

Apr. 1919

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and the Editor strongly advises
his readers, when undecided
"where to buy," to let this
magazine settle the question for
them.

CHEVRONS

To

STARS

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE

Canadian Training School

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

Editorial Department :
Captain B. C. QUINAN.
Cadet N. DUNCAN.



VOLUME I. No. 1.

APRIL, 1917.

PRICE: SIXPENCE.

When handing over command of the Canadian Corps School in France to come to England to take command of the Canadian Training School, I discussed with Lieut.-Col. A. D. Cameron, M.C., the present Commandant of the School, how we might best keep the two schools in touch with one another.

It was agreed that one of the best ways was for each school to have its magazine, which would keep a record of the doings of the two establishments during their courses, and then to exchange magazines.

Those were the objects with which this magazine was started; first of all to keep a complete record of all that happened at the School; secondly, to let our partner in France know what we are doing and how we do it.

It is hoped that later, this co-ordination and close touch may be extended, so that it will be possible to exchange Instructors, thus ensuring that all instruction at this School would be kept up-to-date, and at the same time binding the two schools together.

It is proposed also, to keep in touch with all officers and Cadets who go through the School, by the medium of the magazine, and although we can do a certain amount here, to keep in touch with our past students, it is from the students themselves that that most of the information as regards their doings, travels, etc., must come.

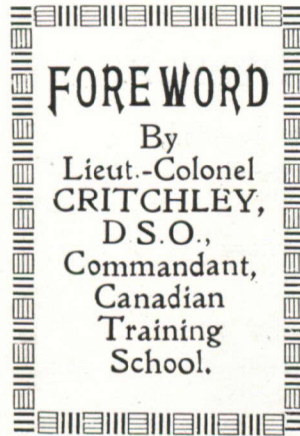
Therefore, it is hoped that every officer and cadet passing through this School, will keep in touch by writing, from time to time, and telling us all through the agency of "Chevrons To Stars," what the fortunes of war have had in store for him. In the event of him receiving promotion, winning a decoration, or anything of that nature, he should let us know, so that through the magazine, the news may be transmitted to friends, with whom, otherwise, he may have got out of touch.

It is, unfortunately, only too easy, especially in these troublous times, to lose sight of friends, and in the army it is particularly hard to keep track of all those who have, for a time, been numbered among our friends. This magazine provides an easy way of getting again into communication with them.

"Chevrons to Stars" will be published twice or three times during each course, and if any Cadet desires to ensure having a copy forwarded to him after every issue, he has only to make the necessary arrangements with the Editor,

FOREWORD

By
Lieut.-Colonel
CRITCHLEY,
D.S.O.,
Commandant,
Canadian
Training
School.



INHERITANCE.

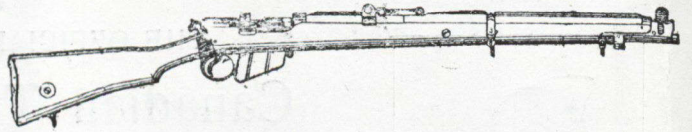
Ye who have come from the Homeland,
 Yearning to do and dare
 Deeds that have made your kin famous,
 Now is your chance to prepare.
 A glorious prospect's before you,
 Chances of fame and renown,
 Remember the men who will trust you,
 Take care that you don't let them down.
 There are crosses from Wipers to Albert,
 Where our heroes are laid to their rest;
 There is only one way to repay them,
 And that is to give them your best.
 "Mens Sana in Corpore Sano,"
 This ever your motto must be,
 And strive for the seats on the branches
 That grow near the top of the tree.

O. A. C.

CONSOLE THYSELF.

When you've journeyed up to London,
 And you've journeyed back again,
 And your pocket-book is minus
 Between fifteen quid and ten,
 And you've nothing but a memory
 Of the happy days you spent;
 Of the things you told the ladies
 (That you never really meant).
 With a weary month before you,
 Forty miles from Leicester Square,
 And you thinking of the lady
 Who is waiting for you there.
 When your mind is turning ever
 To a lamb chop with green peas,
 And you feel like bloody murder
 When they hand you jam and cheese.
 Stop and ponder, Oh my brother,
 Think you, and consider well,
 Ask yourself this simple question,
 "Do they have Squad Drill in Hell?
 Do those poor damned souls down yonder
 Have to go to bed at ten?
 Does Reveille sound at daybreak?
 Are they *very* sleepy then?"
 Ask yourself these things, my brother,
 And consider each one well.
 Just how bad you feel, my brother,
 Only God—and you—can tell.
 Choose the lesser of two evils,
 Choose the way that you should go.
 A month is only thirty days,
 Though they *do* go pretty slow.
 Do your bit as though you liked it,
 Do it well, and with a will,
 And a month hence, up in London,
 Someone will be waiting still.

ALONG THE SIGHTS.



In presenting the first number of the Canadian Training School Magazine to the curious and critical eyes of the world, we do so without any misgiving as to the triumph which it will secure. Emanating, as it does, from the best school, of the best fighting men, of the best Corps, it is but natural that it should be finally called the best magazine of its kind.

However, the Editorial Staff were seriously handicapped in producing the first number owing to that extraordinary quality which is to be found in all fighting men—shyness, which appears to have a veritable Gibraltar in the students attending the present course. Being a school Magazine, it should be packed from cover to cover with the journalistic efforts of those imbibing knowledge at the School. Therefore, it is hoped that the students, one and all, while at the School, and even after leaving it, will forward to the office samples of their work.

It is the desire of the Editor to make this Magazine a miniature fount of knowledge, so that students may, within its pages, read of military matters, which will doubtless give them great assistance in their soldiering.

The first course of the Canadian Training School has been a magnificent triumph. Commencing with the move from Crowborough, an unqualified success for the C.A.S.C., for rapidity and thoroughness, to the occasion of the General Officer Commanding's visit on the 5th inst., a day which will live long in the memories of those privileged to be at the School at the time, to the extraordinary success of the Pierrot Troupe, on April 7th, and culminating, up to the time of writing, in the Conference of the Reserve Brigade and Battalion Commanders which was held at the School, and the final presentation, by Lieut. Col. Gunn, of a sum of money for the purchase of a trophy, for the use of the school.

Starting in such a manner, it is but natural for one and all to strive for many more such triumphs, and, if possible, greater.

Therefore, instil into yourselves that great asset, "Esprit de L'ecole."

Turn now over to the matter which we place before you, and, if satisfied with the efforts, remember that it is one of the hardest things in life to lose friends. The Canadian Training School has been more than a friend to you, and when you leave and scatter to the four Divisions of the Canadian Corps, let this Magazine, by means of a subscription paid in advance, be the connecting link between yourselves and your military Alma Mater.

BOOK OF (REGIMENTAL) NUMBERS.

By Captain L. O. Day.

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.

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 Quartermaster 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.

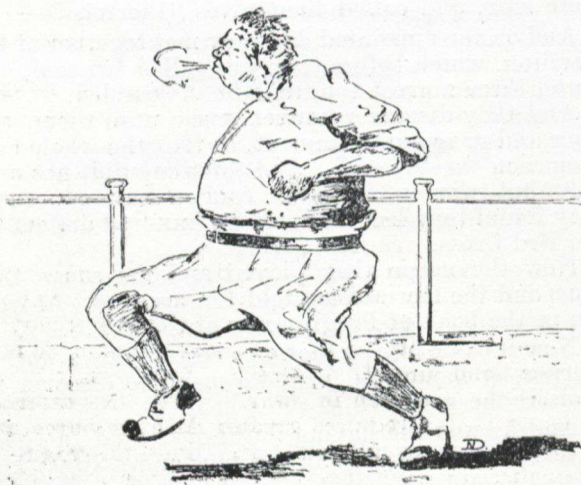
And in the fulness of time, there came to Bexhill from many lands Colonels and Lieutenant Colonels, Majors and Brigadiers, Commanding Officers, P.T. and B.F. Directors, and Musketry Staff Officers, whose heads were girt with helmets of divers colours.

