

Quarterly  
Issue

Price  
One Shilling

*Oct 1917*



# Chevron To Stars

Official  
Organ  
of the

## CANADIAN TRAINING SCHOOL

F. E. T.



# LAWN & ALDER,

LIMITED.

1 & 2 Brackley St., Golden Lane, London, E.C. 1.

BY ROYAL APPOINTMENT

TO

T.R.H. THE DUKE & DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.

---

---

## COMPLETE HOME & COLONIAL OUTFITTERS.

### Big Game Expeditions Outfitted at Short Notice

(Patronised by EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT).

---

---

## ON WAR SERVICE.

COMPLETE FIELD KITS, containing:

WOLSELEY VALISE OR KIT BAG, CAMP BED, CAMP CHAIR, BATH AND WASHSTAND, PILLOW, CANVAS BUCKET AND GROUND SHEET,

**£6 7s. 6d.**

---

---

### EXPERT TAILORING:

Officers' Tunics	....	....	from	<b>£4 4s. 0d.</b>
„ Slacks	....	....	„	<b>£1 7s. 6d.</b>
„ Breeches	....	....	„	<b>£2 2s. 0d.</b>

Finest Quality Dark Leather SAM BROWNE BELTS, from **32/6.**

---

---

OFFICERS' MESS OUTFITS A SPECIALITY. Over 400 Field and Siege Batteries already equipped by us.

---

---

**Goods Bought or Sold on Commission.**

Telegraphic and  
Cable Address

“UNPROVIDED, BARB, LONDON.”

'PHONES

{ Central 1437.  
City 9542.



# LEWIS HYLAND & Co.

---

MILITARY TAILORS  
AND OUTFITTERS.

---

---

**AGENTS FOR**

Burberry's Service Kit,  
Dexter Trench Coats,  
Kapok Valises.

---

---

## Tailoring Department:

Under the Supervision of an Expert Cutter.  
All Uniforms made in our own Workshops  
on the Premises.

---

---

58 & 60, Devonshire Road, Bexhill

'Phone 4Y.



# Cinema-de-Luxe

WESTERN ROAD,  
BEXHILL.

Manager - GEO. L. TICHBORNE.

Tel. 78.

---

ONLY THE BEST  
FILMS SHOWN.

---

Matinees Daily at 3.

Continuous Performance  
every Evening, 6 to 11.

---

MUSIC BY THE CINEMA  
ORCHESTRA.

WELL VENTILATED.

COMFORTABLE SEATING.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA.

THE . . .

## DEVONSHIRE HOTEL

AT THE TOP OF THE STREET,  
For Comfort, Convenience and Attention.

Dining and Lounge Rooms Open  
to Non-Residents.

Moderate Tariff.

WINES, BEERS, SPIRITS AND CIGARS OF  
ALL THE BEST BRANDS.

BILLIARDS.

Proprietors - - SEWELL BROS.

Telephone 413.

The Editor appeals to the  
Readers of "Chevrans To Stars"  
to support the Advertisers therein.

Only those who are known  
by their dealings with previous  
classes of Students have been  
asked to advertise in this paper,  
and the Editor strongly advises  
his readers, when undecided  
"where to buy," to let this  
magazine settle the question for  
them.



## DIRECTORY OF BEXHILL SHOPS.

### **Robbins' Pharmacy,**

44, ST. LEONARDS ROAD.

Telephone 417.

Pharmaceutical Preparations and  
Photographic Materials.

Dainty Afternoon Teas.

### **SPODE TEA ROOMS,**

1, WILTON COURT MANSIONS,

Opposite Pavilion.

EXCLUSIVE AND RESTFUL.

### **LINDRIDGE & SONS, Ltd.,**

Very Latest in Sheet  
**MUSIC AND REVUES,**

69, DEVONSHIRE ROAD, BEXHILL.

### **The Nevill Bakery,**

DEVONSHIRE ROAD,

**BEXHILL-ON-SEA.**

**A. G. WELLS,**

Specialist in Bread and Confectionery.

Ten Awards for Excellence and Purity.

### **JAMES L. FRENCH & Co.,**

36-38, Devonshire Road.

FLASHES—THERMOS BOTTLES—

FLASH-LIGHTS—RAZORS—

POCKET KNIVES AND SHAVING KITS.

**L. LEON,**

Cigarette Manufacturer and Cigar Merchant.

CIGARETTE SPECIALIST,

Hand-Made on Premises.

3, ST. LEONARDS ROAD, BEXHILL

Teas—Ices—Light Lunches.

### **GEISHA TEA ROOM.**

SWEETS.

15-16, Marina Court, Bexhill.

### **W. E. SCHOLEFIELD,**

Dispensing and  
Photographic Chemist.

Toilet Requisites and Shaving Utensils.

**37, St. Leonards Road.**

### **EDWARD J. EYLES,**

High-Class Goldsmith and Silversmith,  
Watchmaker and Jeweller.

Many years with Messrs. CHARLES PACKER & Co. Regent Street.

**65, Devonshire Road, Bexhill.**

### **BARKER'S,**

MILITARY BOOKS—PROTRACTORS.

Loose-Leaf Pocket Books.

Writing Pads. Waterman & Onoto Pens & Inks.

**40, Devonshire Road.**

### **F. WIMSHURST, Ph. C.,**

The Devonshire Road Pharmacy.

For all Toilet and  
Medical Supplies.

### **SHAW & CO.,**

Memorial Studio, Robertson St., Hastings.

HIGH-CLASS PHOTOGRAPHY at Low Charges.

Principal: WM. MANTLE, B.A., (National prizeman and Medalist in  
Art at S. Kensington).

Liberal Reduction to all Wearing Uniform.

### **HENRY KING,**

36, ROBERTSON STREET, HASTINGS,

And

28, LONDON ROAD, ST. LEONARDS.

Well-appointed Tea Rooms.



# THE BURBERRY TRENCH-WARM

Complete Kits  
in 2 to 4 Days  
or Ready for  
Use.

Illustrated  
Naval or  
Military  
Catalogue  
Post Free.



*During the War  
Burberry Service  
Weather Proofs  
are cleaned free  
of charge.*

*Burberry  
Catalogue*

*Every  
Burberry  
Garment  
bears a  
Burberry  
Label.*

Practical in every detail, smart and soldierlike in appearance, and designed in two parts which can be worn separately or together, the Burberry Trench-Warm supplies the services of

## THREE COATS IN ONE GARMENT.

The outside, worn alone, provides a

**WEATHERPROOF** that is thoroughly efficient, yet self-ventilating and healthful. It excludes wet, yet is entirely free from rubber, oiled-silk or other unhealthy, airtight fabrics. The inside makes a capital

**BRITISH WARM.** Made of luxuriously soft Camel Fleece, it is snug and warm, yet very light. A most comfortable coat for wear in dug-outs or when off duty. The two parts together form the finest

**TRENCH-COAT** available. A staunch, double-breasted safeguard that withstands a steady downpour or blizzard and engenders healthful warmth in the coldest weather.

**BURBERRYS** Haymarket,  
LONDON SW 1

8 & 10 Boul. Malesherbes Paris; and Provincial Agents

# PERRETT

The  
Shop  
for Drugs  
and  
Photographic  
Goods.

Anlalia Toilet  
Articles.

QUALIFIED  
OPTICIAN.

25,  
DEVONSHIRE ROAD,  
BEXHILL-ON-SEA.

Tel. 422.



# F. A. BATEMAN

LTD.

Scientific Instrument Makers  
and Sight-Testing Opticians.

## "The Magnapole"

Series 2.

Day and Night  
Marching Compass.

Call and see it!

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES—

Can be set for *any* required bearing at *night* time.

When set for the local magnetic variations, all readings can be made with reference to the True North.

In Case ... **32/6**

## "LENSATIC"

Liquid Compasses.

£4 10s. each.

MACPHERSON & OTHER  
SERVICE PROTRACTORS,  
Etc.

Slide Rules,  
Field Glasses, **IN STOCK.**

**EXPERT**

**Sight Testing**

**MOST MODERN METHODS.**

**TORIC and CROOKES LENSES  
A SPECIALITY.**

**48, ST. LEONARDS ROAD,  
BEXHILL-ON-SEA.**

*Tel. 480.*

*R. C. Hampton,*

*St. Leonards Road,  
Bexhill-on-Sea.*

*High-Class*

*Military*

*Tailor.*

*All garments are cut by  
Mr. Hampton and made  
in our own workroom.*

*Best Quality Material  
only used.*



# A SUNDAE

EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK

A Real Canadian Ice Cream Parlor in Bexhill

# "KAHVEH" CAFE

OPPOSITE THE STATION

## MENU :

- C.T.S. SPECIAL
- SUNNY JIM
- BOSTON SPECIAL
- BUSTER BROWN
- CANADIAN FUDGE
- ROASTED PEA NUTS
- &c.



"A Bit of BLACKER'S-What?"

# Blacker's

(Sole Proprietor H. J. WALSH)

## BLACKER'S BLENDS IN SMOKING MIXTURES.

"No. 51"	...	...	per oz
	(A High-Grade Perique Blend).	...	<b>10d.</b>
"Sackville"	...	...	<b>9d.</b>
"C.C.S."	...	...	<b>8d.</b>

## CIGARETTE SPECIALITIES

"Colonnade" Virginia Hand-made	per oz.
Cigarettes ...	<b>1s. 2d.</b>
Egyptian Blend (Hand-made) ...	<b>1s. 4d.</b>
Turkish do. ...	<b>1s. 4d.</b>

All high-class and Popular Brands of Tobaccos and Cigarettes in Stock at each Store.

HAVANA and British Cigars in Choice Smoking Condition.

Loose Tobaccos to suit all educated palates.

Only Addresses—

- 51, DEVONSHIRE ROAD,**
- 2a, SEA ROAD,**
- 79, WESTERN ROAD,**
- BEXHILL-ON-SEA.**



Established in Bexhill 1913.

# H. J. CHERRINGTON,

Artist in Oils, Water Colours, & Black & White.

30 Years' Experience in all Processes of Photography.

**DAY AND ELECTRIC LIGHT STUDIOS.**

FILMS DEVELOPED AND PRINTED. Shortest Possible Time.

SPECIALIST IN CHILDRENS PHOTOGRAPHS.

No Photographs finished without submitting a Proof.

Enlargements in any Process, to any size or Price. Outdoor groups photographed by appointment.

PICTURE FRAME MAKER, MOUNT CUTTER, CARVER AND GILDER.  
Mouldings and Glass supplied.

---

**WESTERN ROAD (OPPOSITE THE CINEMA), BEXHILL-ON-SEA.**

Cheques Crossed "Lloyd's Bank, Bexhill Branch."

## LION DRUG STORES, LIMITED.

---

Large Stocks.  
Finest Quality.  
Lowest Prices.

---

9, ST. LEONARDS ROAD  
BEXHILL-ON-SEA.

Also at Brighton and Eastbourne.

## Albany Hotel, HASTINGS.

---

Finest Position on Front.  
Away from Trams and  
Traffic.

---

Special Terms for Officers.

---

Manager—W. B. LYTH.



PHOTOGRAPHER BY ROYAL WARRANTS TO



## TO OFFICERS.

*Mr. Swaine of 106, New Bond Street  
London, W.1, wishes to obtain Portraits  
of Officers in His Majesty's Forces for  
his Publication File and therefore invites  
them to favour him with a sitting.*

*Proofs will be submitted and a finished  
photograph will be presented from any two  
proofs free of charge or obligation.*

*Telephone Mayfair 2678.  
Gerrard 7405.*



LIEUT.-COL.  
A. C.  
CRITCHLEY,  
D.S.O.



Commandant,  
Canadian  
Training School.

## FOREWORD.

“ Make a man proud of himself and of his Corps and he can always be depended upon.”

—F.M. Viscount Wolseley.

This edition of the Magazine, I understand, is to be a sort of quarterly issue, chronicling the chief events that have taken place at the School since its inception.

The Canadian Training School came to life in Bexhill at the end of March, 1917; since that date nearly 1,500 officers and cadets have passed through the Courses at the School, and I would like to take this opportunity of telling them how much their efforts have been appreciated in building up the great reputation the School has gained.

We started out with the idea of making this School an institution worthy to train Canadian officers so that they might be fit, in their turn, to uphold the glory and honour of Canada and the Canadian Corps, and, with your help, judging from the reports of various Inspecting Generals, we have done so.

Instruction is like a map where the Instructors point out the way and you do the walking; if you have to be dragged along it is useless; so far from being dragged along, the various Courses at the

School have reminded me more of a pack of hounds than anything else, each one doing his utmost to further the cause in hand.

The reputation of this School has been built up on the energy and enthusiasm that you officers and cadets have put into, not only your work, but your games, your concerts, your smokers, in fact, into everything you have done, and you have made the task of all instructing officers a very pleasant and easy one.

While you have been here we have been a very happy family, and it has been with regret that we have seen each course go at the end of their allotted period. The Magazine was started with the idea of trying to keep all students in touch with the happenings of the School, and I hope that copies of the various editions reach all ex-members of the Courses.

In concluding, gentlemen, I would like to say, “Keep it up.” and if you only continue to lead your platoons with the same snap and energy that you showed while going through your Courses at the School, the German will find his trenches opposite the Canadians even more unpleasant than they are now.

Good-bye, Good Luck to you! and remember that the Canadian Training School appreciated all your efforts and looks to you to do great things.



# CHEVRONS To STARS

## THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE Canadian Training School

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

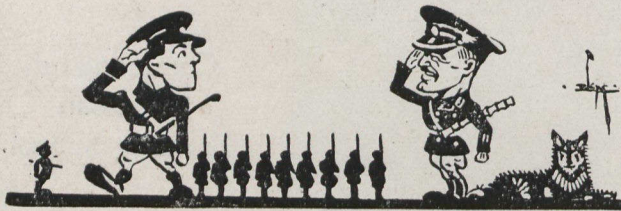
Editor-in-Chief: Lieut. E. LE MESSURIER.  
Literary Editor: Lieut. A. B. BAXTER.  
Sporting Editor: Lieut. TOMPKINS.



QUARTERLY ISSUE.

OCTOBER, 1917.

PRICE: ONE SHILLING.



### The C.T.S.

When Major-General MacDonell visited the School in August, he quoted Napoleon as saying that character counted for more than ability. The two types of student who come to the Canadian Training School are the cadets who have been recommended in France for commissions and the officers from Canada who are on their way to the Front. In the brief time when they attend the School it has been Lieut.-Colonel Critchley's aim to develop personality in each one—to give him the bearing of an officer and a gentleman, to create confidence in himself and his fellow officers, and above all, he is made to feel that the reputation of Canada is in his hands, whether on parade, or on leave, or in the trenches. How well the Commandant has succeeded is understood and appreciated by every Canadian who has passed through here. It is a hackneyed phrase, but this war, with all its wealth of coined phrases, has given us no equivalent—"Esprit de corps" of the finest type is what the C.T.S. engenders.



### The Officer of To Day.

There was a time, not many years ago, when an officer, if he were a daring rider, a deadly shot at

billiards, and a devil with the women, was considered suitable to hold a commission. He was aristocratically inefficient, but, to give him credit, he could always show his men how to die. To-day, however, it is an officer's first duty to show his men how to live. Their cleanliness, their safety, their morale and their efficiency are in his hands. A platoon commander with one month's training but with great force of character is of more value in the trenches than the highest trained officer who lacks sand and depth. This is not a war of heroics but of endurance. All honour to the officer who can lead his men to death, but it is the aim of the C.T.S. that the man who leaves here will, by his strength of mind and innate force of personality, so enthuse and encourage his men through the dreary weeks of trench life that, when he goes over the top, it will be to lead them to VICTORY.



### Make Much of Your Horses.

It is a significant feature of this war that the Cavalry has supplied so many of the British leaders. Perhaps the swiftly moving tactics of cavalry training breed imagination and power of swift decision—or is it that the handling and training of horses makes an officer better qualified to handle men? The relation of the British soldier to his horse is as unique as it is thoroughly Anglo-Saxon and humane. "First look after your horse, then your men, then yourself," is the law of the cavalry. Ours is the only army in the world that has the command laid down, "Make much of your horses." If you would get the best out of a horse it must be disciplined to obey the aids, but it must not have its spirit subdued by the process. Every



arm of the Service can learn from the others—we wonder if some infantry commanders would not do well to consider that humane and simply worded command of the cavalry—"Make much of your horses."



### The Paradox of the Canadians.

The staff of the C.T.S. were playing a game of indoor baseball (outside) against No. 3 Company of officers. The Commandant was pitching, the Sergt.-Major was catching, Major Codville, Chief Instructor, was on second base—other important personages decorated the field in attitudes of more or less graceful expectancy. Then up rose a mighty and prolonged shout from the officers of No. 3 Company: "The pitcher's in the air—he's got 'em higher—sticky, sticky (one of the C.O.'s favourite comments on us), get him a bag (as Major Codville muffed one). WOW—warm up another pitcher!" etc., ad libitum.

The following morning the same junior officers stood like graven images while the Commandant and Major Codville looked them over with their eagle eyes. Nowhere is discipline more rigidly and more cheerfully enforced than at the C.T.S. It is a paradox that the Imperials can't quite fathom yet—this is from an official communique of the Germans, published in the "Daily Sketch" last week:—

"General Haig is finding that he is not the master of the German High Commands and he is also discovering that even his Canadians are not the equal of our glorious troops."

It may be that we are over-proud of Canada and the Canadian Corps, but somehow that phrase "even his Canadians" strikes us in the right spot. Incidentally we wonder if it helps at all to explain the paradox of the Canadians?



### When We Come Back.

The subject of our return to Canada is one that engrosses all the sob writers, mathematicians and editorial writers of every Canadian periodical. Whenever space is needed to be filled, a four thousand word conjecture is "run" dealing with the awful problem of assimilating the army which will swoop on Canada as soon as Fritz sounds "Lights out." The question is asked everywhere,—will we

be able to assimilate them? (the C.E.F.), whereas the real question is, will we of the army be able to assimilate the men who stayed behind and who fought against Conscription when we needed men most sorely? There has been talk of a third party in Canadian politics for some time—there will be one, but it will be non-political, and will be called the War Party. It is as inevitable as the dawn that follows night, that every election for years to come will have the issue, "Were you with us in the war, or did you stay behind?" When our army returns, the men who took Vimy Ridge, the remnant who stood between the Germans and Calais, the men who took Hill 70—these are they who have purchased Canada.

"And if blood be the price of ownership, Lord God, we have paid it in full."

Canada will need statesmanlike and shrewd guidance during the period of reconstruction, but the men who lead us then must include the men who led us in France. These officers of high command have handled problems which dwarf the ordinary enterprises of commercial life into insignificance—the greatest financial institution in the world is the British Army. It is the hopes of us of junior rank that names like Turner, Currie, MacDonell, and Critchley will become as great in the administration of Canada's laws as they have in leading her sons in France. These men know Canada because they have seen it in Flanders, and—what does he know of Canada, who only Canada knows?



### Au Revoir.

Good-bye and good luck. It's "up to the ditches and the best o' luck" for most of the officers and newly-created officers who have passed through the C.T.S. It is you who have made this school what it is, and it is the reward of the staff of this, your military Alma Mater, to know that, when the great moment arrives you will prove to be the master of your fate and the captain of your soul.

Gentlemen—the honour of the Canadian Corps is in your hands.

BAX.

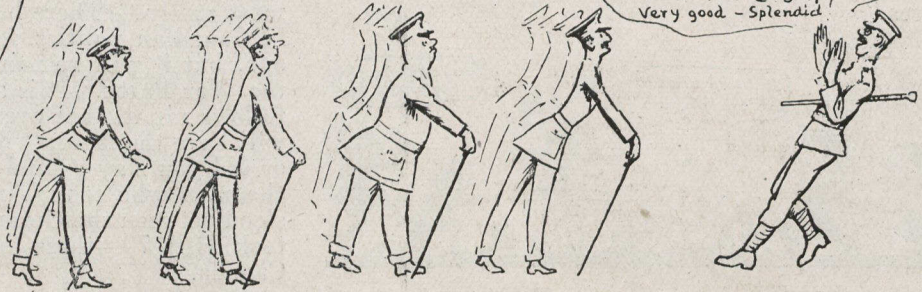
The Editor wishes to thank Lieut. B. W. Newsam for his able assistance in obtaining advertisements for this number. This meant the sacrifice of much of his valuable time while on leave in London, and his work is greatly appreciated.

Our apologies to Capt. Thexton, of the Engineering Wing, for the error in rank, which appears on the page of snaps of "Staff Officers we have known."



The Commandant's compliments, Sir, and there will be no P.T. this morning

The beginning of a Perfect Day



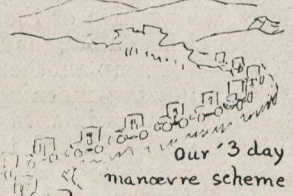
Easily, gentlemen, easily! Don't get overheated! A little more deliberation - 1-2-3-4-1-2-3-4! Very good - Splendid!

