

July 1917

Vol. 1. No. 4.

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THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE

## Canadian Training School

Published by kind permission of the Commandant,  
Lieutenant-Colonel CRITCHLEY, D.S.O.

Editorial Department:  
Lieut. LE MESSURIER.



VOLUME I. No. 4.

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### AN APPRECIATION.

By Bax.

The course is about half over, and one and all we may as well admit that the Canadian Training School is a revelation to us. Some writer said that "The world stands aside for a man who knows where he is going." We had not been here three days when it was obvious to anyone who sees beneath the surface that this school, in all its various branches, reflected the ideals and personality of one man. It is true of civil life and it is true of military life—an institution, to be really successful, must be dominated by one personality. A week after the opening of this summer course the Commandant arrived, and we saw the man who had known where he was going—who had visualized the Canadian Training School and stamped his personality upon it.

It is true he could not achieve his success without able assistants, but it is part of success to know whom to choose as your lieutenants. Call it will-power, knowledge, driving force, what you will, but Lieut.-Colonel Critchley's achievement is more a triumph of personality than anything concrete. To take a body of cadets who are fed up on warfare, who have endured mud, shell fire and the ghastly monotony of it all over there . . . to take a body of officers who have been exerting, not enduring, discipline; to deprive them of their Sam Brownes and substitute web belts and side arms, to place them in the ranks and make them carry picks and shovels under an N.C.O. . . . And to make both the cadets and officers feel, when they are through, that it is an honour and a privilege to be an officer in His Majesty's Canadian Force—that is the story of the Canadian Training School.

The Commandant has a unique understanding of "morale." An Engineer officer on his way here, jokingly remarked that we were coming to Bexhill to have our military illusions restored, and that is precisely what has happened.

When an officer leaves this School he will do so healthier in body and healthier in mind. It would be absurd to state that the C.T.S. is flawless, but it has perfection in it, and, to quote once more, "He who sees perfection goes blind." It is a soldier's privilege to grouse, but if the C.T.S. has faults we are blind to them.

[The foregoing editorial by Mr. Baxter, of No. Three Company, who, by the way, is a writer of some distinction, being a regular contributor to some of the best known Canadian and American magazines, expresses in words what most of us have thought, and for this reason we have chosen it as a "leader."—Ed. note.]

### FROM THE EDITORIAL CHAIR.

This, the fourth number of Volume one, would not be complete without a word on the work of Capt. B. C. Quinan, who has left the C.T.S. to act as an instructor at the N.C.O.'s School of Instruction, Hertford.

As Editor of the first three numbers of "Chevrons To Stars" and as manager of the "ChanTeurS," Capt. Quinan's efforts were attended with great success. His never-failing courtesy and untiring energy made him a source of inspiration to all who had the privilege of working under him.

On parade he proved himself to be a smart and efficient officer, and a gentleman. Off parade he added to his laurels by proving himself to be, not only a successful editor and producer, but also a highly amusing "end man" in our Chanteur performances.

It is the pleasure of the new editorial staff to congratulate Capt. Quinan on his appointment and to express the wish of all—"Best of luck, 'Qui,' old man!"

Our congratulations to Majors Devey, Hodson and Collins on attaining their majorities, and to Capts. Toole and Holloway, who have just received their third star.



The editorial staff also wishes to congratulate Major Patton, M.C., until lately the commander of No. 1 Company, on his appointment as O.C. Boys' Battalion.

The object of this battalion is to give the young men and boys of the C.E.F. who are too young for service abroad, the very best military training possible, and to make it a model battalion complete in every detail. It will take part in all field work and manœuvres along with the C.T.S.

Capt. Holloway, also formerly with No. 1 Company, will act as adjutant for the new unit.

The Editor wishes to thank the various Company sub-editors for their assistance in gathering together the necessary material. It is hoped that all artists, writers, poets, and would-be such will start work immediately on contributions for the next issue, which will go to press in the very near future.

## BOOK OF (REGIMENTAL) NUMBERS.

(Not) by Captain L. A. Day.

And they bivouacked and were gone, yet, for three full days did they march and bivouac, and for these days did the people who dwelt by the Hill which is called Bex know them no more.

Verily they marched

With "packs" marched they and with rifles.

And the waggons followed after with food and with beds. Yea with exceeding good food and with eggs, so that the spirits of the sons of Canada rejoiced and they said the one to the other, "Behold ye, when we bivouac, we do live right royally, wherefore then cometh it to pass that we spend such short time in bivouac."

And they rejoiced.

Though but for a short season.

For as they marched they were harassed.

With cavalry and artillery, yet even with machine guns were they harassed and that most frequently. For did not a flag cause a squadron to beset us and a pennant an Army Corps.

Rattles also as machine guns did compass us about and our flanks at all times were girt with a mighty host. Wherefore we fought (some of us) battles "on our own" on the Downs of Sussex, yea, on a high hill did we come to rest.

And they strafed

Even the Colonel (who is also called the Commandant) did strafe, and the Major (who is known to the Band of the sons of Canada as the "C.I.") did strafe saying, "What is an 'outpost line'? Verily a line through which our enemies may not come upon us."

And we answered "Yea."

But said they, "We came upon ye. Even in the dark of the night we approached ye; but ye knew it not. And some of ye slept!"

And we pondered these words and were sad. But in the morning we rose up right early and did gird ourselves. And we fought a mighty battle and did bust much ammunition (blank) and did conquer the hosts of Seaford so that they did go back to their own country and said, "The Band of the sons of Canada who dwell by the Hill which is called Bex are mighty. Yea though their outpost line is rotten yet will we not go nigh unto them, for they are too mighty for us."

Thus and thus was it ended and the Cadets did go forth as officers and the officers as better men.

And No. 4 Company did win the Cup.

And for a little there was peace.

And they who are (by order) called Instructors rested.

But for a short while.

For new Bands arose and came and said unto the Commandant (who is also called "The Colonel"), "Come we pray thee and instruct us, and tell us how we may defeat our enemies, even the wily Bosche who doth press sore upon us."

And he answered "Yea."

So they came.

And they strove.

With rifle and bayonet, yea even with scabbards did they strive at the will of the Commandant.

And about this time it came to pass that there were promotions, and many mighty men became more mighty.

There arose more Majors in the land of the Hill of Bex, even Collins, who is called "John," who striveth heartily with a Band called "Comp'nee," and Devey, who is called "Beautiful," and Hodson, who did win the Cup.

For the which we did all rejoice.

And Toole also and Holloway did become Captains and mighty men amongst those who dwell by the Pole which is called Metro.

And for these things we do rejoice and our hearts are glad within us.

So work we with joy and good feeling.

And the Band of the sons of Canada is strengthened.

And the Bosche knoweth these things that we do, and feareth them.

From Ypres even unto Vimy and the Somme doth he fear greatly.

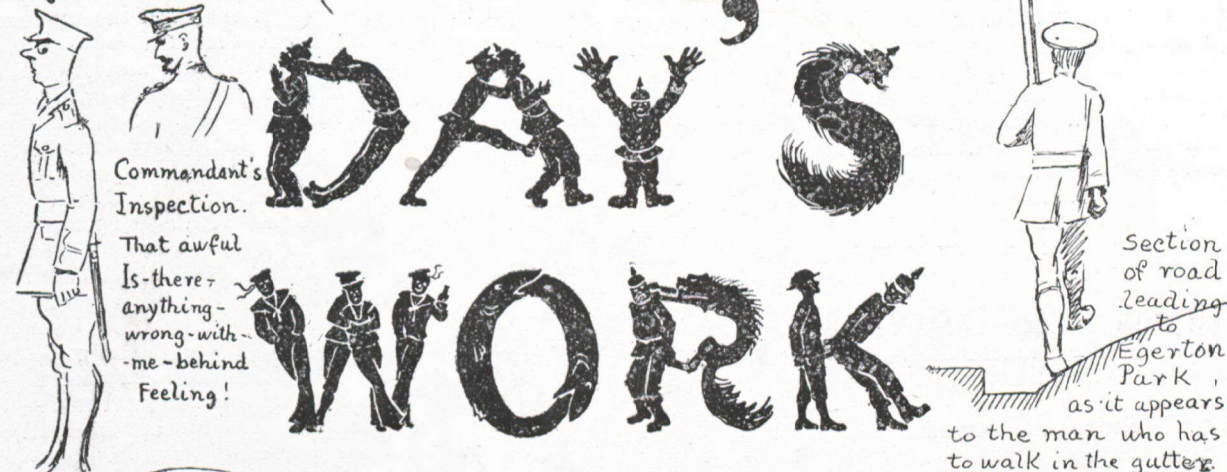


"NO. NINE."



"NAH THEN 'ERB."







## OUR NATIONAL JUBILEE.

Paragraphs from a Sermon preached on Dominion Day by Captain Edmund H. Oliver, Chaplain of the C.T.S.

Text: "Ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout the land."—Leviticus xxv., 10.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fifty years ago this very first day of July Canada became a Confederated Dominion, the first great self-governing over-seas union in the British Empire. If in this present year of grace and war statesmen and seers like General Smuts have caught a vision of a British Commonwealth of Nations I want to remind you that half a century ago Macdonald and Brown and Cartier and Howe not only had that vision, but in their own sphere carried it into effect. Upon the principles that are so eloquently emphasized by General Smuts they formed out of discordant and widely separated provinces one great far-stretching Dominion, and laid the foundation for measures that were to link the St. Lawrence to the Rockies, the Atlantic to the Pacific, in a series of self-governing Provinces united for matters of common concern and ranging themselves side by side, like pearls in a necklace, upon the shining steel of a great transcontinental railway, and constituting as one undivided folk, in richness of loyalty and love, no less than in wealth of resource in material and men, the rarest and costliest gem in all Britannia's crown.

At first blush the British Empire appears to be the product of accident and muddle-headedness rather than of purposeful design. No one planned it. And therein lies its justification. It is the expression of consent and acceptance from below rather than of deliberate direction from above. It is based on liberty, not autocratic ordering. In the heroic days of Drake and Hawkins no English statesman possessed either the knowledge of the world or the vision of Empire which every sailor cherished. Spain and France set out deliberately upon the task of building up an Empire. But not Britain. Apart from Newfoundland, which possessed no political significance for years to come, in the race for Empire Britain got off with a bad start. At the outset those responsible for her policies never purposed to secure Dominions across the seas at all. Britain bungled into an Empire. It was her fortune and her fate, and certainly not the policy of her Government. In fact the Colonies began as a protest against the Government at home. The civil and religious troubles in England harried some of her choicest sons out of the land and across the seas. Pilgrim Fathers we call them now—and they're coming back to help the Old Land after 300 years. You will recall that Oliver Cromwell was hindered from going only by a vote in the House of Commons. If I were a believer in the transmigration of souls—and I am almost convinced it is true when in these days I see all the chivalry and daring of the past and the spirit and bravery of the knights of old springing into life in our own boys at the Front—I say, if I believed in transmigration I should be persuaded that if Cromwell didn't get across the Atlantic in body,

nevertheless, his soul went over and became incarnated in Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. It was discontent, then, with autocracy at home and a passion for liberty that drove them forth to found the New England States and the American Colonies. I cannot over-emphasize this, that it was a revolt against autocracy and personal government that founded the British Empire. The outcasts of England carried the torch of freedom in their hearts to a new home on a rugged Atlantic shore. In two great struggles since, the struggle for independence in the eighteenth century, and for union and the emancipation of slaves in the nineteenth, they fed the gleam and kept it burning. At home here the light was not quenched, and at the Revolution and the Act of Settlement it broke into a blaze that has in these islands never since been dimmed.

And all the time these dauntless pioneers were fighting for a foothold on that inhospitable coast, to the north of them the far-seeing French were striking into the heart of the continent by the majestic St. Lawrence and the noble Lakes. Under Cartier and Champlain, under Roberval, Talon and Frontenac, under Laval and the Society of Jesus, under D'Iberville, Marquette, Joliet and La Vérendrye, the romantic spirits of the old régime with prescient vision and statesmanlike policy were fighting a stiff fight against the most fearful odds—lack of support but plenty of hindrances and ill-conceived directions from home, oppressive monopolies, autocratic caprice, governmental interference and incompetence—to build up a New France in the New World. For if New England and the American Colonies sprang into existence as a protest against autocratic, personal government, New France was the actual incarnation and expression of that very kind of rule.