(continued Column 2 next page).

"JERKS."

"Come on, fall in!"
 His voice is rough; to say the least, it is unkind; it is indeed, rather rude. We swallow the remains of our boiling coffee in painful gulps, interspersed with sundry indrawings of breath between the teeth and hang our steaming tongues out into the cool morning air. What matter if it is six forty-five ack emma (a most ungodly hour); what if there is a mixture of snow and rain in the forty mile breeze; what matter if we are bald-headed or otherwise? Hatless, and with smiling (?) face, we sally forth to partake of our "Jerks".

"Ryeee TU., Dubbull M'CH." It is our persecutor the man in the white jersey. We do it. The long file swings down the street at the double, with sundry coughings, gruntings and exclamations of an uncomplimentary nature directed at the rain, the wind,



7 am. 'JERKS.

Canadian Training School

the world in general. We walk, we run, we jump the railings, twist turn and contort our limbs and bodies into all sorts of shapes; anything to please HIM, anything to satiate the peculiar desires of our instructor; anything!

He directs sarcastic remarks to us in general and in particular, he refers to our doubtful actions of the previous evening; he goes back into our ancestry. He informs us that we are, without doubt, the most humorous efforts of a freakish Nature. We sink into ignominy before him.

Down we go on our hands on the rough, wet, unsympathetic pavement. Presently we sit on it. Then we lie down flat on it, and observe our toes erected into the air above us. We balance ourselves precariously on one foot, wave arms frantically about us, rush wildly up and down. What would mother think if she could see it ????

But presently the blood begins to tingle through our veins. The last remaining heaviness of sleep is swept away, and, to our utter and complete surprise, we discover that we are beginning to ENJOY it!! fling ourselves into the various exercises, with

all our energy, in the sheer joy of living; the tightening and relaxing of our muscles is a pleasure; the keen sea breeze is like wine.

It always has been a mystery—this sudden reversion of feeling during "Jerks"—but infinitely more mysterious the question of how "Jerking" was discovered. Can it be that some monk, lost now in the mists of antiquity, wearing the hair shirt of repentance, and trying to torture himself to death, tried it in desperation, one wintry morning?

BOOK OF (REGIMENTAL) NUMBERS.

(continued from previous page).

And they had no end of time, inspecting and playing base-ball 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 Entertainment, 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 lecturers face, so that it appeared as though on fire with red light.

And many other notable miracles there were in these days. Namely, a Cadet feeling warm; though in truth that was while dancing.

Now the fame of the Pierrots of the Band spread abroad through many lands, and messages were sent from the uttermost parts of the earth, even from Eastbourne, saying, "Come ye here and give Entertainment, make ye merry in Devonshire Park, so that we may discover for ourselves in what manner ye give amusement.

But up to the moment of going to press, no news of this venture has been heard, save that the price of eggs has risen and that ambulances, motor, pierrots, for the use of, several, have been indented for.

And they grew in wisdom and strength, finding favour in the eyes of all Inspecting Officers.

OFFICIAL TEXT-BOOKS AND TRENCH WARFARE.

By Major G. R. Collins.

There seems to be a growing tendency among Officers and N.C.O.'s. of the New Armies to look upon the text-books used for the training of the troops prior to the outbreak of war as obsolete, and consequently, less attention appears to be paid to their study.

The fact that it was necessary to train, hastily, bodies of troops to reinforce the sparsely held line, and that this training was particularly devoted to certain essentials whereby the troops were made efficient enough to hold an entrenched line, gave a certain amount of support to this idea. The present training is not limited, however, to such requirements, but is instead devoted to the preparation of a Force which is to advance and defeat the enemy masses.

The basis of all tactical training for the British Army was, and is, the Field Service Regulations, Parts One and Two, supported by the Training Manuals of the various arms. In the Field Service Regulations the combined action of all arms is dwelt upon, whilst the specific action of any one arm is defined in its own Training Manuals. Training in general subjects of a technical nature is provided for in the Manuals dealing with each one, such as the Manual of Field Engineering, Manual of Map-Reading and Field Sketching, Manual of Hygiene, etc.

The training outlined in these manuals is as applicable to-day as when written. The use of field fortifications is not new; visible examples of the work of the Romans, in this respect, are to be found throughout Europe. Entrenched warfare, under almost identical conditions, was observed in the Franco-German, Crimean, Russo-Japanese, and Balkan Wars, the only difference being in size and intensity.

Field Service Regulations clearly recognise the possibilities of such a situation. On Page 141 it says: "The Infantry will fight its way forward to close range, and, in conjunction with the Artillery and Machine-guns, will endeavour to gain superiority of fire. This will involve a gradual building up of the firing line in good fire positions, usually within close Infantry range of the enemy. Here it is to be expected that there will be a prolonged and severe fire fight, during which each side will endeavour to exhaust its opponent's power of endurance."

On pages 145 to 155, we find concise instructions as to taking up a defensive position. The construction of trenches and their occupation being identified as part of the operation.

In Chapter viii., full consideration is given to the reduction of fortifications, and the method by which the position is to be invested is clearly defined.

It is quite true that only general terms are used, but it could not be otherwise. To attempt to lay down a set of rules which will be applicable to all situations, is to attempt the impossible. The nature of the country, the weather, strength and disposition of the enemy forces are all factors which must mate-

rially change every battle, and consequently they cannot be foreseen, much less regulated, by any rules.

There are certain principles of war which have been practised by all the great generals of the past, and these principles remain unchanged throughout the ages, despite the advance of armament. The only immediate change which the present munitions have produced, is to force armies to make greater use of cover, both natural and artificial, and to increase the difficulty of the enemy obtaining supremacy of fire.

The impossibility of preparing a concise set of rules is fully appreciated, and in Chapter One we read the following:—

"The principles given in this manual have been evolved by experience as generally applicable to the leading of troops. They are to be regarded by all ranks as authorities, for their violation in the past has often been followed by mishap, if not by disaster. They should be so thoroughly impressed on the mind of every Commander that, whenever he has to come to a decision in the field, he instinctively gives them their full weight.

"The fundamental principles of war are neither very numerous, nor in themselves very abstruse, but the application of them is difficult, and cannot be made subject to rules. The correct application of principles to circumstances is the outcome of sound military knowledge, built up by study and practice until it has become an instinct."

This is the spirit of Field Service Regulations, and consequently a leader who expects to find a military encyclopædia placed at his hand, ready to solve any difficulty which may confront him, will of necessity find himself stranded. Such a man is unqualified to lead men in war. The subordinate leader of to-day requires greater dash, resource and initiative than ever before, and since the range of the modern weapon increased the distance at which reconnoitring troops must work, the junior officer in the forward position must often undertake operations which, in the earlier days, would have been allotted to an officer of much senior rank and position.

Under these circumstances, the junior officer must acquire a knowledge far greater in its range than would have been considered possible years ago. In technical subjects his training will of necessity progress with the inventions which call for their employment in war, but in all the general principles of war, the training provided in Field Service Regulations must still govern his every act.

Reconnaissance, Intercommunication Protection, and the initial stages of the advance and attack have not changed except to increase the gravity with which these subjects must be viewed, and the principles outlined for our study adequately cover all requirements in these matters.

