

June 1917


Vol. 1.

No. 3.

Stars



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# CHEVRONS To STARS

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE

## Canadian Training School

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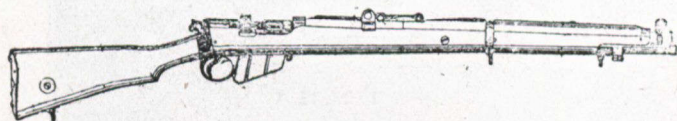
Editorial Department:  
Captain B. C. QUINAN.



VOLUME I. No. 3.

JUNE, 1917.

PRICE: SIXPENCE.



### ALONG THE SIGHTS.

The days of toil and energy being nearly over for the Second Class of the Canadian Training School, we may be pardoned for glancing back over the past two months and dwelling but lightly on our movements.

One of the biggest factors, that has made the Second Course such a success, has been the weather. The amount of sunshine and the great heat has made us forget our groans and maledictions hurled at the English climate in the earlier part of the year. Another very necessary factor, which has not been found wanting has been that spirit of cheerfulness, so very necessary to success, and without which no real pleasure in life is possible. Throughout the course smiling faces have been the rule, and this fact has impressed the many visitors who have visited the School for inspection purposes.

And then the companion to cheerfulness has been found in the keenness of the students, who on their arrival found that there was much to learn from the Instructors, and with the true and characteristic C.T.S. method, which they soon learnt, got right down to work and have stayed with it.

In sports we stand ready to meet all who would challenge our supremacy in that line. In every known game from Ping-Pong to "Glorified Rounders" members of the School have tested their skill against the outside talent, and proved, again and again C.T.S. FIRST. In other forms of amusements the School has made a good showing, not the least being on the stage. The ChanTeurS, again C.T.S., have made a name and given shows that will be hard, not only to beat but to maintain in quality. Many professional companies have appeared with less success, after years of stage experience, but as amateurs the ChanTeurS can feel proud and satisfied that as far as they were concerned the name of the School was maintained.

"Chevrans To Stars," again we have the great trio, has proved a success beyond the dreams of its foster parents. Though not yet at the height of the Editorial Staff's ambition, it will without a doubt soon reach there.

May we here appeal to the many reader friends we have for matter, be it verse or prose, photographic or pencil sketching, in fact anything of interest to your Company and to YOUR SCHOOL.

The font of literary efforts is far from dry in the School, and if it needs but coaxing to bring it forth may this appeal have that effect. This is YOUR SCHOOL and this YOUR MAGAZINE, support them with all your efforts, boom them together, and root for them in unison.

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### FROM THE EDITORIAL CHAIR.

Our apologies to the Chief Instructor for the omittance of the letters M. C. after his name, below his photograph in issue No. 2.

Congratulations to our Commandant on the arrival of a son and heir.

How pretty our mansion looks now that we have at last got our name on the roof, for all to see and therefore know.

Congratulations to No. 5 Company on selling all the numbers of No. 2 of Chevrans to Stars allotted to them.

Congratulations also to No. 1 on the splendid sports results.

Many thanks to the Canadian Record Office for a copy of their magazine, duly received, and noted.

Our regrets to all subscribers of matter who have not been able to make the grade against the blue pencil, but though a tremendous amount was received a lot was repetition, and some did not come up to the standard set by C.T.S.

Farewell to our second class, good luck, and Fortunes, and let us hope they will not forget their military Alma Mater.



No. 5 COMPANY MARCHING PAST H.R.H. DUKE OF CONNAUGHT. JUNE 8th, 1917.

## INSPECTIONS OF SCHOOL

During June, 1917.

Inspection by Field Marshal

**H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT,**  
K.G., K.T., K.P., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G.,  
G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O.

FRIDAY, 8th JUNE, 1917.

That day will for ever stand as a red letter day in the annals of the Canadian Training School, for on it H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught inspected, what he later referred to as a First-Class Institution. Though no official announcement had been made to the general public of the Royal visit, a large crowd was present in Egerton Park to welcome him, and to watch the Inspection and march past which followed. At the termination of the Inspection of the lines the following three Cadets were paraded before the Royal visitor to receive their medals earned in France:—

Cadet P. L. A. Chapman, No. 5 Company, Military Medal.

Cadet R. C. Sheridan, No. 4 Company, Bar to Military Medal.

Cadet W. J. N. Gill, No. 3 Company, Meritorious Service.

Following the Parade in the Park, His Royal Highness took the salute in the march past at the corner of Park and Egerton Roads, later moving on to the Promenade, where he witnessed the different Companies at training, being particularly interested in the keenness shown by the Company at bayonet fighting.

The Officers' Classes had the honour of entertaining His Royal Highness and his Staff, together with the Instructional Staff of the School, to luncheon.

During the luncheon the Royal visitor proposed the health of His Majesty the King, and afterwards in a pleasant speech reminded the students of his interests in Canada, and therefore in Her Troops. He warmly congratulated them on their appearance, their desire to learn all that was necessary for an Officer to know in order to lead the Troops of the Overseas Dominion. He further congratulated them on their cheerful appearance and above all on their keenness, two factors which he reminded them were essential in the soldier. Later in the afternoon His Royal Highness witnessed a bombing demonstration at the Trench Warfare School, afterwards leaving for town.

Visit and Inspection by

**Major-General Sir R. E. W. TURNER,**

V.C., K.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O.,

Commanding Canadian Forces in the British Isles.

Tuesday, June 19th, 1917, was yet another important day in the annals of the Second Course of the Canadian Training School, being the day chosen for the visit of Major-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.

During his speech, made in the Pavilion Theatre, he congratulated the Cadets and Officers of the Course on their opportunity of soon being able to go out to the best Corps in France, and also on their work during the past two months. He assured them that he was quite satisfied that the high standard of efficiency set by the first course had been maintained, if not improved upon, but in the midst of laudatory remarks he would caution them to remember that an Officer was an Officer and a gentleman at all times, and that as Officers of the Canadian Corps they would have high traditions to maintain, but he was quite satisfied that these traditions, of which Canada was so proud, were in safe keeping in their hands.

Following the address in the theatre, there was an Inspection of the School in Egerton Park, terminating in the march past, after which the Companies moved on to their respective parade grounds for training, where they were in turn visited by the Inspecting Officer.

Visit of

**Brigadier-General H. C. LOWTHER,**

C.V.O., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.,

Chief of Staff to Field Marshal Lord French, G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., K.C.M.G., Commanding-in-Chief, Home Forces.

Arriving in time for the physical drill parade in the morning he was keenly interested throughout the day in watching the Companies at their work. There was nothing in the shape of a ceremony regarding the Inspection, he having expressed a wish to see the School at instructional duties.

Before leaving, in conversation with the Commandant, he mentioned that he came to the Canadian Training School expecting to find a School that was good, but on seeing for himself he found a School that had exceeded his greatest expectations regarding its quality, and he would congratulate all ranks on their splendid bearing, not only on the parades but when off as well.

Coming as this compliment does from the Chief of Staff of the Field-Marshal commanding the Home Forces in England, every body in the School must feel gratified that the work, even though at times monotonous and tiring, has throughout all Inspections received the highest of praise.

Inspection by

**Colonel HERSEY, U.S.A. Army.**

Chief of Staff to Major-General Pershing, United States of America Expeditionary Force.

Thursday, June 14th, 1917, found the School being inspected by Colonel Hersey, of the U.S.A. Army. This Officer having had great experience in the military education of the Officers of the American Army, was in every way qualified to judge what value a School of this kind was. After watching the usual morning ceremonial parade he was escorted round the various Companies drilling on their respective parade grounds, and at all times taking the greatest of interest in the manner of instruction and also the keen manner in which the students sought for knowledge.

His appreciation of the work, and of the value of the instruction given is best summed up in his own words to the Commandant: "Had I not seen for myself, I would never have believed that men from the same Continent as ourselves could be imbued with such keenness and cheerfulness in drill and work. This School has been like an inspiration to me, and has given me a basis upon which to model any instruction necessary for our own Expeditionary Force."



No. 4 COY.                      No. 13 PLATOON.



No. 4 COY.                      No. 15 PLATOON.

## THE CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.

By N. Duncan.

"The trouble with you blokes," proclaimed Burrows, from his seat on the barn floor, "is that you're too cussed ignerant ter see wots the truth. This 'ere Christian Science . . ."

"'s'all right, Nobby," remarked Williams to the interested third member of the party, and endeavouring at the same time to clean his pipe with a piece of straw, "'e's orfen like this. Last time it was mesmerism. 'e tried fer twenty-five minutes ter mesmerise the Quarter-bloke, but it didn't come orf. The Quarter asked 'im oo the 'ell 'e was starin' at at last, and kicked 'im art of the Stores. Didn't get so much as a pair of socks, did yer, Bill?"

Burrows, leaning back in the straw, heaved a mighty sigh.

"As I said afore, you blokes is hincapable," he paused to let the effect sink in, "is hincapable of thinkin' for yerselves. If a bloke only believes wot 'e say, nothink is beyond 'is grasp. You, Nobby, wot do you want, most in the world?"

"A Blighty," replied Mr. Clark, with commendable promptitude.

"Fat 'ed," commented the lecturer, unkindly, "that ain't wot I want ter know. Now, listen 'ere. If you've got a pain in yer 'ed, all you've got ter do, is ter say ter yerself, I *ain't* got no 'edache, I *ain't* got no 'edache, and go on sayin' it until . . ."

"Until someone clumps yer fer makin' a row," put in the sceptical Williams. "'ow long's this 'ere goin' ter last, Bill?"

"I'm goin' ter keep on arguin' with you blokes until I turns you all inter believers, same as wot I am," responded the reformer, grandly. "All the books on Christian Science tells us not ter be discouraged by the jeers of the unbelievers and those hincapable of thinkin' fer themselves. I'm agoin' ter make yer all believe, I am."

"Even the Major?" queried the interested "Nobby," investigating the surrounding straw and unearthing his mess-tin.

"'e'll come rahnd in time," replied Burrows, "and 'e'll live ter thank me."

"Well," commented Mr. Clark, shaking himself free of straw and rising to his feet, "I wish yer luck, Bill. I'm going over ter the cooks ter get some grub."

"Bill ain't," put in Williams, joining him, "all 'e's goin' ter do is ter put is 'and on 'is tummy and say, 'I *ain't* 'ungry, I *ain't* 'ungry,' just like that. Us bein' only common people, we'll go and draw 'is grub as well as our own, and eat it for 'im."

Burrows paused in his occupation of cleaning leggings, and looked up at the Officer who had the honour of employing him as batman.

"Ill, Sir?" he queried, in a touchingly sympathetic tone, "yer don't look well, and yer face is all swelled up."

The Officer turned a jaundiced eye upon his henchman.

"Toothache," he answered with brevity. "You

might go over to the M.O. and see if he has anything he can give me for it."

Burrows' eyes brightened.

"'ave you tried Christian Science?" he asked, "All you've got ter do ter be cured, is ter say 'I *ain't* got no toothache, I *ain't* got no toothache,' over and over again, at the same time pressing the afflicted part wiv yer forefinger. If yer do that, the pain'll go like a bad dream, Sir."

"So will you, if you don't get over to the M.O. soon," replied the Lieutenant briefly.

"Well, Sir," responded Burrows, with the freedom acquired by a year's service as batman, "all I can say is, *it works*. Gunner Clark, 'e come ter me yesterday, and 'e says, 'Bill,' 'e says, 'My 'ed aches something crool,' 'e says, and after I'd made 'im say 'I *ain't* got no 'edache,' forty-nine times, 'is 'edache went all of a sudden. I remembers the number of times wot 'e said it, because the rum issue come out, just as Clark says 'no 'edache' for the forty-eighth time. I was countin' . . ."

"For Heaven's sake," put in the sufferer, "cease this appalling drivell and do as I tell you. I'm sick of you and your infernal 'great ideas.' Get out."

The injured Burrows, muttering softly, obeyed, returning a few moment's later with the news that the Medical Officer was at present absent, but that the Medical Orderly had supplied him with two pills.

