriors, sallying forth in all his war paint to clean up all in sight. We may mention his name, gently—Allen, from

He is ably supported by

At the time of writing these valiant Rugger fiends have proceeded to Witley to clean up and their safe return is anxiously awaited, so that they may prepare for other and more arduous work in the near future.

There are, of course, many cricketers, baseball and lawn tennis players, not to speak of croquet experts (a little too violent, though, for No. 2 Company), and other summer sports, but they will come into their own sooner or later, as they have to a man entered for one or other of the games we have mentioned. Efficiency in sports, out to win all the time and do the job better than any other fellow is the spirit animating No. 2 Company, and it may be sure said that there is lots doing right now, with prospects of doing a whole lot more before the course is over.

By way of conclusion it may be mentioned that some of the older officer candidates are also likely to become billiard champions, while bridge may produce another Hoyle. Challenges may be booked for all the way from A to Z.

A YAWN AT 9 p.m.

Oh—h-h-h! it's far too early in the morning for to waken me.

Is there any bath water, John? oh, do run out and see.

And it's dark outside as a nigger's hide, and oh! how I hate P.T.

Why didn't I chuck the Army and run away to sea?
W.



XMAS PRESENTS WE DON'T EXPECT TO GET.



No 2 Coy. Smoker

Friday Nov. 23

"The Company Expects that Every Tank
This Night will do its duty."

And, as General Byng recently remarked, "They
seen their dooty and they done it noble."

The occasion was the first Smoking Concert of the
No. 2 Company; given under the benevolent eye of
Captain Scott, Company Commander, and by kind
permission of Colonel Critchley, the Commandant.
It was a merry crowd and a crowded evening; a nice
and natty affair, boisterous, but not blustering,
except when someone put whisky in W.'s gingerbeer,
whereat G. wept at the criminal waste of whisky—
and drank the whiskied gingerbeer.

The C.T.S. Orchestra supplied the musical frills,
and even in the later part of the evening the drum-
mer was able to hit the drum every time he tried;
a fine record for a smoker. Captain Scott said a few
kind words about the company, and the company
said a few, but vociferous, kind words about Captain
Scott.

The programme contained many clever and enter-
taining numbers, as follows:—

1. C.T.S. Orchestra "Merry Whirl"
Conductor—BANDMASTER FISH.
2. "A Few Kind Words"
CAPTAIN SCOTT.
3. Solo "I Hear You Calling Me"
MR. QUESNEL (Baritone).
4. Comic Song Selected
MR. STILLMAN.
5. C.T.S. Orchestra "Yaaka Hula"
BANDMASTER FISH.
6. Variety Entertainer.
MR. NEWSAM.
7. Ragtime Artist.
MR. CHENIER.
8. Solo "Cobbler's Song"
CAPTAIN CHAFFEY, M.C. (Baritone).

9. The Irresistible Comedian ... "Water Scenes"
MR. SHIPWAY.
10. Solo (a) "Up from Somerset" ... Sanderson
(b) "When the Great Red Dawn is shining"
(by request) ... Sharpe
MR. MONTLE (Baritone).
11. Boxing Contest.
Under direction of MR. McGIBBON.
12. C.T.S. Orchestra "Simple Melody"
BANDMASTER FISH.
13. Artistes from PAVILION THEATRE were
introduced during Evening.
Accompanist—MR. GIBSON.

No. 2 COMPANY THE END OF A WORKING DAY.

Now I sometimes lie in bed and think
What an awful thing is drill
And army stunts of every kind; they make me really
ill.
I knew a man who started out at P.T.; thought it
fun,
But he quite misjudged his poor physique,
And his day's work was done.

There was a chap; was very smart;
Fixing bayonets was his forte;
He thought himself a Princess Pat; a really topping
sport.
He tried to "slap his belt" one day, but fumbled
on the gun.
His pert young nibs just struck his ribs,
And his day's work was done.

To be a bayonet fighter was the aim
Of little "Tiny Tim,"
And all the girls just stood around, quite pleased at
watching him.
He was playing to the gallery, and bent to stick a
"Hun,"
But the man behind proved quite unkind,
And—his day's work was done.

