

Spacer page, to allow facing view to display correctly

For
John.

see page 23.



F. Burke	13 th London Regt
E. Butth.	26 th Royal Fusiliers.
R. C. Chapple	6 th Dragoon
J. G. Crickshank	4 th Gordon Highlanders.
W. S. Claydon	2 nd The Buffs.
W. Askilland	4 th Royal Scots -
J. Smith	Army Vet Corps
J. A. Buck	A. I. A.
J. Chrytal	5 th Sco. Rifles.
J. Crowther	5 th Reg. West Yorks;
W. Allan	2 nd Ayrshire Yeomanry
R. Thorburn	H.A.C.
J. Gillhalmes	1 st London Scots.
S. D. Lamey	H.A.C.
Wm. H. Anderson	9 th The Royal Scots (Dandy Ninth)
E. Boyle	King's Own Yorkshire L. I.
Char. E. Brown	Queen's Westminster Rifle.
Geo. G. Orams	Shuffaltes
J. R. Bower	Duke of Wellingtons.
Geo. M. Addison	South Staffs.
Wm. Rimer	R. I. A.
Wm. Gannermen	11 th The Royal Scots (QER)
Archd. A. Abercromby	17 th St. Lid.
W. Burgess	1/4 th Gordon Hrs.
H. Bliton	London Scottish
Alexander Baylis	1/6 Gloucesters.

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 The Trench Coat has
 done well and I think
 you have received a
 good many orders from
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Capt. ———,
 H.Q. 8th Bde.,
 Mesop. E.F.

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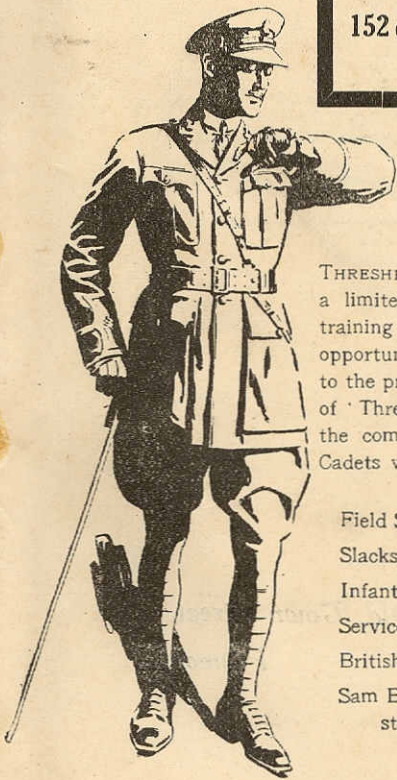
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 M. G. C.,
 Pirbright.



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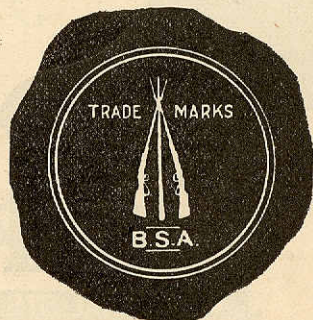
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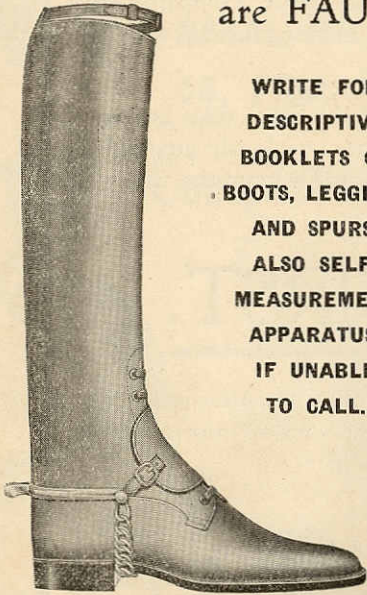
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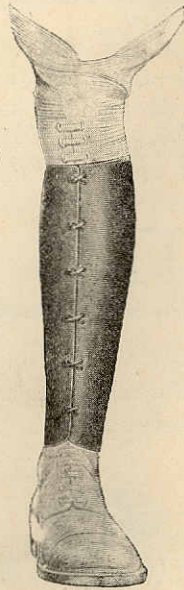
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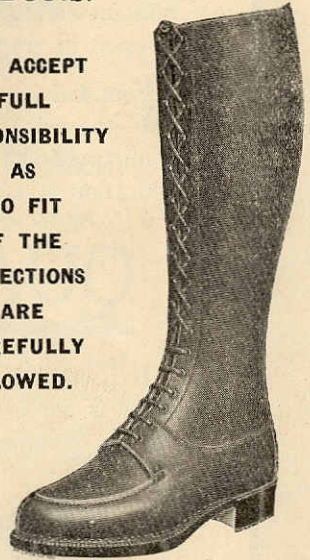