"'ere they are, Sir," he remarked, offering the pills, "Number Nines they are. You've got ter take one before dinner and . . ."

The maddened Lieutenant, saying something indistinctly, hurled himself upon the waiting Burrows. The rejected offering sped through the doorway just ahead of the flying batman, who, staggering for some paces, sat down with great suddenness on the grass.

"Now that," commented the disciple of Christian Science, "just goes for to show the ignerance which abahnds in the upper classes. If 'e'd only shove 'is finger on 'is jaw and say wot I tells 'im, 'e'd be cured in no time."

The next few days saw the Battery once more in the firing line, and everyone much too busy to pay any attention to the still enthusiastic Burrows. A plentiful supply of ammunition, which, at that time, was something of a pleasant surprise, permitted the Battery to pay off sundry old scores against the wily Boche, and, to use the phrase of the gunners, "things were humming" in that particular locality.

The protesting Williams, dragged from the obscurity in which a "cook's-mate" labours, found himself doing duty as Number Two on a gun, much to the delight of both the cook and the remainder of the Battery, who, after the occasion on which Williams had been discovered washing a wriggling kitten in the Battery's stew, had lost enthusiasm in his efforts in the cooking line.

"Now," remarked Burrows to the Signalling Sergeant, solemnly, whilst the gentleman addressed swore steadily, commenting unkindly on the want of rapidity of his lines-men, "now, all *you* wants ter do, is ter place yer fore-finger on . . . on . . . on the telephone, and say 'The lineman is now tappin'



in 'abart fifty-nine times, and e'll be sure ter do it. Christian Science, that is. I tried it on Nobby Clark, w'en 'e 'ad an 'edache, and it cured 'im proper, it did. If you'd only . . .

"'ere," cut in the Sergeant, who was naturally in that frame of mind induced by the fact that the linesmen had failed to cover three miles of shell-swept ground in five minutes, "'ere, you 'op it. Fair fed up with you, I am. 'ere am I, workin' like a slave, and you come round gassin' abart puttin' fingers on telephones an' talkin' rot. Go, clear orf art of this dug-out."

"All right." Burrows arose with an air of injured dignity, somewhat marred by the fact that a fly-paper, suspended from the roof, came away also, attached to his hair, "you just try it. You'll find I ain't no fat 'ed, after all. As 'amlet says, there's lots of things in this 'ere life wot you an' me don't know nuffink abart."

With which parting shot the Scientist departed, accompanied by a burst of weird language from the interior of the Signallers' dug-out.

At this point the Boche, departing from his usually strictly adhered-to programme, planted three small shells in the close vicinity of the Battery, and Burrows, altering his original plan of proceeding to the spot where the cook held sway, with that presence of mind which characterises the British soldier, dived straightway into the nearest gun-pit.

"Where'd they go?" queried Mr. Clark, from his seat on the right of the gun-breech.

"Abart two feet from me," replied his friend, with utter disregard for truth. "I 'ad all I could do to dodge 'em. Wot's wrong, Sarg't?"

"I've 'ad that silly blighter," responded the injured Non-Com., "just drop a (qualified) shell on me foot." He nodded balefully in the direction of Mr. Clark. "If I 'ave 'im on this 'ere gun much longer there'll be murder done in the gun-pit. Wot reason 'as 'e got ter be mucking abart wiv the shells, anyway? I only gave 'im number two so's to keep 'im art of mischief."

"Does it 'urt much?" asked Burrows, taking a seat near the opening of the pit.

"Sarg't., not before the children," put in Gnr. Clark, as the Sergeant burst forth into a description of how much it really *did* hurt, "Bill, 'ere, can stop the pain in a minute. You ask 'im."

"All you've got ter do," explained the delighted Burrows, "is ter press the injured portion wiv yer forefinger, and say 'It *don't* 'urt,' until the pain leaves yer, for ever. I tried it on Nobby, 'ere, and 'is 'edache went like lightning, didn't it, Nobby?"

The Sergeant, releasing his foot, limped towards the doorway of the pit, so as to be well within hearing when the order to re-commence firing might be given.

"If you think," said he, "that I'm goin' ter do any of them monkey-tricks just ter please you, you're mistaken. That there young \_\_\_\_\_ 'as blinkin' near broken all the bones in my foot, an' it wouldn't make no difference if I was to 'oller 'it don't 'urt,' all day."

"Wot *you* want is faith," advised Burrows. "Let me tell yer, I cured meself of the 'orrible 'abit of drink, through Christian Science, and I never drinks rum, nowadays, I gives it ter Nobby, 'ere.

'e's tried ter stop it, too, but 'e can't quite manage that far, yet. So yer see . . ."

"Yes," put in a grimy gunner, rubbing the brass fuse-scale with a particularly filthy "cleaning rag," "I see. I always wondered 'ow it was Nobby took up with this 'ere balmy idea of yourn. Now I see wot 'e done it for."

"Not at all," put in the slandered 'Nobby,' rising and preparing to leave the pit, having arranged for Burrows to replace him at the gun, "I took up wiv it because I saw a great light in wot Bill said. Faith is all wots needed, excep' for a little brain; I expect that's wot's stoppin' yer." With which sharp remark the convert stepped from the gun-pit and commenced his trip across the field.

"Look 'art," suddenly, from the Sergeant, "'ere come the coals."

The entire gun-crew waited for a second, heard the whistle of a shell overhead, heard it burst in the field outside, and the next moment were aware that someone had entered the pit; someone who swore dismally in a monotone, and limped badly. Further investigation showed it to be Mr. Clark, plus a neat perforation in his calf. He sat down rather heavily on the ground, took out his field dressing, and with the assistance of his comrades, covered everything and everyone with blood, thereafter leaning back against the pit-wall, closing his eyes and becoming straightway an interesting invalid.

Burrows, wiping blood on his riding-pants, leaned over the wounded man. "Nobby," he said, in impressive tones, "you just keep on sayin' ter yerself 'I ain't got no pain,' and you'll find you won't 'ave none. That'll show these 'ere scoffers."

Clark, opening his eyes dreamily, winked very solemnly at his friend. "I'm goin' ter show 'em," he remarked, in a husky whisper, "I'm goin' ter show 'em . . . 'ow ter make Blighty . . . on this."



No. 4 COY.

No. 16 PLATOON.

I believe the five secrets of influence in the world to be as follows:—

- (1) Absolute straightness.
- (2) Absence of side.
- (3) Sympathy.
- (4) A sense of humour.
- (5) Faith,

—Bishop Ingram.



VISIT OF FIELD-MARSHAL H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

## AIM OF PHYSICAL AND BAYONET TRAINING IN THE ARMY.

By Lieut.-Col. Mayes.

It is essential that every soldier possesses health, strength, mental activity and courage. Without these qualities a soldier soon breaks down and becomes a source of danger to his comrades and an incubus on the Army. The 1916 Army system of physical training as now taught in the Canadian Forces has been proved by the results in the new Armies to develop fighting spirit, rapidly increase power of brain and limb, strengthen the muscles and give perfect control of the rifle and bayonet. The dead-lock that existed along the 300 miles of battle front in the West has now been broken and heavy fighting is likely to spread over the entire Western Front.

Success depends on reinforcements being trained in up-to-date methods of using the bomb, bullet and bayonet, which, backed up by superior physical condition, and combined with nerve and stamina, will win out.

### KEY NOTE OF COURAGE.

Courage is developed in a soldier by his being trained to have the greatest confidence in his fighting weapon, and it would be just as absurd to send a man forward to fight the enemy with the bayonet, unless he had complete confidence in his weapon, as it would be to put an untrained man in the ring against a professional boxer. The lack of confidence on the part of the untrained man would be about the same in both cases. The over-whelming importance of physical fitness and thorough training for every man in our Forces is not realized by the average civilian, who appears to think that all that is necessary is to give a Britisher a rifle and ammunition, and a bayonet, and his natural cour-

age will do the rest. This is not the view of the Army Authorities, and we have in the official scheme of the recreational training for the Expeditionary Forces in France, an insight into the value which is placed on sport, as a means of developing these qualities, without which Germany will never be beaten to her knees. What has been written applies to Officers and N.C.O.'s equally with the men. Officers and N.C.O.'s must, themselves, become good fighters if they are to teach others how to fight, and their success as soldiers depends, to a very large extent, upon their ability as Instructors. Looking at the question broadly, it may be stated that the aim of teaching is the improvement of the fighting quality in the mass, and those who are least efficient should receive the most attention, so as to bring them up to the plane of their comrades.

It is a military axiom that the success of each man in the mass depends on his confidence in himself and his comrades as fighters. Take bayonet fighting as an example; they must be taught as boxing, fencing and wrestling are taught, by actual contact, and not merely theoretically, and by telling a man how to box. Giving him instructions by the hour will never make him a boxer. He must combine theory with practice; he must put on the gloves and measure his skill against that of others, and the more he does this, provided he is instructed on the right lines, the greater the degree of proficiency to which he will attain. From a fighting point of view, boxing is most invaluable as an aid to training.

#### STIMULUS OF PHYSICAL CONTACT.

The object of military training is to develop the soldier of every rank into an ideal fighting man, and it may be put bluntly that progress in training is frequently hindered by the failure of the recruit to apply the fighting spirit, which every Britisher possesses. It is here where boxing, for instance, is such a valuable adjunct to training. If the embryo soldier were to put on the gloves frequently and have bouts with his comrades, without even an attempt being made seriously to teach him the art, the natural desire to learn how to defend himself, and to give his opponent more than he received himself would stimulate the fighting spirit. This all goes to prove the importance of individuality in training, and in this connection it is well to emphasise that men going into action are buoyed up by the fact that their comrades to the right and left are capable of doing their share at the critical moment.

The greatest advantage which the Britisher possesses over the German is the fighting spirit, but we shall not get the fullest value of that if it be allowed to lie dormant. It must be drawn out, and the best means of developing it is by actual physical contact. The fighting spirit of Nations is encouraged and maintained in various ways. It was the barbarous custom of the Huns in the 6th Century to slash the cheeks of the males with the swords on the day on which they were born, so that before they received nourishment, they had to endure the pain of wounds. That practice, so reprehensible, has long since passed away, but the German of to-day encourages and develops the fighting

spirit by means of the Students' duels at the Universities.

Different European Nations have different methods of keeping up and developing the fighting spirit, such as duelling, etc., and the Britisher keeps his combative instincts alive by boxing, and other sports, in which there is actual bodily contact.

The progress that the British Army has made in the field has proved that our methods are the best, and what we owe to boxing and other sports in this crisis of the Empire's history it is impossible to calculate.

We are fighting now to administer a "knock-out" blow to the Central Powers, but it is certain that we shall not be able to deliver the necessary punch unless our fighting men have that confidence in themselves which makes them certain that they will defeat their opponents, no matter when, or how they may meet them.

It must not be forgotten that the essence of training soldiers for this war, is that every Officer, every N.C.O. and every man must be taught to fight as men have never fought before. It is a question of going forward to "kill" or "be killed," and doing so under the stress of great mental excitement.

The fighting on the various Fronts has revealed again and again that physical fitness and the development of the fighting spirit are the essentials of success.

Napoleon said that two lines advancing against one another in a bayonet combat would never meet, one would give way. The crucial time in a counter-charge occurs, not at the moment of actual contact, but when the lines are approaching one another and are still twenty of thirty yards apart. The line charging with the determination, vigour and fury, and under control will invariably put the "wind-up" an opposing line, which has none, or less, of these qualities.

The qualities essential in a successful bayonet charge are determination, fury, dash and control. They can be created and developed in the individual if he is compelled to concentrate upon them continually by the following methods:—

1. Each man as he advances must select the individual opponent "to kill," and must concentrate all his thoughts upon that determination. He must keep his eyes upon the selected "victim" and upon him alone, and not upon the advancing line as a whole.