They came into dire conflict, these two young nations, New France and New England. Let us state clearly the issue involved. Their contest was part of a larger struggle that was being waged on three continents and seven seas. And this greater fight was not so much a race for Empire between France and Britain as a struggle for supremacy between two world-principles, liberty and democracy pitted against personal autocracy. The passion for autocratic domination has manifested itself in many an age. Xerxes, Hannibal, Cæsar, Charlemagne, Philip II., Napoleon, down to its latest dupe in that unholy offspring of the Swabian free-booter, the Hohenzollern Wilhelm, all have yielded to its lure and been led to their own destruction. In the seventeenth century this bacillus had infected Richelieu and Mazarin, and it found expression in the boundless Bourbonist ambitions of the fourteenth Louis, the Sun King. He would dominate Europe, and then the world. By craft and gold he tried to subdue England in the Treaty of Dover. But the Revolution of 1688 and the accession of William III. broke his dream on this side of the Channel. And it was an English soldier, John Churchill, that at the battle of Blenheim on the other side of the Channel shattered his plans for the Continent. But the struggle did not end with Louis' death. It was only transferred to other actors and to a larger stage. The scene is henceforth laid on three continents and all the seas. The central act in that drama of Seven Wars between 1688 and 1815 was wrought out at



Rosbach, Plassey and Quebec. Of this wide struggle America had its share and bore its burden. What was to be the world principle, and who its trustee? And Fate answered, Liberty and the people of William Pitt! And, as an earnest of the greater days to be, Quebec passed beneath the folds of the Union Jack and the people of New France were re-born free and British.

In less than two decades Britain had to be reminded of the sacredness of her high office and function as Trustee and Guarantor that Liberty and Justice should not perish in world relations. The Battle of Saratoga in 1777 taught Burgoyne and then all Britain that the lessons of 1688 were valid, not alone at home and for Kings, but as well across the high seas and for peoples too. Britain lost New England but she regained her soul. And since that time she has not faltered in her high devotion to the cause of Liberty.

And meanwhile what of New France, which is now Canada? When America the elder sister, like Orpah of old, went into the Moab of Independence Canada, like Ruth, cried to the great Motherland, "Entreat me not to leave thee. Thy people shall be my people. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." Canada made to Britain a Declaration of Inter-dependence at the American Revolution. In the century that followed device after device of government was adopted. There were Commissions of Enquiry and Parliamentary deadlocks. Acts of Conciliation and of Union were tried in turn. There were even two abortive rebellions. Two nations were struggling for supremacy on the bosom of one State. . . . And their seers arose in the land, men like John A. Macdonald and George Brown. They declared that what Canada needed was a larger life. . . . So the Confederation of all the Provinces in British North America was proposed. It came into effect fifty years ago to-day.

I want to point to a very remarkable coincidence that I have not seen referred to in the public press. Fifty years ago to-day we became the Dominion of Canada. And we consecrated ourselves to be a Dominion of Peace. But something else happened precisely fifty years ago this very day. It was the consummation of another Union that did not stand for peace—the Nord Deutscher Bund, the North German Federation. This Federation was the first expression of Bismarckism in world-politics, and is the foundation of the German Empire. Prussia's first instrument for the prosecution of her policy of blood and iron was forged on the anvil of Bismarck's ambition fifty years ago to-day, the very day that witnessed the birth of the Dominion of Canada. That North German Federation embodied the robbery of Schleswig and Holstein and the humiliation of Austria at Sadowa. It was the weapon which enabled von Roon and Moltke to overthrow the Second Empire at Sedan and to implant in the hearts of Frenchmen an implacable hatred for the loss of Alsace and Lorraine.

I have dwelt upon this historical survey because to my mind Prussia and Canada represent an age-old antagonism. On the one hand Germany is Prussia's experiment embodied in a half-century of autocracy, of warlike preparation and of challenge for world-dominance. On the other hand Britain's

half-century of experiment is expressed in the free and happy life of our own fair land of Canada. For it was given to Canada first as pioneer, and then, in turn, to the other Dominions across the seas, to express the thought of unselfish Empire, of inter-dependent self-government, which means liberty and loyalty, freedom and responsibility.

I cannot conclude without turning to my beloved prairie. The time is nearly half a century ago and the scene is old Fort Garry, where to-day stands the stately town of Winnipeg. Across the plains the bison still roams, the red man shoots the lovely Qu'Appelle and lordly Saskatchewan in his swift canoe or wanders forth to the buffalo hunt with travois and cayuse, the antelopes in graceful herds play about the deeper coulees, the badgers and gophers dig their homes beneath the virgin sod, the coyote prowls around the prairie sleughs or utters his mournful howl to the irresponsive night, the mallards and prairie chicken and wild geese wing their flights safe and undisturbed, the soft chinook blows in between the mountain passes, and the western skies are all aflame with the glory of the sun that hesitates to leave the land it loves so well. Around that rough table in the old Fort that day nearly fifty years ago there sat more than one man who was to give himself in service to those far-flung plains, and there, too, sat Donald A. Smith, Empire builder in the days to be. Lieutenant-Governor Morris rises to his feet. He is uttering the first address ever delivered to the North West Council, "A country of vast extent which is possessed of abundant resources is entrusted to your keeping, a country which, though at present but sparsely settled, is destined, I believe, to become the home of thousands of persons by whose industry and energy that which is now almost a wilderness will become a fruitful land where civilisation and the arts of peace will flourish. He concludes. As he resumes his seat I hear a sound that grows and grows. It is the tramp of a million feet. The pathfinders and homesteaders are coming around the Great Lakes. They build their shacks. They plough the ground. They lay the ties along the railway. They rear elevators. They establish schools and churches. They frame their own laws. They banish the drink. They give women the vote. In a word they make the wilderness a fruitful land where civilisation and the arts of peace have flourished. With these eyes of mine I have seen that miracle. But the wonder of it will be eclipsed by what is coming. The Hun will be defeated, the slave set free, the world made safe. Peace will reign. Righteousness will triumph. Prosperity will abound. Above all the promise of our text will be implemented, "Liberty will be proclaimed throughout all lands." That is why we Canadians hallow this fiftieth year, and hallow it in arms. It is our Jubilee. Just because we have learned the joy of united brotherhood, we must strike the tyrant down and proclaim liberty throughout all lands. What message, I ask in conclusion, shall we give to-day for those that have gone, for the Fathers who framed, for the comrades who have fought and fallen?

"Tell them, O guns, that we have heard their call,  
That we have sworn, and will not turn aside,  
That we will onward till we win or fall,  
That we will keep the faith for which they died."



**INSPECTION BY  
LT.-GEN. SIR R. E. W. TURNER,  
V.C., K.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O.  
COMMANDING CANADIAN FORCES IN THE  
BRITISH ISLES.**

On Thursday, August 2nd, 1917, Lieut.-General Sir R. E. W. Turner, V.C., K.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O., General Officer Commanding the Canadian Forces in the British Isles, paid his second visit to the C.T.S. to inspect the third class at Bexhill.

General Turner arrived in time to take lunch with the two Cadet Companies at their mess in the Museum, after which the School paraded to the Pavilion, where they listened to a very stirring address given by him.

During his speech he paid a tribute to the work of Lieut.-Colonel Critchley, D.S.O., whose efforts alone, he said, were responsible for the success of the C.T.S. He expressed himself as being more than pleased that the spirit and energy displayed by this the third class was, if anything, even better than that of the two previous classes, which were thought to have set a very high standard of efficiency. He impressed upon the officers and cadets present the absolute necessity for physical fitness on their part, not only for the great game which they were at present playing, but also for the great work which would be theirs in Canada after the cessation of hostilities.

He congratulated the candidates on the honour which was soon to be theirs—the honour of going out to the Canadian Corps in France, which, he said, had proved itself unquestionably to be the finest fighting Corps in the B.E.F.

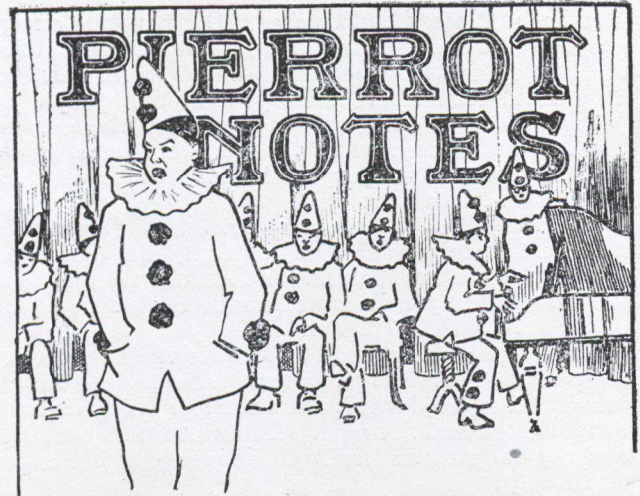
On the completion of the address the Companies marched to Egerton Park, where General Turner witnessed the ceremonial parade, and later took the salute as the battalion marched past.

**THE C.T.S.**

Though you kick against the routine,  
Though you think we're in a rut,  
Though you're treated much as children (more or  
less),  
We admire you, and we like you,  
And does it ever strike you  
That we think you're rather splendid, C.T.S.?

Though you're up against a facer,  
And you've shown the world your worth,  
And the glory of your deeds this land will bless;  
Your fame will live eternal  
(And you've got a priceless Colonel),  
Oh!  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{we} \\ \text{you} \end{array} \right.$  couldn't do without  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{you} \\ \text{him} \end{array} \right.$ , C.T.S.!

And when the course is over,  
When parades and "jerks" are done,  
And forgotten all the days of weary stress,  
It's then we whisper sadly,  
And we mean it—mighty badly—  
We miss you—*how* we miss you, C.T.S.!  
Bexhill-on-Sea. (Miss) T. BRAY.

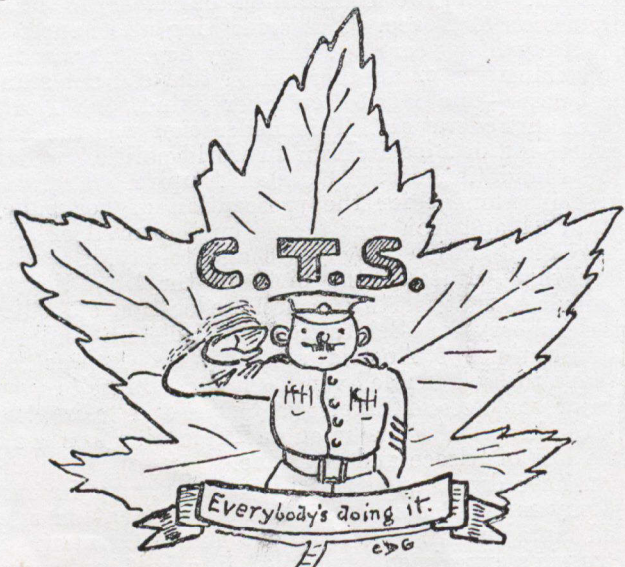


**THE CHANTEURS (PRESENT).**

The famous troupe from the last course ended its season in a blaze of glory by giving a performance on June 29th at St. Leonards Palace Pier in aid of Bannow Red Cross Hospital. The result was a big success, both musically and financially, the audience being benefited by a spirited performance and the Hospital by £20.

**THE CHANTEURS (PAST).**

A positive wealth of material has been unearthed for the productions on the 23rd, 24th and 25th of August. An orchestra of symphonic proportions has been gathered by Lieut. Quaille, and Lieut. "Heavy" Brennan, who made Ada Crossley jealous when he appeared with her at frequent musical festivals, has taken over the stage management. The musical director is Lieut. A. Baxter, formerly conductor of the Toronto Musical and Dramatic Society, and the whole production will be under the eagle eye of Lieut. Lyon, of the staff. However, the Chanteurs can't make a success without an audience, so let everyone bring his "sisters and his cousins and his aunts" and help to make this the biggest and best yet.



NEW C.T.S. BADGE AS APPROVED BY  
WAR OFFICE.



## YE OLD TRENCH CLUB.

Of the many pleasant features of life at the C.T.S., there is one which, while being independent of the School organizations, exists solely for the comfort and pleasure of the cadets and officers from Canada. The Old Trench Club (the three initial letters O.T.C. are the *raison d'être* of the name) at 18, Sackville Road, keeps open house every night, supplying study rooms for the studious, dancing for the dilettantes, writing desks where the lovelorn may pen epistles to their absent sweethearts, a reading room for those who feed on literature, and refreshments for those who desire less æsthetic nourishment. In short, to use Mr. Micawber's pet phrase, it supplies a home, or at least an excellent substitute, where for a time we can forget the exigencies of army discipline and where we can hear the treasured sound of women's voices. The president is Mrs. F. H. M. Codville, whose energy and gift of organization is largely responsible for the Club's success. Mrs. F. MacCollough and Miss M. Codville are responsible for the entertainments and the refreshments, the excellence of their departments being demonstrated by the jolly Saturday night dances to the various companies. Mrs. J. J. Codville is the secretary, and those who are fortunate enough to secure a "sit out" with the senior patroness at the dance will find their next dance arrive all too soon.