Acquiring the "Bexhill Bend" - dignified sedate - so distinctive of the School

Now, gentlemen, please, break off for 15 minutes drill



The Lecture Hour is quite an enjoyable function



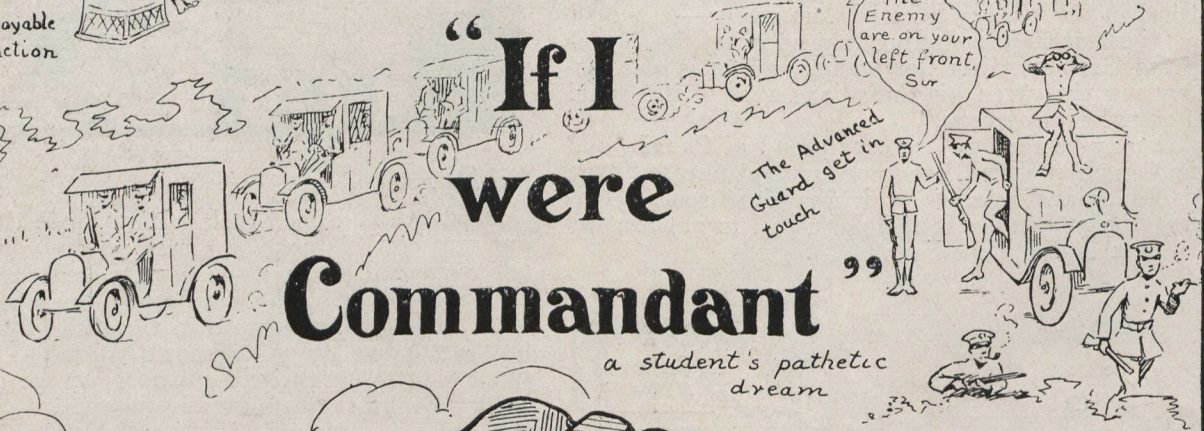
Our '3 day manoeuvre scheme

# "If I were Commandant"

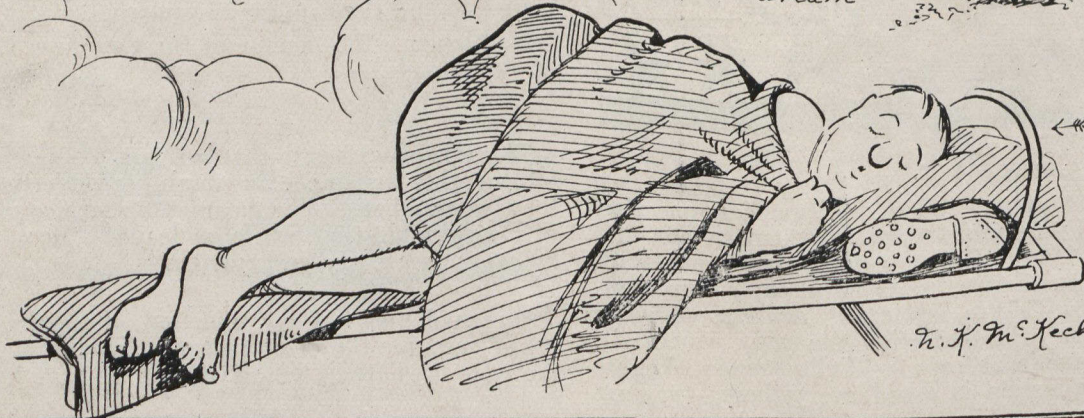
a student's pathetic dream

The Enemy are on your left front, Sir

The Advanced Guard get in touch



The Student



H. J. M. Keckme Sr.





VISIT OF H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

## INSPECTIONS OF SCHOOL

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 Companies 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





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

in a pleasant speech reminded the students of his interest 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  
Lieut.-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 Lieut.-General Sir R. E. W. Turner, V.C., K.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O., General Officer Commanding the Canadian Forces in the British Isles.

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





LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR R. S. W. TURNER,  
V.C., K.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O.  
Commanding Canadian Forces in the British Isles.

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, everybody 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.**

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."

**Inspection by  
Lieut. General Sir R. E. W. TURNER,  
V.C., K.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O.,**

Commanding Canadian Forces in the British Isles.

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

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

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

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

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

**Inspection by  
Major-General G. A. EGERTON, C.B.**

Chief Inspector of British Forces in England.

On Wednesday, August 15th, Major-General G. A. Egerton, C.B., Chief Inspector of British Forces in England, visited the Canadian Training School. The Companies paraded as usual on their respective parade grounds and marched to Egerton Park, where they went through the various movements of the Ceremonial drill with the perfect precision so characteristic of the School.

After inspecting the Battalion, Major-General Egerton took the salute as the Battalion marched past in column of route. As usual, the snappy pace



and perfect marching of the Battalion showed up to great advantage, and General Egerton expressed himself as delighted with the exhibition. It speaks very well for the School indeed that they should cause the Chief Inspector of British Forces in England to make such a statement as is given in the extract from his report, which follows in a succeeding article.

**Major-General MACDONELL,**

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

Inspection of the C.T.S. by G.O.C. 1st Division, Canadian Troops in France.

The visit of Major-General MacDonell to the School on August 24th and 25th was of special interest to everyone, as the Commandant had more or less claimed him as a military godfather, having served under him when the General was in command of the Strathconas.

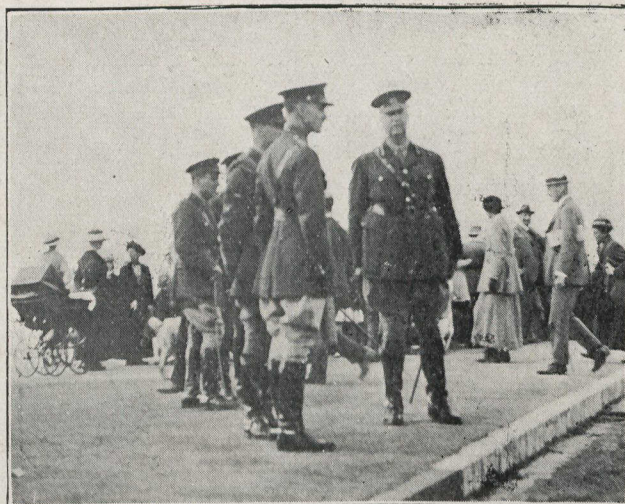
He addressed the School twice, once on the taking of Hill 70, from which he had just come, and the next morning on "Leadership." His second address was full of the genial open-shrewd kindness that has a very distinct lining of iron discipline to it.

His love of horses came out again and again during the lecture, proving that the study and training of horses for military purposes is one of the best groundworks for any officer.

He spoke very highly of the Commandant and the School, and when he was finished he received an ovation that had nothing to do with his rank, but was an absolutely spontaneous tribute to his paternal attitude towards his auditors. Twice he spoke of the 1st Division as "my people," much as a padre might speak of his parishioners. That and the advice that "there is no use jumping down a man's throat with both spurs on and galloping his insides out" give



**FIELD-MARSHAL LORD FRENCH,**  
G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., K.C.M.G.,  
At the C.T.S., August 27th, 1917.



**LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR A. W. CURRIE,**  
K.C.M.G., C.B.,  
Watching the march past.

rather a good keynote to his memorable address on leadership to the Canadian Training School.

**Inspection by**

**Field-Marshal LORD FRENCH,**

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

The Field-Marshal Commander-in-Chief Home Forces made a visit to Bexhill on August 27th and inspected the School under weather conditions which were most unpleasant. In spite of the rain, however, the School went through the Ceremonial and Inspection with absolute steadiness.

In a short speech in Egerton Park the Field-Marshal Commander-in-Chief expressed his great satisfaction that at this stage of the war the Colonies could supply such a splendid type of officer. He touched briefly but feelingly on his association with the Canadians in Corps, reiterating what he stated at the time, that the Canadians saved Calais when the French line broke before the gas attack.

His remarks to the School were brief, but it was obvious by his attitude that he was distinctly pleased with the C.T.S.—a fact that was proved by his report, an extract from which is published on another page.

It is not the least privilege of students attending the C.T.S. that we were able to see and hear the General who commanded England's "Contemptible Little Army" over three years ago.

**Inspection by**

**Lieut. General Sir ARTHUR CURRIE,**

K.C.M.G., C.B.,

G.O.C. 1st Canadian Corps.

On Friday, September 14th, the School was honoured by an Inspection by the G.O.C. Canadians in France, who was enjoying a brief leave from the Front. The General arrived at Egerton Park about





(Block by kind permission of "Canada.")

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR ARTHUR CURRIE,  
K.C.M.G., C.B.,  
G.O.C. 1st Canadian Corps.

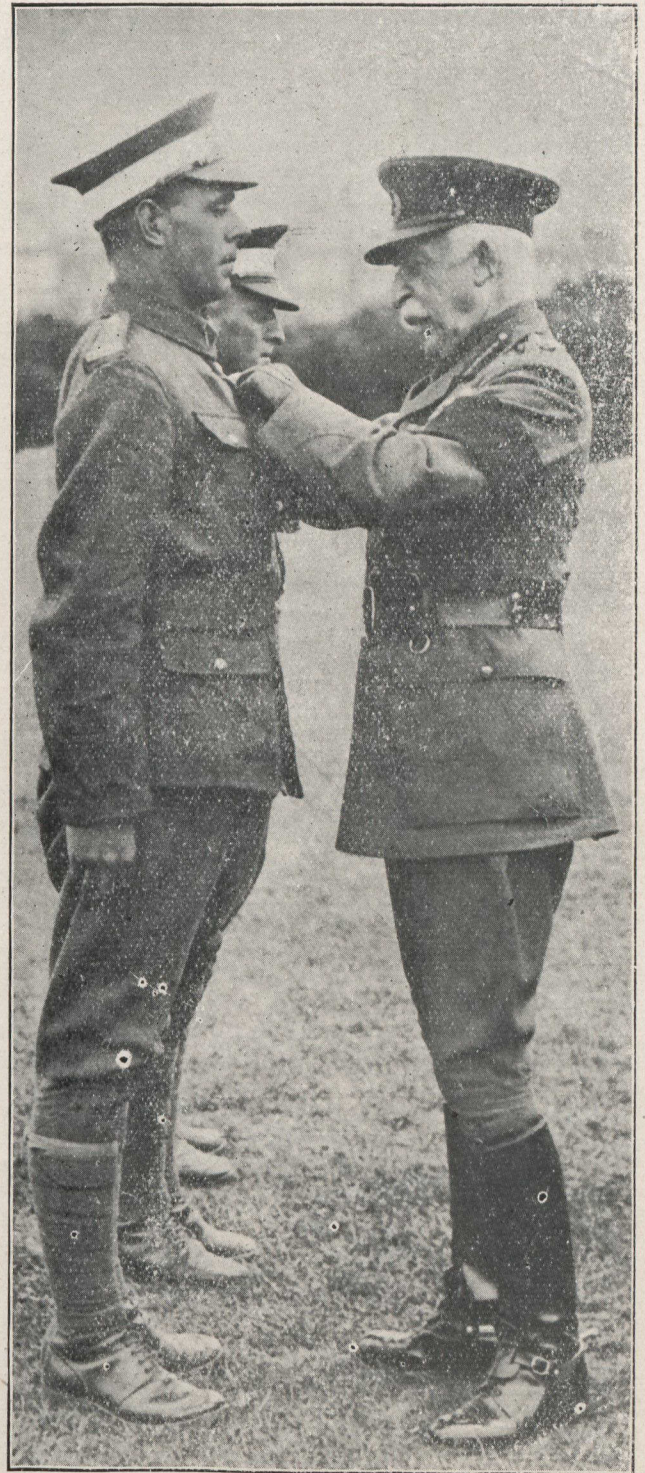
11.30 a.m., where the Ceremonial drill was performed by the School. In spite of its splendid record in the past, the School excelled itself in the precision and smartness of the parade.

For the march past, the General and his Staff took up their saluting base on the Parade at the corner of Park Avenue, which was a great improvement on the former saluting base, giving the companies more time to swing into their natural stride. After the march past, the companies paraded to their private parade grounds and carried on with the various branches of training. In the afternoon the General addressed the School, and impressed everyone with the seriousness of the task before them and the honour of the Canadian Corps which must be upheld.

He congratulated the Commandant and the School on the manner and spirit which permeated the training throughout. At the conclusion of his speech the officers gave three hearty cheers for the General.

It was the final inspection of this course, and the C.T.S. feel it as a great honour that the G.O.C. Canadian Corps took time to visit Bexhill.

C



H R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT

DECORATING CADET SHERIDAN,

No. 4 Company, June, 1917.



The following Extracts are taken from the Reports of some of the Senior Officers who have inspected the Canadian Training School at Bexhill:

Report by Major-General Egerton, C.B., Chief Inspector of British Forces in England:—

“I have no hesitation in saying that nowhere in my life have I seen better or more accurate drill, handling of arms or parade discipline. It was extraordinarily good.”

Extract from the report of Field-Marshal Lord French, G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., K.C.M.G., in a communication from Brigadier-General Lowther, Chief of Staff, to the G.O.C. Canadians in England:—

“The Field-Marshal Commander-in-Chief, who visited the Canadian School at Bexhill yesterday, directed me to say that he was much impressed by the smartness, keenness, and efficiency of that establishment. He was sure that the spirit of discipline and precision which such an instructional centre must diffuse among the Dominion troops will be of great value to them in action.”

“The Field-Marshal Commander-in-Chief would be glad if you would transmit to Lieut.-Colonel Critchley, D.S.O., the Staff, and the students of all ranks this expression of his great satisfaction.”

The G.O.C. Canadians, in forwarding this attached letter from G.H.Q. Home Forces, wrote to the Commandant of the School, expressing his pleasure at the receipt of this favourable comment.

Lieut.-Colonel Critchley, D.S.O., Commandant of the C.T.S., wishes to take this opportunity of expressing his great appreciation for the energy and enthusiasm that both the Instructional Staff and students of the School have put into their work and play at all times, for it is that alone that has made these reports at all possible. He hopes that they will all “carry on” in the future in the same splendid manner that they have worked and played in the past.

**BOOK OF (REGIMENTAL) NUMBERS.**

By Captain L. O. Day.

No. 1.

Now in the third year of the Great War, it came to pass that a certain band of Cadets, sons of Canada, and mighty men of valour, dwelt in the land of Crowborough.

And on the nineteenth day of the third month they rose up early in the morning, and departed, they and their cooks, their kit, and their equipment, their Ross Rifles and everything that was theirs.

And when they had come to the hill of Bex (which, being interpreted, means the place of cold winds), they said unto themselves, “Come, let us abide here, and let us take unto ourselves a leader, a Colonel, Critchley by name, and he shall be Commandant; he shall say unto one ‘go,’ and he shall go henceforth, and to another, ‘come,’ and he shall come hitherto. This they did that they might learn how to smite the Saxon and harry the Hun.

And many there were who joined them from afar, for their fame had spread from Victoria even unto

Vimy Ridge.

And they entered into rooms that were swept and garnished, and were fain to stand before the glass and salute.

But there came a sound like unto that of a bugle, and a voice saying, “Get ye on parade; fall ye in in two ranks. Let the front rank number; yea, even let it number off from the right in an even tone of voice.”

And a roll was made, and the names on the roll filled many pages: behold, are they not written on the tablets of the office of records?

Then sojourned they in the land of Bex forty-two days and forty-two nights.

And it came to pass, that while they sojourned there, many times did a voice say unto them, too early, “Get ye on parade,” and they hearkened unto the voice, and obeyed, more especially Number Five Company.

But they enquired among themselves, saying, “Who is this who ordereth us out of our houses before the need ariseth?”

And some said, “Perchance it is the Sergeant-Major, or peradventure the Acting-Company Commander.”

But though they searched diligently for the voice (which was like unto that of a rumour), they found it not.

Now on the ninth day of the fourth month they arose very early in the morning to bend the knee and uplift the arm to those whom they called P.T. men.

And they deceived themselves, saying as they rose sideways, backwards and upwards bent, “It is six-fifty ack emma, whereas it was but five-fifty Greenwich mean time.

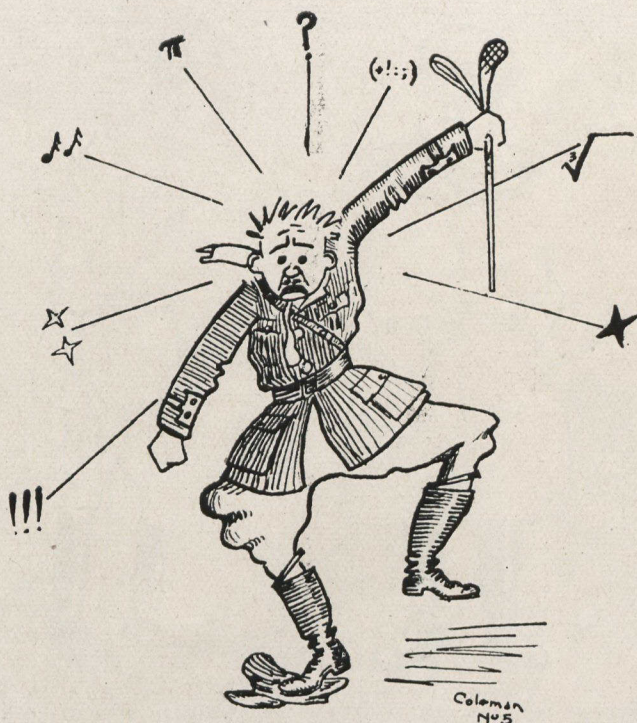
Wherefore the truth was not in them, but they heeded not, and, with teeth bent, did on the right ear hop.

THE LONDON KNUT.



Righto, old things





Lieut. (ex-Cadet) Cook has just returned from kit leave and saluted an "Umpty" out of force of habit.

And they waxed fat on coffee and biscuits.

And it came to pass that on a certain day, some there were who rose up and said, "Lo, I am an husbandman, and have eaten potatoes, and can tell good from evil. Let us, we pray thee, plant potato yards and spud yards, and back yards, and half yards, that the food may be increased in the land."

And the Commandant saw that it was good, and ordered that certain men should dig the furrow instead of the trench, and should point at the spud instead of the dummy Boche.

Wherefore it was written:—

"They buried them deeply on B.F. Parade,  
The sods with their bayonets turning."

Now there arose one day a Centurion, Quinan by name, a man skilled in the psalter and the harp, the sackbut and the instrument of ten strings.

And he spake, saying, "Lo, let us make entertainment to the peoples of Bexhill, that the Red Cross be enriched," and the saying found favour in the eyes of the Band.

And they with one accord did girth about themselves garments of black and white, and did cover their hair, and called themselves "Pierrots."

And on the appointed day they met together at the Pavilion, which before time was called Kursaal, and found there a great congregation assembled.

And they discoursed sweet music unto them, and sang and gave entertainment, so that the whole congregation was pleased. And this they did, not once only, but twice in that day. And on making account they found they had collected an hundred dollars for the Red Cross.

Now the music they played and the songs they

sang and the stories they told, Lo, are they not written in the Book of Programmes of the C.T.S.

Now it came to pass that on a certain day a warrior, Turner by name, did visit the band to discover for himself the goodness of the school.

And he was one having authority, and a great General, and was clad in red tabs and a Brass Hat.

And he did take a salute, and inspected. And the deeds of the cadets and of the officers who had joined themselves unto them pleased him mightily, so that he was moved to arise and speak, saying: "Lo, ye have found great favour in my sight. Ye have been a cheering vision unto my eyes. Verily, if I had not seen thee myself, I could not have believed the reports which were sent me. In truth thy Commandant is a Great Man, and worthy of all admiration. Therefore will I send unto you other warriors, mighty men of valour, Brigadiers and Commanding Officers and Premiers and Adjutant-Generals and Quarter-master-Generals, that they may see thy excellence and be pleased."

Now this saying was pleasant unto the ears of the Commandant, and he ordered that a holiday be taken, saying unto the band: "Take, I pray thee, a day of no work, take even Easter Monday, as a day free from parades."

But so great was the zeal of the band that even on that day they trained physically, at dawn.

And in the fullness of time there came to Bexhill from many lands Colonels and Lieutenant-Colonels, Majors and Brigadiers, Commanding Officers, P.T. and B.F. Directors, and Musketry Staff Officers, whose heads were girt with helmets of divers colours.

And they had no end of time, inspecting and playing baseball and conferencing.

And in the evening of the last day save one of their visit unto the School, they did foregather at the Oasis of Sackville, that they might eat and drink and be merry.

And it came to pass, that when they had made an end of feasting, that the troupe of Pierrots marched in quick time, as in file, unto the shelter of the largest palm-tree, and did halt, that they might give a command performance.

And they did sing songs, both old and new, and tell Habitant Stories and gave Entertainments, so that the hearts of the Inspecting Officers were glad within them.

And on the next those same officers collected sixty and six shekels of gold, and gave it to the Commandant that he might purchase a trophy for the School.

And all the Band, both officers and cadets, rejoiced exceedingly.

Now it was a custom that the members of the Band met together each day to enter into the Pavilion, and there to sit at the feet of those they called Lecturers, and to cough.

And the Lecturers spake, saying in this manner: "Verily, ye may make burnt offering. Yea, it is permitted for you to smoke, and the time is too short for the whole subject."

And a certain man named Hodge did miracles with light in their sight, being as swift as an eagle at changing lantern slides, and transfiguring the lecturer's face, so that it appeared as though on fire with red light.



## BOOK OF (REGIMENTAL) NUMBERS.

By Lieutenant Williams.

No. 2.

Now on the twentieth day of the fourth month in the third year of the war, it came to pass that those of the band of the sons of Canada sojourning in the land of Bexhill, who called themselves Pierrots, did rise up, they and their costumes, their call-boy and their stage manager, their grease paint and everything that was theirs, and passed over unto Eastbourne.

And their fame had spread before them, so that many there were who gathered themselves together in the Pavilion of Devonshire Park to hear the entertainment which the Pierrots did render.

And the Pierrots sang anthems in praise of Arizona, and of Maud's New Bathing Costume, and of many other matters, and did tell stories of Spotty and the Habitants and the Automatic Arm. And the people of Eastbourne rejoiced exceedingly to hear them, so that some there were of the congregation of those gathered to hear them that came to all three performances.

Now the Governor of the Pavilion was a great man and full of good works, and he decreed that the Pierrots should be entertained between performances. So they met in a lower room for tea and roller skating, and did even play tennis and swim.

And the hearts of the band were light within them. And one there was who spoke, saying: "This is to keep up your moral."