Even the trench routine is described, the system of trenches, whether they consist of fire, supervision support, or reserve, with their strong posts, dugouts, obstacles, etc., are illustrated in the "Manual of Field Engineering" and are still sound principle.

The occupation of the trench, with its sentry groups and patrols, is found in Section 89, F.S.R., under the heading of "Battle Outposts." In "Infantry Training," Section III, the duties of patrols are ex-

pressed in terse but effective language.

The trench-raid, properly called a sortie, is completely covered in Section 128, F.S.R., Part One, even to the extent of referring to the use of the grenade, and, after reading the sections referred to together with the other sections which support them, who will say that the situation was not contemplated and provided for in our pre-war training.

The advent of the grenade was hailed as a sign of slackness in our training and equipment, because we had not previously provided stores of such weapons. The same might be said of medical equipment, in which there were many deficiencies. The real fact is, Great Britain did not prepare for war, because her intentions were peaceful, and because she believed that she could use her influence to successfully preserve the peace of Europe. From the viewpoint of training, the grenade was recognised as an instrument of war to be used under certain conditions.

Reference to the Musketry Regulations for many years back will show a sectional plan of the hand grenade, whilst the text gives the method of using. As far back as 1678, a Grenade Company formed a part of every Battalion, but in later years was not necessary, because we did not come into contact with conditions which necessitated its continued use. In the Crimean War the grenade was used with good effect.

The Trench-mortar is a relic of every siege since gunpowder was first introduced in the fifteenth century. One might, in fact, almost say that the war has taken a retrograde movement, with the adoption of armour, catapults, liquid fire and other relics of bygone ages.

To discuss the subject at greater length is beyond the possibilities of such an article as this, but because we failed to avail ourselves in the past of the opportunity of preparing ourselves for the present system of warfare, it is small gain to close our eyes to the material which still awaits our attention. The subject matter is there—a mute witness to our previous neglect, and it is our duty to peruse, and improve our knowledge of matters which are so ably handled, and which are of so vital importance to us now.

We can but admit that events which have since come to pass were foreseen and provided for, but what of the future? Is the line to remain stationary until one side or the other is exhausted?

Recent events would appear to prove that, again, the Field Service Regulations are correct, wherein they say, "In defence, the choice of a position and its preparation must be made with a view to economising the power expended on defence, in order that the power of offence may be increased." That this is the condition at the front to-day is quite evident. Secure behind a solid line, we can mass our reserves and drive the enemy back. The whole art of strategy remains where it was before the war.

Every effort must be made to drive the enemy from his line, out-manœuvre him and defeat him when in the open. That we can move him is now certain; that we can out-manœuvre him and defeat him when in the open is a matter for the future to decide. Upon the efficiency of all our officers at the time much will depend. The wars of the past offer our leaders lessons by which they will undoubtedly profit,

for the war of manœuvre is a repetition of history, on old familiar ground.

Some of the battles which rank as the greatest of British victories were fought on this very ground. Waterloo, Poitiers, Malplaquet, are but a few of the many. The ground features remain the same. To moving troops little change of armament is permitted. Mobility is as vital as ever. Heavy Artillery trains are still as restricted in movement as before, and consequently we get closer to the wars of the past. The lessons which that great strategist Napoleon has handed down to us, will again be in his own arena.

When that critical time comes, shall we be ready and efficient? Everything depends upon ourselves. Whatever our rank, we may be certain that our duties will be exacting and that errors will be more or less costly than in the past. The leaders of the reconnoitring patrols or of the advanced guards will not be generals, but officers of less exalted rank.

To read a map by day; to use the stars at night to prepare reports on positions; sketches of enemy positions; to know what to observe and how to report it demands training, both theoretical and practical.

To the officers in the less advanced positions falls the lot of directing the advance, the selection of battle formations to minimise loss, the use of ground for cover, the direction of fire, the replenishment of stores and ammunition, and when advance is no longer possible, the siting and construction of fire trenches, followed later by the requisite cover to protect the troops from Artillery fire; all of these things demanding technical knowledge which cannot be picked up by observation alone, but can only be learned by study; not to be learned in a parrot-like fashion, but to become an instinctive part of one's self, so that, under any and all conditions we shall never be found wanting.

The final assault is the least of them all from the point of view of the leader, since the force will carry its own weight through, provided they have confidence in their officers, which will only be obtained when an officer has confidence in himself. It is during the advance that the skill of the officer exhibits itself, when by his knowledge he is able to reduce the losses in his command, and at the critical moment exert that additional weight which decides the issue.

What then is our duty to-day? The answer is, to qualify ourselves for the greatest examination of all, that in which the enemy sets the tests which we must solve.

How can we qualify? By taking advantage of all opportunities to study and practice the various subjects which, when combined, provide our final test on the battlefield.

Many will ask to what extent we must advance our knowledge. No finer answer could be given than that contained in "Hamley's Operations of War," in which it says "Modern war calls for an intelligent use of initiative by subordinates, and it is certain that the subordinate who grasps the broad situation most clearly, will solve the local situation most intelligently."

The broadest view will be obtained by the man whose studies have embraced the widest field, since

he will most likely appreciate "why" as well as "how" he does a certain thing.

It is well to remember that when we go to the trenches, we bear the rank of an officer who is already trained. Local variations are then easily learned and appreciated, but he who gains only a local knowledge will be lost when his sphere is extended.

Modesty should forbid us from refusing advice from such a great general as Napoleon, who could look centuries beyond his time, and whose grasp of huge undertakings seems superhuman if we consider the time in which he lived. He admonishes the soldier to "Peruse again and again the campaigns of Alexander, Cæsar, Gustavus Adolphus, Turenne, Eugene and Frederick. Model yourself upon them. This is the only means of becoming a great captain and of acquiring the secret of the art of war. Your own genius will be enlightened and improved by this study, and you will learn to reject all maxims foreign to the principles of these great commanders."

We cannot all devour the histories to which he refers, but we can study their condensed results, as given in our Field Service Regulations, and it is our duty to do so. If Napoleon could learn, in the days of Artillery, of the men of the bow, arrow and spear, surely we can learn from the later studies of which he himself forms by no means the least illustrious.

"Is this all necessary?" you ask. The Platoon Commander controls the fate of fifty men. He is appointed their leader, whom they must obey. Their refusal is their death-warrant in the field, and yet the order may mean certain death to them from its faulty object.

Under the circumstances, can we ignore the responsibility which is ours? If we are worthy, the soldier will gladly support us at any and all times, and no sacrifice is too great for him to make; to the unworthy, however, not only does he give hesitating obedience, but by his fears he may jeopardise the safety and honour of the Regiment. Yet can we honestly blame him? Confidence will beget confidence, and to the officer, knowledge will give confidence which will ultimately lead to success.

From a very recent official publication, the following extract is taken:

"On the resourcefulness and self-efficiency of the Platoon in dealing scientifically with every obstacle which it may meet, and on the skill of the platoon leader, and the hold he has over his command, the success of the assault will depend."

Comment upon this article is superfluous, the facts are plain enough.

In presenting this article, the writer hopes that a stimulus to study will be given, and that those official manuals which so clearly and efficiently outline our many duties in time of war, will become the daily companions of those who strive to do honour to the uniform which it is their privilege to wear, and that, as a result, our men will reap the increasing benefits which such efforts will produce.

A note copied from the official instructions issued after the Battle of the Somme may be a fitting conclusion to this article:

"Training will be carried out on the principles laid down in the Field Service Regulations and the Training Manuals."

IN BAYONET BATTLES.