The Old Trench Club is just one more of the countless kindnesses of the women (God bless 'em!), and don't forget . . . when "Lights out" is sounded and you drift away to other scenes, drop the Club a line or a card. The Club never forgets its old members. Let us see that we don't forget them.

BAX.



THE SPIRIT OF THE FAGGOTS.

## One! Two! Three! Four!



SNAPSHOT ( $\frac{1}{20000}$ th OF A SECOND) OF YOUNG MAN IN No. 1 COMPANY OUT FOR AN EVENING STROLL.

## MERELY AN INCIDENT.

The Powder Stores was in a small building, and immediately adjoining was a well from which the camp drinking water was drawn. A guard was posted that night. Second relief was that dreamy-eyed, odd number of the rear rank, Private Dobbs, on guard duty for the first time.

"Dobbs" may or may not be a romantic name, but Pte. Dobbs had a poetic soul, even if he would have spelt "Art" with a capital "H." At eleven-thirty p.m. "visiting rounds" appeared in company with the corporal of the guard. After the usual preliminaries, during which Dobbs saluted with his hand to his cap after climbing to the slope, the Corporal said in his usual terse manner, "Give over your orders."

Now after two hours of serene contemplation of the moon's fair beams and the stars' twinkling light, poetic fervour was uppermost in Pte. Dobbs' homely soul, and he stammered out:

"To safely guard from shot and shell  
Both the powder and the well."

"Cut out that blinking funny stuff," hissed the Corporal, his patience almost at an end.

Poor Dobbs was now in a most abject state, and with an aggrieved stutter he replied:

"Why, them's the orders I received  
From the guy wot I relieved."

Result. Three days F.P. 2. And yet here in Bexhill they are fostering the literary spirit in the Army by asking for contributions to the Magazine. More power to them.

"MEKANIKOS."



NO. 1 COMPANY.

Our Derialogue.

I. Bexhill is thy School, and thou shalt put no other school before it.

II. On parade thou shalt make of thyself a graven image: Thou shalt not look into the air above thy head nor upon the ground beneath thy feet.

III. Any Cadet may take thy name if he salutes thee in vain; and the Commandant shall not hold thee guiltless, and thou shalt be "for it."

IV. Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy drill, and on the seventh day cometh Church Parade.

V. Salute thy Major and thy Commandant, that thy days may be long in the C.E.F.

VI. Thou shalt not murder the P.T. Instructor when he sayeth unto thee, "Go thither; come hither; be ye seated."

VII. Thou shalt not make friends on the Esplanade.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal an hour's sleep in the Kursaal.



No. 1 COMPANY'S TRACK TEAM TAKING ITS EARLY MORNING WORK-OUT.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false casualty stripes, lest it be found out against thee.

X. Thou shalt not covet the Staff's jobs, nor their Motor Cycles, nor their Spurs, nor their Batmen, nor anything that is the Staff's.

"ALICE" IN HUNGERLAND.

*Being the fearful dream of a Subaltern, known to his intimates as "Alice," who dropped off to sleep during Major Collins' lecture on "Mess Etiquette," and found himself temporarily in a well conducted mess—waking later to find himself in quite another sort of mess, but one quite as well conducted.*  
—Ed.

As Alice entered, his attention was taken by the figures of the Senior Major and the Mess President, both eating hurriedly, between whom sat the Chaplain, seemingly sound asleep. Alice knew it must be the Senior Major because he looked so fierce—between bites. He had "9th M.H." on his buttons, and Alice couldn't help wondering if the initials stood for "Mad Hatter."

"Take off your belt when you come into mess," grunted the Senior Major, cramming one and a half of his two ounces of bread into his mouth.

"But, sir, you're wearing—" began Alice, un-diplomatically.

"Never mind what the Staff does. I'm telling you what you should do," interrupted the Senior Major. "Bring up the chee-ild—what's the rest of it, Dormouse?" But the Chaplain only snored, and the Senior Major returned his attention to Alice.

"Sit down!" he snorted. "Get up!—(I didn't see you move!) Sit down! That's better."

Alice found himself seated beside the Mess President, who looked and ate rather like a rabbit—nervously, as though he were trying to take in all that was happening in every part of the room. As he ate he made peculiar gestures with his hands, and flicked his ears; and as if in answer to these signals, waiters darted and popped about the room, marvellously avoiding collisions with one another which continually appeared to be imminent.

Alice noticed that the plate before him seemed to have been emptied once, but none of the waiters came to remove it.

"You're in for the second sitting," explained the Mess President. Alice decided that he didn't like the initials of that official's title. They reminded him too much of his first and only effort to return from Hastings by train.

"All Subalterns" have to wait for the second sitting in this Mess," explained the Senior Major. "It's an invention of my own to enable me to get enough to eat. I attend the first sitting, of course, and as I have to eat with each of the Subs in turn for one meal, I'm in on the second sitting, too. Rather good, isn't it?"

"Yes," admitted Alice grudgingly, "but what about the Subs, sir?"

"Oh, Subs don't count," replied the Senior Major with a genial wave of his hand—which was just what Alice was beginning to think.



"What's your name?" asked the Senior Major suddenly.

"William Jones, sir," replied Alice. "But they usually call me 'Alice' in my own—"

The Mess President clapped his hands to his ears, dropping his knife and fork at an angle which seemed to puzzle the Well Trained Waiter; the Chaplain awoke with a start; while the Senior Major shouted "Silence!" over and over again at the top of his voice, wildly waving his teacup as he did so.

Finally he turned to Alice, and with tears in his eyes and a voice husky with emotion, commanded "Never let me hear that name in mess again—never!"

There was an uncomfortable silence, during which the Mess President, still shivering slightly, picked up his knife and fork, to the intense relief of the Well Trained Waiter; while the Chaplain resumed his interrupted slumbers.

"What do you know about Machinery?" the Senior Major asked at length.

"Nothing," Alice was forced to admit.

"What do you know about Music?"

"Nothing."

"What do you know about Farming?"

"Nothing, sir—but what has that to do with—"

"Then keep quiet. Women are taboo as a topic of conversation; we never talk shop in the Army; I hate Arithmetic; and you don't know anything else. So keep quiet," concluded the Senior Major, helping himself to the Chaplain's sugar ration.

"We might talk about the Navy," suggested Alice timidly.

The Senior Major and the Mess President regarded one another with horrified expressions, and then seized the Chaplain by either arm, shaking him into wakefulness.

"Did you hear that, Dormouse?" asked the former. "He wanted us to talk about the Navy."

"And a boat leaving Folkestone in half an hour," added the other with a shiver.

The Chaplain thought it over for a moment, murmured "He's a spy—shoot him," and then relapsed once more into slumber.

There was a second uncomfortable silence which the others spent in disposing of their dessert.

"I've nothing to eat," said Alice at length in a plaintive voice.

"Shouldn't think you would have—look at your knife and fork," said the Mess President.

Alice bent upon them a careful scrutiny. "They're dirty," he at last decided.

"They always are," snapped the Mess President. "I don't mean that. I mean, look at the angle they make with one another. They clearly indicate to the Well Trained Waiter that you're not finished."

"Well, I'm not—I haven't even started," said Alice hastily.

"But the man who sat there before you is finished, and his cutlery says he isn't—so how can you expect to get anything to eat?"

"On the word 'One,'" said the Senior Major, whose duty it was to train officers, "pick up the knife in the right hand and the fork in the left. On the word 'Two'—as you were!—Squad, One! On the word 'Two' place them on the plate, side by side, the handles making an angle of 135 degrees

with the direction you're facing. Squad, Two!"

As this was done the empty plate vanished, and a plate of soup appeared in its place, some of the contents having first dripped down the back of Alice's tunic. "I'll get beans for that on inspection tomorrow," thought Alice.

"Would you like a drink?" asked the Mess President.

"As you were!" interrupted the Senior Major. "I saw him first—he's my guest." Then to Alice, "Would you like a drink?"

"Yes," said Alice, "thank you."

"Don't thank me," returned the Senior Major. "Since treating isn't permitted, I can't buy for you; and since you're not a member of the mess, and have no chit-book, you can't buy for yourself. So you can't have a drink after all."

Alice disgustedly helped himself from the water pitcher and carried on, but in an unfortunate moment chanced to lay his soup spoon at the fatal angle, and at once the plate was whisked away by the Well Trained Waiter.

"Do you like our Mess?" asked the President, smiling.

"I've never seen such a mess," returned Alice, after thinking it over carefully; but the reply seemed to please the President.

"Any complaints should be addressed to the Mess Secretary—the following day," added the Senior Major, addressing himself to no one in particular.

"I've often wondered how the Band knows just when to play 'The King,'" remarked Alice, in an effort to bring the conversation to less controversial topics.

"That's my secret; I never tell anyone," rebuked the Mess President, and once more the atmosphere was chilly.

But just then the Senior Major shouted at the top of his voice, "Will someone wake that officer? Kick him!"

Instinctively Alice looked around to where the Chaplain was sitting, but the voice of the Senior Major, who was beginning to disappear in a dull haze, came louder than ever, "There's no need to look round—it's you I mean. Wake up! Wake up!"

With the stinging sensation of a blow in the ribs, Alice came mistily back to the sleep-laden atmosphere of the Kursaal (which, he thought, fully justified its name), and spent the remainder of the period on his feet, vainly wishing for a P.T. Instructor to appear and request him to be seated.

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Dear Editor: Is it true that Sergt.-Major Wilson counts "one-two-three-four" because he can't say "left-right-left-right" fast enough to keep time with our legs?—Puffy.

Puffy: No, dearest, it's because he thinks that's the number of legs we have.—Ed.

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Anyway, No. 1 Company can boast of having as a member a "dashing young Imperial Officer."

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Someone please tell Bill Amsden the story about "God Bless the Duke of Argyll."



## NO. 2 COMPANY.



CAPT. GIBSON,  
O.C. No. 2 Company.

## CEREMONIAL INITIATION. A MONDAY MORNING OF THE BEXHILL BRAND.

'Tis 8.40 of the clock, the Metropole cross-roads are thronged with khaki-clad sons of Canada fresh from France or the land of their birth, alike unsuspecting and unsophisticated in the wily ways of the C.T.S. The semi-nocturnal P.T. has already created stiffening joints and the furtive, frightened glances of some of us proclaims the fact that the simultaneous "Sit down get up" setting-up has already jarred our simple faith in the future. Yea, verily, 'tis but the calm before the storm.

Suddenly every half-comatose individual is herded smartly into a company, blithely bullied a bit, then the bugle blows—the reaction is immediate and terrific.

Unaware of danger ahead, we find our arms and legs moving fast and even faster till the speed of our going just falls short of the scorching point. "Hold it!" rasps a Voice. We and our brethren in

agony have attained the acme of speeds, 180 to the minute!

Will power is petrified. Our flying extremities encounter something soft and slithery emitting a staggering stench of tar—perhaps. Involuntarily our eyes seek the source and the damage, but from amid a dizzy maze of whirling limbs booms out a thunderous "Heads up! Swing those arms from the shoulders! By the left! That means YOU SIR!!" and to the hypnotic instructional chorus of "Left! Right! Left! Right!" our muscles stiffen till they crack again. Dimly we sense a gateway above which seems to gleam in fiery characters, "Abandon hope all ye who enter here!" Like a zig-zag streak of lightning two corners are rounded, there bursts upon the ear-drums a torrent of sound, hellish in intensity, whose compelling pulsations impel our wavering feet into madder gyrations. Flying boots, sparks, red hot pebbles and the odour of burning cloth! The Company frantically rounds more corners, debouches upon the greensward and dashes wildly forward.

"At the halt! . . ." we hear from out the throbbings. Welcome, little word! Oh, yes, we halt, but too soon; a striped demon rushes at us and our wobbling knees waver onward. We come to anchor, form part of a tortuous line and climb down our young Howitzers to the refuge of a stiff "At Ease." Our own leaders, like lambs to the slaughter, are led to the rear—no mortal soul can save us. The sweat of us oozes in drops and streams till the ground is sodden underfoot. We shift a soaking foot, the unseen Voice bids us stay. We stay—frozen with fright.

"BATTALION, FALL IN! AS YOU WERE!"

The thunderous words overlap, our right markers quiver but stir not. Again the raucous roar. They start, they move, and try to come off. "STEADY!" shouts the junior arch demon. "AS YOU WERE!" roars his senior, and the air resounds as they strive in vocal battle. Silence—Click, click, BANG! Not a move. More roarings, then the war drum throbs again. We step ahead. A rolling of thunder—we double shuffle, wildly twisting our heads to the right, whence a single glaring eye casts an awesome spell, and we become the line that is called Straight. The mutterings of the storm die away. BANG! We face our front, stiff-necked. Demons take counsel and disperse, then the arch-demon, despairing of us, transfers his charge to a demi-god.