2. Every man must yell as he rushes in upon his opponent.

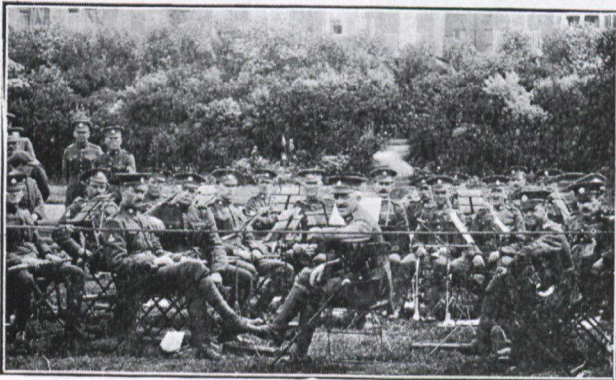
3. While still keeping his eyes upon his victim, each man must develop a "collective sense" which enables him to keep in touch with right and left, so that the entire line advances solid and compact like a living wall.

It is the Battalions at present in training that will decide the final issue, and every effort must be made to get our men physically fit and imbued with the "spirit of the fight."

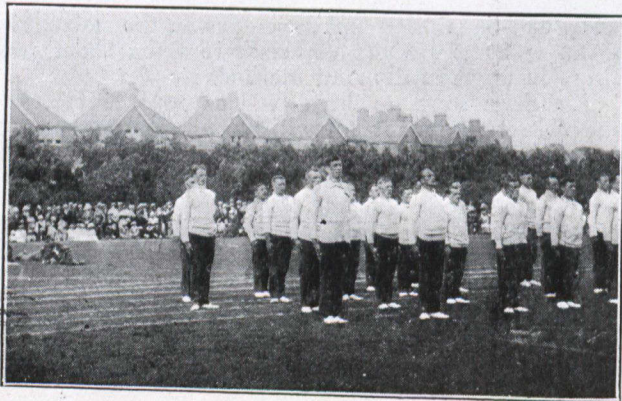
The British Empire must break the German line, and the German heart that is behind that tremendous line, and the only way it can be done is by every Officer, N.C.O. and Instructor doing their damndest to get reinforcements fit and full of fight and courage.



No. 5 PLATOON BURYING No. 7.  
POOR OLD SEVEN.



C.T.S. BAND.



SPORTS DAY, JUNE 21st, 1917.

**MUSINGS OF A CADET.**

Do they expect a rapid retirement on the Western Front soon, or is the quick-step only used to get the work finished sooner?

How did he know MY name?

Why do the Company Officers always look at me when something goes wrong?



H.R.H. DECORATING CADET SHERIDAN,  
No. 4 COY.

What have I done, NOW?

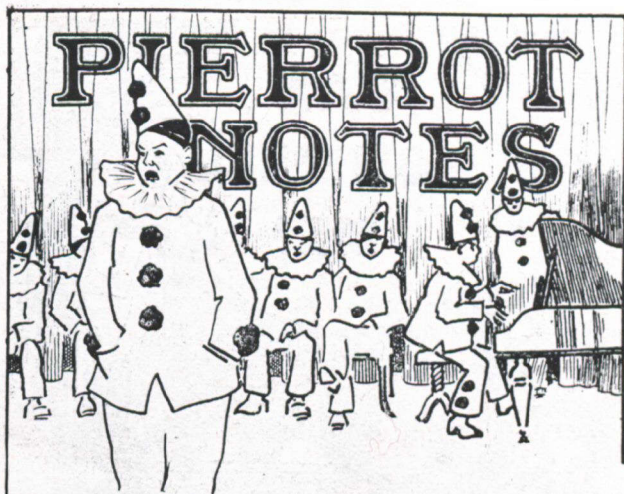
Well, when I get my Commission, I won't look like THAT!

I wonder how the Instructors' wives stand them!

Who did my young lady-friend love, last course?

Does he write to her, and will he come down some week-end?

How big is he?



## CHANTEURS.

The concerts given by the ChanTeurS at the Pavilion on the 14th, 15th and 16th June were highly successful.

The performers included numerous artistes who, before joining the Army, had won splendid reputations on the stage in this country, as well as on the American Continent.

The building was packed to its utmost capacity on all three nights, the performance on Thursday being graced by the presence of the Mayor and Mayoress.

The scenery was exceptionally well done, reflecting great credit on Cadet F. Marshall, of No. 5 Company, to whom the ChanTeurS owe a great debt of thanks for his untiring energy.

It would be hard to pick out and specially compliment any particular member of the Troupe, in the space allotted by the Editor, but the Manager of the ChanTeurS would take this opportunity of thanking one and all for their loyalty and untiring energy in the interests of the Troupe.

Our thanks are due also R.S.M.I. Carpenter for the very fine recitation which he rendered, and to Miss R. Dowling for her assistance in the double act with the popular comedian.

One could continue for hours picking out names from the programme and specially mentioning their parts, but it must suffice to say that of all the principals, whether of the heavy dramatic type, or of the light songs with dainty tune, one and all gave of their best, and that best was exceptionally good. The chorus, largely composed of members of No. 1 and 2 Company, worked with a will and a cheerfulness that was delightful to watch.

We reproduce below a copy of the programme as given on Saturday night, which was, as a member described it, a world winner of a performance.

Part I.—Overture by C.T.S. Band; song, "Danny Dever," Capt. Chaffey, M.C.; prologue from "Il Pagliacci," Capt. Chaffey, M.C.; song, "You can't do without it," Lieut. Fisher and ChanTeurS; song, "Love me while the Loving is Good," Lieut. Le Messureur; song speciality, Cadet A. S. Tracy; song, "There's a Ship that's bound for Blighty," Sergt. Turner; song and dance, "Dixie Land," Private Clarke and ChanTeurS; song, "The Lute Player," Cadet E. G. McDonald; monologue, "Proposals," Lieut. Rutherford; song, "To Have, to

Hold, to Love," Cadet Owen; song, "Good Night, Mr. Moon," Lieut. Swift and ChanTeurS; intermission. During the intermission a Moving Picture of the First Course of the C.T.S. was shown, by kind permission of Lieut.-Col. Critchley, D.S.O.

Part II.—Song, "Dream Boat," Lieut. Le Messureur and ChanTeurS; song, "Rolling Down to Rio," Capt. Chaffey, M.C.; double comedy speciality, Miss R. Dowling and R.S.M.I. Carpenter; song, "The Gay Cavalier," Cadet Rothery; double comedy speciality, Cadet Tracy and Lieut. Webb; song, "A Little Bit of Bad in Every Good Little Girl," "Quartette"; song, "Carnio's Pleading Song," Cadet E. G. McDonald; closing chorus, "Rag-Time Melodies," ChanTeurS; God Save the King. Coon Specialities, "Bones and Rastus," played by Capt. Quinan and Cadet R. B. Crouch.

Stage Manager, Cadet F. Marshall; Property Master, Cadet R. B. Crouch.

Stage furnishing by Sabin and Miller and Franklin. Electric fittings by French.

ChanTeurS, you have gone, we will mourn your loss, and miss your genial company, but in going you have left a record behind for the Troupes that follow to live up to, and, if they can, to beat. Rest assured that you have done great work for the C.T.S. which is greatly appreciated.

Good luck and good-bye, you depart, but leave a name behind covered with success, The ChanTeurS.

### BEXHILL.

- 1 Where is it that at early dawn  
We sally forth with not much on  
And P.T. stunts are quite Tres Bonne?  
BEXHILL.
- 2 Where is it that with bayonets bright  
We jab at Faggots left and right  
While natives watch with huge delight?  
BEXHILL.
- 3 Where is it while Instructors scorn  
We teach each other fours to form  
And wish we never had been born?  
BEXHILL.
- 4 Where is it that the Brass Hats come  
To see how such things SHOULD be done  
While Companies think they're THE ONE?  
BEXHILL.
- 5 Where is it that between Parades  
On sundry milkshops there are raids  
And Cow proves better than "First Aids"?  
BEXHILL.
- 6 Where is it that the Maidens Fair  
Gaze on us with a friendly air  
While to respond we do not dare?  
BEXHILL.
- 7 Where is it that across the lea  
We hear a long drawn Comp'nee  
And know but one man it can be?  
OUR JOHN.
- 8 And where with docile one, two, three,  
Irish advice to follow—we  
Count in our own minds mentally,  
OH! JOHN.
- 9 And when the Course is at an end  
Where will our crashing footsteps wend,  
Seven days—and fifty pounds to spend?  
SOME BUŠT LONDON,

## MINIATURE RANGE RIFLE COMPETITION.

Shooting practices at the Miniature Range on Jameson Road have been taking place twice weekly, and about 100 Cadets have taken advantage of the facilities offered.

Lieut. D. F. J. Toole, M.C., the Musketry Officer, and Sergt. W. S. Robb, Musketry Instructor, are highly pleased with the keenness of the Cadets in this voluntary course, and with progress made.

At an Inter-Company Competition shoot last Monday between Nos. 3 and 5 Companies, No. 3 Company won by one point, the following being the scores made out of a possible 415 points:—

No. 3 Company.—Cadet Quelch, 56; Cadet Goodale, 59; Cadet Bankart, 57; Cadet Choate, 53; Cadet George 58; Collective team practice, 86. Total 369.

No. 5 Company.—Cadet Lobson, 58; Cadet Tunstall, 54; Cadet Newcombe, 54; Cadet Grant, J. W., 60; Cadet Stevenson, 55; Collective team practice, 87.—Total 368.

No. 4 Company's team was to have taken part in the Inter-Company Competition last Wednesday, but were prevented from doing so on account of inclement weather.

The best Company shots in Nos. 3 and 5 Companies respectively are Cadets H. E. George Babcock and L. Newcombe, whilst the best all-round shots in the School are Cadet Leake (5 Co.) and Cadet Babcock (4 Co.), who have done some remarkably good shooting. Cadet Leake's score card showed a remarkable feat, all five shots being placed in the centre of the target.

No. 12 Platoon held a dinner at the Pelham Hotel, Sidley, last Thursday evening, and mine host put up a most agreeable repast considering the food regulations that had to be complied with, and it was done full justice to by all. After the usual toast to the King, Cadet T. L. Simpson proposed "The Canadian Training School," which was suitably responded to by Capt. C. W. Devey, O.C., of No. 3 Company, the guest of honour. "The Instructional Staff," proposed by Cadet McReynolds, was ably responded to by Lieut. F. G. Lanzanne, the Platoon Commander, and by Sergt.-Major Brooks and Sergt.-Instructor Seaman. The proceedings came to a close at 10 p.m. TeurS.



P.T. and B.F. INSTRUCTORS, C.T.S., 1917.



Is it true that C.S.M. Saunt, with three companies on the string, holds the long distance record for voice expenditure?—No. 5 Coy.

Who was the individual who asked when we put up our "Star and Stripes?"—No. 5 Coy.

Are there to be any D.C.M.'s or other recognitions of a C.M. character on issue in connection with that "Apres le Balle game" mess raid, in which 4 and 5 jointly distinguished and almost extinguished themselves?—No. 5 Coy.

Who was the Leading Star who asked if it was meet and right to put up One Star on completion of half of the course?—No. 4 Coy.

If the belt worn by a certain No. 3 Coy. catcher is not one of the side shows of the Ball games in which he appears?—No. 3 Coy.

Why the Emery paper industry got such a fearful boost on a certain day early in June, 1917?—No. 3 Coy.

If there has been a great depletion in the supply of shrimps on this coast since a certain R.S.M. started on the trail of those wily crustaceans?—No. 3 Coy.

If a famous poet might not have had an eye on our popular O.C. Lectures when he wrote these words:—

" . . . and still the wonder grew

That one small head could carry all he knew?"  
—No. 3 Coy.

If No. 2 Company did not rather enjoy themselves at the ChanTeurS on Friday, June 15th, and if a certain encore given for their benefit did not make the manager grow pale under his dusky colouring?—No. 1 Coy.

Who was the gentleman who offered to comply with the lady's request to "Love me while the Loving was Good," and if it did not need a good deal of persuasion and examining of programmes to retain him in his seat?—No. 2 Coy.

FAME.

How our game has spread, yea, even unto Calgary.