But they laughed him to scorn, saying: "Sever thyself from converse of wars and rumours and humours of wars; talk ye not shop."

Nevertheless, in the fullness of their hearts did they make invasion of the tennis courts there to do P.T., endeavouring with nose bent, on the right and left thumbs alternately, over the net to hop.

Now it came to pass that on a certain day there arose up a leader from the band of the Whyemaseack, whom they called Lee, saying, "Let us, I pray you, strive in the arena of sports one against another, that we may discover for ourselves who and what company shall be champion."

And the saying found favour in the eyes of the Commandant, and he decreed that a contest be held. And the Cadets and the Officers did train vigorously, not as though beating the air, but as though beating one another.

And it came to pass that on the appointed day a great congregation was gathered together in Egerton Park to witness the deeds of the band. And the M.O. was some timekeeper.

And when they had made an account of the points gained and lost, they hailed Cadet Parker as their victor. And No. 2 Company was above all other companies, both in the sports and in the baseball. Nevertheless, No. 5 Company did marvellous things, being champion at football and at work.

Now a judgment was made concerning the Officers and the Cadets as to who should gain the trophy that had been given by the Captains of the hosts who had inspected and conferenced. And behold, the Judges,



### HOW TO BE POPULAR IN YOUR RESERVE BATTALION.

"You know, Major, we did things differently to this at THE SCHOOL."

men of wisdom and of great shrewdness, chose a certain Cadet, Baker by name, as the best, saying also that an Officer called Turner, and a Cadet called Gibson, were runners-up.

And on that day the Commandant appeared also unto them, with Cups and other trophies before him. And he called upon the best candidates, and the O.C. No. 5 Company, and the winners of the sports, and they came unto him. And he spoke, saying, "Lo, these I give unto ye, each man according to his several ability."

Now on the last day of their sojourn on the Hill of Bex many there were who girt swell suits upon them. But despite the rags of gladness with which they did bedeck their bodies, the hearts of them and their instructors were heavy within them at the thought of parting.

And the whole band did cheer the Commandant and their officers, their N.C.O.'s and their Companies, themselves and each other, so that as great a noise was never heard in the land before.

And in the fullness of time they did form into an army on the march, and set out to the station. And behold, the peoples of the land, from Marina even unto the Old Town, did follow them, to speed them on their way. And they cheered yet again, and departed out of the land to London, there to see the Paymaster, and to have leave. And there was peace in the land six days. Six weeks did the instructors work and do more than they had to do, and they rested during the seventh week. Selah.





OFFICIAL COMMUNIQUE FROM THE FRONT:  
"WEATHER CONDITIONS REPORTED FAVOURABLE FOR OBSERVATION."



# BOOK OF (REGIMENTAL) NUMBERS.

By Lieutenant Williams.

No. 3.

Thus did the instructors work 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,



THE NIGHTMARE OF AN OFFICER WHO HAS JUST COME FROM LEAVE.

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.'"



## SPARKS FROM THE COMMANDANT'S ANVIL.

(From Notes taken during Lieut.-Colonel Critchley's Lectures on Leadership.)

Your men are your mirror. Their appearance and actions will show if you are a good or a poor officer.

Set the personal example in all things. Know all about your men and make their interests yours. Be loyal and exact loyalty.

When you receive orders from Higher Authority do not treat them lightly. They must be pushed through with all the authority back of them that you possess.

Accept the blame when things go wrong. Don't place it on your N.C.O.'s.

Punctuality is necessary—unpunctuality is unpardonable in men, and even more so in an officer.

Discipline is self-control reduced to a habit.

Think of your men first, and when there is nothing more to be done for them, then think of yourself.

To accomplish anything, determination and intensity of purpose are essential. If you start something, finish it.

Don't do the smallest thing that you would wish your men not to do.

Teach your men everything that will help them to be efficient and which may prove of use to them in any eventuality which may arise at the front.

Teach them.

Show them.

Make them do it.

To be a successful officer at the Front you must possess SKILL, DETERMINATION, ENDURANCE, COURAGE, CUNNING, CONFIDENCE.

SKILL means the application of knowledge—for

the soldier, how to move; for the officer, how to handle his men.

**DETERMINATION.** If you are given a job to do, push it to a completion with every ounce of energy, intelligence and determination you possess. Let nothing deflect you from your purpose.

**ENDURANCE** means that your brain and your body are in perfect condition as regards your work. Without Endurance you may fail at the critical moment.

**COURAGE.** A few men are born brave and a few born cowardly. Most are born prudent, and these are generally the most reliable. If you possess skill, determination and endurance, courage usually follows. Useless risks are worse than over-caution.

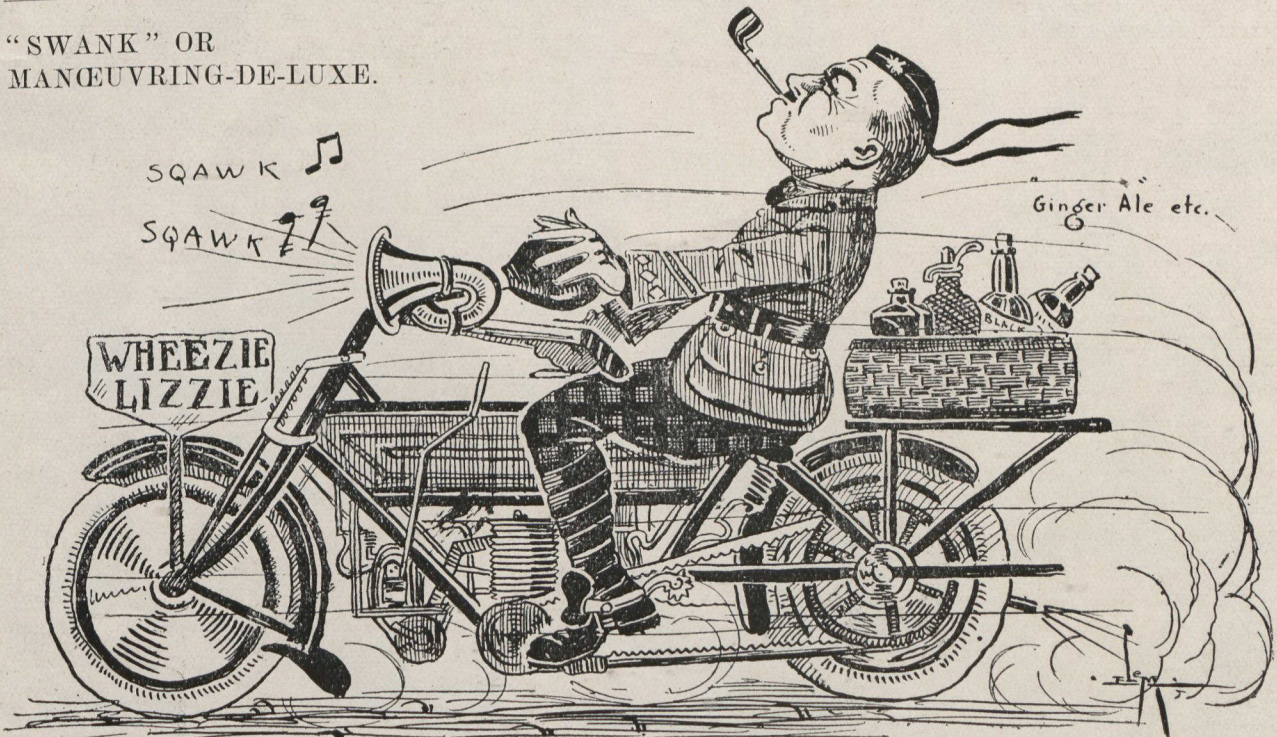
**CUNNING** means the use of all the knowledge you possess. It is no use being brave if you are not cunning and out-think as well as out-fight the enemy. Give the Bosche the credit for the cleverest idea under the circumstances, then go one better. Keep thinking about your job all the time and how you can improve it.

**CONFIDENCE.** Mutual confidence between officer and men is vital. Be a man, treat your men like men, and you will create a personal prestige among them. Don't be afraid to administer discipline when necessary, but above all be just and equitable in your dealings.

**SPORTS** are great things to build up physique, quicken brain and take the minds of the men off the war and other unpleasant subjects. It is part of your duty as an officer to lead in sports, organise them, get them going and participate when you can.

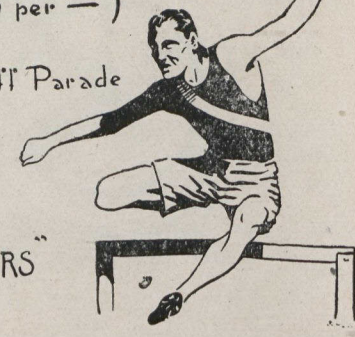
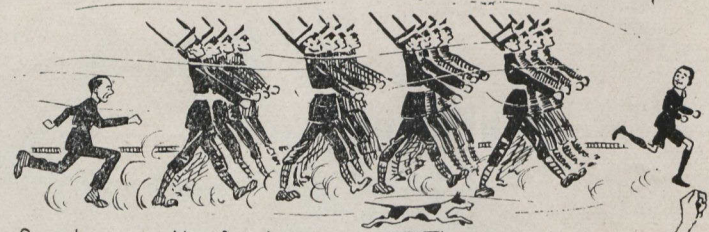
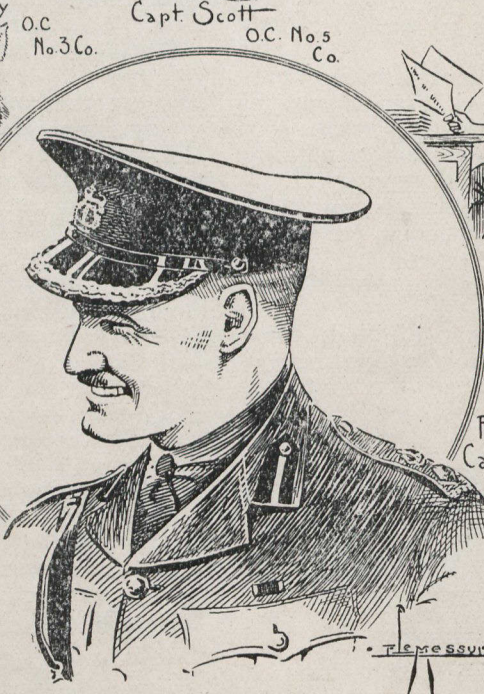
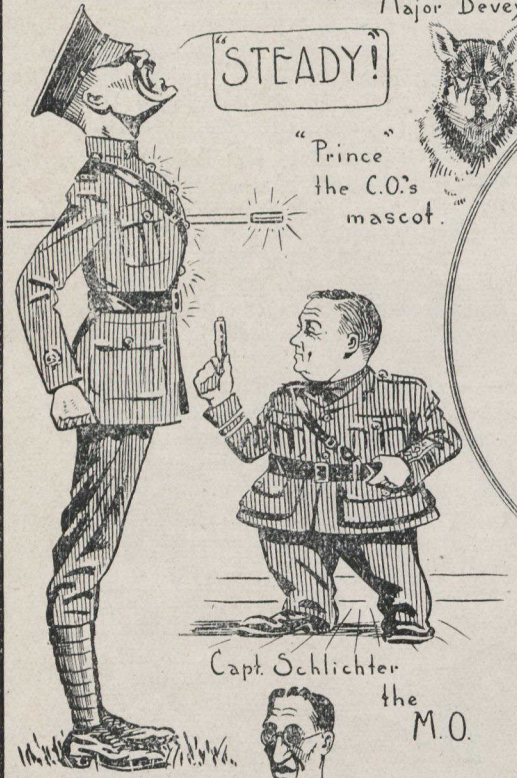
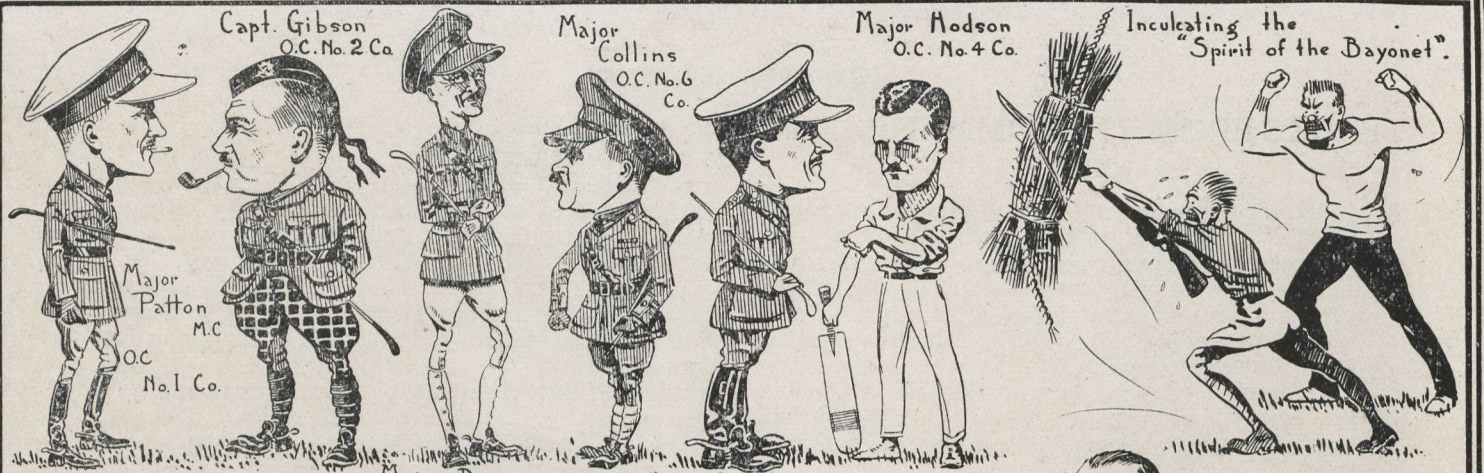
Be cheerful, kindly, considerate, and jealous of everything that pertains to the welfare of those under your command.

### "SWANK" OR MANŒUVRING-DE-LUXE.



CAPTAIN GIBSON ON A FIELD DAY.





Capt. E.A. Oliver Padre That "end-of-a-perfect-day" feeling

(By kind permission of "The Tatler," which published this drawing by Lieut. E. Le Messurier, of the C.T.S., in its issue of August 22nd.)



## THE COMMANDANT.

In the last number of "Chevrans To Stars" the writer, in an editorial on the Commandant, quoted the saying that the world stands aside for a man who knows where he is going. That was the impression of us "subs" after two weeks at the C.T.S.—that the C.O. had a very distinct plan of action for himself, and it did not take us many days to discover the fact that he had one for us. Now that almost three months has passed we feel that impression of him more strongly than ever.

His plan for us is—that we shall be soldiers in the true sense of that word. That we were once lawyers, preachers, bank clerks, musicians and philosophers, etc., doesn't alter the Colonel's plan—to him there is no such thing as the Citizen Army. "You have given up everything you had to join the army," he once said to us. "Well, gentlemen, forget the past—you are soldiers now, so let's make a damned good job of it as soldiers."

The world is full of driftwood. Lieut.-Colonel Critchley is determined that the graduates of the C.T.S. will not swell the total. He demands in us a vigorous body and a vigorous brain, and he sets the pace for both for us on the sports field and on parade.

The Commandant was born in Calgary, Alberta, in 1890. By the simple process of arithmetic it will be seen that he has but lived the prologue to his life—we venture the opinion that the drama will be worth watching. He was educated in England, and was a cadet in the Mother Country for three years. In 1908 he joined the R.C.R.'s at Quebec, and in 1910 he transferred to the Strathconas in Western Canada, where he came under the stimulating influence of Colonel McDonell (now Major-General in command of the 1st Division of Canadians in France). With the Cavalry he became a well-known player of polo and exhibitor of horses at the various horse shows in Canada, and all the time he was absorbing the kindly, serio-humorous but thorough discipline of Colonel McDonell as well as a verbal and physical virility inseparable from life in Western Canada.

When the Germans ran amuck the Strathcona Horse at once came over to see what they could see. Lieut. Critchley was promoted to Captain and Adjutant in October, 1914, and later from May, 1915, to December the dismounted Strathconas took their turn in the trenches. The regiment was then given horses and withdrawn from the line. Captain Critchley went to the 7th Brigade as Staff Captain (intelligence) to General McDonell, and paused long enough in his activities to remove the three stars and hoist a Major's crown. For some time he also acted as Brigade Major to the 7th Brigade, and G.S.O. 3rd Division, winning the coveted D.S.O. during this period.

He was wounded in May, 1915, at Festubert. He was again wounded in August, 1915, and a third time in April, 1916.

In July, 1916, the Corps Commander, Sir Julian Byng, requested that he should organize and take command of the Corps School in France, which he did, and was transferred in December, 1916, to England as G.S.O. 2 to assist with the training in England. A month previous he had been gazetted Lieut.-Colonel. He then came to Canadian Headquarters at London and carried on as G.S.O. 2, training.

In January of this year he was appointed Commandant of the Canadian Training School, but did not take over active command until March. The success of the Canadian Training School under his guidance has become a byword among the Canadian Troops, and its fame has spread beyond the confines of the Canadian Corps—we have the written report of an Imperial Inspector-General that the C.T.S. is the best school in England.

One cannot divorce a man from his achievement—a picture is great because the artist is great. The Canadian Training School is a healthy, soldierly influence because the Commandant's vigorous and magnetic personality has been stamped upon it.

We repeat once more that the world stands aside for a man who knows where he is going.

BAX.

## MAJOR RUSH.

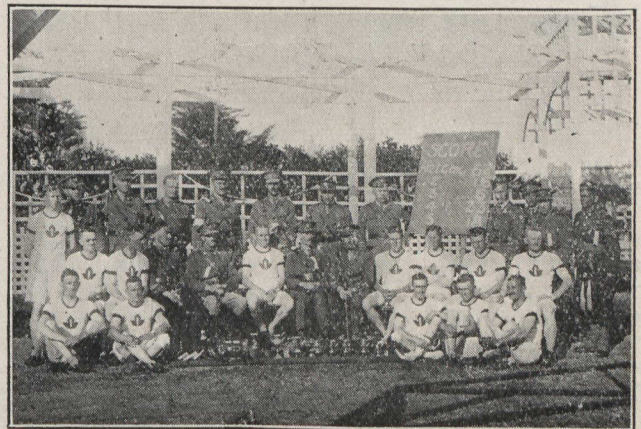
Second in Command of C.T.S. and Officer I./C. of Administration.

We regret that we were unable to procure a photograph of Major Rush, who owing to pressure of duties was unable to have one taken for us. Major Rush has been soldiering for the last 25 years. He went through the South African campaign as a sergeant, where he was looked upon as one of the smartest and most capable of N.C.O.'s. Later he became R.S.M. in Strathcona's Horse, under Col. Macdonell (now Major-General Macdonell), C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., G.O.C. of 1st Division Canadian troops in France.

At the outbreak of war Major Rush was given his commission and was later Staff Captain of the 7th Canadian Infantry Brigade, where he did extraordinarily good work.

In his present position as officer in charge of administration at the C.T.S. he is largely responsible for the success of the school. The Major possesses great administrative ability, but unfortunately owing to the nature of his work, he does not get in such close touch with the candidates, and hence his work is not appreciated as much as it should be.

An all-round sportsman, Major Rush takes a keen interest in such activities. He is a splendid horseman, and was captain of his regimental hockey team for many years.



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





MAJOR F. CODVILLE, M.C.,  
Chief Instructor of the C.T.S.

The Chief Instructor of a Training School as important and embracing so many devious subjects as the C.T.S., must be a soldier by instinct and a soldier by profession. Major Codville is both. He went to the Royal Military College in Kingston, and after graduating from that seat of military learning, took a commission with the Royal Canadian Dragoons of the Permanent Force.

In that regiment he came under the influence of Colonel Victor Williams and all the other Dragoon officers who formed such a unique constellation of temperaments in Toronto, where the regiment was stationed.

Like most officers trained in the Cavalry, he went to France with the unit dismounted—which he did at the outbreak of hostilities. He was mentioned in despatches and awarded the Military Cross for bravery in the field at Festubert.

The Chief Instructor was born in Ottawa, and is a grandson of the late D. W. Macdonnell, sergeant-at-arms for forty years of the House of Commons, Canada.

His work at the Canadian Training School has been marked by thoroughness and singleness of purpose. He is not a theorist about military matters—he knows what is required of an officer in France because he took a post-graduate course in that war-torn country.



CAPTAIN C. B. COWLEY,  
Adjutant of the C.T.S.

One of the most arduous tasks any officer can hold is that of Adjutant of any military unit. Naturally in a school where the personnel is constantly changing the duties of an Adjutant are doubled. Captain Cowley shoulders his task, however, with the utmost efficiency and without antagonizing those who come in touch with him.

He enlisted in August, 1914, with the "Pats," and served as a private with that famous regiment in France from December, 1914, to August, 1915, when he was given a commission and was transferred to G.H.Q. He was wounded during the battle of the Somme, and joined the C.T.S. Staff in March of this year, coming from the G.S., Seaford.



## “STEAD-AYE.”

If the N.C.O.'s are the backbone of the army, the C.T.S. need have no worry about its spinal column. R.S.M. Carpenter and Sergt.-Major Cole, the senior non-commissioned officers of the school, bring a versatility, both military and temperamental, to their work that is the envy of every sergeant within ear or eye-shot.