Aching arches, knocking knees, taut tendons and breaking backs await his onslaught. "BATTALION HUN!" At mention of our sworn enemy we spring to position, ready for aught. In a frenzy we demonstrate that  $2 + 2$  are four, and are handed over to a giant crowned with crimson and gold. At his behest we strive again and climb madly up and down our artillery. After an eternity of torture, known as Inspection, even he fails to discover traces of uniformity in us, and we are given over to the demons again.

The heinous impulses hammer again on our helpless ear-drums, yet again our limbs are impelled into terrific motion, and with aching backs we hustle away with an infernal memory of our Ceremonial Inspection.



## DANCE.

One of the most successful social functions was No. 2 Company Dance, which was held on July 21st, under the auspices of the Old Trench Club.

The guests were received by Mrs. F. H. M. Codville, President of the Club, and while for many of the officers it was their first dance in this country, the kindness of the greeting made them feel quite at home.

The opening number was a "Paul Jones" waltz, and that was followed by twelve or more good numbers. The Museum is excellently situated for a dance in summer time, overlooking as it does the little lake and grounds of Egerton Park.

Over fifty couples were present, and quite a pretty display of colour was made with the khaki and different coloured plaids of kilts and trews and the charming gowns of the ladies.

"M."

### A BRAW MORNING.

1. Oh, it's up at six in the morning, boys,  
In the good old Summer time,  
And we have a cup of coffee, boys,  
That is, if we have the time.
2. Then we start to do our physical jerks  
On a hard and stony street,  
And to our vast astonishment  
Our sergeant doth entreat—
3. "Wake up, this nice fine morning, men,"  
As over a fence we climb.  
"Sit down! Get up! Sit down! Get up!"  
It's "on the hands down" this time.
4. Then we rush for a dip in the ocean,  
And up eight flights we climb,  
And we rush to get dressed for breakfast,  
And "on parade" on time.
5. The sergeant shouts "Be steady, men,  
Your rifles wave like palms.  
Hold up your heads, pull in your chins,  
Oh, why do you move those hands?"
6. Then we come to the slope and order arms,  
As we blink at the broiling sun,  
And for the fair observers next  
To the "present" we come.
7. They march us up to the lecture hall  
At a hundred and eighty-nine,  
And very soon we are asleep,  
And in our chairs recline.
8. Until we wake with a cruel start,  
When the Major says "I'm done,"  
To double down to Egerton Park  
To practice killing the Hun.
9. 'Tis thus we while the hours away  
At Bexhill on the sea;  
To those who think our work is play,  
Just come along and see.

## SMOKER.

That it did not take No. 2 Company long to develop the much desired "esprit de corps" was evidenced by the "Smoker," "At Home," "Concert" or "Party" which was held on July the 18th. The boys were "whooping it up," not in the "Malamute saloon," but in the Metropole dining room, from 8.0 until 10.30, and there was lots of talent.

Capt. Gibson presided, and the well-prepared programme was carried out "by numbers." To particularize is difficult, but mention must be made of the violin work of Lieut. Quail. His performance of the bagpipes with the stringed instrument caused the feet of others besides the kilted men to beat time. The Padre was there, and his account of his visit to Berlin in pre-war days, when we doubt not he went on the "Spree," brought down the house. In response to numerous calls the "Skipper" came out of his position in the chair and gave his famous "Gaelic chorus," accompanying himself on the piano, and with a violin obligato.

It was great, but there is one chord that struck our—perhaps untuned—ears as sounding like stewed rhubarb tastes without sugar. That's the bagpipes for you. Then several marching tunes were sung by the bunch and different choruses that have since announced to the people in Bexhill that No. 2 Company was coming along.

Then a couple of Company "yells" were tried out, and even the different platoon "yells." These have since done service at several of the games—we make no "Secret" of the fact. The meeting finally broke up with "O! Canada," "Auld Lang Syne," and "God Save the King."

Now the boys say, What about another "Smoker?"

"M."

### THAT BAYONET FIGHTING YELL!



FRITZ: "MEIN GOTT! DOTS BEXHILL."



**NO. 3 COMPANY.**

Editorial offices, "Somewhere in the Metropole." Guaranteed circulation . . . there is no guaranteed circulation.

Our motto: All the news late.

**CONGRATULATIONS**

to Major Devey, an officer and a gentleman, on attaining his majority. Some Company Commanders tell you how to be an officer; Major Devey shows you. We don't care whether it's bad form or not to congratulate a senior officer on his promotion. . . . Here's to our O.C., and if No. 3 doesn't win the cup it will be our fault, not his.

to Lieut. Johnston, late of the 207th Ottawa Sportsmen's Battalion. As Athletics officer of No. 3 Company he has laboured hard and successfully, as the Company record shows. He was always a good sport back in Bytown; he's playing the game here, and he'll do it in France.

to Lieuts. Burns and O'Gorman, of the Duchess of Connaught's Own, for their "rooting" on the side lines in the baseball games. Nobody but an English sporting writer could see anything but good-natured vigorous chaffing in their extemporaneous side line oratory.

to the Cadet who asked Major Codville at a lecture if an N.C.O. who reverted to the ranks to escape a D.C.M. could demand a general court-martial to reinstate him. If he calls at this office we have a job for him editing our "subconscious humour" column.

Realizing that officers attending this course have far too much leisure time (cut out that rough stuff), the Editorial Office of No. 3 has arranged a "Pleasant Sunday Afternoon Guessing Contest," which, we hope, will keep everyone away from the seashore and its attendant distractions. To the officer who most nearly guesses correctly who made the following statements, either during lectures or on parade, a Beer Mug will be given with his name suitably inscribed thereon. Some of these things have been carefully thought out by their perpetrators, others are impromptu (off the bat), and still others said with malice aforethought.

1. God, I hate a dead one!
2. Don't embrace a young lady in public—I appreciate your feelings, but—it isn't done. Any questions?
3. Have you got that down, those who want it?
4. Swing them arms.
5. Discipline is self-control reduced to a habit.
6. Sl-oo-oo-oo-oo-p wums!
7. That's very good. Try the "present."
8. If he comes up before me then he's for it.
9. Next, Anderson.
10. Is that clear?

The contest closes at 8 minutes after midnight, August the 13th. No member of the Editorial staff, nor his wives, nor his batmen, are permitted to enter contest. Address all replies to

Editor "Pleasant Sunday Afternoon Guessing Contest."

**MON SERGENT**

(With apologies to F. E. Weatherley).

I.  
I 'ave a frien' at C.T.S.,  
An', though I always do my bes',  
'E shun me roun' ze live-long day,  
An' "As you used to be," 'e say:  
Mon Sergent!

II.  
At crow de coq I do P.T.,  
"Run, touch that fence," 'e say to me:  
"Queek march," "Sit down," "Get up," "Sit down";  
I tremble ven I see 'im frown.  
Mon Sergent!

III.  
Ze nex' 'e shout is "On parade,"  
I double up, so smart arrayed;  
"Fall in," "Right dress," "Fix" an' "Unfix,"  
I nevaire see so 'orrid tricks.  
Mon Sergent!

IV.  
Ze grande parade—ze Commande Ant—  
"Big Bug," you Ingleesh say. Ma Tante!  
"Slope arms," "Stan' still in Numbaire 3,"  
"Sergent, 'is n̄ame." Mon Dieu, it's me!!  
Mon Sergent!!!

V.  
Ze lecture nex'—"Curse-all" is 'ot,  
My eyelids droop: je dors, why not?  
'Is raucous voice soun' in my ear,  
"No nap, Napoléon, in 'ere."  
Mon Sergent!!

VI.  
"Slow march," 'e shout, an' "Point that toe,"  
Comme ça to Berlin we shall go;  
Ze Balance Step no more is done:  
I tink it vould 'ave beat ze 'Un.  
Mon Sergent!

VII.  
"B.F." I try: "In," "Out," "On guard,"  
An' nevaire "Res'" as my reward:  
"Long Point," an' "Jabs," "Parry," Mon Dieu,  
Paris, ma chère, I sigh for you!  
Mon Sergent!

VIII.  
Ze afternoon I live to dig,  
I pack aroun' ze san'-bag big.  
I tear ze 'ands when stretchin' wire:  
Et oui, ma foi, 'ow I perspire.  
Mon Sergent!

IX.  
Dismissed, I go ma Jeanne to see,  
Cré, nom de nom, but zere is 'e:  
'E laugh, 'e wave, "Fall out, mon cher";  
An' off 'e go away wiv 'er!!  
Mon Sergent!!!

X.  
An' so, I puff ze light cigar,  
An' take my frien's for what zey are.  
Allons, now tell me vich of you  
Zay my description is not true?  
Vot you?—Mon Sergent!!

By "Depeche-toi Guillaume."



ON WITH THE DANCE.

On Saturday, July the 28th, the Ladies of the Old Trench Club were at home to the officers of No. 3 Company, and—as is the habit of number three—the dance proved to be the most delightful of the season. Such a combination of lovely women and gallant men has rarely been seen outside the pages of a Robert R. Chambers' novel. The men's clothes were mostly of khaki, with their buttons shining like virtuous deeds, and with collars that didn't match their uniforms, despite official intimations to the contrary. Two officers but recently promoted to higher rank appeared in "civvies" just to show their indifference to this world's honours. As to the women, as this is our maiden attempt at writing a social column, we merely state they were beyond masculine description. Their wit, their beauty, their charm (inspired by the novelty of dancing with No. 3 after their other two "At homes") was as elusive as it was fascinating.

Regardless of the sentimental dangers of the moonlight, several officers enjoyed a between-dance promenade on the ceremonial parade ground, and seemed to be earnestly discussing the war with their fair escorts.

Among those present—hang it all, we never were good at names. How in the deuce do the society reporters do it, any way?



6 A.M.

REPLIES TO CORRESPONDENTS

(after the manner of those great Canadian journals, "The Calgary Eye-Opener" and "Jack Canuck.")

"Cadet Birdseed." . . . A batman is a mythological personage frequently spoken of but rarely seen. In Canada this species still flourishes, but in England is practically extinct. There was a rumour that one was seen in the Hotel Metropole recently, but after questioning several officers closely, this appears to be quite untrue. It is interesting to note that, according to a certain historian, St. Luke was batman to St. Paul.

"Crissie." We are glad you appreciate our Vaudeville Show by the clock every morning. His name is Brooks. Y-es, one might consider him handsome.

"Avelyn." 1. We cannot discuss in these columns the question of mixed bathing.

2. We are not in a position to state whether Highland Officers wear them or not. They probably do in cooler weather.

3. Do we consider kissing wrong? Certainly.

NOTE. Your fourth question has been blue-pencilled by the Editor in Chief. Say who do you think we are anyway "La Vie Parisienne?" By the way, you did not give me your address in your letter. Kindly let me have this. To avoid delay please address the Editor of No. 3 personally.

"Inquisitive Cadet." Military punctuality refers to the falling-in of parades, and has nothing to do with the dismissal of them.



"BREAK OFF FOR A SMOKE."  
Some of No. 3 Company.



THE DIRTY (?) TWELVE.



**NO. 4 COMPANY.**

**BY THE WAY.**

Who is the Cadet who only goes bathing when the girls are in taking a dip, and is it a fact that he offers to hold their hands and teach them to swim?

Is it true that on Saturday afternoon some of No. 4 Company earnestly prayed for rain, and does anyone know the reason why?

Who is the Cadet that made dates with five different young ladies and disappointed them!

Is it true that there and then they all held a mass meeting and decided to tear him in pieces?

And he was only saved by the timely appearance of the ice-cream man.

Seen in the Personal Column:—

Will the Cadet who so lovingly held my hand at a dance recently, kindly send his address to Gwennie, The Dovecot, Blushington?

Does anyone know of the whereabouts of the Vancouver Queen. All information will be thankfully received by this office to forward to a suffering brother Cadet.

Bravo! the Bantam Platoon, you're doing well. Two compliments in two weeks. Ye gods and little fishes, how splendid, but who's pulling your leg!

It was noticed that on the march the other day one Cadet turned his face nearly inside out trying to wink at a fair damsel who dwelt in the top storey of one of Bexhill's boarding houses.

The lady in question is enquiring most anxiously after the said Cadet, and would very much like to know has his face regained its usual appearance?

The Bantams are swearing deep things under their breath about the long-legged giants in No. X. Platoon, who insist on stretching their legs to the limit when on the march.

What are the wild waves saying? Platoon, 'Shun!

Little Girl, to her Mother: "Oh, mother, look at that funny soldier with a white band on his cap!"