Under the above heading, one of our leading weekly publications prints the following account of a portion of the hand-to-hand fighting at Vimy Ridge in the taking of which the Canadians played such a great part. It is more interesting to our readers in that it shows to some extent the value of the training in bayonet-fighting which we are receiving at the Canadian Training School, and the apparent lack of co-operation between the enemy Infantry and Artillery

"Pushing their way along the lower spurs of the Vimy Ridge, the Canadians fought a violent bayonet action. The enemy," writes Mr. W. Beach Thomas, "threw in a first-class Prussian Regiment of Grenadier Guards to hold a little hill scornfully known as 'The Pimple.' The Canadians, unsated by three days deadly fighting, dashed into the assault and a hot bayonet fight developed. One soldier, whose bayonet caught and twisted in the green uniform, felt the German's point in his thigh, and, in the passion of the moment, dropped his own weapon, seized the German's, and in one effort wrenched it from his own flesh and out of the German's hand, finally felling the German with the butt end of the rifle.

"Such spirit was irresistible, and the remnant of the Prussian Guard gave way, leaving the majority of the garrison dead.

"On the eve of the battle, two of our men, prisoners with the enemy, escaped to our lines. The story of these men will fill our Army with more fury than anything yet recorded against the enemy. They were men captured early in the year, and were at once set to work near the lines, sometimes under our shell-fire. They were starved from the beginning; one who was thirteen stone when captured, is now eight stone. One has a gangrenous foot, and the other is covered with boils. If they asked to cease work because of their weakness, they were lashed with a whip or hit with the butt-end of a rifle.

"On the way from the front I saw 2,000 prisoners. Among them were a considerable number of Artillerymen, who separated themselves and drew off into a corner of the collecting cage. Our officers thought at first that they were proud: the truth was, as they themselves confessed, they were afraid—afraid that their own infantry would mob them because they had fired so badly in the battle—and the fear was justified. The infantry were furious against all the Artillery, the trench Artillery as well as the others, because they had fired short, hitting it's own men, fired late, fired wild, and sometimes not fired at all. Our Artillery had knocked all the heart out of them. One or two were crazy, and the whole group had to be kept separate and protected by our men when finally the whole procession moved away."

S. O. S.

By Cadet Duncan (C.F.A.)

(1.)

The telephonist on duty at the Battery sealed the envelope with an emphatic bang (leaving a collection of Flanders mud thereon), propped it against the telephone, and, taking the "key," signalled with vigour "T.K.—T.K." No answering "buzz" being forthcoming, the key was relinquished, and, after prolonged groping under signal-pads, a much ill-used packet of cigarettes was discovered. Lighting one of the contents with the care due to the sole remaining item from a "parcel from home," the signaller sighed, sending a cloud of grey smoke into the shadows of the dug-out, and leaned back against the mud wall.

An indistinct bundle of blankets at the dug-out's farther end moved slightly, and a voice enquired rather wearily whether that (qualified) wire had been mended yet.

"No, sir," replied the smoker, removing one foot from the mud with an unpleasant sucking noise, "Lineman hasn't tapped in yet."

A series of broken remarks from the blankets seemed to indicate extreme displeasure on the part of the occupant, but the words eventually trailed off into a meaningless murmur, and the signaller once more turned to the key. As he did so a loud and apparently angry voice sounded in the telephone receiver.

"Ullo, Battery!" said the voice. "Ullo, Battery! Ullo, Battery! . . . Where the blinkin' . . . Ullo, Battery!"

"Battery speakin'," cut in the telephonist. "That you, Jimmy?"

"Oh, no," came the reply, "this ain't Jimmy. This is the Dook of Wellington just 'aving a look round for old time's sake. 'Oo the 'ell *would* it be, but *me*? D'ye think Von 'Indenburg is sittin' out here in the rain at two in the mornin', tapping into yer wire? . . . What's that? . . . Where am I? . . . I'm sittin' under what's left of the haystack by the cross-roads. Took me an hour and a 'arf to find this break, and I 'ad an 'oly time mendin' it. There's an infantry bloke here what says the war's going to last for another two years. . . . I'm goin' to kill 'im and then come on 'ome, . . . You can get Tock K. all right, now. So long."

The telephone receiver clicked, and the Battery telephonist proceeded to exchange views with the forward station, now once more in communication.

(2.)

Half-way between the Battery and the Infantry trenches, under the remnant of what had once been a haystack, crouched "Jimmy" and his acquaintance, the pessimistic infantryman. In the hollow scooped from the stack-side there was barely room for two men, but somehow both had managed to instal themselves, and two glowing cigarettes showed signs of life and an attempt at comfort.

The lineman leaned forward and peered into the dismal night, expectorated into the darkness, and gathered his 'phone on to his knees, preparatory for departure.

"When I die and go to Hell," he remarked, apropos of nothing but with exceeding spirit. "this is the sort of thing I shall expect; rain all the time, mud up to my neck, miles of 'phone wire, and a little red devil goin' along breakin' it, with me comin' behind and mendin' it."

His companion grunted disdainfully.

"Soft job, you've got," he replied. "What price me? 'Ere am I, part of a blinkin' ration party, and I've lost the rest of me crowd, lost the sack of spuds what I was carrying, lost me way and lost me temper. When I *do* get back to me Battalion, our one-star wonder'll say, 'Jones,' e'll say, 'you again, Jones! Might have known it'd be you. Sar'-Major, show this man 'e can't go sittin' in estaminets adrinkin' corfee, when 'is mates is out 'ere dyin' for their country.' I can just 'ear 'im. And you talk about 'ell. Why, you've got the softest job in the British Army, you 'ave."

A pause ensued after this declaration, during which the Artilleryman vainly searched his vocabulary for words to fit the case. Finding none, he lowered his voice with an effort, and embarked on argument.

"Now look 'ere," he said, in a voice rendered husky by emotion, "if you think I've got a soft job, just listen to this 'ere. The Battery pulls into a persition, the guns is pulled into an 'edge, and the blokes in the Battery sits round and eats fried spuds and drinks corfee. All but me. I goes out wiv five miles of wire, a pair of cutters and a whole lot of 'ope, and lays wire 'arf over France. I gets shot at, I falls into ditches, I don't get 'arf enough grub."

His burning cigarette described arcs in the darkness as the lineman emphasised his arguments with a grimy hand. The Infantryman murmured something indistinct about "stealing," and the monologue continued.

"An then, when I've laid the blinkin' wire, along come you blokes wiv yer wagons and so on, an' busts my wire. Busts it and leaves it there—wait a bit"—as the Infantryman attempted to put in a word—"leaves it there, I said. Of course, I mends it."

"Now supposin' Fritz gets funny, and shells you blokes. Your signaller grabs his 'phone and sends 'S.O.S.' like mad. What 'appens?"

"Nothing," responded the Infantryman, gloomily, "nothin' ever does 'appen."

The lineman cast away his cigarette-end, took the telephone in his left hand and fingered the key.

"Nothing, eh?" he enquired. "D'ye know what'd 'appen if I was to take this 'ere 'phone like this, and send 'S.O.S.,' 'S.O.S.,' like . . .?"

His voice trailed into silence.

"What's wrong?" enquired the audience. "Get on with the music. Wot 'appens when you sends 'S.O.S.?"

The other grabbed madly into the darkness for his telephone, which had slipped from his grasp.

"You'll damn soon find out," he replied, in a voice laden with direful expectancy. "I've done it."

(3).

In the Battery telephone dug-out the signaller cast from him his head-piece, and, shrieking madly "S.O.S.," started for the doorway. At the first cry, the bundle of blankets came to life, opened, and emitted the officer on duty, who endeavoured to climb through telephonist and doorway at one movement.