The R.S.M. spent eighteen years with the 2nd D.C.L.I., during which time he practised and observed every known military device for escaping parades and fatigues. The wiles of the army are an open book to him. He can detect a lead-swinger with both eyes shut. R.S.M. Carpenter went through



R.S.M. CARPENTER,  
Canadian Training School.

the South African campaign, acquiring a lot of splendid military experience and an endless fund of anecdote, both of which he took with him to the R.C.R.'s. Having conceived a love of adventure, he undertook in his spare moments to act as drill instructor to the cadets of Upper Canada College in Toronto, and many of his pupils are now trying out what he taught them, in France. He came overseas with the first Canadian Contingent. The R.S.M. catches for the Staff indoor ball team. In his more tranquil moments he plays cricket, and it is commonly believed that he is the man who put the sock in Soccer. As one of the leading lights in “Live Rounds” he was a tower of strength. He has gotten into a habit he cannot break—whatever he does he does well—and he has a sense of humour.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sergt.-Major Cole is probably the only Sergt.-Major in captivity who travels on suavity. Having jour-

neyed to France with a 3rd Queen's Own Rifles draft (although he came over with the 101st of Edmonton), he proceeded to do his bit until Festubert, when he



S.M. COLE.

had an argument with a bullet and the bullet won. He then returned to Blighty and became the R.S.M. of the 23rd Reserve Battalion, later coming to Bexhill to take a post under his former R.S.M.—to wit, R.S.M. Carpenter. He is naturally courteous, but absolutely thorough and reliable. Not to be outdone in versatility, he carries on as accompanist-in-chief when the ChanTeurS take the stage.



## Bexhill-on-Sea.

Bexhill-on-Sea is one of Nature's beauty spots. As a location for an Officers' Training School it offers an excellent Park for Ceremonial parades, good surrounding country for manœuvres and engineering work, the cooling surf of the ocean and the breezes that always blow therefrom, recreation of every sort, and a populace that has taken the Commandant and the School to its heart. What Bexhill thought of the Canadians before the C.T.S. arrived must always remain an unuttered secret, but to-day “The Canadian in their midst” is the recipient of every possible courtesy. The writer has a dim schoolboy recollection of some character in a Shakespearean drama exclaiming, “England hath won me!”—probably he was in Bexhill when he said it.





(Our cub reporter, who says he is a signalling officer, claims to have interviewed the Colonel's dog, Prince, and by means of the Morse Code claims to have deciphered all this by the wig-wagging of Prince's tail.)

When I heard some of you Editor bi-peds telling the C.O. that you would be running sketches of prominent figures about the school in this quarterly edition of yours, I presumed that I would be among those mentioned, so I've just prepared a few impromptu thoughts at random. In the first place, if there is anyone ignorant of the fact, I am the Commandant's dog, and entirely without my consent named Prince. I am four years of age, and I must confess I am a bit of a wag.

I was born in Paris, France, but of highly moral and famous parents. In fact, my pedigree was so distinguished that I believe Critch was pretty well stony broke after he paid for me. At any rate, he took me to Canada, and of course Calgary's a bit of a drop after Paris, but I used to know a dog owned by Bob Edwardes, who used to edit the "Calgary Eye-Opener" between drinks, and we used to pick many a juicy chop between us. He was a rather noisy dog, but was very good company, and had a sense of cheerfulness that one could hardly detect from a sense of humour—and he used to like my droll stories of life in Paris (Gawd, Mabel! Look at that subaltern's salute—ain't it awful?). I learned that language in Calgary. Well, I must be brief, because Critch and I are expecting some blooming General or other this morning.

When Germany and the rest of them started fighting for some bone they had buried in Europe, I brought the Strathconas over to see the show, and of course I stuck to the boss—he felt that my knowledge of Paris would be of great military value. We had a pretty rotten time of it in France, though, and I nearly had my tail shot off once or twice (Hello! There goes a cadet without his white band—what? Oh, yes, I forgot that they're all officers now). Well, sir, you'll probably be writing Critch up in another part of the Mag. (he's mighty good "copy," isn't he?), so anything that you say for him pretty well goes for me too. You can just say that the Colonel and Mrs. Colonel, and, by the way, there's a little Master Colonel up at the house now that they make an awful fuss about, and he isn't any bigger than a pup, but we're all going to stay

here for the winter, but next spring I guess Critch and I'll beat it for France again. From certain remarks he's let drop to me when we've been motoring, I gather that we're for it soon. (Sticky, sticky! Look at that salute. Hello, here's a bulldog—what?—he's barking, and I've never been introduced—what?—for the love of Mike, if you've got anything to bark about, bark it to me and let's hear it. Ha, ha, that settled him.) Well, my boy, I guess that finishes my tale.

By the bye, you've noticed I've spoken of the Commandant as Critch. Of course on parade he's a ring-tailed snorter—I often grin to myself when I hear him telling you chaps off, because when we're alone together he'll say, "Well, Prince, they're a pretty good bunch, aren't they?" So, just to myself, I've got into the habit of calling him Critch—but by say, don't you try it.

Prince .....	V E
Cub Reporter .....	R D
Prince .....	T

(Which is quite unintelligible to the Editorial Staff—perhaps some signaller will explain).



### THE GROUSER.

The grouser, the man who grumbles and airs his supposed grievances day in and day out, is not the product of army life, as some suppose. He existed in civil life everywhere, but it was possible to give him a wide berth then, and his audiences were not so accessible as in the army.

In commercial life he was the salesman who was irresistible when "the balls were rolling for him," but at the first discouragement lost his grit and moped about hotels, whining about the unfair methods of the opposition and writing long, heart-rending explanations to his firm.

In baseball he was the pitcher who was wonderful when his team was in front, and caved in at the knees when his team went behind.



As a friend he was the man who extended the glad hand when fortune smiled on you, and turned his back when the cards were against you.

In the army—to use army language—he is a damned nuisance.

How many sections, how many platoons and companies have gone to pieces because some member felt that he had been given the Divine Right to grouch? No officer objects to legitimate complaints—the army system, designed to give every man a just treatment, provides a proper time and a proper place for the hearing of legitimate grievances.

If grouching can be condoned at all it might be in the case of the man in the ranks who came across in Class Z steerage at the start, who wallowed in the mud on Salisbury Plains, who fought the German gas and shells with flesh and blood, and who has done fatigues innumerable—a certain amount of “Old Bill” philosophy belongs to him, BUT—when a man has been granted a commission in the Canadian Corps he not only accepts the extra pay and consideration that is extended to an officer, he also accepts the responsibility that goes with the privileges. The officer who grouches establishes only the fact that he is not deserving of a commission in His Majesty’s Forces—his grumbling is a boomerang that recoils on himself.

One rotten apple will start decay in a barrel of good apples. It is a wise farmer who looks for decay in his fruit and discards the tainted ones before they contaminate the others.

“BAX.”



# A Short Tale

with



something  
to it!

Collegian No. 5

CONTRIBUTED BY No. 5 COMPANY.

Anyone who has attempted to buy tickets at the local Cinema on a wet evening will understand how terrible the pressure on the Hindenburg line by the British must be.

We regret to hear that Sergt. P. has had a dreadful shock. Is it true that in a nightmare he saw a member of the Star Platoon coming on parade with unpolished finger nails?

What particular reason caused a certain platoon to render public thanksgiving over the prolonged activities of the ChanTeurS?

Who was the wily officer who put on a white band before meeting the Commandant under a railway arch the other night?

Does the Cadet who goes out with a different girl each night work on the principle that “a change is as good as a rest”?

## OSCULATION.

We like the girls who say they will,  
 We love the girls who don't;  
 We hate the girls who say they will,  
 And then they say they won't.  
 Yet we have known of girls a few,  
 And we think you'll say we're right,  
 That those are best who say they won't,  
 But look as if they might.  
 Each morn we try to demonstrate  
 The “Halt” in its various modes,  
 It looks like h—l if it's done well,  
 And it's dreadfully hard on the roads.

From the Local Rag:—“Even though their team was defeated at Indoor Baseball, the No. 5 Company supporters continued ROOTING. . . .”

(Well! every animal to its own taste, but don't rub it in, please, “Chronicle.”—Ed.)

The vivid description of the ChanTeurS given in the “Chronicle” referred very enthusiastically to a certain handsome, beautiful, bewitching masquerader in feminine apparel. We now understand that he is being consulted freely on problems of “What a woman should wear.” by other Bexhill beauties.

Who is the instructional kiltie Sergeant of No. 5 who expressed his sympathy with the ladies during the very windy weather?





MAJOR MACAW.



When No. 1 Company lost Major Patton, who went to the Boys' Battalion, the matter of a successor was a difficult question to deal with. The choice of Major W. M. Macaw, M.C., was a peculiarly fortunate one, for his military record has been a splendid one, and his methods of handling men similar to his popular predecessor. Major Macaw went to France with the 27th Battalion of Winnipeg in September, 1915, and remained there until April, 1917. He was wounded three times, in December, 1915, in April, 1916, and in March, 1917. He joined the C.T.S. Staff in July of this year.

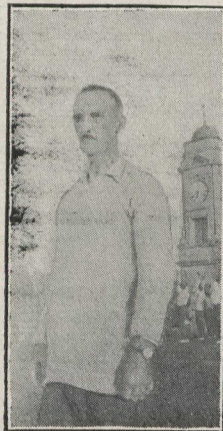
MAJOR V. HODSON.



Major V. Hodson, in command of No. 4 Company, came over with the R.C.R., to which regiment he had been attached in Halifax and Fredericton. He went to France as a Subaltern in November, 1915, and was promoted to Captain in January, 1916, and to Acting Major in July of the same year. He was wounded on the 8th of October, and joined the staff of the C.T.S. when it moved to Bexhill in March, 1917. It was No. 13 Platoon of his Company that won the contest held in August.

MAJOR DEVEY.

Major Devey, now commanding No. 2 Company, travelled overseas with the famous Strathconas, and from non-commissioned rank with that regiment he speedily rose to his present exalted situation. He has the gift of inspiring loyalty in all who serve under him, though the Lord knows he has no favourites. (Having been in his Company, we say this with great feeling.) If example is contagious, all who train under Major Devey will carry themselves everywhere as officers and gentlemen.



CAPTAIN SCOTT.

Captain Scott's career will be found vividly portrayed on another page of this magazine, by one of the cadet officers of No. 5 Company. From our editorial chair it looks as if No. 5 pulls together more like a Rugby team than a military machine. When his Company won the cup the whole School demanded a speech from "Scottie." Amidst a dramatic silence he stepped forward and said, "I wish you'd put some of that noise into your commands." That was all. We would that all speech-makers would take cognizance and copy.



CAPTAIN GIBSON.  
O.C. No. 3 Company.



Captain Gibson, variously known as "The Skipper," "Cap," and various other *nommes de militaire*, seemed very reluctant to disclose his past to our persuasive staff of interviewers. "Up to the time I joined the army," he said very slowly and with great expression, "I lived a life as innocent as a child's, and then—well, I did like the rest of you." In spite of his reticence, however, he bears a wounded stripe, and his company of officers, No. 2, come a close second in the race for Company honours. Capt. Gibson was very well

known and popular throughout the whole 1st Division—his shack being a rendezvous for all. At the Canadian Corps School in France he passed distinguished, being the one officer in the sixth course to have his name on the honours roll.

MAJOR JOHN COLLINS.



Major John Collins is one of the most Irishmen alive. Naturally he came across with the "Pats"—he is one of the very few alive who dares to be original. His company of sergeant-instructors is probably the best drilled company in the Canadian Forces—the Major believes it, and so do we. Between parades he is a philosopher (but not a silent one). Like all Irishmen, he has more than a touch of romance in his soul, and he has discarded opinions for convictions long ago. He is a cracking soldier, and is the

very personification of the Irish Question. Heaven forbid that we should endeavour to elucidate him in a miniature sketch such as this.





INSTRUCTIONAL OFFICERS, CANADIAN TRAINING SCHOOL, SECOND COURSE.



N.C.O. INSTRUCTORS, CANADIAN TRAINING SCHOOL, SECOND COURSE.



**CANADIAN TRENCH WARFARE SCHOOL.**



MAJOR D'OYLY T. ROCHFORT.

**THE COMMANDANT OF THE CANADIAN TRENCH WARFARE SCHOOL.**

As long ago as the 7th of September, 1904, Gunner Rochfort, as he was then, in his spare time attended the "Royal School of Instruction" at Victoria, B.C., and for a period of eight weeks was instructed in ammunition, gunnery, coastal defence, range-finding and gun-laying. For this he was granted a first class certificate by Colonel English, commanding the Royal Artillery at Esquimalt.

As a young soldier Major Rochfort profited by serving under so great a leader as Lieut.-General Sir Arthur Currie, who was then a Captain in the Royal Canadian Garrison Artillery. It was as a gunner in this regiment from 1904 to 1907 that he first learned the army catechism. Later, from 1907 to 1909, he served under Colonel Duff Stuart as a private in the Duke of Connaught's Rifles in Vancouver. Returning to Victoria he rejoined his old regiment as an N.C.O., and served under Sir Arthur Currie again, who now had received his Majority. A year before the declaration of war Major Rochfort received his commission in the 50th Gordon Highlanders, having risen from the ranks

It was therefore as a Platoon Commander in the 16th Canadian Infantry Battalion that Major Rochfort went to France in February, 1915.

Major Rochfort was chosen with Captain (then Lieut.) H. A. Thompson to form the first bombing school of the Third Brigade, shortly before this time, when the "bomb" was in its earliest infancy. That was when a bomb was made of a jam pot, a few pieces of metal, a little gun-cotton, and a fuse. These he taught men to make, and throw. Truly a pioneer in the early days of trench warfare. It was in these days of confused uncertainty that men needed the steadying influence of such leaders.

There were many untold tales of heroism performed during the second battle of Ypres. When the Third Brigade headquarters came under the direct fire of a German battery, the wounded lying there were moved. When reinforcements were being rushed to the woods where our line was nearly broken, a man guided under murderous machine-gun fire. Many more of these acts brought the personal congratulations from so great a soldier as Lieut.-General Sir Robert Turner, who was then Brigadier, to Major Rochfort.

Returning to the instructional work, after moving from the salient, Major Rochfort was soon showing every man in the Brigade how to throw a bomb. As yet, also, the supply of bombs from England had not started, and under his supervision also was the front line being supplied with "Tickler's Artillery," being the hand-made "jam pots."

It was in a bombing accident, unfortunate for its seriousness, that Major Rochfort lost his left leg, just below the knee. Not, however, discouraged by so serious a loss, upon his convalescence in England he at once took up his specialist's work in the Shorncliffe area, and at the C.M.S.

Major Rochfort has had the honour of being mentioned quite recently in despatches for "War Service." There can be no greater honour given to a man than the honour of "confidence in leadership."



"WHY DID I EVER LEAVE FRANCE?"



Capt.  
J.R. McIllree D.S.O.  
Bombing  
Officer  
"A" Wing



Capt.  
McCuaig  
O.C. "A" Wing



Lieut. W. Mitchell  
Adj.

Major D'Oyly Rochfort  
Commandant

Capt. A.V. Evans M.C.  
Chief Instructor

CANADIAN TRENCH WARFARE SCHOOL



Lieut. J.M. Jephson  
O.C. "C" Wing

Lieut. D.W. Robins  
O.C. "D" Wing

Lieut. R.O. Hautrey  
O.C. "B" Wing



## CANADIAN TRENCH WARFARE SCHOOL.

We from time to time look back on what has been achieved. We often recount for our own satisfaction the obstacles we have overcome in the attainment of our desires. Our military careers have proven that the same ambitions and achievements are gained in the same way as in civil life, that being by hard work.

If we were suddenly called upon to form a great commercial enterprise, rivalling Wanamaker's or Eaton's, if we were shrewd men, we would first look to our organization. And, when this organization were completed, we would direct a policy of standardized dealings with our fellows. In short, we would bring together all the loose threads of our business, and make it upon lines of uniformity.

Similarly the Army was found to have many different systems of instruction and schools were formed to standardize these systems which were teaching the young soldiers how to throw a bomb, use a machine gun, and the many things necessary for him to know before he set foot in the trenches.

Of course, the first divisions of Territorials, or volunteers from the far-flung Dominions, who sped to the Empire's appeal, did not have the benefit of such training as is now laid down. For them, the trained soldier meant only one who could shoot with rapidity, and carry his pack 25 kilometres over the cobbled stones of France and Belgium. One stands aghast at the terrible odds these men faced in numbers and training, yet they achieved miraculous victories.

When the war settled down to ditch lines, there began a rapid development of destruction accessories. At once came the bomb, then the catapult, which later developed into the trench mortar, the light machine gun, and asphyxiating gas. These then had to be included in the syllabus of training for the new armies that were to take the field soon. For them were established various centres, where the British training in the uses of these weapons was undertaken, but as yet the training was not uniform in all centres. It was rather an individual system, depending on the instructors.

For the standardization of training the Canadian troops in England there was established, therefore, the Canadian Trench Warfare School in January, 1917, to be located at Crowborough.

Of the original personnel who weathered the first storms too much praise for their perseverance cannot be given. Arriving as they did in an unknown camp, with but an order to establish a school, Major Rochfort, to whom had been entrusted the organizing of the new school, was assisted in his difficult task by Capt. Evans, M.C., to whom much credit is given in the quick development of the training machine. Lieut. Hawtrey also shouldered a considerable portion of the pioneering. Lieut. Mitchell returned from France to take up the duties of adjutant, with Sergt.-Major McGarry, who still convenes over the N.C.O. staff.

With this original staff there began a feverish race against time for the reception of the first class, which

started three weeks after the taking over of this bleak, barren camp, without material of any description. The first class arrived in due order and found waiting the machine, oiled and ready to strengthen their knowledge of warfare as these instructors had seen it, for all of them had been in Flanders.

The first four courses were bound down to a period of two weeks each, when it was decided to lengthen the courses to a month's duration. The latter period permits of much more development of the subjects and greater instructional possibilities.

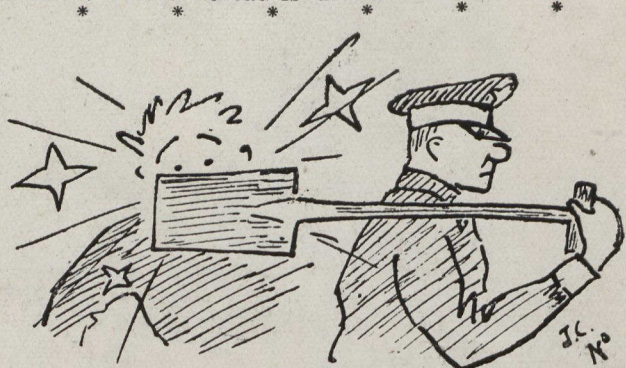
The first night operation attempted by the school took place at the original camp in Crowborough in the latter part of March. Owing to the population of this unhappy place not being warned, great excitement prevailed, as the heavy detonations of gun-cotton, and the screaming rockets, made the nightly solitude into one of deathly awe. Crowborough had never been so disturbed.

In early May the school was moved to its present site, where the environment lent itself more freely to the development of the task in hand. Gradually the rough spots had been smoothed and a perfected machine was now receiving and turning out experts in the technical subjects of warfare. Since the opening course to the final one completed on the 28th of September, 313 officers and 1,325 other ranks had passed the school's examinations, and returning to their units were so fitted that they could carry on the instruction received by them.

The subjects taught are bombing, Lewis gunnery, entrenching, Stokes gunnery, asphyxiating gas, and tactical problems. Practical work forms a large part of the syllabus of training, and every effort is made to approach as far as possible the conditions of the trenches in Flanders for this work.

Lieut.-General Sir R. E. W. Turner, V.C., K.C.M.G., D.S.O., who has always championed the cause of a standardized training, has inspected the school from time to time, and recently General Edgerton, C.B., of the Imperial Forces, expressed his satisfaction with the method of instruction as adopted.

Keeping in touch with the newest ideas from the front, the Instructional Staff, all of whom are casualty officers, are constantly abreast of every new development. The far-reaching effect of a uniform training in the subjects of technical warfare is reflected in the co-operation of our Canadian Corps in France, where defeat is unknown.



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



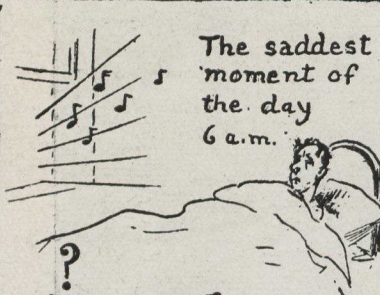


OFFICERS ATTENDING THE SEVENTH COURSE OF THE CANADIAN TRENCH WARFARE SCHOOL, BEXHILL-ON-SEA, AUGUST 11th to SEPT. 2nd, 1917.



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





The saddest moment of the day  
6 a.m.



Portrait of a tortured soul undergoing a lecture on the faults in his position



Commandant's Inspection.

That awful Is-there-anything-wrong-with-me-behind Feeling!



Section of road leading to Egerton Park, as it appears to the man who has to walk in the gutter.

BAA-!-!-!-YON  
WOW!



B.F. Instructor:  
"Come now, Look fierce!"  
We endeavour to comply.



Ceremonial



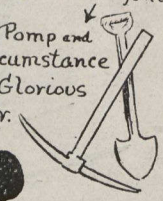
Where's OUR waiter?



Lecture Time  
Lieut. X- of the Y-Res. Bn. dreams of Blighty, Beer and Beauty



Another illusion gone  
The Pomp and Circumstance of Glorious War.



No. 1 Coy. digs in under fire - Enemy view of the operation. H.H.M. Kechnie Lt.



## YOUNG SOLDIERS' BATTALION, C.T.S.



MAJOR PATTON, M.C.

O.C. Young Soldiers' Battalion, C.T.S.

When our persuasive interviewers called on the O.C. Young Soldiers' Battalion he claimed he only had one photograph in the world, and urged us not to "lay it on too thick" when we wrote him up.

As will be noticed, we have procured the one photo, and in endeavouring to suppress our journalistic tendencies to flattering hyperbole we sought a member of No. 1 (Officers) Company formerly commanded by Major Patton.