Mother, to Little Girl: "Hush, dearie! That's not a soldier, it's a Cadet!! (Collapse of Cadet!)"

What means those weird sounds that come from a certain billet in Park Road? Is someone ill! or perhaps it's intended for singing!

Who is the Cadet who puts in his spare time polishing the door-knob of his room! Is he suffering from Polishitus?

**CONGRATULATIONS.**

Though we have known him but a short time, we of No. 4 Company wish to offer our Company Commander, Major Hodson, our heartiest congratulations on obtaining his majority.

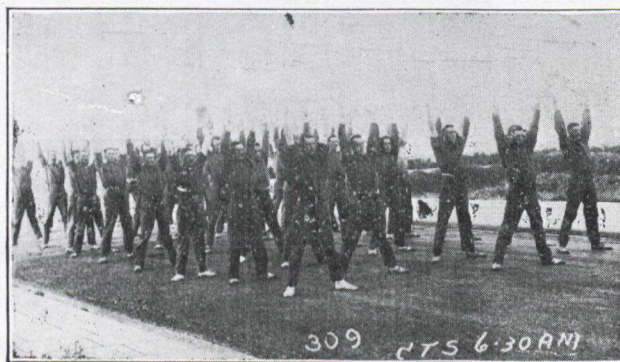
**HORRORS!**

Two of our Cadets were seated on the beach quite near a couple of dear old ladies. Some of our gallant chaps came marching along, resplendent in the glory of white hat bands, etc. Said one old thing to the other, "Oh, my dear, it really is too bad that there are so many of these conscientious objectors in Bexhill, I think they should be sent to the Front, but thank goodness they are well marked by having to wear white hat bands!!"

We are very anxious to find out who the Cadet was that went down to bathe togged out in pink dressing gown and an umbrella?

Consider the Cadets rigged out in their glad rags, for even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

A Cadet's Dream. Just a hideous jumble of boot-polish-protractors, metal polish, note books, rifles, entrenching tools, shovels and picks, all tied together with a pull-through and whirling round and round.



No. 4 COMPANY. 15 PLATOON.  
At physical "jerks." Quite an interesting looking lot—waiting for 7 o'clock! and breakfast.



No. 4 COMPANY. 15 PLATOON.  
Here we have No. 15 again, the pride and joy of their instructor, who makes them believe all kinds of things. However, they are a smart lot, and he's looking at them.



VOX POPULI, ETC.

We have no hesitation whatever in making this declaration. It is the Kaiser's love of adulation, sensation and self-glorification that is the foundation of the irritation and indignation that have brought about the present situation. And there is only one termination—his utter obliteration. And it will be a matter of congratulation if his extermination should come by strangulation through the participation of the population of his own nation. That would cause a cessation of this war of annihilation, a condemnation of fabrication, and would be the salvation of modern civilisation.

FROM THE GREEK.

Good Health, the finest thing on earth,  
 Abide with me until I hop it;  
 You are the goods; make life henceforth  
 So ripping that I would not swop it.  
 What fun can blighters wring from pelf,  
 Who with the crowd cannot go bursting;  
 It's grand to feel you are yourself,  
 To fall a-hungering and thirsting.  
 I'm sorry for the plutocrat,  
 Rich as a dozen Pierpont Morgan's,  
 Whose fatty heart goes pit-a-pat,  
 Who daily dopes his morbid organs.  
 One may not have a lot of oof,  
 But health makes life an Opera bouffe.

MY WISH.

I wish I was a rock,  
 A-sitting on a hill,  
 A-doin' nothin' all day long,  
 But just a-sittin' still.  
 I wouldn't sleep, I wouldn't eat,  
 I wouldn't even wash;  
 I'd just sit still a thousand years,  
 And rest myself, by gosh!

CADET LENNAN.



Here we have the Platoon, No. 16. We may be small, but we can go some. You are asked to note the intelligent faces in Instructor's Welch's family, and he adores every one of 'em.

PHANTOM FLOWERS.

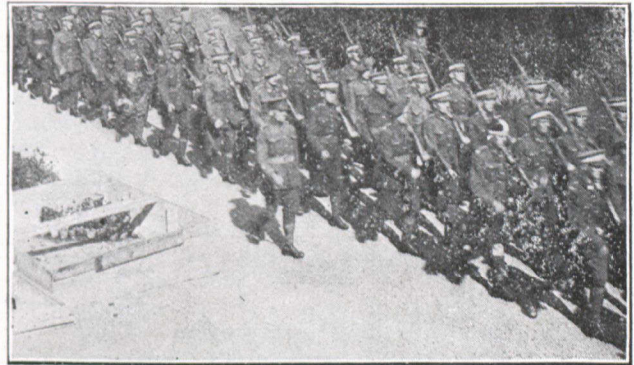
The fairy flowers of France  
 Are wilting, fading fast,  
 Killed in beauteous youth  
 By war's accursed blast.

But in my waking dreams  
 Æolian harps I hear,  
 An echo of your wondrous voice,  
 Soft alien airs, now far, now near.

Like vernal music of the spheres,  
 Through Eden's aisles, since primal birth,  
 In full investiture of tongue,  
 You sing of happiness and mirth.

Yet even now in stricken France  
 Your voice is heard. From trench and mound  
 The blossoming souls of myriad men,  
 Like earlier flowers, blow all around.

CADET LENNAN.



Here we get a glimpse of part of Nos. 15 and 16 doing their 180 per, and swearing dire vengeance of the long-legged ones in front. Nuff said!



No. 4 COMPANY. 14 PLATOON.

Here we see gathered together, with the intention of looking pleasant, some of our long-legged friends of No. 14. Ye gods and little fishes, how they do stretch their legs. It's heaven help the Bantams!

We have great pleasure in stating that the photographs in this issue were kindly donated by Mr. Arthur Nash, of The Marina Studio.



NO. 5 COMPANY.

NUMBER FIVE.

1.  
We're the boys! Look alive!  
We're the boys of Number Five,  
We're the boys who're goin' to drive  
The Bosches into the Rhine.

2.  
We licked them at Ypres and St. Eloi,  
Courcelette, Vimy and Fresnoy.  
We're goin' to lick 'em again, my boy,  
When Five gets back to France.

3.  
But Fritzie's not a fool, we know—  
To beat him takes a trick or two,  
And tricks are what they're goin' to show  
To us at Bexhill School.

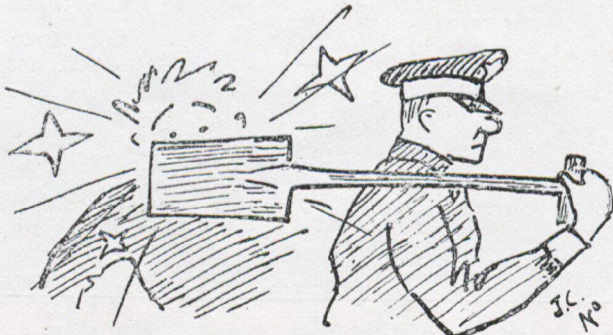
4.  
We're learning the trick of Discipline,  
The trick of getting most from men  
—The "psychological time when"  
To quit and sprint for home.

5.  
So watch Five's bay'nets' glitt'ring finish,  
Watch Five's boots' and buttons' polish,  
With Five's blanchod belts that furnish  
A record for posterity.

6.  
Watch Five's sports, and hear Five yell  
Like the black-wing'd hosts of hell!  
It won't take you long to tell  
Which is the best Company.  
J. S. WILLIS, 19 Platoon, 5 Company.

“Some are born great (Umpty-ump).  
Some achieve greatness (No. 5 Company).  
Some have greatness thrust upon them.”  
(No. 4 Company).

Thirty-five per cent. of the strength of Number 5 wear merit decorations for services in the field.



THERE ARE TIMES WHEN WE DON'T CALL  
A SPADE A SPADE.

“Yes,” said the Sergeant-Major (imparting information to the parade), “General — will dine at the Cadets' Mess to-day.”

“Does he bring his own rations?” eagerly inquired No. 13 of the front rank.

PLEASED AT LAST.

1.  
I'm a man of peaceful vocation,  
Fighting for Country and King,  
I tell mild tales and I think kind thoughts,  
And gentle are songs that I sing.

2.  
I did not enlist for glory,  
I did not enlist for fame,  
—Excitement was what I was after—  
Excitement, blood, thunder, and flame!

3.  
In June we fought at Ypres,  
— Well up to our necks in gore,  
For we were proved at the wily Hun,  
Who had certainly made us sore.

4.  
And on the night of the 13th,  
We went over the parapet,  
—And we had a little excitement then,  
With rifle and bayonet.

5.  
On the whole the life was quiet,  
We were far away from harm,  
Now and then a heavy bombardment  
Or occasional gas alarm.

6.  
I maintain the life was quiet  
— For each Harry, Dick, or Tom,  
Till one fine day we made our way  
To the banks of the River Somme.

7.  
There we found things quiet and drowsy,  
Though for twenty-four hours every day  
Fritz threw over H.E.'s and shrapnel  
In a manner both pleasant and gay.

8.  
But the life still lacked excitement,  
Though we wallowed around in mud,  
And we saw men killed in thousands,  
And the ground ran red with blood.

9.  
The days there grew more stagnant,  
And we moved to Vimy Hill,  
As a winter resort it was ideal,  
As a place for excitement—NIL.

10.  
But my life is now filled with excitement,  
My appetite is appeased;  
With joy doth my cup runneth over,  
And I want you to know that I'm pleased.

11.  
For a sixpence I got what I've wanted,  
Excitement, blood, thunder and scars!  
Mixed up with some jokes and some laughter,  
Of course I mean “Chevrans To Stars.”

K. S. M.

Instructor (genially): Now, boys, for the first five weeks of the course we will work you positively to the limit—after that—after that—it gets worse.”

Relevant to the remarks of Major —: “Why not a badge for the married of the opposite sex, so that no confusion will arise among Cadets?”



ANTICIPATION.

A night patrol and German jam tin  
Once gave me months for keen reflection  
On all the things I might have been  
If I had followed my ambition.

The tempter offered stars and crowns,  
Batmen and even plates to eat on,  
Pretty maids in pretty gowns,  
A brand new gal, perhaps a baton.

I pondered on the pond'rous weight  
Promotion brings to great men ev'n.  
But hope, and 'gainst the Hun my spite  
Prevailed. I filed H.Q. Two Sev'n.  
J. S. WILLIS, 5 Company.

REALIZATION (FIRST WEEK).

Though I wash me all over with nitre,  
And make myself never so clean,  
Yet they say that my boots should be brighter,  
That my belt isn't fit to be seen.

I may stand without blinking an eyelid,  
They declare I'm wriggling all over.  
I may march like I'm sprinting the hundred,  
They swear I couldn't move slower.

I saluted until I was weary,  
And then I saluted some more;  
I thought I was doing real finely,  
—Then I missed a School Instructor.

Life's shallow and rotten and measly,  
Good men never get their deserts;  
They can chuck me, so be they don't want me,  
Three cheers for th' old trench and its dirt.

J. S. WILLIS, 5 Company.

CADET STEPHEN.

DEFINE A "CADET BATTALION."

When asked for a definition of a Cadet Battalion,  
a Cadet answered, "A body of men entirely sur-  
rounded by instructors."

Synonymous terms: "Cinq and Swank."

Cadet: "What does 500 officers, 62 N.C.O.'s and  
one Buck private constitute?"

Cadette: "I'm sure I couldn't tell you."

Cadet: "That's the leave boat from Boulogne."

Overheard by 5 Company, halted on the march.  
Child's voice: "Mother, why do they have to go  
so fast "

Lady's ditto: "They are chasing that little man  
in front."

Child: "Why do they chase him?"

Lady: "Because he makes them go so fast."

No. 5.

Though in the list we number five,  
We've shown the rest that we're alive.  
We beat 'em at both drill and play—  
In fact, we lick 'em every way.  
Our clothes are smart, our buttons clean,  
Our bayonets brightest ever seen.  
Our rifles—well, you know the rest,  
Suffice to say, "They are the best."

When on parade we move like one,  
When the Sergeant-Major yells out "'Shun!"  
When Brigadiers come down to scout  
For the best, they pick us out.  
Our Engineering, it is grand,  
When filling sandbags full of sand.  
We never stall, we never bawl,  
We work together, one and all.

We're a happy, smiling, cheerful bunch,  
Even when we are late for lunch.  
When things go wrong, we grin and smile,  
A thing which makes all things worth while.  
So if you're sick of work and drill,  
Come, take a Number Five Company pill;  
They are the best, as you will see,  
That you and drill will soon agree.  
They're made of "Grin" and "Smile" and "Bear it,"  
And "Pleasure," "Work," and "Will you share it?"  
(And other things not known by name,  
Guaranteed to kill all pain).