Outside, the sentry slid down a mud-bank to the nearest gun and groped for the firing-lever. The alarm-bell, consisting of a shell-case, with a stone suspended within, began to clatter as the first gun fired, and dark figures raced into the gun-pits.

"Good thing that line was fixed," remarked the telephonist, releasing the alarm-bell cord and returning to his seat. "I suppose Jimmy'll have quite a lot to say about it when he comes in."

Under the stack, two men crouched in awed silence, while over head streamed shells from, apparently, half the batteries in France. Gradually still more guns took up the tale, until the air seemed full of the whistling and moaning of shells.

"Why don't yer tell 'em ter stop?" enquired the Infantryman.

"I can't," gasped the luckless 'Jimmy.' "Somebody's busted the damn wire again."

PERCY WRITES HOME.

Canadian Training School,
Bexhill-on-Sea.

My Dear Parents,

When I joined up with the 990th War Babies Battalion, you little thought that one day your son would win a Commission. Well, as you will see by the above address, I am now taking a course at this School, and so have practically received my Commission from the King. To be sure, I have never been to the Front, but I suppose I might not have come back if I had been, things are as well as they are.

It was awful hard work, getting up here, though. The first thing I had to do was to get some O.C. to accept me. Although, personally, I know hundreds of Colonels, none seemed to want me. Remembering as I do the way you used to praise me, this struck me as rather surprising, but I put it down to professional jealousy.

The first week here nearly killed me; we started out no matter where, at 140 paces to the minute. You will remember how tender my poor feet get if I walk quickly, and no-one will ever know the agonies I suffered in the preliminary stages of my training. Even now, when I disrobe in the evening, my feet are often quite red.

I shall never forget the appetite which that step, assisted by the Balmy Bexhill Breezes, has induced.

Talking of appetites, reminds me of our Mess. It is almost as good as home. This is a sample of our daily Diet Sheet:

Breakfast: Grape fruit, Cereals, Fish, Eggs and Bacon, Tea, Coffee or Cocoa.
Lunch: Soup (thick or thin), Fish, Entrees, Dessert.
Dinner: Same as Lunch, except for a few additions.

The only thing I don't like is that the wine is often of a slightly inferior quality, but then, what can one expect for sixpence a day? Besides the waiters are really most obliging fellows, and will always exchange it for you.

We are organised like a Battalion here. I am in No.— Company. It is easily the best Company. Our Captain says so, and he ought to know. The Sergt. Major does not seem to quite agree with him on the point, but then you see, he has not had the Captain's education.

We have lecturers in a place called the Kursaal, which, by the way, seems to have a Germanic sound to me. It is very nice there, and just like a Picture-Show, only the pictures don't move. Last lecture I fell asleep three times. The best part of the lectures is at the end, at "question time." We then all have a competition to see who can ask the lecturer the funniest question. I think he is collecting them in a book. I believe the men who ask the funniest questions are to get a permanent job with the C.T.S. Pierrots for the duration of the war. I hope I am lucky.

The only thing I really don't like here is Physical Training. You are instructed to "On the hands - - down," and if you do not happen to built on the precise architectural lines required by the exercise, the Instructor starts to mutter something about submarines. And they are large men, the Instructors, and they look as if they might easily be provoked into violence.

Well, dear parents, I must close now. The bugle calls me to fresh exertions, and I must answer it. Please send me a few pounds by return; I require the money to buy white cap-bands, etc. They are easily dirtied and very expensive.

Your loving son,

PERCY.

RUSSIA AND AMERICA

By Alfred Ewert.

We are in the throes of the greatest evolution of all the ages.

For two and a half years we have seen little but the travail; now at last there is taking place the birth of a new era, of a new light that promises to illumine even the darkest recesses of the world. We refer to the recent dramatic developments in the East and in the West.

It is for the historian and the professional student of history to dissert on the complex causes and halting course of these developments. We can but reflect the impressions such events leave on our minds, and how they affect us as Canadians and as British citizens. Far be it from the writer to pretend to reflect adequately and accurately the impression these events leave on Canadian opinion. It is my aim only to point out some of the salient features which force themselves on the attention of any thinking officer and soldier.

On the execution of our daily military duties, which, at the moment, rightly absorb our whole attention, we should, and I think we do, yet find time to consider our cause in its wider aspects. There has never been any doubt in our minds as to its justice nor the necessity of achieving a smashing, unqualified victory. Therefore it seems superfluous for us to look for any further sanction of our action. But there attaches to recent events such a vast moral significance that we would be indisputably the losers if we declined to consider them seriously.

Let us face the situation with a clear eye, then. On the one hand we have the mighty Russian people after two and a half years of unspeakable fighting, with shackled feet and manacled hands, now at last bursting these bonds asunder with all the pent-up force of age-long suffering, and putting their house in order once and for all. Strangled for years by an autocracy, and what was even worse, a bureaucracy and court circle of the Potsdam brand, Russia has at last found her soul. Nay, rather she has freed her soul from a foul and unnatural body. At one stroke she has achieved for herself that freedom of thought and liberty of action for which her sons, yea, and her daughters, have suffered untold agonies. She has flung the gauntlet in the face of Kaiserdom and Junkerdom in whatever form these manifest themselves.

But what interests us more than anything else is the relationship this bears to our own struggle. The more one delves into the circumstances which were the immediate and even the remote causes of the Russian Revolution, the more one sees in it but the logical conclusion of Russia's participation in the struggle. Consciously and unconsciously, Russia was from the first struggling for that ideal of free peoples governed by their own will, which underlies this war, whatever may be the superficial nature of the combat. This ideal, which has for its foundation an exalted and exalting faith in the fundamental goodness of human nature, is, and will ever be, incompatible with the cynical and materialistic view on which reposes the power of Kaiserism and Junkerdom. Between the two views there could

never for us be any choice, and it is heartening to see in the Russian Revolution a concrete exemplification of the vanity of any pretention to ignore the mandates of civilisation and humanity.

On the other hand, we see arising in all its pristine greatness the soul of an older democracy. America, slow to anger and swift to punish, like the mother-nation that gave it birth, has at last discerned the inalienable nature of this conflict, the absolutely antagonistic nature of its respective motive forces, and she has realised, too, her true place in this struggle.

There has been a tendency among us to speak lightly and even sarcastically of President Wilson's studied patience, but it is time we altered this attitude. We cannot know the considerations, domestic and foreign, which have prompted the actions of America's President. What we do know is that his latest act wipes out any false impression past utterances may have left.

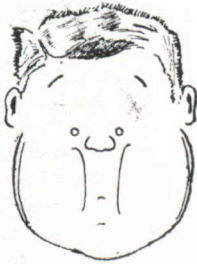
Have we ever stopped to think and realise that in fighting the War of Independence, and later, the Civil War, America was really fighting the battle of all Democracy; that she was securing for all the world the habilitation of those principles which underlie all democratic government? How appropriate, then, that in this later struggle she should arise in defence of these self-same principles, attacked, as they are, vilely and in the night, by the cynical adversary of all that smacks of freedom. And how unpardonable that we should fail to appreciate at its full value the accession of America to the ranks of the fighting free nations. Indeed, we should draw strength from this act, just as the hands of America's President and her Government were immensely strengthened by the triumph of democracy in Russia.

We refer here only to the moral effect of these two events. Their material effects are, by their own nature, incalculable. But it may even be considered inadvisable to dwell on these factors. Speculation as to America's contribution is only too apt to cloud our own vision (which now, more than ever, should be clearly fixed on our goal) and to weaken our hands, hands which should now, more than ever, be kept firmly to the plough and the straight furrow.