"Strictly entre nous," we said, with our best French accent, "what kind of an officer is Major Patton?"

The other man—he was a large Highlander—stuck out his chest.

"The kind of officer," he said, "that you'd follow to Hell."

We then sought one of the Young Soldiers' Battalion officers and repeated the same question.

"Speaking for all of us here," said that worthy young gentleman, "we'd go through Hell with the O.C."

While not wishing to infer that Major Patton's future lies in the direction mentioned, we give those unbiassed and strictly "entre-nous" opinions verbatim.

He came across as a Subaltern with the 43rd from Winnipeg in May, 1915, and went to the 27th in France on the 1st September. In June, 1916, he was given a company, and on the 15th September at Courcellette he was severely wounded, both with shell and rifle fire. He had just previously been given his Majority. He returned to England, and after two months in the hospital and three months' leave he joined the Staff of the C.T.S.

He did not tell us why or when he won the Military Cross, but it's a good bet that it was for being in the thick of it all the time with his men.

To command the Boys' Battalion is a serious responsibility. The lads that comprise the Battalion are initiative and impressionable, and in our humble Editorial opinion the choice of the O.C. was a very happy one.

We have just discovered that our batman was in Major Patton's Company in France—let's get his opinion.

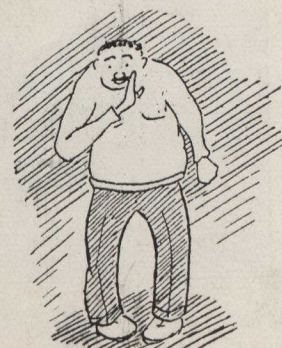
"What did the men think of Major Patton in France?" (Business of shining shoes.)

"Him? We'd of all gone through —."

STEADY!



OFFICERS OF THE YOUNG SOLDIERS' BATTALION, C.T.S.



"NAH THEN, 'ERB!"



## THE YOUNG SOLDIERS' BATTALION.

In several Reserve units there were a number of soldiers who were under 19 years of age. There were also a large number in France. It was decided that all these young men should be formed into a training battalion, where they would be skilfully trained and given every opportunity to attain their full physical development. The Canadian Training School was chosen to administer the Battalion, and Major Patton, M.C., was placed in command.

The officers were carefully chosen for the four companies formed, and after the first few rough edges disappeared and the "old" soldiers found that there was much that they could learn, the Battalion started to improve with rapidity.

The order of intelligence is unusually high, and it should be possible for the Young Soldiers' Battalion to supply many highly trained specialists from this unique organization. After the usual Infantry training is concluded specialist sections of Lewis gunners, bombers, signallers, etc., will be formed.

Ample time is devoted to sports, and in a very short time the Young Soldiers' Battalion will compare in efficiency with any Battalion in the C.E.F. (If that statement may seem somewhat grandiose, ask any of the Young Soldiers' Battalion what he thinks.)

The nominal roll of officers is as follows:—

Headquarters: Major K. L. Patton, M.C., Commanding Officer; Major G. W. McFarlane, D.S.O., Second in Command; Capt. W. A. Holloway, Adjutant; Capt. S. E. Beech, Medical Officer; Hon. Capt. N. S. Laws, Chaplain; Lieut. T. Gardner, Quartermaster; Lieut. S. G. Fildes, Assistant Adjutant.

No. 1 Company: Major T. R. Coleman, D.S.O., M.C., Lieut. W. A. Dawe, M.C., Lieut. J. M. Massey, M.C., and Lieut. R. L. Germain.

No. 2 Company: Capt. F. C. MacCulloch, Lieut. F. W. G. Hale, Lieut. C. S. MacPherson, Lieut. T. Moring, and Lieut. M. D. Orr.

No. 3 Company: Capt. C. S. B. White, Lieut. R. C. Arthurs, M.C., Lieut. W. K. Kennedy, Lieut. J. F. Simpson, and Lieut. A. B. Baxter.

No. 4 Company: Lieut. P. Jerdan, M.C., Lieut. W. C. Pearce, Lieut. C. R. Hardy, and Lieut. D. H. Sutherland.



CROSS-COUNTRY RUN, Y.S.B.

## CAPTAIN W. A. HOLLOWAY.

Adjutant of Boys' Battalion.

Captain Holloway came over in 1915 as Adjutant of the Eaton Machine Gun Battery, and went to France with that unit. He had a contre-temps with a Whizz Bang in the June (Ypres) show, and got a couple of months in Blighty for it. He then returned to France and carried on until the memorable Vimy attack, when he was again wounded, and eventually found himself on the C.T.S. Staff via the usual Blighty route. The Editors of "Chevrans To Stars" are hoping that Captain Holloway will write an article for the next issue on "How to be popular though an Adjutant," for he appears to possess the secret.

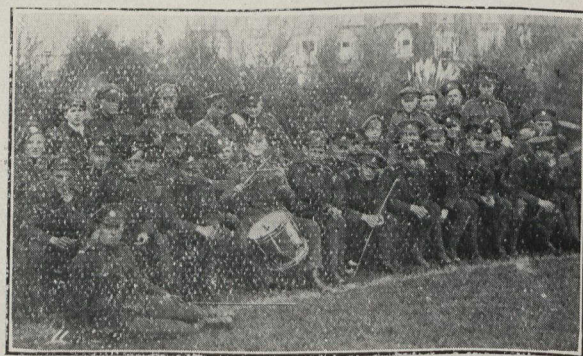


No. 3 COMPANY, Y.S.B.

## Y.S.B. CEREMONIAL.

On Tuesday, Sept. 18th, the Young Soldiers' Battalion was inspected by Lieut.-Colonel Critchley, D.S.O., who complimented Major Patton and his officers on the really remarkable showing made, both in the Battalion Lines and during the Ceremonial Parade. The steadiness and precision of the Battalion in its various movements showed that the C.T.S. standard of physical and mental alertness has been thoroughly instilled into this new branch.

It is doubtful if the School were put on a better Ceremonial than that of the Young Soldiers' Battalion.



ON THE SIDE-LINES.



## YOUNG SOLDIERS' BATTALION SPORTS.

The Sports of the Young Soldiers' Battalion which had been stopped by rain on Wednesday were concluded on Saturday afternoon, Sept. 22nd. One side of Egerton Park was lined with the four Companies each wearing its Company colours. The rest of the space was occupied by a large crowd of civilians, who were treated to an afternoon of good sports on the field and good sportsmanship among the different companies.

No. 3 Company arrived full of "pep," as they were leading from the Wednesday's sports by six points. They at once made their presence known to everybody within a radius of five miles. No. 1 Company gave them a hot chase, but No. 3 couldn't be stopped, and at the end of the day the final points stood:—

No. 1	42
No. 2	11
No. 3	54
No. 4	8

What No. 4 lacked in points they made up for in "rooting," and kept it up to the last race, never losing heart, in spite of the score-board.

As will be seen, No. 2 and No. 1 Company had some splendid entries, and both of them swear that next time there will be a different tale to tell.

Altogether it was a great day of good, keen athletics and good, healthy partisanship among the various companies.

Three Mile Race.—1, Pte. Zimmerman, No. 2 Company; 2, Pte. Nicholson, No. 3 Company; 3, Pte. Lowe, No. 3 Company. Winner on Company points: No. 3 Company.

100 yards.—1, Redmond, No. 1 Company; 2, Wansborough, No. 3 Company; 3, Pilgrim, No. 1 Company.

Broad Jump.—1, Cunningham, No. 3 Company, 16ft.; 2, Gargin, No. 3 Company, 15ft. 11ins.; 3, Fisher, No. 1 Company, 15ft. 3½ins.

220 yards.—1, Fisher, No. 1 Company; 2, Zimmerman, No. 2 Company; 3, Taylor, No. 3 Company, and Bregg, No. 1 Company (tie).

One Mile (Open).—1, Lieut. Armstrong, C.T.S.; 2, Pte. Campbell, R.G.A.; 3, C.Q.M.S. Day, Y.S.B.

Sergeants' Race.—1, C.Q.M.S. Day, No. 4 Company; 2, C.Q.M.S. Bland, No. 1 Company; 3, Sgt. Petrie, No. 2 Company.

High Jump.—1, Bregg, No. 1 Company, 4ft. 10ins.; 2, Woodley, No. 4 Company, 4ft. 9ins.; 3, Gargin, No. 3 Company, 4ft. 7ins.

Four-legged Race.—1, No. 4 Company (Ptes. Green, Gordon and Macdonald); 2, No. 3 Company (Ptes. Benjamin, Kristianson and Tunnacliffe); 3, No. 1 Company (Ptes. Johnson, Dick and Heffern).

Tug-of-war.—1, No. 3 Coy.; 2, No. 4 Coy.

440 yards.—1, Brady, No. 1 Company; 2, Bolan, No. 2 Company; 3, Nicholson, No. 3 Company.

Hop, Step and Jump.—1, Cunningham, No. 3 Company, 39ft. 1in.; 2, Taylor, No. 3 Company, 38ft. 7ins.; 3, Fisher, No. 1 Company, 38ft. 5½ins.

Sack Race (Open).—1, Bolan, No. 2 Company, Y.S.B.; 2, Pte. Campbell, R.G.A.; 3, Tripp, No. 2 Company, Y.S.B.

100 yards Open.—1, Lieut. Rogers, C.T.S.; 2, Lieut. Armstrong, C.T.S.; 3, Pte. Redmond, No. 1 Company, Y.S.B.

Hurdles.—1, Gargin, No. 3 Company; 2, Fisher, No. 1 Company; 3, Bregg, No. 1 Company.

Obstacle Race.—1, Maynard, No. 2 Company; 2, Benjamin, No. 3 Company; 3, Kristianson, No. 3 Company.

Relay Race.—1, No. 1 Company (Bregg, Fisher, Redmond and Pilgrim); 2, No. 3 Company (Gargin, Taylor, Driver and Wansborough).

Company Championship.—No. 3 Company, 54 points; No. 1 Company, 42 points; No. 2 Company, 11 points; No. 4 Company, 8 points.

Individual Championship.—Pte. Bregg, 18 points.



C. T. S. 1017

OUR DREAM FOR YEARS TO COME.



The following Sporting Editorials or resumé's have been sent to the Editor of "Chevrans to Stars" by the various sports representatives of the four Companies of the Young Soldiers' Battalion. It will be noticed that each is very modest in its tone.

**No 1 COMPANY—Y.S.B.**

Our indoor baseball team has done exceptionally well. It has played and won games from some of the best teams at the C.T.S., especially the game won by us in thirteen innings against No. 4 Company, C.T.S., score 9—8. Pte. Cummings, our pitcher, is judged to be one of the best in this district.

In the track events on Wednesday Pte. Bregg won the 440 yards and high jump, and leads for the individual championship. Pte. Fisher is showing great form, and will finish high up in the sports.



"ROOTERS."

**No. 2 COMPANY SPORTS. Y.S.B.**

Talk about some track men in No. 2 Company—we are short in stature but long on speed.

To see Pte. Zimmerman win the cross-country run on the 15th was a treat, and the amount of "head" shown in running his one dangerous opponent off his feet marked him as a man who will be our great point winner in future races. A company that has ten entries in a cross-country race and has ten men in at the finish, with five of them in the first eleven, needn't worry about sporting spirit.

In the big Battalion meet on the 19th Zimmerman won his heat in the "hundred" and got second in the finals. Adding a first in his heat in the "twenty" with a good chance of winning the final, when it comes off, with Ptes. Dalton and Burry with good chances of second and third, it looks like a big night for us when the prizes come round.

Pte. Bolan, winning the first heat of the "four-forty," looks like another point winner for the Company.

No. 4 Company of the Boys' Battalion, C.T.S., has every reason to be proud of its outdoor baseball team. Out of seven games played, they have only lost one. Before the Inter-Company League started they beat each of the other Companies. The best game was against a picked team from the Trench Warfare School, the score being 4—3. Unfortunately the one defeat was a league game, but No. 4 Company has still a good chance of winning the league.

**No 3 COMPANY.**

No. 3 Company has certainly shown within the last two weeks what can be done when imbued with the proper spirit. Until that time things had gone badly in athletics, the baseball team, in particular, getting off to a very poor start. Still, it was recognized that we had the material, and since the boys have had some confidence instilled into them, they have rapidly come to the fore. The baseball team won two important games, and are now in the running again; the football team has also done splendidly, having only lost one game to date. In track events we have shown unexpected strength, and at present are holding a substantial lead in the Battalion Sports Day Competition. Amongst those who did splendid work on that occasion are Lce.-Corpl. Gargan, Lce.-Corpl. Cunningham, Nicholson, Taylor, and Wansborough. These boys are all "comers," and with experience should make names for themselves in the athletic world.

**NOTES.**

No. 2 Company put on an unrehearsed effect when it went through the burial service over an effigy of No. 3, even to the bugling of "The Last Post."

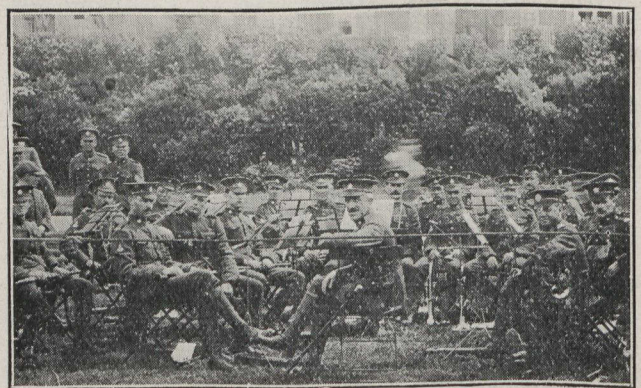
Congratulations to No. 4 on the gaining of Lieut. Arthurs, M.C., to their Company. No. 3 will have to look for another tug-of-war coach.

Lieut.-Colonel Critchley, D.S.O., arrived on the scene early in the afternoon, and was promptly informed by one of the Companies that C-R-I-T-C-H-L-E-Y spelled Critchley. The Commandant was hugely pleased with the Young Soldiers' Battalion's performance, both in sport and Ceremonial Parade.

Major Patton, M.C., was delighted with the sportsmanship displayed by his new battalion. There aren't many games he hasn't played himself in Winnipeg. He figured in senior hockey and rowing, and knows that a good sportsman who can lose cheerfully after doing his best, makes a mighty fine man wherever he is.

Our racing tip is this—watch No. 4 next time.

At the end of the day "Cap" White, the popular O.C. of No. 3, was hoisted on the shoulders of his men, who also similarly honoured Lieut. Simpson and Lieut. Arthurs. Old Bill Bailey (Lieut. Kennedy) couldn't be found—surely Bill hasn't grown modest.



C.T.S. BAND.



Capt. Holloway Adj.

Capt. Mc Cullough  
O.C. No 2 Co.



Capt. White  
O.C. No. 3 Co.



Major  
K.L. Patton M.C.



O.C.  
YOUNG SOLDIERS'  
BATTALION



Major Coleman D.S.O. M.C.  
O.C. No. 1. Co.

Lieut. Armstrong M.C.  
O.C. No. 4 Co.

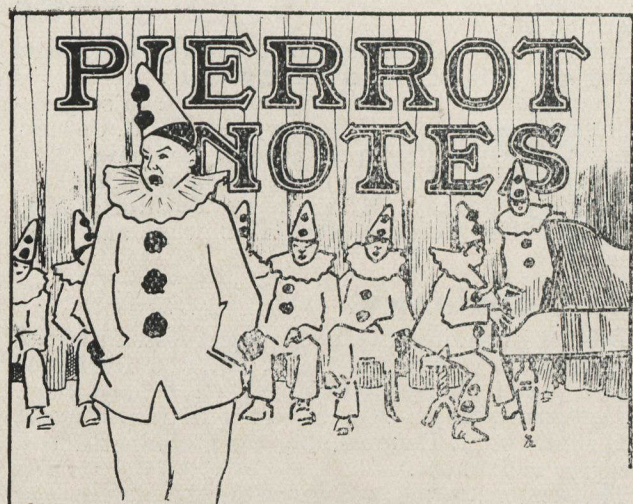
Major MacFarlane D.S.O.  
2nd in Command.





The "Chanteurs" of the  
CANADIAN TRAINING SCHOOL August 1917





The ChanTeurS have had another incarnation and the "Rounds" were very much alive—we fancy that nobody drew a blank at any of the four discharges (even including the preliminary round given to the Boys' Battalion on the Thursday afternoon). After so much has been said and written in Bexhill and its papers of the production, it is difficult to add our own estimate, especially when, being in the show, "we" did not receive the shock of discharge. In fact, it is like a fond mother speaking of her children for a performer to review the revue in which he has acted.

Thanks galore have been extended by everybody to everybody who had one iota to do with the production (That is rather subtle.—Ed.), so that we feel we can safely pass over this naivete common to all Canadian amateur performances; let us then proceed to a consideration of the Revusical Musical Medley itself. First, it must have struck all that the thing had far more sequence and plot than most of its kind, and the author is to be congratulated in that he surrounded a number of songs, most of them established hits, with an amusing "book" that maintained the interest and balance of the production throughout. This, we take it, was the salient feature, and Lieut. Baxter (who, by the way, used to wield the baton for the Toronto Musical and Dramatic Society) and his cohort, "Heavy" Brennan, deserve a world of credit first, for writing "Live Rounds" and then for putting it over with such an amount of pep. The actors themselves made up for a lack of consistency by a plenitude of vigour. Who, when they remember Lieuts. Hale and Newsam as the two ubiquitous waiters, can deny this? The orchestra was a very marked part of the success, and in some of their softer numbers the work of the strings was most artistic, and the staging was distinctly good.

"The Cobbler's Song," sung by the Regimental Cobbler (Captain Chaffey, M.C.), was the best sustained effort of the evening, both from the standpoint of singing and orchestration. Lieut. Jerdan, as the juvenile lead (to be strictly professional), gave an excellent rendition of his role, and used a charming voice to the very best advantage. The appearance of Lieut. Le Messurier in the leading feminine

part was all that could be desired—we mean it—and she was ably supported by Lieuts. Taaffe, Glass, Kavanagh and Bailey as flappers and otherwise. The comedians should all do well in pantomime (Is this sarcasm or accident?—Ed.), and the whole chorus developed an esprit de joie that the producers never even hoped for in the rehearsals. For collective ensemble work, the finale of the first act, when Lieut. Dunabit and escort raid the Cabaret and announce the passing of the Conscription Bill, was what it was intended to be—a scream. Our factotum, R.S.M. Carpenter, was in his element in the second act, and Lieut. Kennedy as Bill Bailey supplied enough energy for any six ordinary revues.

There, we didn't intend to soft-soap anybody in particular, and this alleged criticism has already assumed all the ear marks of an "among those present" article by our special society reporter. Well, let's make a good job of it and say that as a manager Lieut. R. Lyon was thoroughness itself and Sergt.-Major Cole at the piano did the best work of his career—not forgetting Lieut. Quail, who as concertmaster of the orchestra did a lot towards the general artistic success.

In conclusion, it was a snappy, well rehearsed revue, with lots of originality, and there was not a hitch during any of the performances. The whole company was one happy family from start to finish, and we hope that Lieut. Baxter will not be content to rest on his laurels, but will be allowed to take the show to pastures new that the fame of the ChanTeurS may grow and reflect the spirit of the Canadian Training School abroad.

The local Red Cross Society benefited to the extent of some sixty pounds through the sale of pictures, etc., charmingly auctioneered by Mrs. D'Oyly Rochfort.

Two of our "girls" are already in France (Lieuts. Taaffe and Bailey). Lieut. Glass has returned to the Engineers, but we still have our two flappers. The very best wishes of all the ChanTeurS follow the "girls," who have gone to play a man's part in the big show over there.

LIEUT. BEATTIE.

#### CHANTEURS, FIRST COURSE.





## PROGRAMME.

Act One. Scene One. A Cabaret in Torottawa.  
"Somewhere in Canada."

Cast in order of appearance: Lillian Rustle, Lieut. E. Le Messurier; Algernon Guff (King of the Cabbarianians), Lieut. P. Jerdan, M.C.; An Ubiquitous Waiter, Lieut. F. W. G. Hale; Another One, Lieut. B. W. Newsam; Café Manager, R.S.M. F. N. Carpenter; Timothy Tod, Lieut. H. F. Beattie; Hannah rld, Lieut. B. W. Bailey; A Bell Hop, Lieut. G. N. Coghlan; Mertie Gillar, Lieut. W. J. N. Kavanagh; Pary Mickford, Lieut. F. F. Taaffe; Gertrude Hofmin, Lieut. L. G. Glass; Lieut. Dunnabit, Lieut. J. W. Leighton; Escort Party, Sergt. J. W. Pryke, Sergt. J. B. Watkins, Cadet W. Webb and Cadet A. R. Merrill; Heavy Brennan, Lieut. R. W. Brennan. Chorus of young able-bodied slackers: Lieuts. F. E. Williams, W. L. Rennie, J. C. Scott, W. F. Gardiner, G. O. Kemp, Cadets F. J. Howley, R. J. Poultney, S. R. Johnston, R. H. Perry, R. F. Connell, F. J. Craddock, L. C. Boswell, A. E. Edwards, W. Scott, F. G. Parker, and J. C. Garrow.

### ORCHESTRA OF THE C.T.S.

Manager and Producer, Lieut. R. N. Lyon; Musical Director, Lieut. A. B. Baxter; Stage Manager, Lieut. W. R. Brennan; Assistant Musical Director, Lieut. J. C. Quail.