Now when you've read this story through,  
For I tell you, it is true,  
Perhaps some day, if you work enough,  
And cultivate sufficient bluff,  
And Number Five's gone back to France,  
Then perhaps you'll stand a chance  
Of saying that you are the best,  
A will or shall of all the rest.

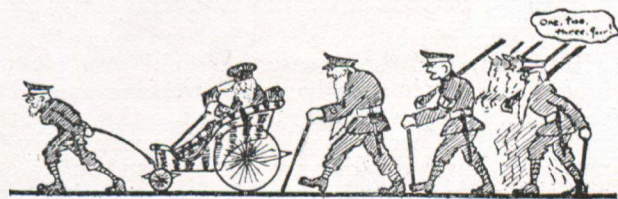
CADET R. SCHROEDER,

17 Platoon, 5 Company.

Old Lady in Bath Chair: "Yes, they march  
awfully well, but they always seem to be in such  
a terrible hurry."

1st Cadet: "I saw you sleeping at the lecture  
this morning."

2nd Cadet: "Well, I haven't interviewed the  
Paymaster for so long that I can't even pay atten-  
tion."



CAPT. SCOTT.

Sept. 1st, 1967—The Final Parade in this Course.



## ENGINEERS AND C.T.W.S.

## THE STOKES GUN.

By Lieut. R. D. Anderson,  
Canadian Trench Warfare School.

It is hard to believe that we are fighting the same war as that to which we rushed in the early days of 1915. One often wonders if such days of bewildered enthusiasm will ever come our way again. We remember the first glimpse we had of France, after the terrific nights on Biscay, and we lolled in the sun as our ships came up to their anchorage. We threw pennies to the urchins on the quay, when we docked, for oranges. How we rejoiced in our privilege of landing in France, the land of story books, and wealthy tourists. It was all a great game we were playing. It is true, one would be more comfortable canoeing in Northern Canada, but then we had seen that, and it was experience we wanted. Here we had it. Everything was new, the types of people, the scenery, the trains (of which newness we shall not speak). What days!

We remember the first day we encircled Ypres, taking up our billets in the old mill by the canal. We were a battalion, strong in our courage, simple in our knowledge of war. Armed with a rifle and 200 rounds of S.A.A. we stood proud of our strength. We had Artillery, one division, and one division of Infantry. Canada should ever be proud of the consummate nerve of this division, to oppose five times their numbers and to get away with it. But now, we are waxing eloquent, and should be getting on with the subject. It was shortly after this that the French introduced the old catapult, in response to the need of a short range weapon for trench affairs.

We returned to France a year after Ypres, and found a new army, a new fighting machine getting under way. We learned of many things, among them was the Stokes gun, a subject not wise to discuss with the infantry. Then one day on old 60 we saw them fire, timidly it is true, but they fired nevertheless, and the earth went flying from the enemy's parapet as though a naval shell had dealt it a slap. So it was about a week later that we found ourself attached to the Brigade Trench Mortar Battery, for duty, discipline, rations, and all the rest of it. Now, was the opportunity for which we had returned to France. This weapon would be our vengeance, for things we had not forgotten. It was early yet in its development, but before long we would have eight guns in the battery and no end of ammunition; then was the day we waited for.

At the Somme we found our usefulness for the first time in open warfare. It was this way. The battalion that was attacking at a quarter to four in the morning had intelligence which told them of the enemy's trenches were packed with men. We asked to be permitted to put a gun in "no man's" land, within range of the enemy. An old gun pit was used. A rare time we had, too, walking around in the dark, between the lines, armed to the teeth, but we found the place, and piled up 75 rounds ready for use. We knew the distance by the map, but to correct this we put over a round during a pyrotechnical display and found ourselves a little over, which made us know now, that we were correctly registered. Two minutes before the zero hour we let loose our crew,

who rained a stream of shells on this little company of Boche strong men, with such effect that our lads met with a very kind host when they stepped down into the trench and informed the fastidious Hun they were more than ever grateful for his sleeping quarters, and would he have bully.

Then we moved to Souchez, with its deadly atmosphere. Here we found the Hun perched on a hill, which we had managed to scale also, our trenches being the usual 200 yards apart. Now began our scheme for enveloping the whole frontage in a system of barrage. Our guns were laid in pairs, two near the old International, two near Granby, and so on, till the whole system was arranged. We consulted our maps, and picked out points of interest. Upon these, then, we laid a barrage scheme for front and support line, covering 35 strong points, and between which we would sweep up and down the full frontage of this ungrateful Hun. For the first time we became a definite part of the Brigade's system of defence. To us was allotted the task of immediate retaliation in the little straffs suffered by our infantry. On these occasions the Boche would open up with various types of minnenwerfers, and it was our job to stop this growing enthusiasm which he entertained towards Canada. So we started, growing day by day, till the ascendancy reached retaliation at the rate of 10 to 1. For offensive straffing, we would interest all the trench mortar commanders, heavys, and the mediums, they agreeing to unite with us in a general straff. We would speak also to the Battalion commanders on whose frontage we were operating. We remember one fine afternoon, when a straff had been arranged for, we sat at our O.P. on the far side of Zouave Valley, and with the telephone clamped to our ear, spoke words that held the Boche dumb-founded in their effect. His enthusiasm was waning, we were gaining the upper hand. We watched along the whole front, Pigs, 60-pounders and Stokes. As a finale to these Tea affairs, 20 rounds per gun in one burst did away with the idea that we were short of ammunition. After a few weeks in this sector our patrols reported enemy trenches to be in a bad state. We did not doubt it in the least. That was what we had returned to France for.

Another day on this old Ridge someone whispered in our ear, "We will raid the Boche in a few nights. Are there any strong points needing attention?" We thought there were. So we crawled on our belly out to an old sap, held by night, and raised a powerful periscope, carefully examining the enemy lip of Kennedy Crater. Surely, those were new sand bags we saw, and this was a Boche with his steel helmet moving behind. We were fascinated, such a target. "Two rounds, point 19, range 340," we wrote. This gun had been put in specially to deal with this obnoxious machine gun emplacement already reported to us. This emplacement would also be offending to our raiders that night. "He has fired," our runner whispered. "Fine," we said. Our range was 25 yards over. "Two rounds, shorten 50," we wrote, and raised again our periscope, waiting for the crack of the gun. This was correct; it landed in the pit of the crater. Now we will add 25 and have him, we thought. "Fifty rounds, add 25," we wrote. A few minutes later the whirring started. They came over as a steel geyser. Some fragments of sand bags



fell on us where we lay, several pieces of steel pierced the parapet, and we had dealt effectively with a machine gun which would have been offending to us that night. So we found our usefulness in dealing with machine guns, as that night none opened on our raiding troops.

On this frontage we had laid out our guns, completely barraging the entire enemy frontage. We had telephone communication between all guns and headquarters, so that retaliation was immediate and at any hour of the day or night when we might feel unkindly towards the Hun, we would send the signal, letting loose 200 or more effective answers as to why we had returned, remembering St. Julien.

The nights were getting longer now; it was dark at a quarter past four, both afternoon and morning, and the rations came up by seven. We would sit in the long hours of darkness, reading, writing home, and listening. In our sleep we would listen, and sometimes, quickly throwing back our great coat, would catch the receiver, remembering our promise, and would give him 20 rounds per gun. The next morning our report would say, "At 2.30 a.m., in reply to enemy T.M. fire, 100 rounds were expended in retaliation on front line and crater lips. Infantry report casualties. Cries were heard."

You will remember our days, on the right of Neuville St. Vaast, where we jumped off from on the 9th of April. Old Bentata and Claudot, with their trenches and saps. You will remember how we could stand in the trenches, and, looking back towards Mt. St. Eloy, would see the stumpy tower of the Cathedral, which still stood as a memorial to Hun ruthlessness. So far back as 1870. Here we were again, repeating history. What a long, tiring trip it was after a tour to drag ourselves back to our huts on those hard roads, jammed with transport. This transport seemed to grow longer and the loads heavier each time we saw it. We noticed the guns increasing too. Someone said there was to be one 18-pounder for every three yards of frontage. Then, we had everything else as well. We saw the roads behind for miles with banks of shells. Mules and horses often dropped in their tracks with the strain of long trips, supplying our greedy guns. Our preparatory fire had begun.

In the trenches again the mortars were under orders to fire 600 rounds per day. We had again placed our guns for defensive work in emplacements that were strong and hard to find. We pounded the enemy day and night. We became bolder. One day we took a gun into our front line and opened upon the enemy wire. Again we raided, and in 18 minutes that night from eight guns we fired 1,451 rounds, blocking and barraging. There was not even a whisper from a machine gun. The raiding officer said, "I felt we could go up and touch that block," as shell followed shell, dropping into the trench junction, that kept back his supports. So our tours of preparation finished. We had developed co-operation to a high degree. The infantry knew what our job was. Each infantry officer felt that he had an interest in the stock of their Stokes Gun Battery, and even the autocratic Liaison Officers of the Artillery would come, and over a "wee drap" discuss our common cause. This, then, was the result of a successful season, and now we were to withdraw

for our dress rehearsal before the fortress of Vimy.

The curtain was lowered and we watched as from behind ten lines of infantry, we stood in file waiting for the zero hour. We were to advance with the third wave, and upon reaching the third objective, just this side of Thelus, to take up our positions, one gun and crew behind each of the attacking battalions, covering them against an enemy counter-attack. How spasmodic, you will remember, was the enemy fire that long Easter Sunday night. It became Easter Monday, as we moved into our jumping-off trench, and our Artillery kept up a mitrail-leuse fire. We reported everything correct and in position. The hours were wearing on, and soon would come the dawn, and with it the thunder of masses of artillery such as we had never seen before. Our little part did not mean much against all this, but it was a part, which in the great scheme meant something. For the first time the Stokes guns were to go over the top with our brigade, and our watches said we had only ten minutes to wait. It was a lifetime before the thunder of the guns opened as one, and the sky was a fountain of golden rockets imploring the Boche artillery to respond. The ground rocked with our colossal fire, and line after line went over. Then we moved. The machine gun fire had been overcome, and the enemy were carrying back our wounded. The artillery barrage moved forward with the regularity of a chronometer. In file, we passed over the enemy's front line, gun crews, and ammunition carrying parties. Our place was in the rear at least 150 yards, until we had reached our position, when each crew would set up, lay, and wait for his moment. Everything was moving as had been planned.

We heard the shell coming, and we remember turning our backs to it, as a means of protection, but another one came too, and as we turned to ask our sergeant, who was always calm, if anyone was touched, the doctor said we should lie quiet, and that the attack was successful. Our heart was heavy, though, that we had not reached the third objective; still the others had gotten there, we learned, and had used every round settling a machine gun, which was preventing our infantry to consolidate and hold the position until relieved, two nights later.

So we had passed through the development of the Stokes gun, from its infancy to its more permanent position, in which it is now used. The battery has now become a definite portion in the scheme of defence, and in the attack. A closer intimacy between the infantry, artillery, and all branches of the fighting machine has been developed with this weapon and its operators, enjoying the confidence of all. When there is a job close at hand to be done, see the Stokes officer, tell him your troubles, and he will, we think, take on a few rounds, to the discomfort and destruction of the enemy. This is what we have learned after returning, for you remember the gas at St. Julien.

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"Care of Arms" is all right within reason, but it may be pointed out for Mac's benefit that the manual does not insist on the rifle being taken to bed with one.



## "GHOSTLY YPRES."

I don't remember who it was that wrote of Ypres as "Ghostly Ypres," and I wonder when and why he did it—ghastly, perhaps—but in the spring and early summer of 1916 it would have taken an imaginative genius to find anything "ghostly" about the place!

The word "ghostly" to me implies something associated with silence, something weird and uncanny. Silence was about as plentiful as hen's teeth, and it wasn't so much weird and uncanny as just naturally ghastly. When one pictured the town as it had been, beautiful, old and dignified, with its stately Cloth Hall and churches, and then realized what it had come to be—the corpse of something once lovely and living, ruthlessly slain and mutilated, lying rotting and unburied, at the mercy of all the elements, and even worse, after its death, knowing no mercy from the fiendish Hun shells that shrieked their frightful way in, day and night, to burst and add to the work of mutilation and sacrilege of their millions of predecessors—and, too, to take their steady dismal toll of the lives of those who lived like rats in the darkness of cellars, dug-outs, and tunnels.

It is of some of the men who lived there and the place they lived in that I would write. They led a strange, topsy-turvy sort of life. Time in units smaller than weeks seemed to have ceased to exist, and when one reduced it to hours, one got the impression that it had never existed. Day and night meant nothing—light and darkness were only counted because in most cases work could only be got to or reliefs made when the light had gone.