To be a slap-up Engineer
Was Danny Dugout's hope;
He liked to juggle sandbags, barbed wire and bits
of rope.
He made a lovely Russian sap, 'twould take a six-
inch gun,
But the roof on top, it came down "Flop!"
And his day's work was done.

Joe Bobblesquash, he was opposed
To work of every kind.
If he could only rest in peace, 'twould rest his weary
mind.
The lecture hour he could enjoy, Elysium nearly
won;
But the Colonel caught him yawning,
And—his day's work was done.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

By T. W.

Clarence.—(1) No, deah boy, it is not necessary to take haversack rations to the trench area. (2) No, indeed; bloater sandwiches are vulgar; they must not be consumed during inspection.

258th.—Oui; il est tres bon pour swingez le lead quand il se vie dans hospital; mais jamais cussez le sergent-major; il-il ne-ne; oh, dammit, anyway it's not done or it would be.

Ici sous-dessus le pauvre Francais
Le sergent-major he tried cussez.

Ignacco.—No. C.C.G. is not Italian; he inherited the "Voice that roared o'er Eden" from an ancestor who led the British cheering at the Battle of Hastings the year of the Big Wind.

Bexhillless.—No, dearie, it is not Charlie Chaplin. His real name is Lieut. Mon-le. The real Charlie wanted to come but we wouldn't let him, he's so ruff.

Curious.—Yes, the officer with the distingue air, the kindly disposition, the joyful abandon (at a football match), IS Captain Sc-tt. No, much as we sympathise with you we cannot get you transferred into No. 2 Company. We have just refused General Haig and Billy Sunday.

Jealous.—Yes, they may be small; but oh, BOY!! (twice), it's SOME platoon. Uh-huh! but they're not stuck up.

Square-push.—This is NOT a matrimonial bureau. We do NOT know of any nice young lady who would take pity on your forlorn condition. You might try the R.S.M. He might "hold your hand and gaze into your eyes"—and he might not.

Percy.—Dry those tears, dear heart. It is NOT true that an embargo will be placed on mistletoe, and if it is, you poor simp, what is an embargo if the girl is willing and the light is weak.

Ermyntitude.—Madam, if the tall slim gentleman you mention is about six feet high, wears a Sam Browne belt, eyeglasses and a squint he does NOT belong to No. 2 Company. Would advise you to visit police station. He was probably arrested if in that garb.

Razzle-Dazzle.—No, cannot give you Latin nomenclature of green fish with blue eyes, red spots and yellow tail you saw on the beach, but am sending you address of reliable gold cure we can recommend.

Newcomer.—Sorry you were hurt, but you should NOT stand near the door of the Winter Garden when the bugle blows. It's not done, and it's risky. Visit Winter Garden at the coffee and baked poker chip hour (6.15) and you will find out why it is called such.

Hortense.—Non, cherie, ce resont pas soldats que vous voyes dans l'eglise. Ce sont officiers.

Lieut. Cohen (Dundee).—Ah dinna ken the noo whit ye mean by they "pawkie laddies" onless ye mean Number-r-r Thr-r-ree Company. Be expleecit—an' dinna swear-r.

NO. 2's MENAGERIES.

Lad-ees and Gmman! The great aggregation of world-famous wonders is now open to the public. Step Inside! Step INSIIDE!! Only one shilling admission! On exhibition for the first time. Capt. Scott's famous collection of Trained N.C.O.'s; the best in captivity. Ferocious as a Teddy Bear; mild as a cross-eyed Sergeant-Cook. Walk up! Walk HUP!! Now showing. Now showing. On the left of the picture, ladees an' gnlmn, you see Sergeant-Major J. Connett. I don't know why the Jay Connett, but there he is!! He is holding down by main force Sergeant J. Hurst; the only platoon commander of No. 6 in captivity. Eats left inclines and lives on shrimps. Pushing him over, so his crown will show better, is Sergeant-Major J. Saunt. And they of the platoon fear Santa's claws, for he's a bear on drill. And behind is Sergeant W. Jones, who looks as though he is going to sing. But don't be afraid, ladees and gnlmen; don't be afraid. We won't let him. So walkup Walkup, Jusabout to commence. See the frightful four; watch 'em eat up Squad drill. Walkup, just about to be fed, Jusabout to be fed. (GETTTTONPARADE!!) Hear them roar, ladees and gnlmen; that roar is worth the price of admission. Only one shilling; one bob; one shiner. Walkup WALKUP!! And don't forget the sideshow, ladees and gnlmen! C.Q.M.S. A. Wilson, chased out of the main menagerie because he drank the Sergeant-Major's beer!! Walk up and see him make a pair of trousers out of odds and ends of sailcloth; a marvel; ladees and gnlmen, a Wonder.