Herewith an extract from "The Eye Opener" of that town:—

Lieutenant Charlie Taylor, of course, does not forget to write to his old sparring partner. He is at a training school at Bexhill-on-Sea, preparatory to going over. To quote: "Our Commandant is Colonel Critchley, who has been wounded twice and got the D.S.O. He is a prince, and is surrounded with a staff of very fine chaps, mostly all of whom have been decorated in France. Young Jack Toole, M.C., of Calgary, and Major K. L. Patten, M.C., of Winnipeg, are the type of young men we have as Instructors, and they cannot be beat. Been through the mill themselves. When I gave Critchley an 'Eye Opener' he said, 'My God, just what I want. Haven't seen one for an age.' (Wonder if this is bull?—Ed.) It is so picturesque to see the ladies walking up and down the promenade. I always go out of an evening and —"

That's enough. We don't want to get put off the mails.

"A Constellation of Obscurity." A Cadet's first appreciation of ground features from the Hastings, 1/20,000.

EXTRACTS FROM BATTALION JOURNALS.

From "The Splint Record," June 1916.  
THE RED CROSS CAR.

They are bringing them back, who went forth so bravely,

Grey, ghost-like cars down the long white road  
Come gliding, each with its cross of scarlet  
On canvas hood, and its heavy load  
Of human sheaves from the crimson harvest  
That greed and falsehood and hatred sowed.

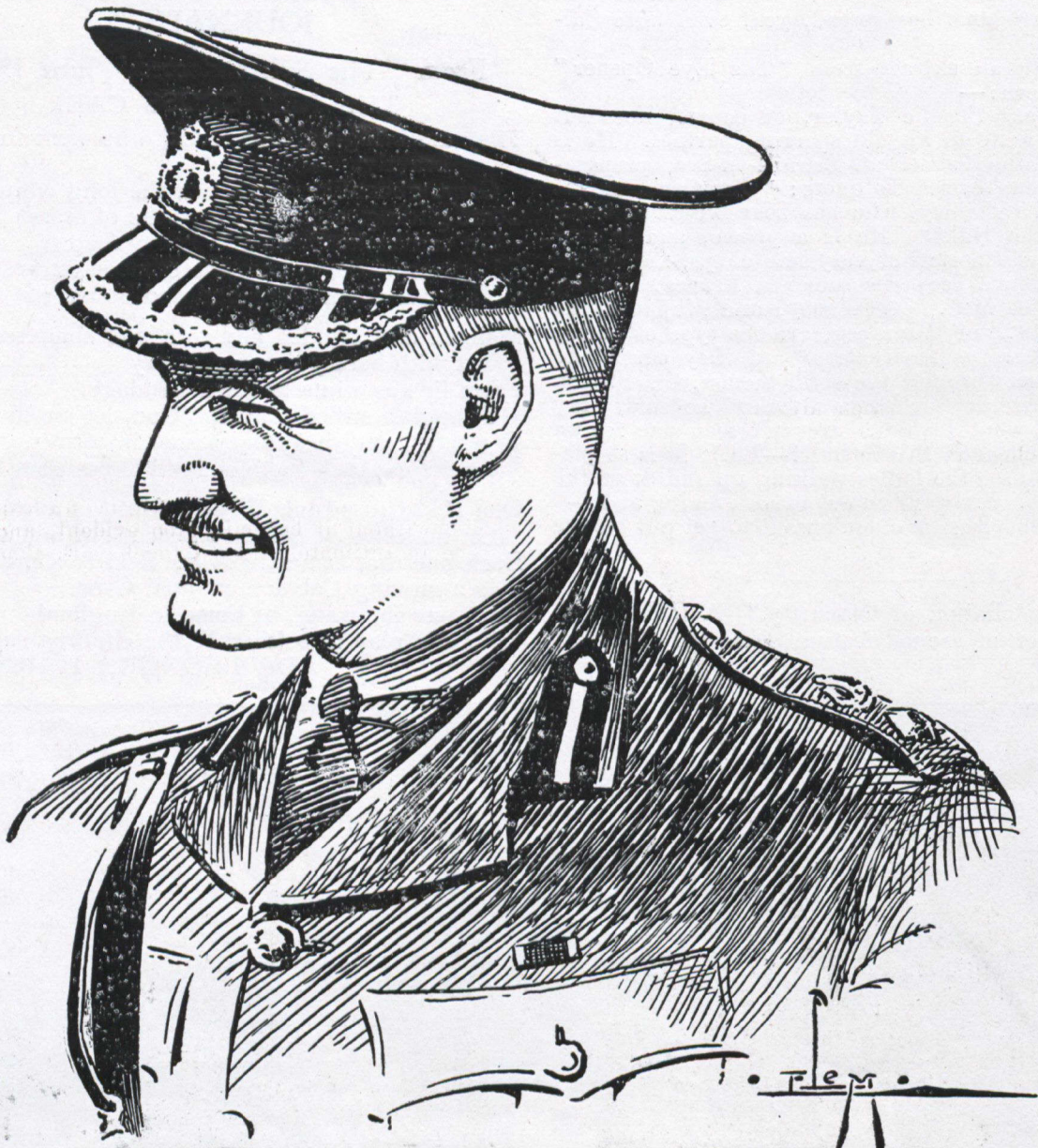
Maimed and blinded and torn and shattered,  
Yet with hardly a groan or cry  
From lips as white as linen bandage,  
Though a stifled prayer, "God, let me die!"  
Is wrung, may be, from a soul in torment  
As the car with the blood-red Cross goes by.

Oh! Red Cross car! What a world of anguish  
On noiseless wheels you bear night and day!  
Each one that comes from the field of slaughter  
Is a moving Calvary, painted Grey.  
And over the water, at home in England,  
"Let's play at soldiers!" the children say.

ADA LEONORA HARRIS.



COMPETITORS AND PRIZE WINNERS HASTINGS ATHLETIC MEET,  
WHIT MONDAY, 1917.



An Impression of the Commandant  
Lieut-Col. A.C. Critchley D.S.O.  
Canadian Training School  
Bexhill



**NO. 1 COMPANY.  
CHEERFULNESS.**

It is doubtful whether there ever was a time in the Empire's history when a cheerful disposition was of greater worth to all, and more beneficial to its possessor than in the present.

Such a condition must in no wise be confused with thoughtless optimism, which is, without doubt, to blame for many of the evils which have confronted us during the war; the former is a condition of mind which can only be attained by an honest conviction that we have done absolutely our utmost to command success, and that, come what may, we can face it with fortitude.

"The habit of looking at the best side of things is worth £1000 a year," observed a disciple of the doctrine of cheerfulness, but it may be added that it is an asset beyond price to the soldier in the changes and chances which are part of his every day life on service.

In the Officer it is a duty, for with it many an intolerable situation may be smoothed over, and apparently hopeless conditions surmounted. In discomfort or in danger a cheerful laugh or a ready joke can restore the spirits and steady a man better than anything else.

You have had, and still will have on the trail you are following now, occasions when a firm hand

is required in dealing with your men, and your power of enforcing discipline will be immeasurably greater if you have established yourself in the minds of your men as "rather a good sort," instead of as a "grouch."

The relationship existing between the ranks in the Canadian Expeditionary Force have brought about many new situations in military life; friends serving under friends; brothers under brothers; and even more anomalous conditions. Nevertheless, the necessity of ignoring such relationships, in the interests of discipline, exists. To do this requires the greatest tact and judgment, and the task will be greatly simplified for the Officer who has cultivated the habit of cheerfulness with, and a considerate interest in, his men. The same fatherly interest in his men that was required of an Officer in the Army of other days would in a great many instances be resented in our ranks, and yet the proper performance of your duty requires of you to take an equal care of them. You must see to their welfare and comfort, and be ever on the lookout to improve conditions; you must be an example to them without it becoming too evident, and you must be in intimate personal touch with them.

This will put your tact to a severe test, but you will find your task materially lightened if you have acquired a cheerful "jolly" ascendancy over your command. It is needless to say that familiarity must never be countenanced, and if you handle the situation intelligently there need be no danger of this.

Your goal should be to have your men look to you for:

"The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill."

No remarks regarding No. 1 Company would be complete without reference to that popular member, Capt. R. Kerr, who has been responsible for the training of the Company's Track Team, and also for the School teams for Seaford.

His record in amateur athletics is too well known to need repetition, but it must suffice to say that in spite of his statement to the contrary, "Bobby" is still able to cover the ground in *some* style.

Good-bye and good luck to you. The thanks of the School are yours.



No. 4 COY.



No. 1 COMPANY'S PRIZE WINNERS,  
JUNE 21st, 1917.

**NO. 2 COMPANY.**  
**THE FIRST MAIL.**

By D. R. O.

The first mail!  
How the words ring in your ears, and thrill you  
through and through!

Letters!

A dozen at least, you'll wager.

Look!

There comes your batman from the Orderly Room.  
See him grinning! Look how his pockets bulge!  
You wouldn't be at all surprised if there was a grist  
of mail for you, parcels, everything.

Just think of it!

Three whole weeks in England, uneventful weeks  
at that; monotonous weeks would describe them  
better.

No excitement. Nothing!

Don't you remember how *she* promised to write  
every day? Some girl, that! And mother and dad,  
and the kid sister, and all the bunch! Why!  
You'll have to hire a Secretary to take care of your  
correspondence!

There's the batman at the door!

Why, you're all a-tremble. Your fingers twitch,  
your wind-pipe surely must be dislocated, else your  
voice wouldn't sound so strangely.

"A letter for you, Sir."

One letter! Absurd! Ridiculous!

Something's wrong! You'll see about it in the  
morning. The post office people have no business  
whatever to hold back your mail. You'll tell them  
where they get off at!

"Everything's been delivered, Sir!"

What!

Something rises up and hits you slap in the throat.  
Well! They may not have had time to write.

Anyway, SHE wrote! the good little scout that  
she is. Trust HER for that!

You pick up the lone envelope. Your fingers  
play a nervous tattoo on the stiff, almost ill-forbod-  
ing paper.

How funny!

That isn't her writing. You're sure of it. It's  
too business-like . . . perchance her father's!

You tear the envelope asunder and bring its con-  
tents before your staring eyes:—

\* To one khaki whip, semi-soft cap, \$4.75.

Second Notice: Please remit at once."

**DISGUSTED.**

They've never seen a Speaker. or a Collins or a Cobb,  
They've never heard of Sister or glimpsed Jackson  
on the job,

They've never seen Walt Johnson's smoke or  
Leonard's curve ball great,

They've never watched Hank Gowdy block a runner  
off the plate.

They've never seen a Shotton or a Veach or Hooper  
catch,

They've never seen Chase grab a peg, three feet  
above his thatch,

**THE SPIRIT OF THE BAYONET.**

By R. S. Egan.

I saw the sun rise to-day

And take his way,

Athwart the far-off blue of Heaven;  
And the sea broke to a rippling smile,  
Glancing merrily in the new-born wonder of his  
light.

But, beyond the radiance of those dancing rays  
Sea and sky hid in the morning haze,  
And over there lay France—  
France, where the fond hopes of many a stricken  
heart,

Until the mists of dawn shall lift,  
Are laid apart.

Brightly you gleam in the morning sun,  
Clean, cold strip of steel;

Ready, aye, for the work to be done,  
When the hounds leap forth to the bloody fray,  
And the Huns see the fateful close of "The Day"  
As your rasping point they feel.

There's a little debt you alone can square,  
Sinister strip of steel;

For a pal who lies with his forehead fair,  
Crushed by the hurtling case of a shell,  
Who turned to me as he twisted and fell  
With a choking, gasped appeal.

I don't know just what he tried to say,  
Trusty strip of steel;

But the look in his tortured eyes that day  
Will haunt me till you drink your fill  
Of blood, when we go out to kill,  
Or be killed, as Fate may deal.

So bask you in the spring-time sun,  
Lithe, white arm of steel;

The jackal's race is well-nigh run,  
And he who joyed in death and pain  
Shall welter in his own red stain  
As time shall yet reveal.