Working, eating, drinking and sleeping were the methods of killing time. One worked whenever and wherever work was ordered to be done, at about four times in 24 hours, drank as a rule oftener, and slept when one was not doing one of the other three. Of course there was an occasional poker party or sing-song, or both when times were slack.

In one particular tunnel under the ramparts that in other days and bygone wars, before the letters "H.E." meant anything, had defended the town from its enemies, there lived some twenty officers of a Pioneer Battalion. This tunnel was one of a number that were used as billets by troops at the time. About 60 feet long and 20 feet wide, with a high arched brick and masonry roof. It was dark and damp, but comparatively safe from shells, and its contents made it look like a warehouse, for the storage of very second-hand furniture.

There were all sorts and conditions of pictures—from pages cut out of the "La Vie Parisienne" to old oil paintings in gilt frames, various mirrors, mostly cracked, assorted chairs, beds, tables, crockery, lamps, bits of carpet, bath-tubs, an antiquated piano, suffering badly from shell-shock, and all sorts of other stuff coming under the general heading of Junk, all of which had been gradually collected from the ruined houses of the town.

Taking it all round, though, it was some comfortable billet, and looked like nothing less than a little bit of heaven if you'd just come in off an all night working party, been badly strafed by Fritz, and rained on for ten or twelve hours. Usually it began the day or ended the last about 3 a.m., as from then

on its inhabitants drifted in from their various jobs, had supper and a yarn about the night's entertainment, and turned into bed.

The crowd was the usual Active Service one—made up mostly of men who had never even "right turned" in their lives till war broke out and who hailed from all over the globe, from Australia to the Yukon and back round the other way.

The majority had done a little of everything in all sorts of places at one time or another in civil life, mostly engineering, surveying, contracting, and such like, so that even outside the engrossing topic of "Shop," which took up a lot of time, they always had lots to talk about.

We had among us a certain "high-minded" individual, elected president of the "Pure Thought League," who, supported by a well-qualified committee, held meetings from time to time to censor the pictures in "La Vie Parisienne." Then there was one who was officially known as "O.C. Noise and Games of Chance"—he could have been easily picked out by the fact that every time four or five were gathered together, he would be found idly shuffling a pack of dirty cards and muttering, "Deal them up, boys; come on and deal them up!" or something similar.

Another prominent social leader in those days was he who bore the title, "O.C. Rum Hounds." His duties consisted in making it his personal business to see that no visitor went away dry; he was also responsible that the stock of fire water on hand was sufficient to meet the requirements and for replenishing the same from time to time.

Then there was "Dad," the father of the flock in years, the baby in seniority, as he was the Junior Sub. He was a real living, breathing wonder. Well over 50 years old, yet able to do as much and more than any of the kids. Full of "pep" the whole time and absolutely convinced that his home town in Canada was the only place fit to live in in the entire country, and ready and willing to prove it to anybody, any time at a moment's notice! He was a City Councillor and a lot of other things there, and had at least 100 per cent. more "esprit de town" than anyone I ever met! He knew everybody in the whole of Eastern Canada, and never forgot a name or a face. Later, on the Somme, we were billeted in dug-outs beside the Albert-Bapaume road, up and down which most of the reliefs moved. Dad would stand by the road and hold a reception every day or two, and it was some reception. Same sort of stunt the President of the U.S.A. pulls off when he shakes hands with everybody! The joy in the old boy's face, though, when he would spot any of the lads from the "Home Town" would have given even the best artist a busy time if he wanted to get it all into a picture.

Coming back to the "Salient" and "Wipers," though. It seems to me that the humorous side of the war will be remembered almost as long as the serious side. There was *always* something to laugh at!

We had an Englishman in the Company there, one of the casual unconscious sort that one so frequently met in Western Canada—nothing by any possible chance "fizzed" on him. On one very dirty night, we were digging a bit of trench in the "Hooge Gap" about 250 yards from the Boche line. The



men were up to their waists in mud, the smell was something awful, it was raining, flares lit the place up incessantly, and there was all sorts of hardware flying round. The individual in question waded by with a sand-bag on his shoulder, halted for a moment and looked the scene over as a flare went up, then remarked, "I say, you chaps, what an extraordinary way to spend the evening!"

Another night a certain officer came into the billet cursing horribly. When asked what the trouble was, he explained that it was a bonehead who had come in the last draft of reinforcements. His party had been doing some digging in the Support line that night. Hearing sounds as of someone beating an anvil with a sledge-hammer, he went over to see what the noise was about, and found the man in question industriously swinging a pick. He said, "Something hard here, sir. I'll get it broken up in a moment, though!" About that time he was grabbed and forcibly restrained, a couple of shovels were brought, and a perfectly complete "5.9" dud shell carefully unearthed. He was given a short but very convincing lecture on the properties of high explosives—particularly 5.9's!

On another similar party the sergeant came up and saluted, saying, "We've run into a dead Boche, sir. Shall we go round him or through him?" "Can you get him out?" asked the officer. "Oh, yes, sir, I guess we can shovel him out!"

And so it went; it was always the funny side of things that made the other side endurable. When one gets away from it for a time one can safely look on the horrible side, but "out there" that way of look-

ing at things means shell-shock or insanity, and the only way to get around that is to laugh. So it was, that in the Tunnel at Ypres there was much more laughter than sorrow—and even though the laughter was a bit forced at times when some good pal had gone, no one could afford to let himself brood on the things that were gruesome and horrible, and everyone was happy in spite of himself and circumstances. So if tales are told or written that seem callous or hard-hearted at times, one must remember that they are told or written, as Kipling says, "In jesting guise, but ye are wise, and ye know what one jest is worth."

### INTERESTING ANSWERS FOR EXAMINATION QUESTIONS.

The following are a few very interesting answers submitted in reply to questions on Engineering work:—

Q.: Mention points to be considered in connection with the location and construction of Surface Dug-outs.

A.: It is necessary for Dug-outs to have two Entrances, so that when the enemy comes in one, you can go out by the other.

Q.: Define the Engineering term, "Dead Ground."

A.: Ground covered by "Dead fire."

Q.: Define "Enfilade Fire."

A.: Fire which emanates from a position which is horizontal to the trenches.



THAT "END-OF-THE-FIRST-WEEK" FEELING.





Editors—

Lieut. H. T. I. Lee, Y.M.C.A.  
Cadet J. A. P. Haydon, No. 4 Coy.

### EDITORIAL GUFF.

In this the first number of "Chevrans To Stars" for No. 3 Course, we may only speculate on results as they may appear four weeks hence: but, however, we may state with some degree of certainty, our views on the present course as a whole—neglecting company and personal reference—under separate headings, so we take it for granted you have asked the question, "How are we shaping up in our sports as compared with the March-April course or the May-June?" Taking Baseball as a leader in the discussion, we must confess that never in the history of the Canadian Training School did the "hump, t'hump-t'humpire" suffer so at the hands of the Company enthusiasts on the side lines. It's no wonder the poor natives are puzzled and "write 'The Times' about it"—they probably figure that the much becursed "umps" have just grounds for libel suit against any or all the spectators at any old game and any old place. Again, and still harping on Baseball, we might state that "we have some teams"—Whoa, there, No. 3! Don't get cocky. We know you are good, but were not referring to any talent just yet! And our non-stealing all star Indoor Teams! Well, now, I guess we're right there, all right, all right. The snappy infield work of some Companies in Egerton Park is a 20th century marvel. Of course it's quite evident which team will win the league—ask the R.S.M! Now our Track and Field Squad isn't exactly in Olympic class, taking it collectively, but it's there just the same. Last course we were particularly fortunate in having a goodly number of speed merchants on the job, but nevertheless we've got a fair sprinkling of good material this course, and this factor, coupled with 100 per cent. willingness to train, should send our boys to Seaford on the 11th with chances "top-hole." The weather as we write, is more conducive to interest in a pastime Gord. Johnstone could tell us lots about rather than to sprints and jumps, but as optimists, we are the best ever, so here's to to-morrow and sunshine. Our Tennis enthusiasts are like "The Elusive Pimpernel" when it comes to tournament matches. Buck up, you chaps, and get acquainted with your opponents—they are really quite decent chaps! Our School Teams have done well against Seaford and Eastbourne, and it is hoped that more Inter-Area matches may be arranged ere the Tennis season is over. But we must conclude—we've dwelt on your bad points long enough, so before we go on to the detailed results let us make this statement. The various Companies have established a record in team support and rooting that has been an inspira-

tion and encouragement, not only to the teams, but to the Sports Committee as well. We can't all play, but we sure can root, so let's to it.

### ODDS AND ENDS FROM LAST COURSE.

Baseball and Soccer Leagues won by No. 4 Company.

Individual Championship School Sports, June 21, won by Lieut. F. V. Heakes, No. 1 Company.

No. 1 Company scored 62 points and secured first place on Sports Day.

Some records set last course: 100 yards, 10 1-5 secs.; 16lb. shot put, 34ft. 9ins.; Running Broad, 19ft. 3ins.; 880 yards, 2 mins. 11 3-5 secs.; Running High, 5ft. 3ins.; One Mile Run, 4 mins. 58 secs.; 220 yards, 23 secs.; 440 yards, 56 secs.; Inter-Company Relay (four men, 220 yards each), won by No. 1 Company.

Places secured at Seaford, July 2: First and second in 100 yards dash and third in 440 yards; third in One Mile Race and second in Three Mile; second in 120 yards Hurdles; first in Three-Legged Race and third in Sack Race; second in Relay Race.

### BASEBALL—OUTDOOR.

The inter-company baseball league up to the present has been a huge success, and great enthusiasm has been displayed on the field and on the side lines. The fans have given the boys hearty support, and it has helped the weak ones to pull out of many a bad hole. The games, for the most part, have been well contested and the final outcome is still in doubt. All teams have yet a chance for first honours. At time of writing No. 2 and No. 3 Companies have each won two games and lost none. No. 5 Company has played but one game and scored an easy win. No. 1 Company has lost two games. No. 4 Company has also lost both games played, and No. 6 Company has lost one and has four more to play. The double-header on Saturday, July 28th, was a real success, and brought out a large attendance, including a goodly number of the fair sex.

An inter-area schedule has been drawn up by London, and keen interest is being taken in these games. A team will be picked from the Canadian Training School and will play off with a team representing the Canadians of Hastings. This game is to be played on or before August 15th. The winners of this game will play the winners of another military area and so on until the finals are reached. The final game or games will be played at Lords, and here's hoping that the Canadian Training School, Bexhill, brings home the bacon. We have the material, and the boys will give the team all necessary support from the bleachers. We have able rooting leaders in Staff Sergt. Dickenson, Sergt. Walsh, and others, and it is up to the selected nine to do their utmost. We know full well they will do that. Of course the selecting of the team is out of our line, but to us the following looks pretty good to start with:—Pitchers—Cadet McWhinney, Lieut. Ibbotson and Cadet Higgs; catcher—Cadet Pullar or Lieut. Anderson; 1st base—Lieut. Johnstone; 2nd



base—Lieut. Logan; 3rd base—Cadet Stevenson or Lieut. Crane; short stop—Lieut. Ramsay; left field—Lieut. Amsden; centre field—Cadet Germain; right field—Lieut. Jarvis.

Summary of games to July 31st:—

Thursday, July 19th:—

No. 3 Company, 15; No. 1 Company, 7. Batteries—No. 3 Company—Lieuts. Ibbotson and Anderson; No. 1 Company—Lieuts. Evans, Sims, and Inman.

Score by innings:—

	R.	H.	E.
No. 3 Co. ... ..	3	1	1
No. 1 Co. ... ..	0	0	0
Umpires—Cadets Johnstone and McWhinney.	2	6	2
	x—15	12	3

Saturday, July 21st:—

No. 2 Company, 3; No. 4 Company, 2. Batteries—No. 2 Company—Lieuts. Rogers and Ross; No. 4 Company—Cadets Higgs and Pullar.

Score by innings:—

	R.	H.	E.
No. 4 Co... ..	0	0	1
No. 2 Co... ..	0	2	1
Umpires—Lieuts. Logan and Morrison.	0	0	0
	x—3	7	2

Thursday, July 26th:—

No. 5 Company, 14; No. 6 Company, 1. Batteries—No. 5 Company—Cadets McWhinney and Crammond; No. 6 Company—Sergts Bedwell and Heney.

Score by innings:—

	R.	H.	E.
No. 5 Co. ... ..	2	5	5
No. 6 Co. ... ..	0	0	0
Umpire—Lieut. Sparham.	2	0	0
	x—14	6	1

Saturday, July 28th:—

No. 2 Company, 15; No. 1 Company, 7. Batteries—No. 2 Company—Lieuts. Scott and Jarvis; No. 1 Company—Lieuts. Crane and Logan.