To calculate the moral significance requires the computing of many and complex factors. Taken in its immediate effects, it cannot fail to impress even the most hide-bound neutral, and to bring into startling relief the true nature of the Allied cause. But it is in their remoter effects that we should seek the real significance of these developments.

The accession of the United States and of a democratic Russia means the stabilisation, in the future, of that peace which, for two and a half years, has been our guiding star; a peace of humanity, made by humanity for humanity, a peace in the settlement of which no autocrat or Hohenzollern potentate shall find even a protesting voice. It is in this sense that the Russian Revolution and the American Declaration can be said to constitute the birth of a new era and of a new light. Thus viewed, they cannot fail to give fresh impetus to efforts already superhuman, and they will help to keep burning in the soul of the soldier that flame of hope and faith in the future, which lights him across the brooding waters of that Lethe men call Death.

CAN YOU
TELL ME?



Who was it thought he had found his ideal future wife, until he discovered she was his AUNT?

Why was a Christian Scientist put in charge of a Sick Parade?

Who spent tenpence on a cigar, and whilst smoking it was asked by a "flapper" if his boot was on fire?

If it is a fact that McCormick, the "Monologue King," has been offered high rank in a well-known French Canadian Battalion?

If R.S.M. Carpenter has been offered the part of leading comedian in the forthcoming Drury Lane Comedy, "These Hard Times"?

If some of the questions asked in the Lecture Hall are not a little superfluous?

Who was the hero who took his best girl on the sea in a rowing-boat, and owing to sea-sickness had to ask the dear young thing to row back to shore?

Where the Cadet learnt that it was meet and right to present arms to the Colonel when on the march?

Was a certain popular Lecturer's "bull" regarding the attractiveness of a night-cap premeditated?

And whether it was the blush of guilt, which afterwards suffused his noble brow?

Where the Staff-Sergeant of Number — Company obtains all his spirited remarks to his men?

And whether the said men aren't faking notes of them, in readiness for the time when they have unfortunate platoons of their own?

Where that "fifty per cent." rumour started?

When compulsory sea-bathing is going to commence?

HAS IT EVER OCCURRED
TO YOU?

Now, Private Blinkins, bally ass,
Went out one night and had a glass
Of bitter beer—or maybe two,
At any rate, a very few.

Then started on his homeward way,
Singing a soldier's roundelay.

"I saw my comrades fall" was right,
Many good men *did* fall that night.

And did not rise till some good friend
Saw fit a helping hand to lend.

Then, weary, laden, but not sad,
"How many damned drinks *have* I had?"

Then steering by the Northern Star
(Perchance the glow of some cigar),
They'd wind their mirthful, zig-zag course.
"A horse, my kingdom for a horse!"

Now, Blinkins, good man—sober?—quite,
Did gaze with pity on their plight.

"I take a drink, it's damned good stuff,
But then I quit when I've enough."

"And those poor fools do drink and drink,
And wake next morning in the Clink;
—A pint for threepence, cheap at that.
I wonder where I left my hat?"

He wandered round, and round again,
And slipped and fell and rose, and then
A hedge did rush across the street
And wrapped itself round Blinkins' feet.

He clawed, and grabbed the empty air,
And mixed the cinders with his hair.
He dreamt sweet dreams of lands afar,
Where hedges law-abiding are.

Where men may go their honest way,
Where roads lie still and planets stay
As they were put, that men might know
The course to set, where'er they go.

Some two hours later Blinkins woke,
His head was sore, one arm was broke,
His throat was dry, "My God, how dry!"
A horse had stepped upon his eye.

Just as the bright, red, morning sun
Peeped o'er the hills to see the fun,
The peaceful men of "Fifty-four"
Heard a strange scramble at the door.

'Twas Blinkins, bleeding, bruised and torn,
So help me Jacob, you'd have sworn
That twenty million raging steers
Had struck poor Blinkins—not three beers.

Next morning, up before the beak;
His head was sore, his knees were weak.
He got six days—his only plea,

"The whole damn universe was drunk—why pick
on me?"

OUR INSTRUCTORS.

Before I go further with this subject, it would, perhaps, be well to make it plain that the illustration on this page is in no way intended to caricature any one of the members of our magnificent Training Staff. It is, indeed, hardly necessary to mention this, for a more kindly, handsome, soldierly—(Portion deleted. No favouritism in this school.—Editor).

When the writer was first deposited in Bexhill, a very meek and inoffensive cadet indeed, he looked upon the Instructors as the instrument designed by a particular malignant fate, specially placed upon this globe for the discomfiture of cadets in general, himself in particular. Indeed, after the first parade, remarks anent "Prussianism," and laments from those who had come under the displeasure of the Parade-ground autocrat, filled the halls of the School.

This point of view changed, soon, into a feeling of determination, in that, as the Instructor very evidently considered his class as possessing the mentality of an average one year old infant, it was "up" to the cadet to work like the devil, in order to make "he of the walking-stick" alter his views.

Now, as the course draws to a close, we all, I think, see things in a different light, regarding the man who has done so much for us.

Take, for the moment, the point of view of the instructor, so far as that is possible. In a large school of this kind, with a continuous stream of students passing through for six short weeks at a time, one would imagine that those who have our training as their immediate object, would in time lose a great deal of their interest in the students themselves, and that the whole business of tuition would, at length, degenerate into a mere matter of machine-like routine.

One does not need any very great power of observation, in order to discover whether this is the case or not. How many of the cadets, I wonder, are not known by name to their individual instructors?

This may seem at first glance, to be but a small matter, but, nevertheless, it means a great deal when one considers that, to the instructor, we are but members of an ever-passing procession.

The class arrives, commences training, and can there be anything more tedious than instructing men in the very rudiments of Infantry Training?, remains for a brief period at the school, and then passes out of the ken of all who remain.

The majority of the students obtain their Commission; what does the Instructor receive? A brief respite from the eternal parade, and then—another class to lead, painstaking and often individually, through the maze of training which will, when absorbed, befit the student to take charge with confidence, of other men, in the great venture across the Channel.

To be sure, whilst on Parade, we are most careful in avoiding comment on the part of the man, who, with apparently scant respect for feelings, discovers and holds up for the warning of others, faults in our

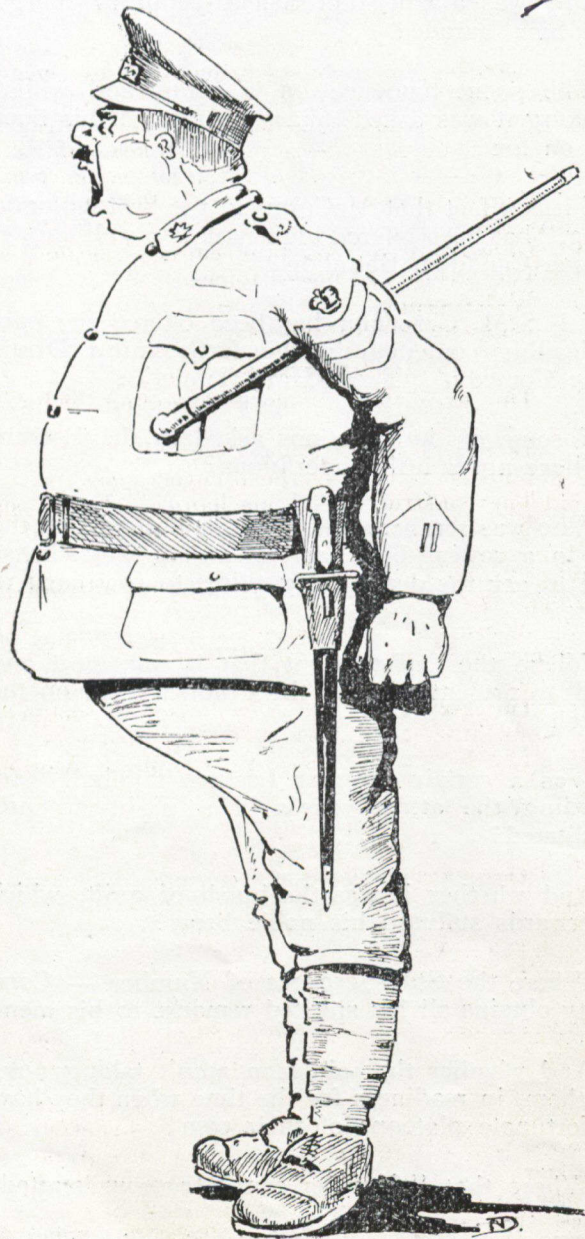
dress or bearing, even when we are feeling particularly secure.