They've never watched a Kauff or Pipp or Pratt or  
Baker slug,

They know not of the care-free chap, the man they  
call the "bug."

They've never heard of double steals, the "hit-and-  
run," or "squeeze,"

A balk, a pass, an infield out, are all dark mys-  
teries

To them, who to our grand old game have often-  
times applied,

The silly, simple, sickening name of "ROUNDERS  
GLORIFIED."

NO. 3 COMPANY.

"SUICIDE CORNER."

By R O S.

There's a most uncanny spot  
That's particularly hot,  
It's a place that I like—not,  
'Tis Suicide Corner.

There are shell-holes in the way  
That were not there yesterday,  
And it's not the place to play,  
Is Suicide Corner.

There the old horse-ambulance,  
Nightly takes a sporting chance,  
Past the hottest spot in France—  
That's Suicide Corner.  
(Through the darkness, cold and dim,  
Hear the sentry's challenge grim,  
Wouldn't swap my job with him  
At Suicide Corner.)

Transports take it on the run;  
'Tis a place you'd like to shun.  
Oh, it's not exactly fun.  
Old Suicide Corner!  
Any old time after dark—  
(Hear that sniper's rifle bark?  
Sure! He's got it for a mark  
On Suicide Corner).

Piles of brick beside the trail  
Like a mass of broken shale,  
Tell their own heartrending tale  
By Suicide Corner.  
Folks once peacefully did dwell,  
Where the deadly shot and shell  
Now achieve their purpose fell,  
Past Suicide Corner.

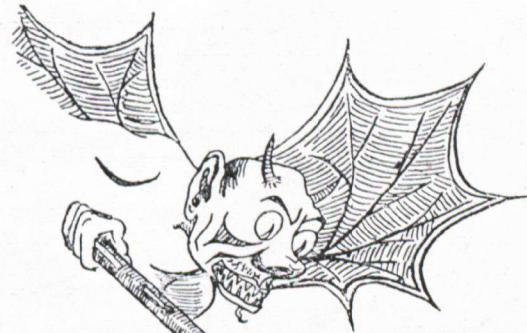
Hail to piping times of peace,  
Then, when strife and conflict cease,  
There will come a glad release  
To Suicide Corner.  
Then once more the birds will sing,  
Flowers will blossom in the Spring,  
Time will cast its healing wing  
O'er Suicide Corner.

OVERHEARD ON PARADE.

Inspecting Officer: "Serjeant, take that man's name for dirty boots."  
Serjeant-Cadet: "What's yer name?"  
Cadet: "Got no name."  
Serjeant-Cadet: "Got no name! Are you crazy?"  
Cadet: "Serjeant-Major took my name three times already this morning."

A B C.

A is for athletes, of them we've a few,  
Because baseball helps running and P.T. does too.  
C—poor old cricketers down in the dumps,  
Downs not in shape and all full of lumps.  
E stands for easy, also for exams,  
Fancy us passing 'em—what rhymes?—of course,  
prams!  
G starts off "groggy," a boxing expression—  
I may mean me if I'm tackle a lesson.  
J for jamas or "jerks"—doff one for t'other—  
Keep smiling—six-thirty!—Oh mother!  
L may be language never taught at a school,  
M is our messing, quite good as a rule.  
N "needed-cash" our code word to home,  
"O please, pater dear, won't you cable ten bone"?  
P can mean physics—horrible stuff—  
Quickly administered—the Doc. calls your bluff!  
R—rain on Sports Days, a thing we must fear,  
Schedules all upset—we wipe off a tear.  
Tragedy, comedy, a sigh and a laugh,  
Unkind Mr. Weather-man. Downhearted?—Not  
half!  
Very likely you've noticed letter H I've omitted.  
Why worry! I don't, and it wouldn't have fitted  
Xactly, in metre and cadence.  
Y—of course I'll stop,  
Zelzebug, old sport.



A CADET'S DREAM OF BAYONET FIGHTING.

NO. 4 COMPANY.

"FROM HIM THAT HATH  
NOTHING SHALL IT BE  
TAKEN AWAY."

There is a Battalion on the Western Front  
Whose records show large share of battle's brunt;  
To name it, I shall not be so invidious,  
Suffice to say: the things that make war hideous  
Have been its daily outlook for two years,  
And most Cadets will scarce restrain their tears  
On realising, when my tale is done,  
That THEIR Battalion is that very one.

It knows the Belgian winter, and as well  
The Ypres that was worse than Dante's Hell;  
It had alike its baths of mud and chalk;  
From Courcelette to Dickebusch Duck Walk  
Of Crime there wasn't much—it took some pride  
In clear lines, external and inside  
It carried on, amid the slime and stench  
And never, never lost a yard of trench.

But during times of "rest" (infrequent booms),  
Ten days the longest "rest" in twenty moons,  
'Twas curious how our sins seemed manifold  
According to the tale the Major told.  
. . . . Of course we know, a Second in Command  
No time for kindness has, nor phrases grand,  
His job to act the Scorpion and the scourge  
And stimulate the soldier's "innerurge."

The Colonel, on the other hand, can stroll  
From flooded trench to high commanding knoll  
Scattering benedictions as he goes  
Sniffing the dixies with enquiring nose;  
Asking the married: "How's the wife and babies?"  
Voicing his sympathy at coughs, and scabies.  
Promising hot baths, rubber boots, and rum,  
And hinting about "Brigade rest—soon to come!"

. . . . But Major X "Unless more work less sleep,  
Some night the busier, cleverer Bosch will creep  
Around to Headquarters, and purloin  
The Strombos-horn, and all the Staff's sirloin;  
And then, returning to their deeper ditches,  
They'll tell their better leaders how your breeches  
Fit badly, and your buttons have no shine.  
Why can't you be more like those German swine?"

The men, so often puzzled at the way  
Such different things can happen in one day,  
Gave up enquiring for the reason why—  
They never found it out—nor you—nor I!  
. . . . One day they packed, and journeyed down  
to where  
The Germans ran to after Pozieres.  
They did good work, and fought a record bout,  
And only a hundred and nineteen men came out.

Divisional compliments, and such, were read  
In the village where the handful went to bed.  
But not two peaceful days had followed, there,  
When the Adjutant called up in hollow square  
What N.C.O.'s had lasted out the strife,  
And spake to them thus: "This outfit, on my life,  
That used to be the pride of the Division  
Is earning now but hissing and derision!"

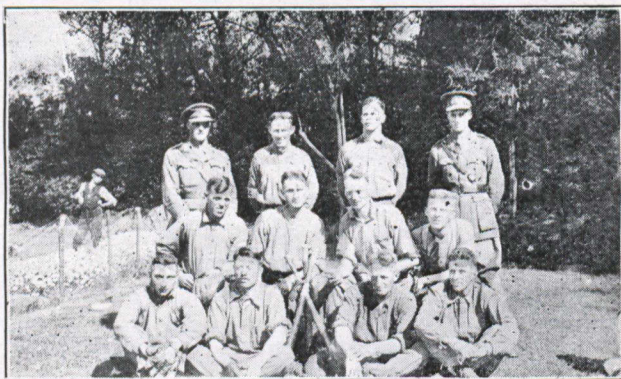
"No self-respect, no Brasso, bad saluting,  
Such men are good for naught but drink and loot-  
ing!  
Clothes ill-fitting, full of holes, and muddy;  
Their whole appearance, in a word, is b——y!"  
. . . . Oh! whose shall be the bitter, graphic pen,  
Than mine more fit, to sketch the minds of men  
Who, sore perplexed, find yet no way to please?  
Such vinegar turn sour their bread and cheese.

A peep into the future and we see  
A Company of "OURS," led craftily,  
(Disguised as Labour Members) rush the portals,  
The fortress-frontiers of the Super Mortals.  
Metz and Strassburg left behind they force  
A passage through the legions, foot and horse,  
That guard the Kaiser lest some brewer stab him;  
Disguised as Press photographers, they nab him!

Such enterprise, of course, is very gory,  
The full details would make a separate story;  
Enough to say, what's left of the detachment,  
Appreciating what their Royal catch meant,  
With him hack through right back to Poperinghe,  
Feeling with pride, they'd done the proper thing.  
But somebody (not the Colonel) sees them first,  
Halts them in line, and looks as if he'd burst.

"My hat!" he says, "how beastly long your hair  
grows  
You maculate and ragged gang of scarecrows!  
Who's that you've got—The Kaiser?—Why was  
not  
He handed to the Provost on the spot?  
Why! Dammit, Sir, in all your mental store  
Have you no facts of Military Law?  
About this, and your men's atrocious dress  
I'll see you, Captain Blank, right after mess!"

"Who's that, all blood and bandages, and ripped so?  
The man who took the Kaiser? Oh! Calypso  
May you, and he, for ever burn and freeze;  
HIS TROUSERS AREN'T ROLLED DOWN  
BELOW HIS KNEES!!!!"  
. . . . Sadly they slink away, their leader sighing,  
"If right or wrong, you get no thanks for trying,  
Then war is Hell;—Still, if it is, you chaps,  
Carry right on, and shorten it—perhaps."  
NAYLOR.



No. 4 BASEBALL TEAM,

**ENGINEERS.**

**REVIEWS OF RECENT PLAYS.**

**DEEDS OF DARKNESS,  
or Too Tired to Fight.**

A MUSICAL MELLOW-DRAMATIC  
MUDLEY.

Authors—WILHELM und Gott.

Performed without the permission of Hindenburg's  
Ltd.

Under Auspices of the War Office.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF ALL CONCERNED.

MANAGEMENT—Umtieth Field Coy. Canadian  
Engineers, practically unassisted by the Nth Battalion,  
Canadian Infantry ("Duke of  
Saskatoon's Own").

**CAST OF CHARACTERS.**

A Staff Officer.....MAJOR REDBRASS, B.S.O.  
An Engineer Officer...LIEUT. SCREW-STAKE.  
A Guide.....SAPPER LOSTISWEIGH.  
A Scout.....PTE. SLEUTH.  
A Stretcher-Bearer.....PTE. PINCH, C.A.M.C.  
A Batman.....PTE. GROUSE.

**AND**

O.C. Working Party.LIEUT. S. R. DEMIJOHN,  
B.Mil.Sc. (late Bexhill Military University)

WITH THE FAMOUS MALE BEAUTY (we  
don't think) CHORUS of Artisans, barbers, beer-  
pump manipulators, counter-jumpers, farmers,  
gents, lawyers, waiters, etc., ALL disguised as  
SOLDIERS.

Place..... REF. FLANDERS X23 Y50 50.  
Time..... THE PRESENT.  
Weather...DARK, DIRTY, and DAMNABLE.  
Mechanical Effects...By MISSES M. WERFER.  
Lighting.....By VERY, PISTOL & Co.  
Properties.....By R. E. DUMP,

Working Parties Outfitter.

Dresses.....At any RECRUITING OFFICE.

Hats...By THE SHRAPNEL HARDWARE Co.

Scenery.....Done in by CRUMP & Coy.

**ORCHESTRAL ACCOMPANIMENT.**

Conducted by HERR VON KRUPP.

**OVERTURE, 'THE SANDBAG SYMPHONY'**

(Composed by B. E. F. Atkins).

NOTE.—The Scenery will be slightly altered  
during each performance, but not changed.

The curtain rises promptly on Scene I., at zero  
hour, when Lieut. Screw-Stake and the guide,  
Sapper Lostisweigh, are discovered sitting in the  
bottom of a muddy communication trench in the  
dark, singing this characteristic duet, "Oh where,  
oh where have them Infantry gone!" This is  
fortunately silenced three-quarters of an hour later,  
by sounds as of an approaching Salvation Army  
meeting.

Screw-Stake: "Why do they pray so loudly,  
my lad?"

Lostisweigh: "They are not praying, sir, they  
are slipping on the bath-mats."

The officer's simple faith in his fellow-men is  
further disturbed by the appearance of the party,  
headed by our hero, Lieut. Demijohn, to the tune  
of that old favourite, "The Grouser's Chorus."