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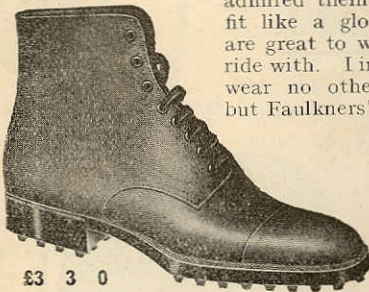
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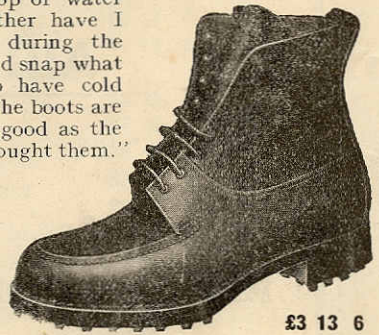
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LIEUT.-COL. A. P. H. TRUEMAN, "The Buffs" (East Kent Regt.),
Commanding No. 1 Officer Cadet Battn.

“DISMISS!”

Second “A” Company,
No. 1 Officer Cadet Battalion.

MEMBLAND HALL,

March—June, 1917.

DEVONPORT :

SWISS & Co., PRINTERS, 111 AND 112 FORE STREET

1917.

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“Dismiss!”



Editors :

N. C. HEAPS AND R. CURNOW PERRY.

Secretary :

A. T. SMITH.

Treasurer :

J. W. HENDRY.

Editorial.

No apologies are offered for the frivolous, even flippant, tone prevalent in these pages. In coaxing the various MSS. from our talented contributors, we have not exacted high literary merit, possessing none ourselves. Rather have we striven to elicit facts and fancies bearing upon the lighter side of our short association with the school and its staff, in order that the result might be a souvenir in the real sense of the word. Our readers must decide for themselves whether this object has been attained or not.

We are indebted to our many contributors for the enthusiastic manner in which they have responded to our appeals for “copy,” and we were particularly fortunate in having at our disposal the professional skill of R. W. H. Hartley, whose artistic cover design and other sketches need no comment. Captain Bleaden, M.C., in the capacity of Censor, has several times evinced a sympathetic and tactful blindness, and Lieut. Saffery’s work with the camera has been invaluable.

May we meet again in more peaceful times, and may there be no absentees when the roll is called.

THE EDITORS.

Stray Thoughts.

I wonder how many of us had ever previously had such a varied collection of feelings and emotions as we all had on the memorable day of our arrival here. In many cases, we had been travelling for hours, and we spent the better part of the time conjuring up all kinds of ideas of the new life ahead. I wonder how many of us really "got on the target"; for myself, I must frankly admit having gone very wide.