He is the possessor of a gift which enables him to do all things correctly, himself, combined with an uncanny gift of knowing what the hands and feet of the rear rank are doing, when he is, according to all the laws of nature, unable to see them.

On Parade, he is at once our abiding terror, our soul-harrying, muscle-wearing mentor.

Off parade he becomes our friend; always willing to spare time to give us any "tips" we may require, and with one end in view—to know, when his class leaves the School that they go, better soldiers and more capable, by reason of his teaching.

THE INSTRUCTOR! Here's to him!



C. T. S. 1012.

"OUR DREAM FOR YEARS TO COME."

FIELD ENGINEERS IN TRENCH WARFARE.

By Capt. J. C. Macdonald.

Trench warfare has in many ways revolutionised the work of every branch of the Service, but has probably changed that of the Engineers more than that of any other branch.

The Manual of "Engineer Training" lays down that "Engineers assist the other arms by applying the special training which they receive according to the requirements of the military situation." It goes on to lay out a training that should make a man a fully qualified Infantryman and Cavalryman, before it touches the special training above referred to. It gives the duties of the Engineers as follows:—

IN ATTACK. Sec. 111.

1. Assisting the various arms to cross rivers, streams, difficult country, etc.
2. Strengthening the ground won, and entrenching special points to help in resistance against a counter-attack or to serve as pivots of manœuvre.
3. Removing or destroying obstacles prior to the final assault.
4. Improving and marking communications.
5. The erection of observatories.
6. Water-supply.
7. Fighting when required.

IN DEFENCE: Sec. 113.

1. The execution of work requiring technical skill.
2. Technical advice when required.
3. Construction of overhead cover if desired.
4. The construction of mechanical alarms, signals, flares, etc., and also the carrying out of all demolitions.
5. The blasting and removal of all ground too hard for the Infantry to deal with.
6. Assistance in revetments and drainage arrangements.
7. Assistance in the construction of obstacles.
8. The collection and distribution of materials and tools, other than those belonging to Units.
9. The laying of tramways (except in Artillery Batteries).
10. Water-supply.

IN RETREAT: Sec. 115.

1. The preparation of bridges, etc., for destruction.
2. The improvement of the lines of retreat.
3. The closing of fords.
4. The preparation of obstacles.
5. The destruction of telegraphs, water supply arrangements, railways, stores, etc., which may be of use to the enemy.

Special training consists mainly of work in bridging, demolitions, road and railway construction, etc.—work that is of the greatest importance in moving warfare, and has formed the main part of the duties of the Engineers in previous campaigns.

In the present campaign, however, since the retreat from Mons—when pontoons and explosives were frequently used—there has been little of this

kind of work, and the Engineer's main duties have been those laid down in Sections 2 to 6 of Para. 111, and 6 to 10 of Para. 113.

Their numbers at all times have been utterly inadequate to the requirements of trench warfare, but they have done their work well and consistently, but like their fellows in civil life, they have been subject to severe criticism by those who have that "little knowledge" which is a "dangerous thing," and know nothing of the difficulties encountered and overcome.

The Cavalryman damns them because he is required to leave his horse, tramp weary miles to do tiresome digging, not realising that the order comes from a Divisional or Corps Commander, and not from the sapper who meets him and shows him what to do.

The Artilleryman damns them because they do not at once supply unlimited quantities of materials that are controlled in their production by the Munitions Board.

The Infantryman damns them because of the interminable round of entrenching work, even though it is done for his protection, and ordered by his own senior officers.

The Engineers of a Division consist of three Field Companies, a total of 651, all ranks. Because of the large amount of transport, and the large number of employed, there are available for actual work, about 350 men. It is evident that these men were never intended to do all the constructional work necessary in trench warfare, and entrenching is distinctly the infantryman's work.

Field Service Regulations state that "entrenchments in the attack are only used when, owing to further advance being impossible, the efforts of the attacking force must temporarily be limited to holding the ground won." In the present campaign this temporary check has lasted two years, and the entrenchments have developed into elaborate systems of field fortifications. It is well to remember, however, that the construction of these fortifications is as much the work of the infantryman, as the first scratch cover made with an entrenching tool, and while the lines remain stationary, developing the system of fortifications forms the major portion of his task.

In fact the work of an army in trench warfare, resembles less that of a fighting organisation, than it does that of a construction organisation operating in hostile country.

A Unit organised on the latter basis would usually consist, first, of a large body of men trained in construction work, but armed and able, in an emergency to take part in the defence; second, of a small body of trained fighting men whose sole duties would be the protection of the working force. The construction section would ordinarily be under the control of the Chief Engineer, but would be transferred to the control of the Officer Commanding the fighting section when required for defence.

Some such organisation might best serve our purpose in trench warfare, but would require that at least half the personnel of the Division be under the control of the C.R.E., who could then be made entirely responsible for the construction and maintenance of defences.

Under the present system, the entrenching work is nearly always done at the instigation of a Company, Battalion or Brigade Commander, sometimes advised by the Engineers. Work ordered by divisions or Corps in advance areas is usually passed to Brigade to be carried out.

Except in rare cases, the Engineers have no power to order or carry on work, but are only able to advise and assist the various Infantry Commanders.

The controlling factor in defence work is labour, and over this the engineers have no authority. If an Engineer officer wishes to carry out any scheme of defence, he must secure the approval of an Infantry Commander who will supply the labour required. Accordingly, the responsibility for the condition of the defence must fall on the man who orders the work and has control of the labour to do it. The Engineers can only advise and assist.

The present system is faulty, because of the frequent relief of Units and the lack of continuity in the work with a consequent waste of energy. It seldom happens that successive Infantry Commanders agree in their ideas of the relative importance of the various parts of the work. The Engineers, whose reliefs are much less frequent, attempt to obviate this by calling the attention of an incoming Unit to the work of its predecessor; if an Infantry Commander is not positive in his wishes, they sometimes take control and ask for parties to carry on incomplete schemes. A tactful Engineer Officer can frequently do much to co-ordinate and speed up work.

The Engineers have control of all entrenching material, and it is their duty to see that the limited supply available is distributed and used to the best advantage. They make up much of the material into hurdles, frames, etc., before it goes forward, both to facilitate construction and to ensure that it is used for the purpose for which it is intended. They are necessarily curious about the proposed uses of material asked for, and scrutinise all indents carefully before filling them.

They organise transport to get the material forward, and are even compelled to unload their waggons used for pontoons and trestles, in order that the vehicles may be utilised for getting the material to its destination.

Apart from these main duties, the work of the Engineers is too diversified to describe. Everything from a deep dug-out for a Battle Headquarters or a five mile supply tramline to a fireplace for the Brigadier or a pencil-rack for the Staff-Captain receives their attention.