After a spirited duologue by the two officers,  
entitled "My Watch is on Time." and an exhibi-  
tion of weight-lifting by the chorus, the whole move  
off with the guide in opposite directions, giving an  
excellent imitation of a working party going into  
action.

**TWO HOURS ELAPSE.**

Scene II. shows the whole party, having ulti-  
mately reached their destination, industriously  
swinging the lead in No Man's Land.

One of the most intensely dramatic moments of  
the whole performance is reached when Lieut.  
Demijohn is suddenly seen to thrust his hand into  
his tunic, above his heart, and feeling something  
warm and moist trickling down his chest, shrieks,  
"My God! I'm done for!!!" and falls to the  
ground.

The rendering of the frenzied chorus, "Stretcher  
Bearer! Stretcher Bearer!" by the Battalion Yodel-  
ers finally results in the appearance of Private  
Pinch, who enters singing, "Did I hear you call-  
ing me?"

He bends gently over the stricken soldier, softly  
announces that life is *not* extinct, and quietly sug-  
gests that the trouble is perhaps due to shock, occa-  
sioned by taking too much water with his whiskey.

The unfortunate Demijohn is assisted to his feet  
and commences his first song, "The Broken  
Flask," or "Paradise Lost," with chorus of bat-  
men and runners.

This number is an artistic triumph, and seldom  
on any stage has a singer reached such a climax  
of emotion in his portrayal of passionate grief—in  
fact, the only other item which approaches it at all,  
in intensity of feeling, is his second effort, "The  
Cache in the Crump Hole," or "Paradise Re-  
gained."

Here, in striking contrast to "The Broken  
Flask," the almost delirious happiness and joy  
expressed in his rendering has never, to our knowl-  
edge, been surpassed.

Another song, given with much feeling, is "The  
Night has a Thousand Eyes," which is in the able  
hands of Private Sleuth; and Major Redbrass,  
B.S.O., leaves nothing to be desired in his "My  
Dug-out Was Never Like This." Unfortunately,  
just as he has the wind up for an encore, the  
"Whizz Bang Quartet" is heard in the back-  
ground; this number, not being in the original  
programme, results in the hasty exit of the gallant  
Major.

The Quartet proceeds with increasing volume till  
finally the whole party is seen to break up in dis-  
order, and disappear in the direction of home.

**ENGINEERS.**

The third and last scene opens in the billets of the Duke's Own—Lieut. Demijohn and his exhausted party are all present after completing the night's work (?). The faces of all are wreathed in mud and smiles, and the very best spirit seems to pervade the atmosphere. Demijohn is seated by a candle, pouring out the Rum issue into the mess-tins of the Chorus as they file slowly (?) by, and they drink to the toast, "The Kaiser—XX!!... him."

Here Private Grouse spills his little lot, and favours the audience with "The Batmen's Lament."

Gradually the candle burns out and leaves the stage in darkness—the curtain is rung down and the night's entertainment is brought to a close by the entire company snoring smartly to attention, while the orchestra plays

"GOD SAVE THE KING."

This show has already had an unprecedented run well over 1,000 nights, and promises to be the leading attraction in all the main theatres for another year or two at least.

We can heartily recommend it—particularly to all men of military age; in fact, we would go so far as to say that, in our opinion, all such will find it impossible to resist taking it in at least once before it comes off.

We scarcely know whether to describe this show as Revue, Farce or Tragedy, as it seems at times to combine many of the main features of all these types of dramatic art.

Having seen a number of performances ourselves, criticizing it as a whole, we feel that, if anything, the stage settings are a little too realistic and the lighting perhaps almost too bright at times. The cast, to a man, agree with us in this, but the authors apparently cannot be induced to make any change at present.

Outside of these two minor drawbacks, and the fact that the costumes are extremely dirty and do not seem to fit, the hats more useful than comfortable, the mechanical effects much too noisy, the language far too lurid, the scenery rotten, the plot decidedly obscure, and the general atmosphere one of confusion, we consider the production highly creditable to the management in every way.

G. E. C. & E. J. L. G.

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### PETTICOAT INFLUENCE ON PHYSICAL TRAINING.

At a certain Training School in a certain town in a certain part of England, there was, every morning, at 6.30 a.m., a Physical Training Parade. All ranks, even down to the Company

Officers, were obliged to be present at this parade—so much so that a certain *very senior officer* of the School Staff made it his personal business to take a look around every morning and make sure that none of the aforesaid Company Officers were taking their P.T. "swinging the lead" instead of in the prescribed manner.

Among the many officers noticed every morning on this parade were a certain married officer and a certain single one. The first-named gentleman (being married) had only an old pair of slacks to wear for P.T. The single officer, not being so lucky, had nothing to wear but a brand new and spotlessly white pair of tennis flannels.

Those who are familiar with the inner mysteries of P.T. will know that the N.C.O. in charge of each squad frequently murmurs remarks something like this: "Sit down! Get up! Sit down! Get up!" The married officer was most punctilious in his carrying out of these commands—not so his single friend. The latter, although he realised that the local pavements were very, very clean, thought that even at that they might not be quite so spotless as his new white flannels, so sat on his heels, instead of on the street, when exhorted to "Sit down!"

Subsequent events showed that this did not pass unnoticed by the married officer, who happened to be in the same squad.

Not long ago, at a certain dinner party given by the married officer and his wife, the single officer and a number of others were present.

During a lull in the general conversation, the hostess turned to the single man and said, "I understand that you, who should be a shining example of discipline and obedience, show an appalling disregard to orders on the Physical Training Parade—in fact, when told most emphatically to sit down, you do nothing of the sort. Really the vanity of single men is too awful!"

He, in self-defence, replied, "My dear Mrs. —, I assure you, you both wrong and misunderstand me. No one is a greater believer in discipline than I am. I ask you to put yourself in my position and then consider the matter. What would *you* do, if you, like me, had only one spotlessly clean and beautifully white pair of —?" But the lady, blushing furiously for some unaccountable reason, quickly interrupted him, crying, from the "hands up" position, "Kamerad! Kamerad!"

A few mornings afterwards, on the P.T. parade, the N.C.O. instructor, a man of blood and iron and merciless withal, singled out the unfortunate bachelor and from then on saw to it that he actually did truly and genuinely *sit* down each and every time the command was given. This may or may not have been due to "petticoat influence," but was a strange coincidence, and he has his suspicions—and anyway it increases his laundry bills, which seems an entirely unnecessary war extravagance!

G. E. C.

**ENGINEERS.**

**NURSERY RHYMES UP-TO-DATE.**

Sing a song of Whizz-Bangs  
 Bursting on the Somme,  
 Four and twenty Boches  
 Blown up by a bomb.

When the "Strafe" was over,  
 And the smoke all cleared away,  
 They collected bits of poor old Fritz  
 And buried them that day.

The grave was in a shell hole,  
 A sandbag was the shroud,  
 A rough wood cross to show the loss  
 Was all that time allowed.

G. E. C.

**A TALE OF ARRAS.**

Herr Colonel Fritz von Bitterstring  
 Sits deep down in his dug-out dim,  
 With a head so thick and a face so grim,  
 And his chest all covered with medals of tin.  
 With a bottle of Bock in front of him  
 He writes reports by the candle's glim,  
 And prays for help as his ranks grow thin,  
 While the shells above, with a fearful din,  
 Are bursting the roof of the funk-hole in.  
 A bomb drops in, Biff! Bang! Bing!  
 Then a Tommy Canuck by the name of Jim  
 Comes along with a jump and a grin;  
 He is somewhat dirty, but tall and slim.  
 He carries a gun and he smells of gin,  
 And he shouts "Come out! You original sin!  
 Your watch and valuables with you bring,  
 Or esle I'll beat your face flat in!"  
 Old Fritz's hands go above his chin,  
 He runs up the stairs like anything,  
 Yelling "Kamerad!" and barking his shin.

But,

He thanks the Lord that he's captured at last,  
 And for Donnington Hall he makes it fast.

E. J. L. G.

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

Private: "Beg yer pardon, Sir, fact is I'm colour blind. I thought you were a Cadet." (Collapse of Staff Officer.)

Men are governed by punishments and rewards, and the necessity for the former is very much increased by the neglect of the latter.—Sir Charles Napier.

**ANNIHILATION.**

Nine little Germans, hanging on quite late,  
 Meet a group of Moppers,  
 Shade away to eight.

Eight little Germans, try to think of Heaven,  
 But fail to make connection,  
 So there are seven.

Seven little Germans, fighting in a fix,  
 "Tommy." drives a Bayonet home,  
 Then there were six.

Six little Germans, for a Dug-out dive,  
 Bombs drop in rear of them,  
 Now there are five.

Five little Germans, dash for the Door,  
 One, just too late to leave,  
 So they are four.

Four little Germans, down the Trench do flee,  
 Pop! goes an Enfield,  
 Now there are three.

Three little Germans, don't know what to do,  
 Meet a man from C.T.S.,  
 Dwindle down to two.

Two little Germans, thinking War's no fun,  
 Try to hop the Parapet,  
 Now there is one.

One little German, shaking in a Trench,  
 Along comes a Whizz-bang,  
 Now there's a stench.

E. M.



No. 4 COY.

No. 14 PLATOON.

NO. 5 COMPANY.

BOOK OF (REGIMENTAL) NUMBERS.

(Not) by Captain L. O. Day.

Thus did the instructors rest during the seventh week. Doing nothing in the land of Bexhill save only that they amused themselves and strove heartily at tennis, yea, and at golf did they strive most heartily.

But the Major, who is called Rush, did cultivate the potato; with working parties and with fatigue parties and with hoes did he cultivate them. With an eagle eye spotted he weeds, and with a ruthless hand did he pluck them out.

And in this wise passed by the seventh week, yea, even a full week of seven days as is ordained.

But on the eighth day . . . . .  
Verily in a mighty host the bands of the sons of Canada did assemble. From all parts came they, from the first even to the fifth Division.

And they laboured.  
At P.T. and at engineering did they struggle, and at B.F. they did sweat most profusely, saying, "This is the time of summer, why do our task masters drive us so hardly?" And the task masters, who are called Instructors, took counsel together and answered, "To become good soldiers do ye struggle, and to become efficient Officers do ye sweat."

And the sons of Canada took heed to these words and were content.

And they saluted.  
And the men of the land from Cooden even unto Hastings rose up and wondered, for never had such saluting been seen in the land since the days of one Harold who fought mightily near the Hill of Bex in the ancient days

Now it came to pass that on the twenty-fourth day of the fifth month of the third year of the war, a great day of festival and rejoicing was observed throughout the land.

And the band of the sons of Canada did rejoice, and the dwellers in the land of Bexhill did hold festival with them. With flags and Bands and psalms did they rejoice.

Save only the Padre, for he alone of all the mighty host did declare that at Bexhill the sun did hide its face from us.

But he talked.  
And so did the Mayor, who is called Worshipful, and the Recorder (who bade us eat less bread as the King hath proclaimed), and Mr. Giller, who hath the care of the young idea and doth teach them how to shoot.

And afterwards we made holiday.  
And on the eighth day of the sixth month the band of Canada's sons did rise up very early in the morning and did polish boots and brass and put on their gladdest rags, and did cause their bayonets to glisten brightly in the sunlight.

For there came that day a mighty man and a man of valour even a Duke, the Duke of Connaught, to see them and to inspect them.

And he called the Officers to him and said, "Come, I pray ye, and lunch with me."

And they lunched. . . . .

And it was "some" lunch.  
And he said many things and praised the bands of the sons of Canada for that they had striven mightily and were dam-fine soldiers.

And the Colonel, who is also called the Commandant, smiled, and we knew that he was pleased, and we rejoiced.

And on that day also (after lunch) did we make holiday.

And about this time there came to the Hill of Bex a band the like of which had not been seen up to those days, and they were called a Wing, yea, an Instructional Wing. Now, for this reason, some said with malice and hatred in their hearts, that the Wing were some birds. And they marched at 170 to the minute. Therefore were we afraid, saying, "When the Colonel, who is also called the Commandant, doth see this thing he will say 'Go ye also, march at 180.'"