Musical numbers by kind permission of Oscar Asche, Esq., Winthrop Rogers, Ltd., Musical Plays, Ltd., Herman Darewski, Esq. "The Blighty Girl" by kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Cary and Co. Book dashed off between P.T. and breakfast by Lieut. A. B. Baxter in collusion with Lieut. W. R. Brennan. Stage defects from various sources. Trench scene by the C.T.S. Engineering Staff. Copyright—there is no copyright. Any of the alleged witticisms in the dialogue may be used without fee or license, but the management disclaims any liability in case of any bodily injury to the perpetrator.

Act Two. Scene One. DOING THEIR BIT.  
A Front Line Trench "Somewhere in France."  
Time: Some months later.

Sentry, Cadet J. C. Garrow; Relief, Cadet L. C. Boswell; Regimental Cobbler, Capt. G. E. Chaffey, M.C.; Lieut. Guff, Lieut. P. Jerdan, M.C.; Pte. Bill Bailey, Lieut. W. K. Kennedy; Signaller Umpty-iddy, Lieut. G. H. Coghlan; Regimental Sergt.-Major, R.S.M. F. N. Carpenter; A Batman, Lieut. F. W. G. Hale; A Worse One, Lieut. B. W. Newsam; Very Temporary Lieut. Tod, R.F.C., Lieut. H. F. Beattie; The Woman in the Case, Lieut. E. Le Messurier; Four Visions of Feminine Beauty, Lieuts. Kavanagh, Glass, Taaffe, and Bailey; Lieut. Dunabit (still at it), Lieut. J. W. Leighton. Chorus of Members of the Canadian Corps in France.

Act Two. Scene Two. BLIGHTY, OR THE MISSING HEIR.

The ancestral home of Lord Algernon Fitzguff, now a convalescent home for wounded soldiers and lead swingers. Time: Some months after.

Primo Perrot Tenori Assoluto, Cadet G. Ferguson; A Pierrot, Lieut. F. E. Williams; Lord Algernon Fitzguff, Lieut. P. Jerdan, M.C.; The Butler, R.S.M. F. N. Carpenter; Visions of Feminine Pul-

cheritude, same as Scene One; Chorus of Inmates, Pierrots, etc.

Note.—"Live Rounds" will shortly be filmed under the title of "The Missing Heir."

The following ladies kindly consented to sell programmes: Mrs. A. C. Critchley, Mrs. C. B. Cowley, Mrs. W. D'Oyly Rochfort, Mrs. C. McCuaig, Mrs. C. W. S. Dunn, Mrs. Newman, Miss Janet Mackay, Miss Judy Mackay, Miss Cherry Rochfort, Mrs. Dougall, Miss Gordan, Mrs. Hollaway, and Miss Stewart.

### NO. 5 COMPANY.

Besides providing a valuable object-lesson to those attending the Course at the C.T.S., the Burlesque March given by No. 5 Company on Friday, Sept. 14th, gave Major-General Sir Arthur Currie, K.C.M.G., C.B., Commanding the Canadian Corps, food for merriment.

The demonstration was given for the purpose of showing all the things a battalion should NOT do when on the march, and its carefully planned and carried out programme, of having everything WRONG, was very amusing, besides enhancing greatly the demonstration of good marching given by No. 4 Company a little later.

Several of the characters taking part were as follows:—

Officers' Mess Caterer, Lieut. Nash.  
Signalling Sergeant, Lieut. Small.  
Signaller, Lieut. McWhinney.  
Batmen, Lieuts. Craddock and Walker.  
Cooks, Lieuts. Baxter and Parker.  
Groom: Lieut. Stevens.  
Bomber, Lieut. H. S. Johnston.  
Big Drummer, Lieut. Lanaway.  
Stretcher Bearers, Lieuts. Rump and Murray.  
Wounded Man, Lieut. Garrow.  
Inebriated Sergeant, Lieut. Howells.  
Intelligence Staff, Lieuts. Coleman and Parsons.  
Sanitary N.C.O., Lieut. Dale.  
Battalion Commander, Lieut. Williams.

As the Company straggled by the point selected for Sir Arthur and the Staff of the C.T.S. to view the event, Capt. L. Scott, O.C. No. 5 Company, asked the various characters questions. Some of the replies were very comique, and the Corps Commanded laughed heartily with the crowd. Many compliments have been received regarding the originality and success (from a point of view of securing comparison) of the demonstration.



17 PLATOON, 5 COMPANY.



## NO. 5 COMPANY.

## THE SMOKER.

The splendid spirit of good-fellowship which has brought No. 5 Company so much to the front during the recent weeks of training at the C.T.S. was never better exemplified than at the smoker held on Friday, August 31st, at the Museum.

In the words of the Commandant, Lieut.-Colonel A. C. Critchley, D.S.O., "There has been no Company more deserving of the honours won since the inception of the School than No. 5 Company."

Col. Critchley very kindly attended the Smoker when the evening was young, an appointment at Hastings calling him away before the excellent programme prepared by the Committee for the occasion was well under way. Before going, he addressed the Cadets of No. 5, saying that he had experienced very keen pleasure in presenting the Cup, emblematic of the best drilled, disciplined and most efficient Company, to No. 5. The spirit manifest in the Company had been magnificent; it was chiefly the manner in which the Company had held together, and had co-operated toward securing results, that had built for the ultimate success of the Company. The Cadets had shown enthusiasm, interest and ability. He wished just that sort of spirit to be continued in the School.

Perhaps the outstanding event of the evening was the demonstration made by the Cadets for Capt. L. Scott, D.C.M., who commanded the Company. Capt. Scott is immensely popular with those under his command, and discipline somewhat modified for the time, the Cadets were calling him by his front name before the evening had progressed far.

The Cup won by No. 5 Company reposed on the piano at the commencement of festivities, and at a given time, after things were in full swing, it was solemnly filled and passed around in a fraternal pledge to all.

Capt. W. R. McGee, M.C., and Lieut. Williams, of the Company, came in for a good share of attention during the evening, and Lieut. Gibson, Engineering officer for the Company, was also given an ovation when he arrived.



18 PLATOON, No. 5 COMPANY.

## "TILlicUM" SCOTT.

Before the Cadets of No. 5 are scattered once again to pursue their individual destinies amid the "blood and mud" of the firing lines, we wish to say a word of appreciation of Captain (Tillicum) Scott, who has been a very staunch friend of each individual in the Company during the recent weeks of training.

"Tillicum," Indian definition of "The friend who's true, and sticks to you," is just about the most appropriate pet name we can find for our Chief. We always call him "Scottie" (behind his back). We knew he was for us at all times. We felt obliged to back him to the limit in return.

We are not going to dilate upon the Chief's record in France. Suffice to say he has "been there." In common with most of us, he intimately knows that Hell's Triangle at Ypres, and all the little sub-hells on the "line," where Canucks have lingered from time to time to give discomfort to the Bosch. The "Cap." came up through the ranks and got his commission in the most honourable way—from the field. That is another story. We will speak of him just as we find him: A thorough soldier, an officer whom we felt privileged to serve, and at all times a pal, who worked, thought, if need be, fought, for our interests.

Captain Scott has the happy faculty of always putting his men in a good humour, and a receptive frame of mind. We worked willingly, and put our hearts into everything, simply because he made everything so interesting. ("Scottie" would infuse interest into a meeting of The Society for the Propagation of Propriety.) He reminds us of a wounded Royal Highlander we once helped to untangle from some very persistent barbed wire.

After we had got the kiltie free, we took him back to our shell hole and did the V.A.D. act with some first field dressings. Then we gave him a little snort from our flask, which contained some of that liquid that inspires men to do the Michael O'Leary stunt. After the drink, the kiltie looked up at us affectionately and said: "You old son of a ——. You're almost human."

That's how we all feel about the Cap.

We could say a lot about this; we who have enjoyed the friendship and mutual loyalty which in No. 5 has been fostered and participated in to such a degree that the Company has been like a big happy purposeful family, exemplifying the esprit de corps which has made the Bexhill C.T.S. the businesslike institution it stands for with Canada's efficient army. We could say a lot, but economy is advisable, even in the use of that plentiful commodity—adjective. To the Captain, therefore, we only wish to tender our sincere and grateful thanks and to wish him the best of good luck which he deserves. We all sincerely hope that at some future time we may again have the honour and privilege of serving under his command, and of enjoying the comradeship of Capt. Louis (Tillicum) Scott.

"TOM."





CAPT. GIBSON,  
O.C. No. 3 Company.

The O.T.B. of Seaford that was, is now No. 3 Company, C.T.S., with a few in No. 1 Company. The change from Seaford to Bexhill welded them very closely together, gathering in any loose ends and cementing the friendship formed at the O.T.B. They have entered into the work here with spirit and energy, behind which in no small degree is the determination to uphold the honour of their class. The smile may go round—has gone round—some of the other classes at the way No. 3 tackled the Bexhill drill. It might be wise to restrain that levity for a week. The men from Seaford are no rookers. They have in many cases been over here a year and more, and have been crammed at divers schools with military knowledge sufficient to qualify them as Field Marshals. They are ready to enter the lists with no extended training either with the best; they are prepared to meet any and all comers with no favours on any field, whether of battle or of sport—let 'em all come.

More than that, they like the C.T.S. and its system, and not a grouch has been heard among them since they have become familiar with what is to be asked of them—to give their best when at work. They admire their superior officers already and like those in immediate touch with them. All these

things cannot but carry them through Bexhill extremely pleased with themselves and thoroughly satisfied with having been given the privilege of its known advantages. It is quite safe to say that the officers in charge of the C.T.S. will have little cause for regret that the O.T.B. ceased to exist.

### Our Decalogue.

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

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

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

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

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

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

VII. Thou shalt not make friends on the Esplanade.

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

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

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



19 and 20 PLATOONS, No. 5 COMPANY.



Capt. Morgan



Capt. Chaffey M.C.



Capt. Macdonald M.C.



Lieut. Gibson



Lieut. Thexton



"Daub"



Major Raddall.



The C.O.



The C.I.



"Mr. Um ps"

Staff Officers We Have Known

"Patch"



Capt. Dunn



Capt. Toole M.C.



Lieut. Paterson.





**ENGINEERS.****REVIEW 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 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, 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' OutfitterDresses ... At any RECRUITING OFFICE  
Hats ... By THE SHRAPNEL HARDWARE CO.  
Scenery ... Done in by CRUMP & CO.**ORCHESTRAL ACCOMPANIMENT.**

Conducted by HERR VON KRUPP.

OVERTURE, "THE SANDBAG SYMPHONY"  
(Composed by B. E. F. Atkins).NOTE.—The Scenery will be slightly altered dur-  
ing 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 for-  
tunately 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 fur-  
ther 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, enti-  
tled "My Watch is on Time," and an exhibition 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 ultimately  
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 Yode-  
lers finally results in the appearance of Pte. Pinch,  
who enters singing, "Did I hear you calling 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 batmen 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 Regained."Here, in striking contrast to "The Broken Flask,"  
the almost delirious happiness and joy expressed in  
his rendering has never, to our knowledge, been sur-  
passed.Another song, given with much feeling, is "The  
Night has a Thousand Eyes," which is in the able  
hands of Pte. 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 background; 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.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, pour-  
ing 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 Pte. 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. and E. J. L. G.

---

THE “LISTENING POST.”

We acknowledge with thanks the courtesy of the Editors of the official organ of the 7th Battalion (1st B.C.) in sending us a copy of their 27th and anniversary number. It's a rattling good number from cover to cover.

“Chevrans To Stars” also is pleased to acknowledge receipt of “The Vic's Patrol,” a magazine published by the 24th Battalion (Victoria Rifles), sent by courtesy of the Officer Commanding 5th Canadian Reserve Brigade.

The Editor also wishes to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of copies of “Tchun,” the official publication of the Canadian Corps Training School, France.

Vol. 1, No. 4, is “bright and breezy,” and a credit to the Corps School. It contains an article on Gen. Sir Julian Byng, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., M.V.O., and Lieut.-Gen. Sir A. W. Currie, K.C.M.G., C.B., which is most interesting. There are cuts of both General and Lady Byng and of General Currie, as well as several of a humorous nature.

“Chevrans To Stars” wishes its brother magazine the very best of luck, and awaits its next issue with the greatest interest.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS.

CAPT. G. E. CHAFFEY.

1. “THE LEAD, AND HOW TO SWING IT.”

By “EXPERT.”

This little volume, which we have read with considerable interest and amusement, although in a sense a military text book, has, we understand, been published entirely without expense to the public.

Despite the author's skilful use of a nom-de-plume, the title of this publication instantly gave us a clue to his identity, and after a few moments' thought we were able to satisfy ourselves as to who he was. However, although we deplore his hiding his light under a bushel, as much as we admire his modesty, far be it from us to drag him through these columns into the glare of literary fame, if, as seems the case, he has reasons for wishing to remain unknown to his host of admiring readers. For this reason we will go no further than saying that, as many may have already guessed, he is a Company officer of the Best Canadian Training School in Bexhill—and one who has had a lot to say about the Engineers not working.

His thorough and detailed mastery of a rather hackneyed subject excites our highest admiration, as does his easy flowing style, and convinces us that, however much his bashfulness compels him to shrink from the embarrassment of becoming personally known to his readers, his artistic skill must inevitably before long discover him to an anxious public filled with longing to give him what is coming to him.

We can heartily recommend this work to all book lovers, and we feel sure that even if they find nothing more in it to admire than the obvious patience and enthusiasm with which he has studied his subject—apparently over a long term of years—they will be amply repaid for their trouble and the trifling expense—30 cents at all the leading book-stores.

2. “MORNING MEDITATIONS.” By CHAYNE LYTNING.

Publishers, Messrs. Leafe and Robb.

Did you ever really and truly wish you were dead? Have you ever been consumed with a burning desire to murder a batman or a bugler? Have you ever dreamed you were in hell and wakened up to find you were? Are you in favour of the summary execution of all P.T. instructors? And will you ever have any feeling save one of the acutest enmity for the makers of the morning coffee (?) at the Metropole?

If any of the foregoing queries apply to you, you will derive unlimited enjoyment from a perusal of “Morning Meditations,” for you will find that the author, whose personality permeates every line of the publication, has described your own feelings with such sympathy and understanding that it's almost uncanny.

(Continued on Page 51.)



## WHERE LIFE IS NOT MONOTONOUS.

Sketches by our own artist showing the infinite variety of life at Bexhill; scenes that will prove of unusual interest to our friends at home.



BAYONET FIGHTING.

The class above shown is just about to begin bayonet fighting. It is interesting to note the bayonet boss on the rifle in the foreground. The bayonet of the officer second from the right of the front rank can also quite clearly be seen.



SQUAD DRILL.

The squad shown above has just been taught the "Stand easy," and can quite clearly be seen practising it with all the thoroughness for which the C.T.S. is so well known and justly famous.



MAP READING.

Visibility and judging distance are important features of an officer's training. Some of the students in the class above seem to be practising invisibility with splendid results. The N.C.O. is meanwhile demonstrating the "finger method" of judging distances. The officer on the left of the squad can quite clearly be seen eliminating the distance to the Metro-

pole by this system, while some of the others appear to have worked it out already as being between eighteen and twenty miles.



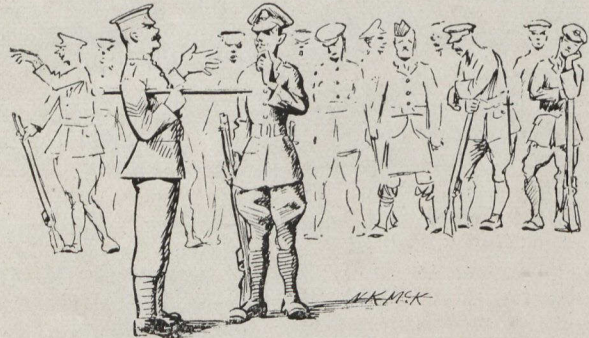
CEREMONIAL.

Sergt. Hip complimenting the acting platoon commander on the excellent showing of his platoon during the inspection, a few minutes previous, by General Umpty-ump. The General has just passed on to inspect the company on the right, and, it seems, has just thrown some parting gem of repartee at the right marker of the platoon, who, as can quite clearly be seen, is taking it in good part. His attitude is typical of the spirit of the School.



A TALE OF ADVENTURE.

Having just returned from leave in London, Sergt. Stan d'Tease, a popular figure with the boys, describes Piccadilly and Leicester Square to an admiring group of students, in whose faces can quite clearly be seen the glow of boyish determination that some day they too will travel and see London.



VOICE CULTURE.

The instructor is here shown teaching the officer in the foreground how to drill a battalion at half a mile distance. One or two in the class appear to have had their turn already, while the officer on the left can quite clearly be seen getting in a little practice for his turn, which is about to come.



## CEREMONIAL.

The wheeling into the Park.  
 The twisted neck.  
 The windmill arm.  
 The too-tight puttee.  
 The "Hold your head up, Mr. Smith!"  
 The desire to indulge in repartee.  
 The thinking better of it.  
 The sulk.  
 The band.  
 The same old tune.  
 The music getting faster.  
 The music getting slower.  
 The drum getting faster and the cornets getting slower at the same time.  
 The losing the step.  
 The getting it again.  
 The accordion march.  
 The "Swing those arms, Mr. Smith!"  
 The windmill arm.  
 The Colonial tin-soldier feeling.  
 The forming up.  
 The "Right dress!"  
 The twisted neck.  
 The slow platoon.  
 The glassy eyes.  
 The "Will it ever end?" feeling.  
 The acting officers.  
 The one-two-three-four-one-two-three-four.  
 The "Glad-I'm-in-the-ranks" feeling.  
 The Sergeant-Major on the right.  
 The Sergeant-Major in front.  
 The Sergeants all over.  
 The "Fall-in-bung-bung."  
 The jump.  
 The stamp.  
 The "As you were!"  
 The encore.  
 The civilian audience.  
 The "how-interesting" expression on their faces.  
 The drummer.  
 The ta-ta-BUNG!  
 The jump.  
 The "carefully-trained-seals" feeling.  
 The roll.  
 The short-quick-steps.  
 The bustle.  
 The rustle.  
 The bustle.  
 The twisted neck.  
 The final BUNG.  
 The relief.  
 The Company-Sergeant-Majors.  
 The thinking about parrots.  
 The clicking heels.  
 The handing over.  
 The more handing over.  
 The still more handing over.  
 The red band.  
 The "Fix—as you were."  
 The ineffectual stagger.  
 The "Fix."  
 The "Bayonets."  
 The bruised knuckle.  
 The "what-would-happen-to-me-if-I-let-it-fall" feeling.

The looking down at the rifle.  
 The shame.  
 The watching the hand go up.  
 The like-lightning thud movement.  
 The sore shoulder.  
 The time is, gentlemen—  
 The deciding to hold back.  
 The executive word of command.  
 The hoist.  
 The pause.  
 The lift across the body.  
 The pause.  
 The cut-away-the-hand.  
 The "too-slow-in-Number-one-Company!"  
 The deciding to do it faster.  
 The "Order—arms."  
 The "too-fast-in-Number-one-Company!"  
 The "what's the use?" feeling.  
 The "All right—."

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS.

(Continued from Page 49.)

His description of the poor wretch who discovered only after arrival on the P.T. parade at 6.15 a.m. that by saying he was going to Seaford to the Sports that day he could have been excused would bring tears to the eyes of a drill instructor. The word picture he draws of this hapless individual just after he's heard the news, leaning in a state of semi-collapse against the door (closed) of the "Shades" Bar just under the beer sign has sorrow in every syllable and grief in every word, and will give to the uninitiated a marvellous conception of what misery really is.

The same is also true of his story of the officer who, owing to the change from summer to winter time, got up an hour too early for this parade.

To those who study human emotions with a leaning towards the morbid this book should prove both instructive and interesting.





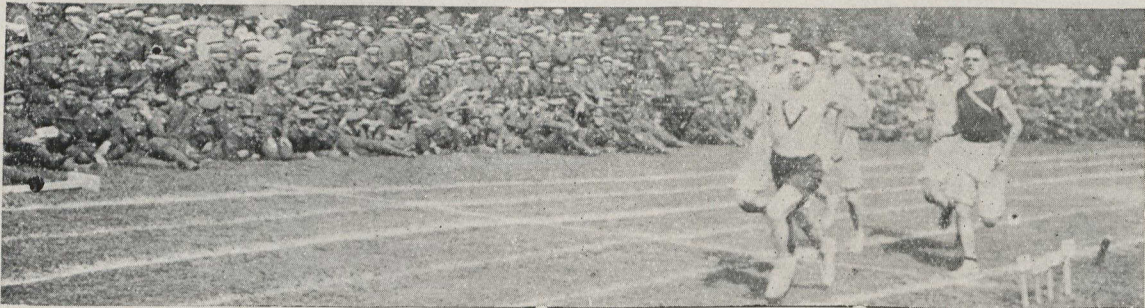
SPORTS DAY, AUGUST 22nd.



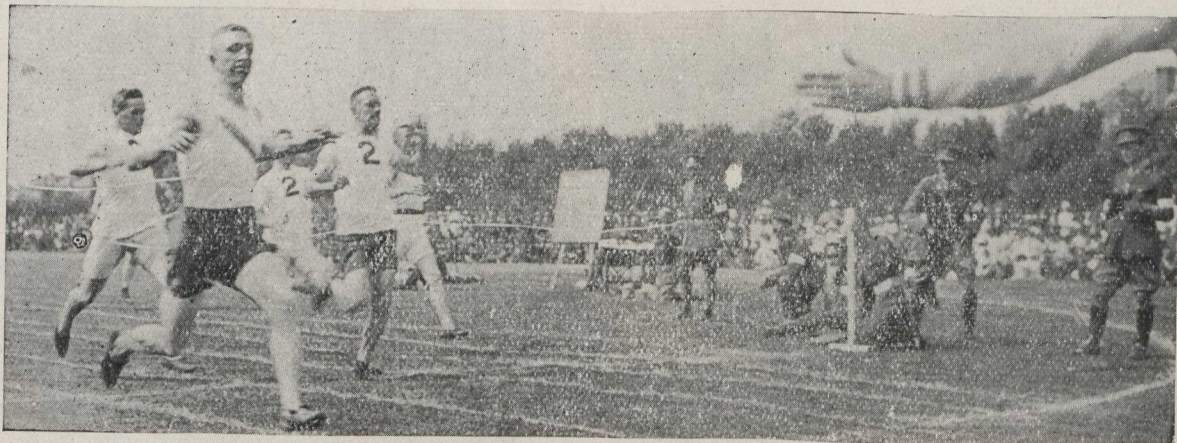
C.T.S. "ROOTERS."