T. W.

THE LEADERS OF THE CHOSEN PEOPLE.

And the scribe went unto the Company staff and did say, Lo! and behold! the editor doth ask for images in the likeness of you, that he may show all men what manner of people ye are. Go therefore to the "Look ye Pleasant" man and have images made, that therewith the editor may gladden the hearts of all men.

And the Commander of the Company did gather around his staff, and his sub-staff, even them that did aid him to chevy around the people of his company. Thus and thus saith he; and told them them whereunto the scribe had said. Then spake he, Come ye across the road where the man of images doth live and we will have our pictures inscribed, yea even our mugs taken. But on the way thereto they did tarry a little for that the Company Commander did say "Lessavabeer," and they did so, even several beers.

Then they did even as the scribe requested, and lo

and behold ye picture is raised on high above that all men may Stop, Look and Listen.

And the Company wept.

But the Company Commander did say, "It is I, be not afraid." And the people did raise their eyes again and look, and were not afraid; but laughed.

And the laugh was as of the breaking of many beer jugs:

For Captain Scott, D.C.M., of the P.P.C.L.I., he that is of No. 1 in the front rank of the picture, looketh merry, and the twinkle in his eye doth rival the stars above, or the reflection of the bar-lights in a glass of beer; and he doth think of his Company, and doth smile. And so also smileth Captain F. R. Williams, who is No. 2 of the front rank. And it is a quiet smile, and reflecteth therein the written words of many scribes, for he readeth much.

And Lieut. H. M. Lewis, No. 1 in the rear, doth wonder who is to pay for the image, and is perturbed and feeleth in his pocket. And Lieut. J. D. Tompkins, who standeth on his left hand, and is unafraid, for that he knoweth the fee is not from him, for he is broke, yea, even until next pay day is he broke.

So the Company did go up into the land of Bex and did sware by the Mighty Four, in that they were just and jolly, and lovers of sport, and men of valour withal, and fighters from France.

T. W.



NO. 2 COMPANY.

NO. 4 COMPANY.

TWO V.C.S IN ONE COMPANY.

During past courses it has been usual for each company to have a number of decorations among its personnel, but never before has any one Company been able to boast of two wears of the glorious Victoria Cross. No. 4 Company is justly proud of these



LANCE-CORPL. KERR.

two Cadets, J. C. Kerr, V.C., and R. Hanna, V.C. Cadet Kerr enlisted in the 49th Edmonton Battalion at Edmonton, and has since served continuously in France. That the greatest award was surely earned is shown by the extract from the "London Gazette":

Cadet Hanna enlisted in 1914 with the 29th Vancouver Battalion, and has served continuously with that Battalion since. During his military career he has held every non-commissioned rank, and was 2nd class W.O.

What staid officialdom thinks of Bob Hanna is shown by the extract from the official gazette.

The Cadets of Four Company are justly proud of their comrades' valour, which has so added to the Company's prestige.

His company met with most severe enemy resistance, and all the company officers became casualties.



CO.-SERGT.-MAJOR ROBERT HANNA.

A strong point, heavily protected by wire and held by a machine gun, had beaten off three assaults of the company with heavy casualties.

BAYONETTED THREE AND BRAINED FOURTH.

This warrant officer under heavy machine gun and rifle fire, coolly collected a party of men, and, leading them against this strong point, rushed through the wire and personally bayoneted three of the

enemy and brained the fourth, capturing the position and silencing the machine gun.

This most courageous action displayed courage and personal bravery of the highest order at this most critical moment of the attack, was responsible for the capture of a most important tactical point, and but for his daring action and determined handling of a desperate situation the attack would not have succeeded.

THE BOXING SHOW.