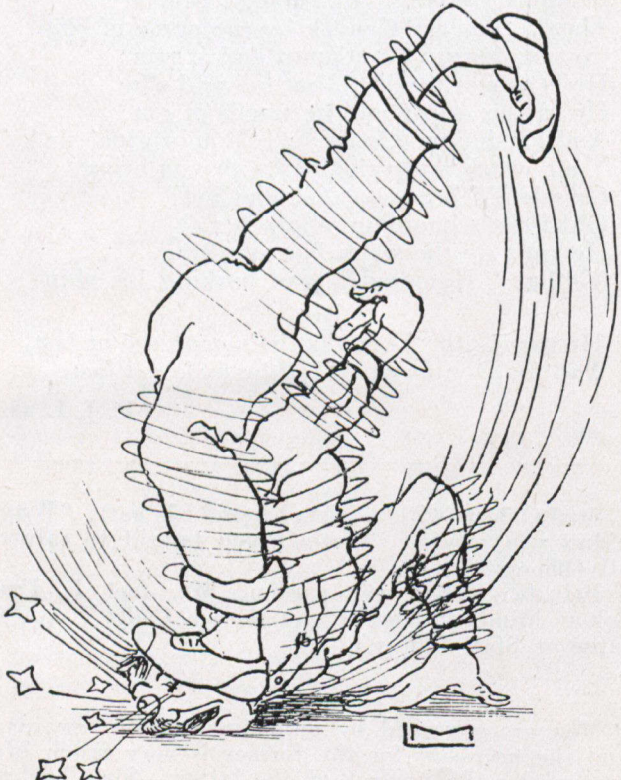
Nevertheless we grew to look upon the Wing with favour and to emulate them, and verily we do, upon occasion, march right swiftly.

Remember ye also that it is not fitting to enquire of thy neighbour "What is the time?" For of a truth he will not tell thee the time, but will answer slowly "One—two—three." Then is John, surnamed Collins, very wrath. And he talketh Irish to thee, and it is not wise to anger him.

Take warning, I, who am but a humble scribe, have tried it on. . . . .

It is not pleasant to give him cause for wrath.

And now go ye forth to bivouac. Many things shall be written later about schemes and bivouacs, but the time is not yet.



The result of a man trying to get up and sit down at the same time!





## THE SCHOOL FIELD DAY.

Many moons past, rumour had it, that in a far-famed city called Hastings there would be a gathering of athletes of the area, when it would be decided to whom should fall the honours of the fast, the long-winded and the strong events. The rumours being confirmed, many athletes and many whose enthusiasm led them to believe they were athletes—bless 'em all—journeyed to the Cricket Ground there to prepare themselves for the struggle. And that day was Whit-Monday, 1917. Well and worthily did the representatives of the Canadian Training School acquit themselves, even unto 50 per cent. of the events and prizes! The victory won they returned unto their own land, even unto Bexhill, and did not the things one might have expected, for lo and behold there was a day to come—June 21st—when they would again go forth to the testing, when they would require all the “pep” they could get together in order that their gallant “Companie” might emerge victorious from the conflict. So they trained.

Being a long looked for day, of course the weather was all on the queer! What the Sports' Committee didn't know about the sky map wasn't worth knowing, and when, at noon, it commenced to blow a sou-easter bringing with it a fine drizzle—well, a bad hour was spent twixt 12 and 1 o'clock! About 1.30, the rain having stopped, the sweet notes of the School Band were wafted gently on the breeze as, led by Bandmaster Fish, it swung along the streets from its secluded haunts “across the tracks” to Egerton Park.

Every Coy. had its representatives on the ground allotted them at 1.30—or as near that time as it was fashionable, and No. 2 is rather fastidious—and at 2 o'clock, Y.M.C.A. time, the first heat of the 100 yards was on its way to the duck pond. Right from then till 5.30 the perspiring Clerks of the Course and Judges, not to mention that tireless Announcer—now I wonder who he is?—kept things humping, and all kinds of credit is due them for their splendid work—“Squib” Ross, your work was a treat.

The events from start to finish were snappy, and every competitor was putting the best he had into his Company's chances for the first place. The final of the 100 yards was spoiled by a poor start, but the remainder of the programme went off without a hitch. The big item of the day and the concluding event, was the Inter-Company relay, won by No. 1 Company. Lieut. Heakes, who started for his Company, ran a wonderful race to Lieut. Le Mesurier, No. 1 Co.'s second relay. When Davis passed the handkerchief to Warde at the end of the third lap the issue was decided, and the dark blue maple leaf scored another five points. Right here a little comment would be quite in order—the uniform worn

by No. 1's athletes looked pretty nifty, and were this the Society column rather than the Sports page one might go into ecstasies over that dainty maple leaf with the cute little “one” in white emblazoned on the “azure” background! Capt. Kerr is to be congratulated on the all-round showing of his team—they worked hard, they developed the material and the result is their reward. Yet let us not neglect the splendid showing of the other Companies, for they certainly worked and fought hard right through. Reade, Partridge, Campbell, Haines, and Newsome ran well for No. 3, and the day's score is no credit to their efforts. Their tug-of-war team made No. 5 go it some at any rate! Nos. 2, 4, and 5 were fairly close on points though had Benson been able to shrink at the last net in the obstacle No. 4 would have had a big lead for the second place.

And as for the special events, well, we certainly never realized there were so many boys in Bexhill till the 75 yards boys' race was announced. Talk about—why the “Pie-eyed Piper of Hamilton” (how 'bout it Tigers!) never had anything on that event. Strung right down the stretch, till the tiniest tot was nearly rubbing his nose on the tape, it was some handicap. In fact one large “twelve-year-old” looked to be hitting for the circular track on the belief that “its quicker to run a 220 than a 100.” The cigarette and coat race was very popular—once the ladies got out on the starting line! We understand that C.S.M. Hackett had been practising this for some time. By the time this paper is in the hands of Headquarters' Company they will have had many a laugh over the shampoo race and the chap who put the “sham” in shampoo. The more one thinks over the expressions on the faces of the would-be-barbers the funnier it seems. It was the only event that was important enough to get into the “Daily Mirror”!

For a real exhibition you've got to hand it to C.S.M. McCormack's S.U.S.D. Squad (which in the language of the Meads and Persians means “Stand up sit down”). Their work was new and original and is deserving of much praise. Capt. Greene and the P.T. Staff are certainly to be congratulated.

The results are as follows:—

100 yards dash.—1, Capt. R. Kerr, No. 1; 2, Lieut. L. Warde, No. 1; 3, C.S.M. Hackett, No. 1; 4, Lieut. F. V. Heakes, No. 1. Time 10.1/5 secs.

Shot put.—1, Cadet M. McKay, No. 4; 2, Cadet P. Bell, No. 4; 3, Lieut. Potticary, No. 1. Distance 34ft. 9in.

Half-mile.—1, Sergt. J. Montambault, No. 6; 2, Cadet F. K. Owen, No. 4; 3, Lieut. M. W. Williams, No. 1; 4, Cadet G. Miller, No. 5. Time 2min. 11.3/5 secs.

Running broad jump.—Cadet W. S. Dickson, No. 5; 2, Lieut. F. V. Heakes, No. 1; 3, Lieut. L. Warde, No. 1. Distance 19ft. 3in.

Running high jump.—1, Lieut. F. V. Heakes, No. 1; 2, Cadet R. Donaldson, No. 4; 3, Lieut. N. A. Verner, No. 1. Height 5ft. 3in.

Girls' race (12 and under);—1, Barbara Dewinton; 2, Joan Anderson; 3, Freda Soughurst.

Band race.—1, Bandsman Kingston; 2, Lance-Corpl. Hine; 3, Bandsman Ritchie.

75 yards, boys (12 and under).—1, Chris. Jones; 2, Joe McMillan; 3, Bobbie Devalasco.

Hurdle race, 120 yards.—1, Lieut. F. V. Heakes, No. 1; 2, Lieut. A. E. Williams, No. 1; 3, Lieut. V. E. Scott, No. 2. Time 16.1/5secs.

Three-legged race, 75 yards.—1, Lieuts. W. E. Roberts and E. M. Pilkey, No. 2; 2, Lieuts. N. A. Verner and B. G. Gray, No. 1; 3, Cadets R. B. Crouch and F. K. Owen, No. 4.

One mile race.—1, Sergt. J. Montambault, No. 6; 2, Cadet E. L. Doidge; 3, Cadet G. Miller, No. 5; 4, Cadet J. C. Reade, No. 3. Time 4min. 58secs.

220 yards.—1, C.S.M. Hackett, No. 1; 2, Lieut. P. S. Hancock, No. 1; 3, Lieut. E. Le Messurier, No. 1; 4, Lieut. S. W. Davis, No. 1. Time 23secs.

Tug-of-war.—1, No. 5 Coy., Rawlings, Rose, Puffer, Osenton, Tunstall, Wood, Harvey, Gillis, Coach Sgt. Connett; 2, No. 3 Coy.; 3, No. 2 Coy.

Sack race, 75 yards.—1, Lieut. A. E. Williams, No. 1; 2, Lieut. H. G. Gibson, No. 2; 3, Cadet W. Currie, No. 5.

Quarter mile.—1, Lieut. L. Warde, No. 1; 3, Lieut. P. Hancock, No. 1; 3, Lieut. E. Le Messurier. Time 56 secs.

Obstacle race.—1, Lieut. V. E. Scott, No. 2; 2, Lieut. E. Le Messurier, No. 1; 3, Cadet L. J. Rimmer, No. 4.

Shampoo contest.—Headquarters' Coy.—1, Ptes. Allen and Skelton; 2, Ptes. Peters and Kingston; 3, Ptes. Nelson and Horn.

Boot race.—Headquarters' Coy.—1, Pte. Horn; 2, Pte. Ridgeway; 3, Pte. Skelton.

Cigarette and Coat race.—1, Mrs. Cowley and Cadet W. C. Warren; 2, Miss Goldsmith and Cadet W. Currie; 3, Miss Knapp and C.S.M. Hackett.

Consolation race, 220 yards.—1, Cadet P. Benson, No. 4; 2, Cadet J. C. Reade, No. 3; 3, Cadet H. A. Jack, No. 5. Time 25.4/5secs.

Inter-Company relay, four men, 220 yards each.—1, No. 1, Lieuts. F. V. Heakes, E. Le Messurier, S. W. Davis, and L. Warde; 2, No. 5; 3, No. 2.

The Company points.—1, No. 1 Coy., 62; 2, No. 4 Coy., 23; 3, No. 5 Coy., 18; 4, No. 2 Coy., 16; 5, No. 3 Coy., 7.

The Codville Cup.—This handsomely engraved Cup for the all-round championship was won by Lieut. F. V. Heakes, of No. 1 Coy. with 14 points. Sergt. J. Montambault, No 6 Coy, came second with 10 points. Lieut. L. Warde third with 9 points, and Lieut A. E. Williams fourth with 8 points.

The Officials.—Referee, Lieut.-Col. A. C. Critchley, D.S.O.; announcer, R.S.M. Inst. J. Carpenter; starters, Lieuts. W. L. Ross and H. T. I. Lee; timers, Lieuts. J. T. Hewitt and E. McCrae; clerks of course, Lieuts. R. M. Mackenzie and E. S. Chagnon; scorers, Capt. T. Arnott, Lieut. H. J. Daubney, M.C., and C.S.M. Le Capelan. judges, Capt. K. L. Patton, M.C., Capt. W. R. McGee, M.C., Lieut. D. F. J. Toole, M.C., Capt. C. E. Dowding, Capt. E. B. Henderson; Medical Officer, Capt. C. C. Schlichter; bugler, Corpl. J. Wilson.

Refreshments and programmes.—This important side of the Athletic Meeting was splendidly managed by Mrs. F. H. M. Codville together with her Committee of ladies from the Old Trench Club. The

programmes were handled by Mrs. F. G. McCoullough, Mrs. W. R. McGee, Miss Codville, and Miss Vivian, whilst the daintily arranged tables (on which appeared strawberries and cream, soon to disappear) were looked after by Mrs. J. J. Codville, Mrs. G. R. N. Collins, Mrs. W. M. Everall, Miss McKay, and Miss Julia McKay.