Score by innings:—

	R.	H.	E.
No. 2 Co. ... ..	0	0	5
No. 1 Co. ... ..	3	0	1
Umpires—Lieuts. Kirby and Blackadar.	1	1	1
	1—15	15	2

No. 3 Company, 5; No. 4 Company, 1. Batteries—No. 3 Company—Lieuts. Ibbotson and Anderson; No. 4 Company—Cadets Higgs and Pullar.

Score by innings:—

	R.	H.	E.
No. 3 Co... ..	1	0	0
No. 4 Co... ..	0	0	0
Umpires—Cadets Tomkins and Smerden and Lieut. Daubney.	0	0	0
	2	0	2
	0—5	9	1

Baseball Committee.—Lieuts. G. S. Johnstone and H. J. Daubney, M.C., and Cadet E. C. McCallum.

### INDOOR BASEBALL.

Indoor baseball has "caught on," and one could not wish for a better place to play it than Egerton Park—one could readily go into ecstasies about the charms to be found there!—with its straight lined diamond so carefully laid out by our genial R.S.M. and his tireless squad of drill instructors. Of course No. 4 Company didn't stand a chance against the

Staff nine, but it is expected that either No. 1 or No. 3 will give them a run for a decision. The results to July 30th:—No. 1 Company: Won 2, lost 0; No. 3 Company: Won 1, lost 1; No. 5 Company: Won 1, lost 0. The dates for remainder of schedule:—No. 1 Company: August 6, 13, 16, 21. No. 2 Company: July 30, August 7, 13, 17, 24. No. 3 Company: August 3, 10, 14, 23. No. 4 Company: July 30, August 6, 9, 20, 23. No. 5 Company: August 3, 9, 16, 17, 27. No. 6 Company: August 2, 10, 20, 24. Staff: August 2, 7, 14, 21, 27.

Indoor Ball Committee.—Capt. W. R. McGee, M.C., and R.S.M. Inst. J. Carpenter.

### REVOLVER PRACTICE.

Voluntary revolver practice has been taking place, on four evenings each week, at the C.T.S. revolver range, Jameson Road. The amount of interest displayed by the officers and cadets has been extraordinary, when we take into consideration the fact that there are so many other forms of popular sports which can be indulged in. The average attendance has been 40 each evening. Though, on an average, every Company has shown up equally well as regards good shooting, No. 2 Company has to be congratulated on possessing one officer who has been able to put six shots inside a foot square in six seconds. This practice is leading up to an inter-company competition, which will take place towards the end of the course. As each company will be represented by its four best shots, some remarkable shooting should be witnessed.

Sergeant W. S. Robb is the keenly enthusiastic N.C.O. who looks after this important new branch of the Sports program.

### TENNIS.

We realise that the weather has been unfavourable for the racquet wielders, but time is short now, and we would urge that every player who has signed up for the tournament should make a special effort to get in touch with his opponent and *mark up the results as soon after the game as possible* in order that Capt. Greene may be able to keep the draws running smoothly. The official list is in the Metropole, so everyone must keep in touch with "H.Q." It is estimated that £7 will be paid out for prizes—three in the singles and four in the doubles to be given prizes—so get busy and the prize is yours!

C.T.S. v. Seaford, July 22. Won by C.T.S. 6—0. SINGLES.

Bartlett v. Mogg 7—5, 6—3.

Greene v. Pitts 7—5, 6—1.

Henderson v. Stephenson 6—1, 6—2.

#### DOUBLES.

Greene—Bartlett v. Mogg—Mogg 6—3, 6—2.

Toole—Henderson v. Walters—Stephenson 6—0, 6—2.

Chaffey—McCuaig v. Jarvis—Stewart, 6—1, 6—1.

Saturday, July 29. C.T.S. v. Military at Eastbourne. Won by C.T.S. Three "doubles" of the C.T.S. played all three "doubles" from Eastbourne, and eight matches were decided in our favour with one draw.



### CRICKET.

Whilst the School has not had the pleasure of watching our cricket matches they have heard of them and read the results, so can truly say "Bravo, ol' top!" We much regret our inability to attend, especially as they tell us the afternoon teas served at the grounds were positively topping—and we do so love our tea—yes, both please! "Normandale" School has been the scene of some of the games, and all our cricketers are loud in their praises of the splendid way the School people entertained them during these friendly games.

- July 12. Staff XI. v. School XI. Won by Staff XI. 210 to 101.
- July 14. R.G.A. XI., 79 runs; School XI., 149 runs.
- July 19. Staff XI., 231 runs; School XI., 179 runs.
- July 21. V.A.D. Hospital, Cooden, 101 runs; School XI., 99 runs.

### WEEKLY HANIDCAPS.

The first affair in this line was run on Wednesday, July 25th, with the following results:—

#### 100 YARDS DASH.

1. Lieut. J. H. Rogers, No. 1 Company (scratch).  
Time 10 2-5 secs.
2. Lieut. G. S. Johnstone, No. 3 Company (3 yards).
3. Lieut. A. W. Rogers, No. 2 Company (4½ yards).

#### STANDING BROAD JUMP.

1. Lieut. J. L. Cains, No. 3 Company (12ins).  
Distance 9ft. 8ins.
2. Lieut. G. S. Johnstone, No. 3 Company (7ins.).
3. Lieut. J. H. Rogers, No. 1 Company (scratch).  
Scratch jump 9ft. 6ins.

#### SHOT PUT—16lbs.

1. Lieut. A. Anderson, No. 3 Company (3ft.).  
34ft. 1½ins.
2. Lieut. G. S. Johnstone, No. 3 Company (1ft).
3. Lieut. J. L. Cains, No. 3 Company (3½ft.).  
Scratch put 32ft. 6ins.

The High Jump was not completed, but will be jumped off as a preliminary to our next handicap meet. Owing to the training in connection with the Canadian Championships there will not be a Handicap Meet on August 8th.

### CANADIAN CHAMPIONSHIPS, SEAFORD. AUGUST 11th.

For some time past athletes in all the Canadian Camps in England have been in training for this big event, and one can safely say that if the weather is fine August 11th will be a big day in the history of Canadian Overseas Troops. That G.H.Q. has sanctioned an undertaking of this size is a sure sign that athletics have taken an important part in the training of troops for the Big Event just across the

Channel, and no small credit is due to the Headquarters at Seaford for attempting to handle all arrangements for the meet. Special train facilities have been arranged for bringing supporters from other areas, and free transportation will be provided at the rate of 40 competitors and four trainers per area. The C.T.S. will be allowed 250 spectators and the above number of athletes, and it's up to us to give our Track Team every support. A portable grandstand is being brought from Eastbourne, and this, together with other accommodation, will bring the reserved seat capacity up to 600; this also being allotted to areas proportionately. Our track team, which is training each afternoon, will go down to Seaford on Friday, August 10th, to get a workout on the track and be well rested by Saturday afternoon. Our Tug-o-war team will pull in the preliminaries Saturday morning. A special train will be arranged to take the Bexhill and Hastings supporters on Saturday—haversack rations will likely be carried. The trials for a place on the team will be run on Egerton Park Parade on Monday, August 6th, at 2 p.m., and then look out for some real workouts for three days. Everybody on the job and here's to success at Seaford.

The following officers are responsible for the Track Team work: Lieut. J. H. Rogers, No. 1 Company; Lieut. W. O. Reid, No. 2 Company; and Lieut. W. E. Baker (Staff), No. 4 Company.

### SCHOOL SPORTS.

No date has been definitely decided, but Wednesday, August 22nd, has been suggested. It being a half-holiday in Bexhill, a large number of interested spectators will be able to enjoy an afternoon's good sport. Until after the Canadian Championships all our Company interests must be transferred to the bigger interests of the School Team—but let it only be a temporary transfer!

### POINTS.

The following table of points for Inter-Company competition was suggested by the Sports Committee and approved by the Chief Instructor:—

Track and Field.—Four events per week: 3, 2, 1 for 1st, 2nd, 3rd, or a possible of 24 per week.

Baseball.—Outdoor: A win, 15; a tie—each team, 10. Indoor: A win, 10. No tie games to count.

Boxing and Tennis.—One tournament per course. Winner to score 25 for his Company; runner-up to score 15; and loser in semi-finals, 5.

Revolver.—Only final Inter-Company Competition scores to be counted.

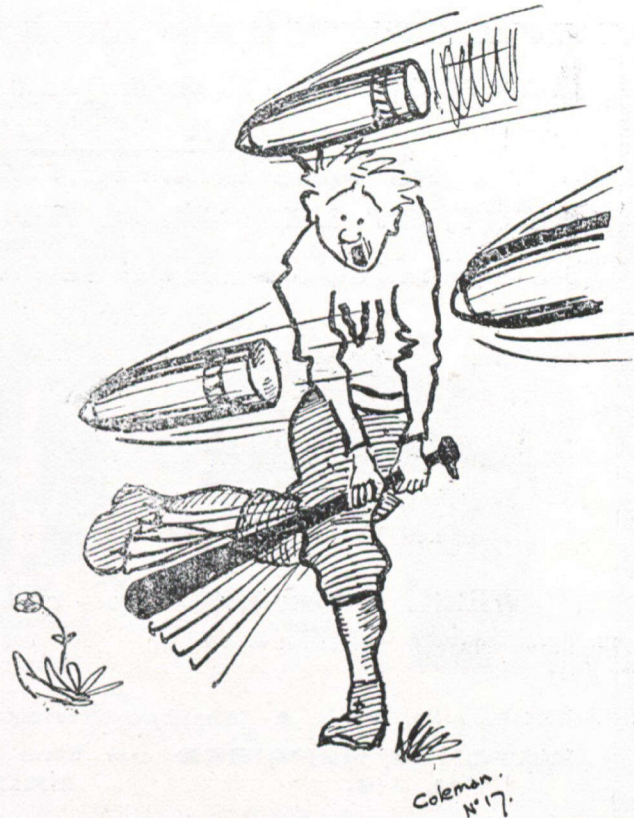
Scores to July 30th only:—

	Baseball.	Track and Field.	Total.
No. 1 ... ..	10	5	15
No. 2 ... ..	30	1	31
No. 3 ... ..	40	12	52
No. 4 ... ..	0	0	0
No. 5 ... ..	0	0	0



## THE EXAMINATION WE ALL COULD PASS.

- Using the improved method of squaring, give the exact map location of:
  - The Sackville Lounge.
  - The Royal Restaurant.
  - The darkest point on the Esplanade.
- Using your imagination as much as possible, write a message telling what you would do to the Kursaal if you had a Stokes gun at your disposal.
- At what angle on your plate would you place your knife and fork to signify to the Well Trained Waiter that you do not want your custard poured over your hair?
- Assuming yourself to be in command of a reconnaissance patrol, what points would you note particularly if you saw:
  - The Chief Instructional Officer entering a pub marked "Out of Bounds."
  - A young and charming visitor from London taking a dip at 6.20 a.m. in front of the Metropole.
- What is meant by "Military Vocabulary," and does it include the language of a P.T. Instructor?
- Explain briefly how you would get from St. Leonards Pier to the Metropole at 24k, using:
  - Your compass.
  - A taxi-cab.
- What are the principal pressure points in case of:
  - A wound above the right elbow.
  - The moon going behind a cloud.



HOW IT FEELS TO BAT No. 5's PITCHER—  
McWHINNEY.

### LATEST STYLES FOR SWANKY SUBS.

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To talk of many wraps—  
Of Brecks and Gloves and Khaki Shirts,  
Of Jackets, Belts, and Caps.*

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Drill slacks are now being worn by some of our more advanced dressers in paying informal evening calls. It is claimed for this innovation that it makes for greater freedom of movement in the latest popular parlour games, "Getupsitdown," "Aroundme-nip," etc.

Passionate puttees and breeches, of pale lavender, mauve, or baby blue, should not be worn entering or leaving the Metropole by the main doors. There is, of course, the back entrance by No. 2 Company's Mess Room, which will stand for anything up to and including pink with canary facings.

Plain cuffs should be worn only by Cadets and other Indians.

More attention is being paid to bathing costumes this season than ever before. But good taste dictates that this attention should be confined to one's own costume.

Field glasses should on no account be used.



Angel (who is showing Cadet around): Come, Cadet, to thy well-merited reward!

Cadet: You go along, old top—this is heaven for me.



**GENTLEMEN.**—The name you are invited to make a Special Note of is  
**J. W. COLLBRAN.**

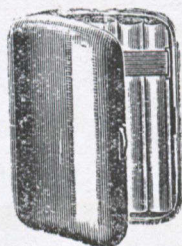
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