COMPETITORS IN OBSTACLE RACE.



THE THREE MILE RACE.



FINAL OF 100 YARDS.

(Blocks by kind permission of "Canada.")





The average person sees little or anything in sport beyond recreation and enjoyment, a period of relaxation from the more serious affairs of life.

Sport was popularly supposed to be the infallible panacea that smoothed away the wrinkles from the brow of the tired business man. The very word "sport" conjured up visions of fretting horses at the barrier, of the reek and shriek of excited crowds, of the turmoil of the betting ring, and the wild supreme moment as the foam-flecked thoroughbreds swept under the wire.

The war being rather a serious sort of business, and more than often productive of that tired-business-man feeling, sport naturally assumed its place between fights early after the commencement of hostilities.

Men who pit their lives against everything the Hun has to offer, found these games and athletics which require a nimble brain, muscle and decision just the very thing they required to keep them fit and keen for the bigger game, where homes and hearts and happiness took the place of cups and medals and championships, and where they gambled with lives instead of their money.

It sounds perhaps a little egotistic, but still one must tell the truth, and it was Canada that first realized and put into practice sport as a medium for maintaining and enhancing the fighting efficiency of her soldiers.

Canada has always been a great exponent of sport; a great sub-nation of sportsmen, begot of a great race of fighters and sportsmen, and so the first steps toward the organization of systematic sporting or athletic meets, and the encouragement of athletic games, did not suffer from a dearth of advocates or a lack of interest.

Sports have to-day, with the Canadian Expeditionary Forces, come to be just as an essential factor in training as discipline.

So great a stress and such importance do the higher authorities with the Canadian Army attach to athletics and the promulgation of all games requiring a good allowance of brain and muscle, that at the present time a central committee from London controls and organizes sport throughout the Canadian Training Camps in England. Facilities of every description are provided for games, training in physical competitions, and for the proper-conduction of Sports meets and inter-area games and athletics of a competitive nature.

The result is apparent. There is to-day among the Canadians a spirit of keenness and efficiency, and a brand of individual and standardized worth, that has never been equalled, even with that magnificent little force of 33,000 which first came across as a gift from Canada to the Empire.



MRS. A. C. CRITCHLEY DISTRIBUTING PRIZES AT SCHOOL SPORTS, AUGUST 2nd. (Photo by kind permission of "Canada.")

But aside from the value of sports as a medium for teaching self-reliance, and for the physical upbuilding of soldiers there is the other aspect—the interest which sport infuses into the life of the soldier at the front.

It is this feature which has been so consistently emphasized in the Canadian Training Schools, and particularly at Bexhill, where officers are prepared for service overseas.

The officer is in a position to organize, and his personality alone is very often the only barrier between a dreary and unhappy existence for his men; and the friendly spirit of fellowship, mutual affection and respect which is the great fundamental in the upbuilding of morale.

That the value set upon sports by the higher authorities with the Canadians has extended not only through the training camps of the Dominion and in England, but under Active Service conditions at the Front, is amply illustrated by the impetus which sport received in France during the past summer.

Major-Generals and Brigadiers, and all the kindly old people with grey hair and red hat bands, have been among the most consistent organizers, advocates and devotees. When fighting units have been in rest, baseball and football games, track events and field sports have bulked large on the syllabus, and in France, just as in England, the officer or man who takes an interest in sports, either as an organizer, a participant, or just as a plain enthusiastic "rooter," is more valuable to the Canadian Force, and stands higher in the estimation of his superiors.

Self-reliance, honest sportsmanship, determination and a will to win, the synchronism of brain



and brawn—all of them qualities of the kind of men who are needed just at this time; are bred and are nurtured by clean competitive sport.

Since the inception of the Canadian Training School at Bexhill, the progress and encouragement of sport in all departments has been one of the outstanding features of the routine. The Commandant himself, being a keen sportsman and a firm believer in the necessity of plenty of sports to give a zest and interest to the daily programme of training, has been the foremost advocate and supporter of this department. The organization of good competitive athletics and games that have plenty of "pep" has steadily been perfected until at the present time almost every variety of games and athletics which are feasible under prevailing climatic conditions are to be found in daily use at the Bexhill C.T.S.

With all this, sports are not forced upon the individual, but just the same they count in points for individuals and for the Companies. If an officer is unable to play a game well or to successfully participate in athletics, he generally gets out and gives his comrades, whose prowess in these respects are greater than his own, plenty of support at the track meets and competitions. The result of this has been to build up a very fine spirit within the School, and a very keen competition between the various companies.

## SOCCER.

In the first course a great deal of attention was devoted to "Soccer." A good field for the game was secured at the entrenching area, and plenty of material appeared to be available. As the season progressed and the second course came, baseball dominated the sports more or less, and baseball, too, has been the great feature of the third course, just concluded. Now, however, with the advent of the Autumn weather, the Soccer enthusiasts are beginning once again to dig up the pigskin spheres, and plans for the organization of an inter-Company league are already under way.

## BASEBALL.

Probably because baseball requires such a variety of talents, speed, judgment, accuracy, and quick thinking, is the secret of its popularity with the Canadian Forces. When one plays baseball, there is no time to loaf, and the team which can win well or lose with a good spirit exemplifies the supreme test of sportsmanship. Baseball is a game which is rapidly gaining popularity with English people, who just at first were inclined to look upon it with disfavour because of the noise attached to it. It is a very good test for the coolness of a player if he



SOCCER TEAM, FIRST COURSE.



can emerge unruffled after the blistering sarcasm of experienced "coachers," and never meanwhile make a misplay or an error of judgment.

The attendance at the Bexhill games and the enthusiasm displayed by the fair sex, whose "friends" were taking an active part in the games, has been the best indication of how favourably Britishers regard the pastime.

No. 5 Company and No. 3 Company are at the time of writing tied for the School Championship in Baseball. Only one outside game was played during the course, a picked team from Bexhill playing the Military Hospital nine at Hastings. The "poultice wallahs" were victorious after a hard fought game. The School team consisted of:—Anderson (3), c.; MacCallum (4), 3b; Keeler (3), c.f.; Johnstone (3), 1b; Burland (3), r.f.; Logan (1), 2b; McKellar (4), s.s.; Germain (4), c.f.; McWhinney (5), p. Spares: Brown, McCuaig and Rogers.

### INDOOR BASEBALL.

The pleasant surroundings of Egerton Park may have something to do with the popularity of this game, but whatever the cause the fact remains that the games have been of the best and well supported by the School and the public.

#### FIRST COURSE.

The C.O.'s Conference was held about the middle of April and the first games of Indoor Ball were played at this time. Rumour has it that C.O.'s were so pleased at nearly defeating the Staff nine that they gave the big School Trophy.

#### SECOND COURSE.

An Inter-Platoon schedule was run independently by each Company, winner to be decided by June 16th. This was done, and an Inter-Company schedule was drawn up. Manœuvres and rain interfered with the completion of the schedule. On manœuvres a combined team from 1 and 2 defeated the Staff 13—8.

#### THIRD COURSE.

Several games have been played between Company teams and teams from the Boys' Battalion and Trench Warfare School—with varied results! The Boys' Battalion No. 1 Company team have probably the best battery in the area in Cummings and Britton. They defeated No. 4 Company, C.T.S., by a score of 7—6 in one of the fastest games of the season, which ran into twelve innings before the tie score was broken. Again the Boys' Battalion played No. 1 Company, C.T.S., but this time they had to take the short end of a 9—8 score. Their team:—Parker, Emerie, Cummings, Maxwell, Fisher, Pilgrim, Bregg, Clark, and Britton. On Tuesday, Sept. 1st, the Staff of the C.T.S. defeated the B.B. Staff by a score of 11—10. The fifth innings was a bad one for the C.T.S., when they allowed five runs to get through. They immediately settled down to business and played tight ball for the rest of the game.

Before passing on to other things it is in order to mention the fine umpiring of our husky engineering friend, "Doc" Campbell, who has become a permanent fixture at all our games for some weeks past.

Out of sports clothes he is Capt. J. F. Campbell, M.C., Croix de Guerre.

Tennis has been very popular during the third course at the C.T.S., even more so than in the first two courses at the School. The courts at Egerton Park are as excellent as grass courts can be, and a particularly large number of players competed in the various events. Following are the winners in the various events:—

### CRICKET.

Cricket received considerable impetus during the third course, although in the first and second courses there were a number of games also. Following is the record of games played by the School during the course:—

July 14th. R.G.A., Cooden, v. C.T.S., at St. Wilfrid's School, Little Common Road. This game was won by the C.T.S. XI. by 70 runs—149-79.

C.T.S.: Major Hodson, Cadet Roughton, Capt. Toole, R.S.M. Carpenter, C.S.M. Green, Lieuts. J. Rogers, Beattie, Kilby, Rant, Major Devey, and Capt. McCulloch.

In the return match the R.G.A. turned the tables and won by a score of 235—88.

July 12th. School XI. v. Staff XI.

101.

Lieuts. Beattie, Frank Scaret, Ball. Perkins, Caldwell, Pryde, Kilby and Cummings, Cadets Rangton, Rogers, and Walker.

210.

Major Hodson, Major Devey, Captain McCulloch, Captain Holloway, Capt. Wyndham, Capt. Firmstone, Capt. Dowding, Lt. Rant, R.S.M. Carpenter, C.S.M. Green, Sgts. Walsh and Dennis.

July 26th. At Normandale School grounds.

C.T.S. XI. v. Staff XI.

179.

231.

The School Band played, the P.T. Staff gave a display, and refreshments were provided. It was a successful afternoon.

July 21st. C.T.S. v. V.A.D. Hospital, Cooden. Game won by Hospital XI., 101—99.

Their team: Sergt. Blackmore, Ptes. Butler, Crane, Jones, Williams, Jackson, Boswell, Mason, Hull, Roberts, and Covill.

The fine programme of games and success which attended cricketing during the third course was chiefly due to the efforts of Lieut. Rant and R.S.M. Carpenter, of the School.



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



## TRACK AND FIELD SPORTS.

Though left near the last, this branch of School sports is by no means the least important. Taken as a whole it is the "individual's" game, yet throughout every course the "individual" has not neglected the "team spirit"—his Company's success has always been his aim and pride.

### FIRST COURSE.

We confess it—our School Field Day was an experiment but—a mighty fortunate one. We really discovered the loyalty of our Bexhill friends. Their loyalty has since been twice tested, and each trial has only served to strengthen it. Egerton Park has always been the scene of our Sports Day, and, though rather on the small side from the competitors' standpoint, it is ideal for such occasions.

The first meet drew large crowds, and it was difficult to control them—luckily they were good natured!

No. 2 Company, then a Cadet Company, won the Company Championship with 42 points; No. 1 Company second—26 points; No. 5 third—25 points. Individual Championship won by Cadet Parker, of No. 2 Company, with 13 points; Cadet Kilbone, No. 5 Company, second, 11 points; Lieut. Turner, No. 1, third, 8 points.

### SECOND COURSE.

Following our successful experiment we had the good fortune to have a candidate in No. 1 Company, whose help and advice counted much for the success of athletics in this course. We refer to Capt. Robert Kerr (who made a special trip to be on hand for our Sports on August 22nd) and our sincere appreciations are due to him for his valuable help and advice.

Our next experiment was weekly handicap meets, of which we held five. The first was sufficient to prove their service, and they were instrumental in keeping our athletes in condition throughout the course.

The greatest number of points in the weekly events was won by Lieut. E. Le Messurier, No. 1 Company, 17 points; 2, Lieut. A. E. Williams, No. 1, 16 points; 3, Cadet Campbell, No. 3, 15 points. Half-way through the course, or, to be exact, May 28th, Hastings held an Athletic Meet at the Cricket Ground, to which the School's "best" were invited. They accepted, with the result that they brought back 45 per cent. of the points and prizes.

The big affair was the School Field Day, June 21st. A gate was charged, for the first time, but this did not stop the people, and a bigger crowd than ever assembled for the contest.

Company Results.—No. 1—62; No. 4—23; No. 5—18; No. 2—16; No. 3—7.

Individual Championship.—1, Lieut. F. V. Heakes, No. 1, 14; 2, Sergt. Montambault, No. 6, 10; 3, Sergt. Warde, No. 1, 9.

The School Track Team remained over after the course and went down to Seaford for the Dominion Day Championships, July 2nd. The following results were achieved against a large and "classy" field.

100 yards.—1, Capt. Kerr; 2, Lieut. Warde.

440 yards.—3, Lieut. Palmer.

One Mile.—3, Sergt. Montambault.

Three Miles.—2, Sergt. Montambault.

120 yards Hurdles.—2, Lieut. Heakes.  
Three-legged Race.—1, Cadets Dickson and Partridge.

Sack Race.—3, Lieut. Williams.

Relay Race.—2, C.T.S.

School Track Team: Capt. Kerr, Lieuts. Warde, Davis, Heakes, Palmer, Hancock, Cadet Partridge, C.S.M. Hackett, and Sergt. Montambault.

### THIRD COURSE.

In planning the Track and Field Work for this course it was intended that we should carry on the weekly handicaps, and four weekly meets were arranged. The first of these was run on July 25th, and was a success. Just at this time word came through that the Canadian Championships, which were to have been held on July 2nd and were postponed till September, would be held on August 11th. Immediately all our energies were concentrated on our team for this illustrious occasion, and our local events were cancelled in consequence. However, we chronicle the result of our one and only Handicap Meet.

100 yards.—1, Lieut. Rogers, No. 1 Company, scratch; 2, Lieut. Johnstone, No. 3 Company, 3 yds.; 3, Lieut. A. W. Rogers, No. 2 Company, 4½ yds. Time, 10 2/5 secs.

Standing Broad Jump.—1, Lieut. Cains, No. 3 Company, 12ft.; 2, Lieut. Johnstone, No. 3 Company, 7ft.; 3, Lieut. Rogers, No. 1 Company, scratch. Distance 9ft. 8ins.

Shot Put (16lb.).—1, Lieut. Anderson, No. 3 Company, 3ft.; 2, Lieut. Johnstone, No. 3 Company, 1ft.; 3, Lieut. Cains, No. 3 Company, 3½ft. Distance, 34ft. 1½ins.



No. 2 COMPANY RELAY TEAM.

## CANADIAN CHAMPIONSHIPS, AUGUST 11th.

This was a meet of sufficient importance to deserve pages, but space is limited. Suffice it to say that the C.T.S. team competed against the best men in Canadian Camps in England and covered themselves with glory—not the glory of easy victory, but of a long day's struggle and good sportsmanship. The School finished the day in fourth place, defeating Shoreham, London and Hastings.



The team: Lieuts. Armstrong, Day, Rogers, Logan, Shaw, Cains, Johnstone, Brownlee, Reid, A. W. Rogers, Baker, Cadets Armbrister, Chapman, Craddock, Dale, Drown, Johnstone, Knight, MacFayden, McKay, Nash, Howley, Macdonald, Pearce, Wright, Beaver, and C.S.M. Hackett.

OUR PLACINGS.

Running Broad Jump.—1, Lieut. J. H. Rogers, gold medal.

100 yards Dash.—3, Lieut. W. O. Reid, bronze medal.

Shot Put.—3, Lieut. M. McKay, bronze medal.

One Mile Relay.—2, Lieuts. W. E. Baker, W. O. Reid, A. W. Rogers, and C.S.M. Hackett, silver medals.

These medals are now in the possession of the winners (with the exception of the Relay medals, which at time of writing have not been sent), and are unique and worth the winning.

STAMFORD BRIDGE, AUGUST 25th.

Half-Mile Novice Relay.—Won by C.T.S. Lieuts. Baker, Reid, Rogers and Brownlee.

Miniature Range Competition—Second Course.—No. 3: Cadets Quelch, 56; Goodall, 59; Bankart, 57; Choate, 53; George, 58; Collective Team Practice, 86. Total, 369. No. 5: Cadets Lobson, 58; Tunstall, 54; Newcombe, 54; Grant, 60; Stevenson, 53; Team Practice, 87. Total, 368.

Best all-round shots: Cadet Leake and Cadet Babcock.

THE SCHOOL SPORTS.  
GALA DAY IN EGERTON PARK.

The deity which presides over the weather dished up his very best brand of sunny day and cool sea breeze for the Third Course Sports, C.T.S., held at Egerton Park on August 22nd.

The big lawns where Ceremonial Parade is usually held formed the field whereon the athletes disported themselves. Around this the civilian population and the "bleachers" gathered in vast swarms, being restrained from encroaching on the field by rope barriers, which were guarded very swankily by the P.T. instructors. The whole place was ablaze with colour, and sparkling with animation, for the organization of the sports was such that nothing dragged, the events going off in rapid succession with a swing that added to the spectacular achievements of the majority of the competitions.

The bleachers were seated, by companies, back of the barriers at various chosen positions about the field. The colours for the day were as follows:—No. 1 Company, Blue; No. 2 Company, Green; No. 3 Company, Red; No. 4 Company, Purple; No. 5 Company, Orange. On the whole it was decided that, although they did not make the most points, No. 5 Company made the most noise, a fact, however, which was not recognized in the prize awards.

Perhaps the most outstanding feature of the day was the happy holiday spirit manifest in every section of the crowd, and the keenness and good sports-

manship of the athletes themselves. Not a single dispute or unpleasant incident marred the day, except that it is learned that there were several-violent arguments among the mothers of Bexhill who entered their little kiddies in the races for children provided by the Committee in charge of the sports. Whether this is authentic or not, however, cannot be definitely stated.

Capt. Bobby Kerr, the famous Canadian sprinter, who had only recently completed a course in Bexhill, came down from Witley for the occasion, and officiated as starter with Lieut. H. T. I. Lee.

The obstacle race was productive of a good deal of merriment. In this event were entered a number of lads from the "Under-age battalion." There are some fine athletes among these lads, two of them winning the first and second places, and although the race is considered a freak one, it provides a very severe test of endurance.

Following the conclusion of the field and track events, the winners had the pleasure of receiving their prizes from the hands of Mrs. A. C. Critchley, who conducted the presentation rites with a graciousness that lent a very charming touch to the affair.

Following are the results in the various events:—

100 yards Dash.—1st heat: 1, Lieut. W. O. Reid; 2, Lieut. J. W. Leighton. Time, 10 4/5 secs. 2nd heat: 1, Lieut. G. S. Johnstone; 2, Lieut. O. B. Brown. Time, 11 secs. 3rd heat: Dead heat, Lieut. A. Brownlee and Lieut. J. H. Rogers. Time, 11 secs. Final: 1, Lieut. J. H. Rogers; 2, Lieut. W. O. Reid; 3, Lieut. A. Brownlee. Time, 10 2/5th secs.

Shot Put (16lbs.).—1, Cadet M. McKay; 2, Lieut. G. S. Johnstone; 3, Lieut. D. Logan. Distance, 33ft. 8 3/4ins.

Hop, Step and Leap.—1, Lieut. J. H. Rogers; 2, Lieut. A. Brownlee; 3, Lieut. O. B. Brown. Distance, 40ft. 4ins.

Three Mile Road Race (100 yards over).—1, Cadet F. A. MacFadyen; 2, Cadet T. Dale; 3, Lieut. R. D. Matheson; 4, Cadet J. A. McLearn; 5, Lieut. C. J. Perkins; 6, Cadet T. J. Meredith; 7, Cadet G. Dymond. Time, 30 mins. 34 secs.

Running High Jump.—1, Cadet R. E. Shields; 2, Lieut. D. Gibson and Cadet C. E. Armbrister (tied). Height, 5ft. 1in.

220 yards Dash.—1st heat: 1, Lieut. G. S. Johnstone; 2, Lieut. O. B. Brown. Time, 25 secs. 2nd heat: 1, Cadet C. E. Armbrister; 2, Cadet C. E. Shields. Time, 25 4/5th secs. 3rd heat: 1, Lieut. W. O. Reid. Time, 34 secs. Final: 1, Lieut. W. O. Reid; 2, Lieut. G. S. Johnstone; 3, Lieut. O. B. Brown. Time, 25 secs.

880 yards Race.—1, Lieut. V. W. Armstrong; 2, Cadet F. Craddock; 3, Lieut. J. L. Cains. Time, 2 mins. 52 4/5th secs.

Sack Race.—1, Lieut. P. K. McKissock; 2, Cadet J. Winters; 3, Lieut. R. E. Brooks.

Running Broad Jump.—1, Lieut. J. H. Rogers; 2, Lieut. A. Brownlee; 3, Lieut. D. Gibson. Distance, 19ft. 11 1/2ins.

One Mile Walk.—1, Cadet F. J. Howley; 2, Lieut. H. R. Day; 3, Cadet W. C. Pearce. Time, 8 mins. 23 secs.

120 yards Hurdles.—1st heat: 1, Lieut. J. H. Rogers; 2, Lieut. A. Brownlee. Time, 16 secs. 2nd heat: 1, Lieut. D. Gibson; 2, Cadet F. S. Douglas. Time, 19 secs. 3rd heat: 1, Cadet R. E. Shields; 2, Lieut. W. O. Reid. Time, 18 secs. Final: 1, Lieut. J. H. Rogers; 2, Lieut. A. Brownlee; 3, Cadet R. E. Shields. Time, 15 4/5th secs.