Number 4's outstanding success was won at the Pavilion the night of October 30th, when the heavy dreadnoughts of thirteen platoon came out from the Kiel Canal into the North Sea and encountered the light cruisers and torpedo boats of fourteen. These they overcame by gaining seven victories and suffering but three defeats, thus winning the Company sporting competition.

Ten bouts each of three two minute rounds were fought and one was staged. The last was between a modern David and Goliath, and was a great burlesque. In it, Wee McGregor of kilted ancestry met George Washington Jackson Lincoln, of Kentucky fame. The special referee for this bout was Sam Johnson. He, however, was unable to award a decision as to the respective abilities of the fighters, but was forced to declare the Big Niggah the winner after he had discovered a three nail on the Kentucky man and an Admiralty board had decided that the canny Scot was guilty. Not even the introduction of poison gas by the Huns was considered justification for this breaking of the Hague rules.

Two light destroyers met in the first round when the enemy ship Morin met the Fraser. The latter was the more active and aggressive, but the Morin was declared the winner on account of the few rounds fired by it being of superior calibre and direction.

In bout two, the heaviest type of dreadnoughts met. After an intense exchange of shots, H.M.S. Stewart was torpedoed by the Ogilvie and was towed out of action in a sinking condition.

Bout three was a battle fast and fierce. By rapid manœuvring and the firing of many rounds, the crew of the Berube was awarded the victory over the staunch and heroic defenders of the Blake.

Dreadnoughts and heavy cruisers met in the fourth and fifth bouts. Greater activity won for the Pearman in the first and an advantage in strength for the Turtle in the second.

In bout six, torpedo-boat destroyer Hennebury was alongside the Knowling and had fired a heavy fusillade of destruction before his opponent decided to retire for repairs.

Bouts seven and eleven resembled each other in being modern battles of great science and artillery fire. In the former, which was a particularly stubborn encounter, much manœuvring and rapid fire took place before the Proven won from the Elliott.

The eleventh was won by the Cornwall ship Williams over the Clyde vessel Montgomery.

The spirit of the bayonet was portrayed to the great satisfaction of the bayonet instructors in bout eight, when the Armstrong swooped down upon the

Webster, and after a fierce struggle overcame its opponent and steamed victoriously away.

The Jukes and Moses, two converted merchant ships, met in bout eight, when he of the Ten Commandments won after disabling the most important defences of the enemy.

Lieut.-Colonel Critchley, D.S.O., the Commandant, acted as referee, and in complimenting the boxers on their exhibition, announced that the fighting had been a great success, both from strategical and fighting spirit points of view, and that, consequently, similar engagements would take place during the winter months.

Captains J. F. Campbell, M.C., and C.B. Cowley were judges, and Lieut. H. Lee timer.

The School Band played throughout the battle, the great success of which was due to Cadet Long, who trained the boxers and organized everything.

THE DINNER.

As the boxing was our first great success, so the dinner was our second. Both were greater than had been ever anticipated, and both were something entirely new in the life of the School, which it remained for No. 4 to introduce, and which will now undoubtedly be imitated by the later students.

Having decided by vote that a dance was not the thing where we could hold a dinner and picked our committee of Long, Williams, Armstrong, Montgomery, and Langton, we waited and looked forward to the night of November 1st, when we gathered in the biggest room of the Metropole. We sat down with something of trepidation, for it was new that the Colonel should attend, and we knew that we had tackled something that was elaborate and big.

From the commencement, however, success seemed to smile on us, and any little doubt disappeared when we fixed bayonets and to the tune of the School Band proceeded to kill the eats. The best of good fellowship prevailed. This, with a big meal, speeches and entertainment that we had not hoped to approach, and an interesting aftermath when, the guests having departed, dominoes and checkers were enjoyed, made up an evening that will be long and oft remembered. Even in the line, thoughts of that aftermath, with its loving cup, speeches and songs, will, we think, come back and linger.

After Cadet Langton had proposed "The King," the Chairman, Cadet Long, ably proposed "The Commandant." Cadet Long specially recalled the high standard that we had been told at the beginning

of the course would have to be maintained, and referred to the keen and strong leadership of Colonel Critchley, as well as the smart and thorough example set at all times by every member of the Instructional Staff and their very evident desire to help the Cadets in every possible way and to make life at the School pleasant to them.