They work singly or in small groups in all places and at all times. They take their part in raids; they build their dugouts in R.E. parks almost out of shell range; they live in Armstrong huts next door to a dug-in Battery; they moon along river banks, watching the drift of little sticks; they repair the shattered windows of some battered Chateau with tracing linen and live like lords inside.

"Ubique" is their motto, and they live up to it.

Rumour has it that a sapper officer was once found on the Staff.

They are, taken as a body, really good fellows and well worth knowing, but, so long as "sapper" and "shovel" are so closely associated in the mind of the Infantryman, the Engineer will be a sorely misjudged man.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Anxious." No, we regret that it is impossible, and "not conducive to discipline," for waitresses to be employed in the Dining-hall.

"Wakeful." (Bexhill). Glad to note you "like to hear the Instructor's cheery voice" every ack. emma. under your bedroom-window.

"Enquirer." The red shoulder-straps, worn by certain of the cadets, do NOT denote membership of the School Fire Brigade. They indicate original members of the First Divisional Artillery.

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

"Hopeful." No. Number Five Company have not yet been "late on Parade"—neither do they look like having the opportunity.

"Interested." We don't know what happened to the swan which chased the Instructor in the Park during a Ceremonial Parade, last week. Neither did we learn what happened to the Instructor.

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

"Investigator." We don't know what becomes of the drummer after Ceremonial Parade. Possibly he practices for the next day's performance.

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

"Arms." We believe there is no truth in the rumour that the Ross Rifle is to be fitted with wheels.

"Number Four." We believe the Staff-Sergeant gets his remarks from a book, but we'd like to see the book.

"Wavelet." There is no rule against bathing in the sea before breakfast.

"Not There." Yes, Number Five Company did beat Number Four at Football, on the twelfth—Yes, slightly.

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

"Navigator." The gentleman you mention is too much of a success with his Company, to be "shoved out on a lightship as a fog-horn," to use your own words.

"Scared" (Number Three Co.) Remain scared. Your Chief Inquisitor, according to the latest reports may yet return to increase your acquaintance with the quick-step.

PRESENTATION OF TROPHY TO THE CANADIAN TRAINING SCHOOL.

On Friday, April 13th, at the Pavilion Theatre, Bexhill, the Canadian Training School had another opportunity of seeing for itself in what high esteem the Reserve Brigade and Battalion Commanders of the Canadian Force in England hold it.

General Landry, speaking on behalf of all the Officers present, who had been attending the Conference held during the previous three or four days, reminded the students of the tremendous responsibility and privilege which they would enjoy as Commissioned Officers in His Majesty's Army. He spoke highly of, and expressed himself as satisfied with, the smartness shown by the students, both on and off Parade.

General Landry was followed by Lieut.-Colonel Gunn, who, though congratulating all ranks of the Canadian Training School on their smart appearance, reminded them that there was always room for further improvement. In commemoration of the first Conference of Reserve Brigade and Battalion Commanders, which had done so much to clear up many points about which the Senior Officers had been in doubt, they had presented to the Canadian Training School, as a lasting memorial, the sum of £66, collected from those attending the Conference.

This money, it was stated, was to be spent on the purchase of a silver cup, upon which would be inscribed the names of the best three students of every course, and would, at the termination of the war, be held in the archives of the Houses of Parliament in Ottawa, as a perpetual memorial to the future generation of the part played, both in France and England, by the Canadian Corps, during the Great War.

OVERHEARD ON THE PARADE.

"If you have got black in your hat, you're not dead—yet."

"Stop flapping your wings about—you're not an angel."

"Don't stand there listening to what the wild waves are saying."

"Who told you you were a soldier."

"Left TURN! No, the other left—same as it was on Wednesday."

"You're down here for a Commission—not a Pension."

Good G----d! Are you all from the C.A.M.C.?"

"Keep your heyes on the horizon."

"Good Heavens! And to think I'll have to salute you, this time next week!"

PIERROT NOTES.



As in the foreword of that famous opera, "I Pagliacci," "Actors are but human, though dressed in tinsel and paint," therefore we make no apologies in devoting this space in every issue of the Magazine to that magnificent set of male voices which masquerade under the name of the "C.T.S., O.T.C. Pierrots."

Many and fantastic were the rumours which were to be heard during the first days of the month of April, but these were all rapidly given that coup-de-grace which is the fate of all such rumours.

On Saturday afternoon, April 7th, at the Pavilion Theatre, Bexhill, on behalf of the British Red Cross Society, a matinee was given which even the severest musical critics would find very little to adversely report upon. It was a surprise to the inhabitants of the town of Bexhill and the staff and students of the Canadian Training School that they had within their midst voices of such high grade musical quality.

Combined with the evening performance, given the same date and in the same place, the total takings constitute a record in the Pavilion Theatre, with one exception.

It would be hard to pick out any voice for particular mention, but we are satisfied that the producer and the Pierrots themselves could estimate from the applause which greeted every one of their efforts, that both the Canadian Training School and the people of Bexhill trust it will not be long before they can find the opportunity of again presenting a programme.

By the special command of the Commandant of the School, for the benefit of the Reserve Brigade and Battalion Commanders, the concert was repeated on Thursday, April 12th, at the Sackville Hotel, where another triumph was scored for the C.T.S.

AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN.

By Major G. R. N. Collins.

What a wealth of meaning the above words convey. How often have we heard the expression used, but never paused to wonder at, all the term implies. The finest and grandest tradition of which the British Army could boast was that which made the terms synonymous in the British Services. War failed to eradicate this tradition, but in the midst of turmoil and strife rather strengthened the depth and fervour with which the words were uttered by the less exalted soldier.

To know and feel that such a term was used to describe oneself would be to reach man's noblest ambition. What sacrifice, endurance or effort would one spare to merit such a paean of praise; and yet, why should we not claim it as a right, provided that we can wear the mantle with honour and humility?

It is our privilege, granted to us when His Majesty graciously approved our Commissions.

Did we sufficiently grasp all that simple "Gazette" meant, when it first published our names?

Have we since forgotten the full meaning of the words, "An Officer of His Majesty's Forces?"

To err is human; perhaps we have.

Are we careless of the future?

Emphatically, No!!!!!!

How shall we best befit ourselves, then, for this reward—greater than any which our King or Parliament can give.

A moment's reflection should help us.

Who is our judge? Our men. *The men.*

How can we earn their respect? By remembering the term itself.

An Officer, capable, a leader, jealous guardian of his men, their interests and their lives. An example in upholding the honour of the King, Country, Corps and Regiment. Cautious but courageous, stern but sympathetic. Commander and yet confidante.

So much for which to aspire, and yet the earnest effort will often beget the reward.

A gentleman, whose word is his bond, whose conduct will stand the glare of daylight, placing honour above all else. Such a man is difficult to find. We all have weaknesses, but we can curb our faults, place a check-rein on our gambols and endeavour to earn for ourselves this grand tribute surpassing all others.

Jealousies arise; honours of the more spectacular kind will arouse them. Notoriety will momentarily elevate one, but the Officer whose men will scatter with the four winds of Heaven at the close of the war, and will spread the report that he is an Officer and a Gentleman, is luckier than he who only merits a more visible but lesser reward.

Who can rob him of that pride which is rightly his? What stronger champions than those who can say on his behalf, "He is an Officer and a Gentleman?"

When shall we start to qualify?

To-day, to-morrow, every day, throughout our waking hours. Now and always, in our casual as well as our more studied moments.

It is our duty, our privilege, and our sacred ambition, to become "Officers and Gentlemen."



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