440 yards Race.—1, Lieut. W. O. Reid; 2, Lieut. A. W. Rogers; 3, Lieut. J. L. Cains. Time, 56 4/5th secs.

One Mile Race.—1, Cadet F. Craddock; 2, Lieut. V. W. Armstrong; 3, Cadet A. McDonald. Time, 5 mins. 2/5th secs.

Relay Race—Inter-Company team of four men (two men run 220 yards and two men 440 yards).—1, No. 2 Company: Lieuts. W. O. Reid, A. W. Rogers, A. Brownlee and O. B. Brown; 2, No. 1 Company: Lieuts. H. R. McCuaig, J. W. Leighton, D. Gibson and J. H. Rogers; 3, No. 5 Company: Cadets C. E. Armbrister, F. Craddock, J. Knight and F. A. McFadyen.

Obstacle Race.—1st race: 1, Pte. M. F. Bregg; 2, Pte. J. Gargin; 3, Cadet A. Merrill. 2nd race: 1, Lieut. H. Winters; 2, Pte. J. Christian; 3, Lieut. R. E. Brooks.

(Continued on Page 60.)



## YE OLD TRENCH CLUB.

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

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

BAX.



## THE C.T.S. CUP.

In April of this year, the Commanding Officers of the various Reserve Battalions and Brigades of the Canadian troops in England assembled in Bexhill for a conference. After inspecting the various activities of the C.T.S. they were so impressed with the vitality and thoroughness shown by the staff and students that they subscribed a handsome sum for a cup. On this cup were to be engraved the names of the three leading officers or cadets of each course. During the duration of the war the cup is to be retained in England; after the war it will be deposited in the archives at Ottawa.

The system of choosing the successful candidates is as follows: Each platoon elects its own representative, and these representatives undergo careful observation on and off parade by the staff. Sports, word of command, appearance, efficiency, all count in the final award.

In addition to this cup for the best all-round individual, two others are presented each course. One for the best all-round Company and the other for the best all-round athlete.

The successful winners of the individual cup to date are as follows:—

### FIRST COURSE.

Cadet W. E. Baker, 2nd C.M.R.  
Lieut. C. H. Turner, 119th Battalion.  
Cadet T. I. Gibson, P.P.C.L.I.

### SECOND COURSE.

Lieut. H. J. Daubney, M.C., 5th C.M.R.  
Cadet E. L. Doidge, 6th Field Company, C.E.  
Lieut. S. W. Davis, 204th Battalion.

### THIRD COURSE.

Lieut. Strathy, 8th C.M.R.  
Cadet G. H. Macarie, 24th V.R.C.  
Lieut. Rogers, 216th Battalion.

---

## P.T.

The warm blankets.  
The dreaming about leave.  
The Reveille.  
The badly-blown bugle.  
The opening sticky eyes.  
The bird-cage mouth.  
The "how long" feeling.  
The thirsty feeling.  
The doze.  
The raucous bugle bungling at Quarter dress.  
The warm blankets.  
The cold floor.  
The grabbing for things.  
The sticky shirt.  
The undesirable trousers.  
The shrunken sock.  
The hungry feeling.  
The deciding to wash.  
The crowd at the tap.  
The deciding not to wash.  
The yawn.  
The dizzy feeling.  
The hungry feeling.



The coffee.  
 The deciding to have some.  
 The first horrible mouthful.  
 The deciding not to have any more.  
 The hungry feeling.  
 The getting out on the sidewalk.  
 The Fall-in.  
 The shivery feeling.  
 The sideways glance at the sick parade.  
 The envy.  
 The in-two-ranks-fall-in.  
 The stagger.  
 The jostle.  
 The elbow in the ribs.  
 The act of self-defence.  
 The "cut-out-that-fooling!"  
 The cold eye.  
 The white jersey.  
 The blue trousers.  
 The hate.  
 The "double-march!"  
 The effort.  
 The falling-arches.  
 The adamant roadway.  
 The creaking muscles.  
 The white jersey.  
 The blue trousers.  
 The horns and tail.  
 The red-hot pitchfork.  
 The loathing.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 The age-long thirty minutes.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 The straining ear.  
 The inspiring bugle blowing "Dismiss."  
 The sweet full notes.  
 The heavenly cadence.  
 The perfect rhythm.  
 The longing to embrace buglers.  
 The "Re-form ranks!"  
 The snap.  
 The verve.  
 The éclat and élan.  
 The turning towards home.  
 The "Quick march."  
 The hundred miles.  
 The halt.  
 The cutting away the hand.  
 The "Not good enough!"  
 The "Try it again."  
 The despair.  
 The hungry feeling.  
 The thoughts of breakfast  
 The hope.  
 The doing it over again.  
 The hope.  
 The "heels raise and lower."  
 The mingled despair and hope.  
 The "arms swinging upwards."  
 The no hope.  
 The absolute despair.  
 The 7.05 feeling.  
 The inward curse.  
 The "Class, dismiss!"

## MON SERGENT

(With apologies to F. E. Weatherley)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

By "Depeche-toi Guillaume."





## “ALICE” IN HUNGERLAND.

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

### PERSONAL, ETC.

**CLASSY.** When you have touched that fence, darlings, come back—and be forgiven.

AROUND-ME-NIP.

**TO PASS TIME PLEASANTLY,** officer’s wife desires (unpaid) **COMPANION** to help look after children when husband is in France. Must be cheerful, vivante, and, above all things, broad-minded.

**LOST,** by Nos. 1—4 Coys. (inclus.), a Silver Cup. Finder please fill and return.—P.D.Q.

**FOUND,** a lost **VOICE.** Enormous compass. Unintelligible, but sound.—Apply “WOW,” Drill Instructor.

**OFFICER,** refined, gentlemanly Lieutenant, very lonely, desires to meet *affinity.* Could be at cross-roads or railway arch any evening. No dogs or children.

**FOR SALE,** Officer’s complete kit, suitable young gentleman. Owner detained at C.T.S. for **DURATION** and adopting web equipment and fatigue dress. Sacrifice. Chest 44. Waist 18. Not yet Bust.

**TO LET,** Commodious Quarters in well-known hotel; never more than seven to a room; no light or hot water. Attendance nil. Extras special.

**SUCCESSOR WANTED.**—Good opening for really new joke. Going out of business.—Apply “NEXT, ANDERSON.”

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

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

“But, sir, you’re wearing—,” began Alice, un-diplomatically.

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

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

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

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

“You’re in for the second sitting,” explained the Mess President. Alice decided that he didn’t like

### THE SCHOOL SPORTS IN EGERTON PARK.

(Continued from Page 57.)

**Band Race.**—1, Lee-Corpl. Hive; 2, Pte. Ridgeway; 3, Sergt. Ritchie.

**Tug-of-war.**—1st pull, No. 1 Company defeated No. 5 Company; 2nd pull, No. 2 Company defeated No. 4 Company; 3rd pull, No. 1 Company defeated No. 3 Company. Final pull, No. 2 Company defeated No. 1 Company.

In the exhibition pull No. 6 Company (Sergeant-Instructors’ Company) defeated No. 2 Company in best two out of three pulls.

**Three-legged Wheelbarrow Race.**—1, Cadets S. L. Honey, D.C.M., M.M., J. Williams, J. Fraser and F. Wickham; 2, Cadets W. C. Pearce, C.M., R. A. Adams, D. Wright and A. Bower; 3, Lieuts. D. P. Kirby, K. T. Blackman, A. Anderson and G. E. Johnstone.

The officials were:—Referee, Lieut.-Col. A. C. Critchley, D.S.O.; Chief Judge, Major F. C. Rush; Judges, Field events: Major C. W. Devey, Capt. J. F. Campbell, M.C.,

Capt. A. R. Gibson, and Capt. G. E. Chaffey, M.C.; Track events: Major F. H. M. Codville, M.C., Major K. L. Patton, M.C., Major V. Hodson, Major W. Macaw, M.C., and Capt. L. Scott, D.C.M. Clerks of course: Capt. J. B. Patchell, Lieut. B. W. Newsam, Lieut. F. G. Lauzanne, Capt. E. B. Henderson, Capt. W. R. McGee, M.C., and Lieut. W. E. Baker. Starters: Capt. R. Kerr and Lieut. H. T. I. Lee. Timekeepers: Capt. C. B. Cowley and Lieut. H. J. Daubney, M.C. Scorers: Capt. K. L. McQuaig, Capt. C. S. B. White, Cadet J. A. P. Haydon and C.S.M. Le Capelain. Announcer: R.S.M. Instructor J. Carpenter.

The School Sports Committee is as follows:—Hon. President, Lieut.-Col. A. C. Critchley, D.S.O.; Secretary and Treasurer, Lieut. H. T. I. Lee; Chairman, Lieut. N. W. Rant; Official Scorer, Cadet J. A. P. Haydon; Company Representatives: No. 1 Company, Lieut. H. J. Daubney, M.C., and Lieut. J. H. Rogers; No. 2 Company, Lieut. B. W. Newsam and Lieut. W. O. Reid; No. 3 Company, Lieut. N. W. Rant and Lieut. G. S. Johnstone; No. 4 Company, Lieut. W. E. Baker and Cadet E. C. McCallum; No. 5 Company, Capt. W. R. McGee, M.C., and Cadet R. S. Lanaway; Staff, Capt. L. Kirk Greene and R.S.M. Instructor J. Carpenter.



the initials of that official's title. They reminded him too much of his first and only effort to return from Hastings by train.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Nothing," Alice was forced to admit.

"What do you know about Music?"

"Nothing."

"What do you know about Farming?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Would you like a drink?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

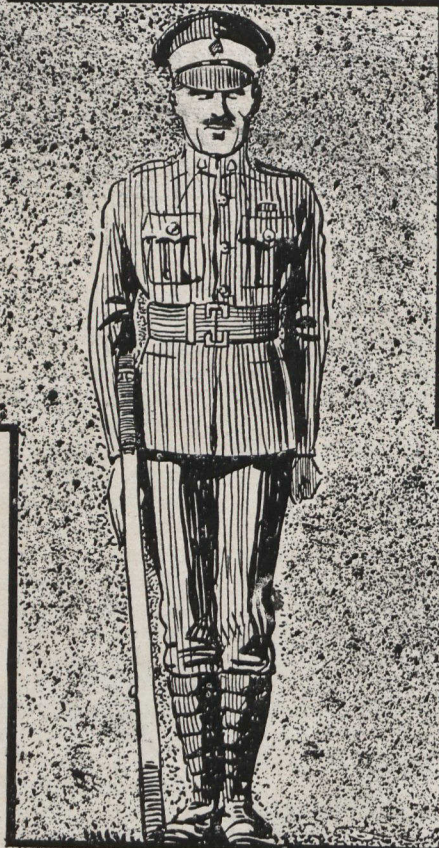




Came

Tried

Succeeded



The  
Modern version of  
Veni - Vidi - Vici  
at the C.T.S.





**LEWIS MOSES, Ltd.,**

OF

67, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C. 1.

AND

111, SANDGATE ROAD, FOLKESTONE,

Have Opened a Branch at

33, SACKVILLE ROAD,

BEXHILL-ON-SEA - -

For the Benefit of their numerous  
Customers who are attending the

OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL AT BEXHILL,

where they can obtain any uniform  
or accoutrements that they may  
require, on the same terms as they  
have hitherto done at our London  
- - and Folkestone Branch. - -

WE HOLD HERE A LARGE STOCK OF UNIFORMS,  
ACCOUTREMENTS AND TRENCH COATS, ETC.

Branch Manager—Mr. W. STONER.



Write to the JUNIOR Army and Navy Stores for any information you may require concerning Equipment and Outfits. The heads of our various Departments will attend to your needs personally.

The following Items are a guide to satisfaction.

**OFFICERS' BRITISH WARM COAT.**

Lined Camel Fleece, very Light and Warm.  
 Sizes 36 in. to 44 in. chest. Obtainable in any length.  
 OUR SPECIAL VALUE ... .. **55/-**  
 Other Qualities 65/0, 84/0, 105/0, 118/6.

**REGULATION FIELD BOOT** in Waterproof Greased Calf, for Hard Ware. Bark Tanned Sole **110/-**

**SPRING LEGGINGS** in best quality Tan Hide. Whole Block. Fit Guaranteed. From ... **26/6**

**"THE LONGLYFE"** Portable Electric Lamp, specially designed for Army and Navy Officers. In new and improved Leather Case. with adjustable shade. **18/6.** Spare Battery **4/-**

**KHAKI OILSKIN MOTOR COAT,** with Belt round Waist, Wrist Straps and Collar Tab. Special Value ... **25/6**

**The Improved "YORK HOUSE" TRENCH COAT,** specially made to meet the requirements of CADETS ... .. **4 gns.**  
 Lined Detachable Fleece **5 gns.**

**REGULATION MARCHING BOOT** in Tan Chrome Calf Handmade throughout. Absolutely waterproof. Bark Tanned or Dri-Ped Sole. From **52/6** to **57/6**

**PUTTY LEGGINGS** of Real Pigskin. Whole Block. Fit Guaranteed. From ... **35/-**

**THE "KHAKI"** Portable Lamp. burns for 50 HOURS continuously, specially designed for Active Service, leather case with sling. ... .. **22/6**

**LONG KHAKI OILSKIN COATS,** **39/6**  
 Oils:lk Coats, Brown Shades, single texture ... **29/6**  
 double texture ... **42/-**

**UNIFORMS AND ACCOUTREMENTS.**

Field Service Uniforms ready for immediate wear, or made to order in 24 hours by the Stores' Expert Military Tailors. Accuracy of details assured.

**FURNITURE For OFFICERS' MESS.**

The Stores' have great experience in Furnishing for Officers, a representative will gladly wait upon Mess Presidents in any part of Great Britain to take instructions or give estimates.

Write for our "Officers Outfit Booklet," gladly sent Post Free.

**JUNIOR** *The First Service Stores WITHOUT TICKETS*  
**ARMY & NAVY STORES**  
 LIMITED

**15, REGENT STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.**  
**NEAREST STATION, PICCADILLY CIRCUS.**

And at Aidershot, Dublin, Malta and Gibraltar.

**Local Agent—Mr. McNEIL, 21, Sackville Road.**



# Officers' Military Equipment.

The JUNIOR Army and Navy Stores invite Canadian Cadets and others who have obtained Commissions, to avail themselves of our world-wide experience in all matters of equipment.

**The 'Restwell' Kapok Valise**  
with Sleeping Bag Lining.  
**60/-**

**The 'Eversley' Sleeping Valise**  
(made from Best Yarn Flax Canvas)  
**£3 17s. 6d.**

**The 'Wolseley' Sleeping Valise**  
(in Brown Proof Canvas),  
**60/-**

**'Service' Haversack,**  
**14/6**  
LARGE SIZE,  
**17/6**

**THE "1917" CAMP KIT.**  
Consisting of Sleeping Valise, W O. Camp Bed, Bath and Washstand, Chair, Pillow and Bucket.  
**£7 10s. 0d.**

**Aluminium Water Bottle,**  
**10/6.**  
**Nickel ditto,**  
**21/-**

**The 'Morris' Fleece Sleeping Bag**  
(made in 3 folds of Camel Fleece).  
**42/6, 47/6, 62/6, 77/6, 84/-**

**The 'Service' Kapok Sleeping Bag**  
2 Fold **35/- and 40/-**  
3 Fold **45/-**

Steel Uniform Cases, 30x15x11 .....	37/6
Steel Uniform Cases, 43x15x16 .....	47/6
Mills' Web Equipment .....	42/6
Aluminium Mess Tin (fitted) .....	15/-
Holdall, fitted with cutlery .....	4/6
Ditto, fitted cutlery and toilet articles .....	10/6
Camp Lantern .....	5/-
Plated Mirrors .....	5/-
Air Pillows .....	5/6, 8/6
Canvas Sack Bags .....	9/6, 11/6, 16/6
Sling for Haversack .....	2/6
Metal Flasks .....	3/9, 4/9, 7/6
Plated ditto .....	15/6, 17/6
Thermos Flasks .....	10/-, 11/-, 12/-
Leather Cases for same .....	10/6, 12/6

Rubber Baths .....	16/6, 17/6, 18/6
Camp Chair .....	8/6
Camp Table .....	13/6
Rhookher Chair .....	25/6
Canvas Bath in Case .....	11/6
Life-Saving Vests .....	15/-, 25/-, 50/-
Steel Body Armour .....	52/6, 70/-, 80/-
Officers' Nickel Spurs .....	12/6, 15/6
Officers' Canes .....	From 2/6
Kapok Mattress .....	2ft. 15/6, 2ft. 4in. 17/6
Hair Mattress for Camp Bed .....	21/-
Primus Stoves .....	21/6, 24/6, 27/6
Camp Beds .....	24/6
Mosquito Curtains .....	18/6, 22/6
The Service Kit Bag .....	39/6

**JUNIOR** *The First Service Stores WITHOUT TICKETS*  
**ARMY & NAVY STORES**  
LIMITED

15, REGENT STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.



Telephone 125.

# C. JEFFERIES,

22 & 22a, St. Leonards Road, Bexhill-on-Sea,

## Military Tailor and Outfitter.

All Uniforms Cut and Made by Experienced Workmen.

COMPLETE OUTFITS FOR OFFICERS AND CADETS SUPPLIED.

Depot for Dr. Jaeger's Specialities, a'so Aertex Cellular Goods.

**YOUR PATRONAGE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED AND APPRECIATED.**

# WHITE ROCK BATHS, HASTINGS.

TURKISH BATHS,

PRIVATE BATHS (Fresh or Sea Water),

SWIMMING BATHS  
(Largest in England) 180 feet long.

Tel: 549.

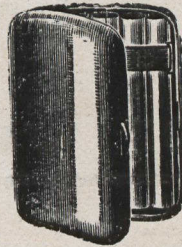


**GENTLEMEN.**—The name you are invited to make a Special Note of is  
**J. W. COLLBRAN.**

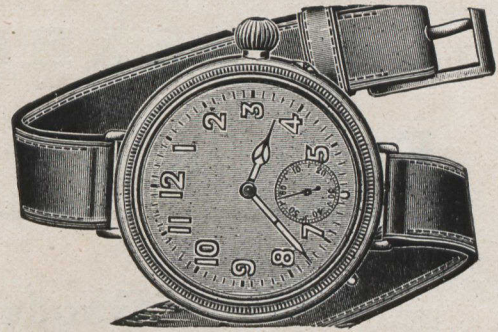
He runs a **WATCH AND JEWELLERY STORE**  
**At 54, ST. LEONARDS RD.** (Just near St. Barnabas Church, where you have  
Church Parade).  
He carries the **Largest Stock of Watches & Jewellery in Bexhill**



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



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



Luminous Dial Military Wrist Watches in Nickel  
Cases, from 10s. 6d. Solid Silver, from 30s.  
Hundreds to Select from.

**A Visit of Inspection Solicited.**

**WATCHES REPAIRED on the Premises.**

**Tel. 416.**

**BADGES MOUNTED AS BROOCHES.**

## **LAMDINS**

**7, Devonshire Road, Bexhill-on-Sea**  
**MILITARY BOOTMAKERS.**

**Agents for LOTUS Field Boots. Price, £4 10s.**

**Grand Selection of Marching Boots,**  
**Legging - Puttees, Spurs,**  
**Mars Oil, Ki-Wi, Nutta and Nuggett Polishes in**  
**Stock.**

**REPAIRS A SPECIALITY.**



# WARD & CO.,

25, St. Leonards Road,  
BEXHILL-ON-SEA.

Everything for Gent's Wear.

Khaki Goods of all Descriptions.

Good Value.

Reasonable Prices.

# F. KING & CO.

32,  
St. Leonards Road,

Military Equipment.

Tennis Racquets and Balls.

Cricket Goods.

TRUNKS — BAGS — VALISES  
HAVERSACKS.

MILITARY BOOKS.

MATHEMATICAL  
INSTRUMENTS.

HIGH-CLASS  
STATIONERY.

Gift Books in  
great variety  
from 6d.  
to  
21/-

Fountain  
Pens—

SWAN,  
ONOTO,  
WATERMAN,  
WHYTWARTH,  
Etc.

Large selections always  
in Stock.

AGENTS FOR  
GOSS CHINA.

VALE'S LIBRARY, 43, DEVONSHIRE ROAD



# T. DAVIS,

## Saddler, Portmanteau Maker & Sports' Outfitter

Sam Browne Belts, Wolseley Valises in various qualities, Kit Bags, Haversacks, Map Cases, Water Bottles, Walking Sticks, Loaded Crops and Life Preservers, Large Selection of Officers' Best Leather Leggings in stock, all classes of Fancy Leather Goods, Tennis, Football and Cricket Goods.

We can supply any article an Officer wants in which Leather forms part.

Ask to see my Hand Sewn and to measure Sam Browne before ordering elsewhere.

**Practical Maker and Repairer.**

## 42, Devonshire Rd., Bexhill-on-Sea

Telephone 426.

## MARINA MODEL DAIRY

(Opposite  
Metropole Hotel)

Telephone: 322 Bexhill.

FOR

LIGHT LUNCHEONS

TEAS

REFRESHMENTS

and CREAM ICES

Pure New Milk & New Laid Eggs  
direct from Local Farms Daily.

FOR

TAXI & TOURING

CARS

RING UP . . .

322 BEXHILL

Garage: Opposite Metropole Hotel



**LYE,**

**42, ST. LEONARDS ROAD,  
BEXHILL,**

**Military Tailor**

SOLE LOCAL AGENT for the

CELEBRATED

AQUASCUTUM

FIELD AND TRENCH COATS

ALSO

**KAPOK VALISE,**

WATERPROOF - LIGHT - VERMIN PROOF.