Colonel Critchley was loudly cheered when he rose to respond. After referring to the high honour we should be heir to as officers of the Canadian Corps, he expressed himself as being exceedingly well pleased with the spirit and work of the Cadets throughout their course of training, and complimented them especially on the great boxing show they had put up and on the excellent temper and spirit as well as the class of boxing each fighter had exhibited.

"For he's a jolly good fellow" and a tremendous ovation showed how popular Captain White was when he rose to reply to the toast of "The O.C. and Officers of No. 4 Company." He expressed himself as delighted with the way the Cadets had worked and as having never seen such excellent esprit de corps as had prevailed throughout in the company.

Perhaps the greatest success of the whole evening was Cadet Turple's original poem on "The Cadet's After-Dinner Dream." Cadet Morin, in proposing the toast of "The O.C.'s of other Companies," drew a great deal of laughter, as did Cadet Dixon with a humorous take-off and Cadet Bickle with his "I will arise, go unto my father, and say unto him, 'Stand at ease.'" Cadet Sadler's song also deserves special mention.

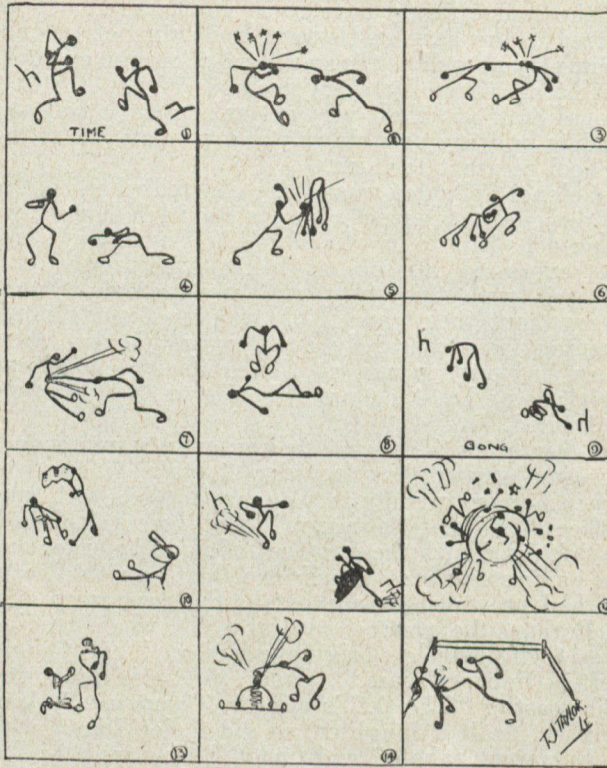
The toasts included "Comrades in France," proposed by Cadet Carlisle; "O.C. and Officers of No. 4 Company," proposed by Cadet Christie, and responded to by Captain White and Lieuts. Arthurs, M.C., and Rathbun; "O.C.'s of Other Companies," proposed by Cadet Morin, and responded to by Major Hodson; "W.O.'s and Non-commissioned Officers," proposed by Cadet MacAgy and replied to by R.S.M. Carpenter and C.S.M. Loveridge; and "Our Guests," proposed by Cadet Blodgett and replied to by Major Patton.

Among the songs were those of Cadets Williams, Proven, Blair, Morfitt and Shipway. C.S.M. McGarry kindly looked to the piano.

The great success of the dinner was due not entirely to the Committee of which Cadet Long was chairman, but to the loyal co-operation of every Cadet. That nothing occurred to mar the evening was no little credit to the company. To Cadet Ogilvie, all thanks for his sportsmanlike action.



NO. 4 COMPANY. PRESENT COURSE.



— 13 PLATOON v 14 PLATOON —
THE BOXING.

No. 4 COMPANY'S DANCE.

That the old time esprit de corps of No. 4 Company is very much present in the new Cadets was evidenced by the enthusiastic manner in which suggestions for the opening dance were received.

The new Cadets of the Company were introduced to the social life of the School by a delightful prom. held in the mess hall on the evening of November 24th. The mess room was beautifully decorated with flags, bunting, and potted plants, and the glimmer of Chinese lanterns added to the attractiveness of the hall.