### THE TOWN'S CO-OPERATION.

We cannot pass by our Field Day without a paragraph in praise of the hearty support given by Mayor Wall and the people of Bexhill. The Mayor has at all times been extremely interested in every phase of our School life and has in many ways, unknown to the majority of us, made it possible for us to carry on our sports in the way we have. In Mr. Rodgers, the Town Clerk, we have a real friend. The inauguration of a Sports Fund is only one of many instances of the interest taken by the Mayor and Mr. Rodgers. The merchants of the town not only contributed in a general way to the fund but also gave special prizes for the various events. The thanks of the Sports Committee are due to the following:—Lewis Hyland and Co., W. R. Lye, H. G. Walsh, T. Davis, and F. A. Bateman. We are greatly indebted to one of the members of the present course, Lieut. E. H. Cooper, for his generous contribution of nine Auto-Strop razors for the winning tug-of-war team. London firms gave generous support; the following are the names:—Burberry's, Samuel Bros., Lewis Moses, Junior Army and Navy Stores.

### CANADIAN CHAMPIONSHIPS AT SEAFORD, JULY 2nd.

This will be a big affair and will draw the best material from all the Canadian Camps, but the Canadian Training School will have a team on the job that will make a good showing in most of the events. However, it will mean work, and on Monday, June 25th, the following members of the Track Team will go into training under the management of Capt. Kerr, and we feel sure that when the C.T.S. boys step up to the starting line they will be as fit as it is possible to make them.

The team:—Lieuts. Warde, Davis, Heakes, Capt. Kerr, Lieuts. Hancock and Palmer, Cadets Doidge and Partridge, C.S.M. Hackett, and Sergt. Montambault.

A tug-of-war team will also go, and No. 5 Coy.'s team will probably be chosen.

The competitors will leave for Seaford on Monday morning and will be looked after by the Seaford Committee for the day.

### STAMFORD BRIDGE, JULY 7th.

It is also proposed to send a team to Stamford Bridge for the big Athletic Meeting, July 7th. This will be a much smaller team, but its members will be of our best, and a good showing against men from all over England is expected.

## THE COMPANY SPORTS' REPRESENTATIVES.

School Sports cannot be conducted successfully by sitting down at a desk and wishing for success, any more than this war can be won by an Army squatting in a muddy ditch with never an effort to discover what possibilities lie ahead or what can be accomplished with 25 men, 10 shovels, 3 picks and 500 sandbags! Organisation and work the essential in both cases. The job of Company Representative is no cinch—ask any of 'em—but they tackled that job and scored often. Whether rounding up unreturned soccer jerseys or routing out backward "Ty Cobbs" they were always on the job. We feel sure that wherever they go they will do their utmost to encourage and promote the Sporting spirit of the British Army in which they have the honour to hold the King's Commission.

## WEEKLY HANDICAP EVENTS.

It is felt that our Wednesday night trials are here to stay. With baseball, soccer, tennis—and lectures to write up!—it has meant a pretty full week's programme, yet the five Companies were splendidly represented each week. Five of these weekly trials were run off with ideal weather prevailing. It is proposed for next Course to give ribbons for 1st, 2nd and 3rd, with a Cup for the highest individual score on the round. For the present Course the scores are as follows:—Lieut. E. Le Messurier, 1 Coy., 17 points; Lieut. A. E. Williams, 1 Coy., 16 points; Cadet Campbell, 3 Coy., 15 points.

## BASEBALL—OUTDOOR.

By Cadet J. C. READE, 3 Coy.

The games played during the Course were a source of great interest not only to the players but also to the spectators, the various Companies vying with each other in the enthusiasm and interest manifested in their respective teams. Were space plenteous one would like to write many paragraphs about certain "triple-striped" cheer leaders—names and Company censored! In the ten-game schedule, eight were required to decide the winner. No. 4 Company is the proud possessor of 1st place with four straight wins to their credit. The results:

	Coy.	Won by	Score
May 12	1 v. 5	5	12—11
May 19	3 v. 5	5	17—11
May 24	1 v. 4	4	12—8
May 31	4 v. 5	4	20—3
June 7	1 v. 2	2	10—2
June 9	3 v. 4	4	6—3
June 14	2 v. 4	4	10—1

Of the exhibition games the "head-liner" was without doubt the Whit-Monday game at Hastings, when a picked team from the School "walloped" the Command Depots' nine to the tune of 7—3. Two spectacular plays by the School were the feature of the game—one a "triple" in the third, with an infield and bases full—Jeakins to Doidge to Davis. The other a "double" by Weatherill unassisted. C.T.S. lineup:—Rimmer, C.F.; Weatherill, 3B.;

Potticary, L.F.; Doidge, 2B.; Ross, R.F.; Davis, 1B.; Jeakins, S.S.; Grady, C.; Holk, P.

On June 2nd, the Officers and Cadets clashed in a seven innings game. At the end of the seventh the score stood 8 all. In an extra innings the Officers made a break, securing eight runs, the Cadets could only add a single.

The challenge game, 4 Company v. School on June 16th, went to the School, 7—3. Lieut. Ross for the School pitched a great ball, the only tally against him being the 8th. Lieut. Oliver knocked the only "home-run" of the Course.

## INDOOR BASEBALL.

This game has enjoyed considerable popularity due to its small equipment requirements and the fact that anyone who can stop a ball can get into the game. It was felt that a good many more chaps would get into baseball if smaller issues were at stake, so the Inter-Platoon arrangement was adopted, with excellent results. Playing all games in Egerton Park each Company had decided its Platoon winner by June 16th. The best Platoon teams:—

In the Inter-Company games No. Platoon proved to be the best in the School.

The Staff ball team (despite all remarks to the contrary by certain members of 1 and 2 Company) is SOME TEAM and is ready at all times to take on all comers. Come on gang!

## TENNIS.

By Cadet SPRECKLEY, 3 Coy.

The tennis enthusiasts had every opportunity of indulging in their favoured sport on the Dorset Road Courts. In the second Tennis Tournament there were 60 entries in the singles, which was won by Cadet Yates, Capt. Chaffey, M.C., being second. In the doubles, in which 30 pairs competed, Capt. L. Kirk Greene and Lieut. D. F. J. Toole, M.C., were the winners. Cadet G. S. Edgell and Cadet B. W. Newsam won second place.

On June 2nd a friendly match was played with Hastings, resulting in a win for the School, the final score being C.T.S. 6, Hastings 0, The teams were as follows:—

Cadet Yates v. Capt. Muir,  
C.T.S. won by (6—8) (6—3)  
Capt. Kirk-Greene v. Lieut. O'Grady,  
C.T.S. won by (6—4) (6—2)  
Capt. Chaffey v. Capt. Grasset,  
C.T.S. won by (6—3) (6—4)  
Lieut. Hancock v. Lieut. MacKinnon,  
C.T.S. won by (6—2) (6—3)

## DOUBLES.

Cadet Yates and Capt. Kirk-Greene v.  
Capts. Muir and MacKinnon,  
C.T.S. won by (6—0) (6—1)  
Capt. Henderson and Cadet Edgell v.  
Capt. Grasset and Lieut. O'Grady,  
C.T.S. won by (4—6) (6—3) (6—4)

In the victory against Hastings, Cadet Yates, 5 Company, deserves special mention for his win over Capt. Muir, a player of considerable ability. Capt. Henderson and Cadet Edgell put up a splendid game against their opponents and are to be

congratulated upon their win. Much credit is due to Capt. Greene, whose good work as Tennis Representative has brought about such a successful season.

**CRICKET.**

In spite of the fact that the interests of the School cricket suffered somewhat owing to many good cricket players deserting the game for the more hustling and strenuous trans-atlantic game of baseball, three keenly contested matches were played with outside teams. Two were played with the Staff of the Red Cross Hospital at Cooden. The first, on Whit-Monday, went to the C.T.S. eleven, 81—58. The Hospital team won the return match, 123—69. In the game against the Officers of the R.G.A. the School held them to a close score, losing by only eight runs, 83—75.

**SOCCER.**

By Cadet W. S. MACKINNON, 5 Coy.

The weather has been warm, yes, very warm, but enough soccer enthusiasts were found in each Company, in the face of the aforementioned fact, to form a League. The games were played on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, and in most cases were keenly contested. No outside games could be arranged owing to the lateness of the season. Number 4 Company won first place, going through the schedule without a defeat.

Coy.	Won	Lost	Drew
4	4	0	0
5	2	1	1
3	2	1	1
2	1	3	0
1	0	4	0

**WIFE'S LETTER.**

The attached form of letter to be used on Active Service by all ranks has been received from an old Canadian Training School member now in France.

Such a form of letter would be a good companion to the already famous khaki post card, and be a boom and blessing to all.—Editor.

LETTER FORM "B" (WIVES).

In the Field,

/ / 1917.

My dear  
dearest  
darling { I can't write very much to-day as I am very

{ overworked  
busy  
tired  
lazy

and the { Corps  
G.O.C.  
G.S.O.I.  
A.A. & Q.M.G.  
Hun } is exhibiting intense activity.

We { put up  
The Huns } a bit of a show } yesterday last night } with { complete  
success } tolerable  
out any

Our { The Russian  
The Italian  
The Montenegrin  
The Monagasque  
The American  
The Brazilian  
The Panama  
The Bolivian } { The French  
The Belgian  
The Serbian  
The Roumanian  
The Portuguese  
The Japanese  
The Cuban  
The Chinese } Offensive appears to be doing well.

The German Offensive is { obviously  
apparently  
we will hope } a complete failure.

I really begin to think the war will end { this year.  
next year.  
sometime.  
never.

The Division is { languid.  
weary.  
sore distressed.  
cheery.  
at rest.

Things our way are going on { quite well  
much as usual  
pas mal.

We are living in a { Chateau.  
Ruined Farm.  
Hovel.  
Dug-Out.

I am { hoping soon to come on  
about due for  
overdue for  
not yet in the running for } { leave,  
which  
is now } { on.  
off.

I am suffering from a { slight  
severe } wound { (fright).  
(shell-shock)

.....'s Wife has just { sent him  
presented him with

What I should really like is.....

Many thanks for your { letter.  
parcel.  
good intentions.

How are the { poultry, including cows,  
children  
potatoes } getting on?

I hope you are { well.  
better.  
bearing up.  
not spending too much money.  
getting on better with mother.

Insert here protestation of affection. NOT to exceed

TEN WORDS .....

Ever.....(state what ever).

Delete or add as may be necessary.



"I HOPE THE BLINKIN' ANTI-AIRCRAFT DON'T OPEN UP ON ME NOW."  
Drawn for "N.Y.D." by Sgt. A. McKEE.

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

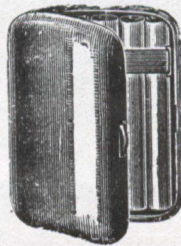
He runs a **WATCH AND JEWELLERY STORE**

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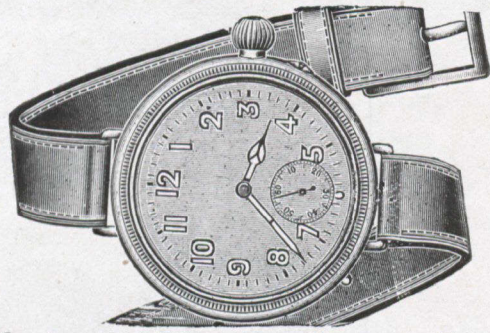
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Army Wrist Hunter  
 Watch with Press Stud  
 Protector  
 Solid Silver - 45s.  
 (Best Lever Movement).  
 Nickel Case - 38s.  
 (Luminous Dial).



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 Splendid Value,  
 21s. Full Size.  
 Plated, 7s. 6d.



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 Cases, from 10s. 6d. Solid Silver, from 30s.  
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