The opening was the usual "Paul Jones" "get acquainted" number, followed by fifteen well-selected dances, each one of which was thoroughly enjoyed.

Music was furnished by the C.T.S. Orchestra, under the direction of Bandmaster Cross.

The floor, thanks to the Committee's industry, was in fine condition. About fifty couples and countless stags occupied the floor until the all too soon hour of twelve, the whole going to make one of the most attractive Company dances in the history of the C.T.S.'s social triumphs.

The party was chaperoned by Mesdames Hodgson, Tuckwell, Gibson, Arthurs, Shaftsbury and Cawdry.

NO. 4 COMPANY'S CONCERT.

Farewell the glory of the "Y" Emmas! Good-bye the fame of the "Black Watch" troop! for under the supervision of Cadet McGarry, No. 4 Company is organizing a Concert Party.

Some of the fanciest amateur talent in Canada is in this Company, and in the very near future it is planned to stage a show that is expected to even add to the Company's present prestige.

About fifteen Cadets are at present hard at work with new songs, gags, dances, and stories with the "zip."

Just wait for it. It'll even make you forget that there's P.T. at 6.30.

NO. 4 COMPANY'S COMING SHOW.

That the interest in the fight game aroused in No. 4 Company by the previous show is still at top heat is evidenced by the number of Cadets on deck at 5, Marina, each afternoon. The workout this far has been of such a satisfactory kind that it is planned to put on a show in the near future, which will even eclipse the previous one.

Quite a few of the principals in the last show are still in the School, while among the new Cadets in the Company are some of Canada's fastest amateur fighters.

It is planned to stage ten bouts of three rounds each at various weights, from heavy to paper.

Bouts if possible are to be arranged between platoons and billets, which adds no little to their attractiveness. The principals in the pink of condition (thanks to P.T. instructors), and their daily workouts, promise to mix it fast and furious. The interest and spirit both of participants and their backers, is high, so a veritable battle royal may be expected.

The managers of the show, Lieut. Kennedy and Cadet Ogilvie, promise, as an extra, a comedy bout, whose exact nature they refuse at present to disclose, though each swears it's a star. It is expected that the officials will be the C.O. referee, and R.-Sergt.-Major Carpenter as timekeeper.

The C.T.S. Band will dispense music at the rate of 180 to the minute, so the show's bound to be fast.

What date is it?
Why—December 5th.
And at the Pavilion.



No. 4 COMPANY. PAST COURSE.

No. 4 COMPANY—THE CADETS.

In the line and at the reserves, we heard Colonel Critchley's "Round me nip." *Toute de suite* and sped by a "You lucky beggar," we round him nipped to find ourselves at the School wearing white bands and called Cadets. The sergeants even called us Cadets. That seemed so strange, we wondered what a Cadet was. Neither K.R. and O. nor Webster's held the information, so we searched one another for it. And then one day on the street car, we heard a brother inquire for a room for an acting gentleman. Like a flash it came to us. Cadets were officers on probation, acting-temporary gentlemen.

We were sixty-three, and included one V.C., two D.C.M.'s and ten military medals. One Cadet had been a Colonel in the Chinese Army, a second a Captain in the Imperials, and a third had lost his Major's rank in the Canadians, and, after eighteen months in Egypt as a Tommy, had come to our Company to win back his commission.

Quickly we settled down to business, plying the bayonet with elbow grease until it shone like the family silver, marching in the one sixties and seventies until it seemed our little legs would be unable to stand the strain, growing in knowledge and so profiting by lessons in voice culture that even the Sergeant-Major's "Can't hear you, sir," was finally ousted. Forming fours and fighting faggots were but minor incidents.

Naturally, we grew in favour with ourselves until the jerk came. We were doing the one seventy one afternoon, arms swung straight, chins in, backs shortened, covered through, and that sort of thing. A lady, watching, laughed so long and so loudly that we thought of Burns: "If we could see ourselves as others see us." And we haven't discovered to date wherefore that lady laughed that loon-like laugh.

Despite this little "pill-box," we carried on and progressed under as able and fine a lot of instructors as could be wished for. Captain White (we think his middle name is also white), Lieut. Arthurs, M.C., and Lieuts. Macario and Rathbun, with C.S.M. Loveridge and Sergts. Ritchie and Guy, we appreciate and honour as instructors that it was a great privilege and honour to serve under. To them all we wish luck. Also, we beg to state that there never was a finer bunch than the P.T. and B.F. instructors. To mention musketry is to invite being "Raddled."

We shone in sport. To the Canadian Rugby team we gave two former Argos, Langton and Bickle, who captained the team and starred at centre half. Montgomery, Williams, Webster, Appleyard and Proven all played for the School Soccer team.

So we carried on, learning and working with lots of pep and an esprit de corps that was unmarred. This showed particularly in the boxing and the platoon competition. Three times, thirteen and fourteen were examined in drill and as often were declared equals. Finally a coin was tossed and they of the unlucky number were conceded the winners.

Then we came to the last week of our course and blossomed forth with such a boxing show and breaking-up dinner as the School had never known before. And on top of that, when we heard that two Cadets, Williams and Armstrong, had captured first and second place in the best Officer or Cadet competition—something hitherto unheard of—and that Montgomery and Tomlinson had made an excellent show-

ing, we were content that the officers should win the platoon competition and that they should tie with us in the company competition.

Not the least interesting event of the course was the presentation of their medals to Cadets K. Armstrong and S. R. Widmeyer.

And now, thinking we proved ourselves worthy of the course and knowing we enjoyed it and profited greatly from it, we bring our little valedictory to a close.

As Gilbert and Sullivan say:—

"Having polished up our bayonets so carefully,
They have made us to be officers in the King's
army."

We would like to know WHO

Broke the door?

Left the water running at No. 5?

Got married so quietly on kit leave, and was it to be expected that a V.C. would be afraid to face the music from the other boys?

Was the Cadet who sent his notes to London to be typewritten, and did she do it for love or money?

Was the Cadet who wrote a page on fire drill when asked how to teach fire discipline?

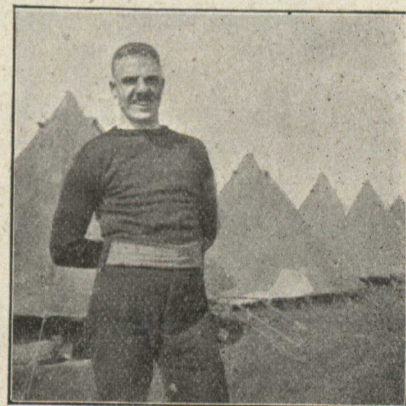
Was he who took a guest at the Strand Palace for a waiter and tipped him?

Was he who, on his doorstep on the night of the dinner, inquired the way to his billet, and was he the same man who slept the night out, sitting up behind the door of his room with his shirt, boots and socks on, after carefully hanging up his kilt?

STAR BACK.

The C.T.S. Rugby team was especially fortunate in having as a back Lieut. (then Cadet) G. E. Bickle.

Lieut. Bickle is well known in Canadian football circles, having played on two championship teams. He was with the winning "Argonauts" in 1913 and the brilliant T.R.A.A. fourteen in 1914.



LIEUT. G. E. BICKLE.

His play at C.T.S. was always brilliant, and the successful season due in no small measure to his fast work.

Lieut. Bickle belongs to the 15th, Toronto's famous kilted regiment, and has played for that battalion's teams.

While a Cadet Lieut. Bickle was a member of No. 4 Company.

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GENTLEMEN.—The name you are invited to make a Special Note of is
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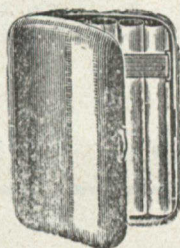
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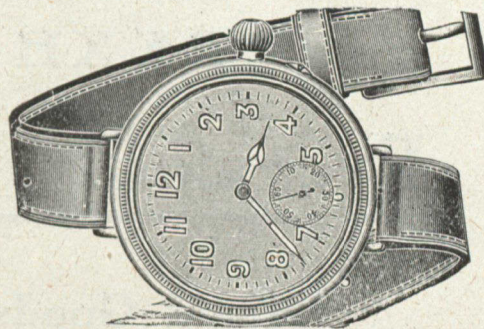
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