The arrival at Millbay, and the kindly countenance of the inevitable Sergeant—always to the fore on these auspicious occasions—meeting us, tended to convince us that war would be shorn of much of its frightfulness in "glorious Devon." There is no need to discuss the feelings we had at the end of the first week or so! Not being very well acquainted with the genial disposition of Sergeants, I was very much surprised when he said we might take a walk in Plymouth, but must be back by 5-30, "if we didn't mind," as he would like us to catch the 6-30 express to Yealmpton, from which station we were going to walk the remaining couple of hundred yards to Membland (scale, 100 yards=4 miles). Nothing very exciting happened in Plymouth—we hadn't white bands on then!—and, in due course, about 116 of us arrived at Yealmpton. It was quite a treat to have so many people to meet us, and the person who took most interest in us was a young man with a crown on his sleeve—he was a nice young man! He allowed us to smoke all the way to Membland. Personally, my cigarettes and tobacco were used up long before we completed that "couple of hundred yards." I wonder which of us who did that march will ever forget it!

We arrived at Membland at 7 p.m., and were immediately introduced to a very tall gentleman from the Guards, and we, one and all, have now learned to love him with a love far greater than that of a brother (?). This gentleman, with many little encouragements, soon had us settled in our snug and cosy rooms, where we anticipated staying to the end of our course. Needless to say, we haven't; we were shuffled around when a number of the "gentler sex," who were destined to attend the inner man, arrived.

Time passed rapidly once the wheels of the machine were set in motion, and, except for the little eventualities which happen to most of us—such trifling things as Company Office and extra parades—nothing of importance happened. The next startling

thing was the measuring of Cadets for their "joy rags," which were to be delivered inside three weeks—I hope that, by the time we finish here, most of the uniforms will be complete!

The great day, "leave day," soon arrived, and arrayed, some of us in our own clothes and some in borrowed ones, we sallied forth to display ourselves to those at home. The four days quickly went; but I will not tarry on the return, for it is not one of the things we wish to remember.

Before concluding, I cannot help but remind you of that wonderful day, May 15th, when the R.S.M. remarked on Company Drill that we were "marching well!" Don't forget it! It's worth remembering, for you may never hear it again.

The end is looming in sight, but I cannot help feeling that, in spite of the many "ups and downs" we all have had, the majority of us will be sorry to leave Membland. In everything that has been done for the benefit of the Cadets, we have always had the whole-hearted support of the Officers and Staff, which, in a course of this description, means a lot. Our best thanks are due to them all.

J.E.C.

July, 1917.

Hail! Sons of Mars! of Membland Hall;
 Cadets there trained, now, one and all,
 Dispersed as officers equipped,
 With war-lore learnt, with knowledge gript,
 Forth fare ye! Strong in will and limb,
 Enthusiastic to the brim,
 Ye modern Knights of Chivalry!
 Valour looks out from every eye;
 Loyalty claims ye for her own,
 Defenders of this Realm and Throne;
 Forth fare ye! On to dangers go,
 See ye win well the D.S.O.
 Or honour higher still—maybe,
 That rich reward—the prized V.C.

(Contributed by the Rev. W. E. Roome, M.A., Vicar of Revelstoke.)

Leaves from a Notebook.

[The following notes were recently found in the Hall after a lecture. Despite repeated inquiries, we have failed to discover the owner, and now take the liberty of publishing same, as they contain much valuable information not to be found in any Text-book. The MS. lies in our hands awaiting a claimant.—Ed.]

SUPPLIES AND TRANSPORT.—Accoutrements come from the Army Ordnance department. A.F.G. 1917 is made out in twoplicate. If a man loses any article of equipment, a small advertisement should be inserted in the "Western Evening Mercury." A.F.X. 99 is used; this is a purple form with yellow spots. To pay for this advertisement, the C.Q.M.S. touches the C.O. for a cheque (preferably after dinner). A.F.B. 777 is made out in triplicate, two copies being torn up and the other mislaid. The first column is Column 1, Column 2 being on the right; Columns will always dress by the left. (This is not correct, but they will do so.) A.F.P.C. 49 is exactly the same, only different. On this form, under the column headed "Limbers and Wheels," all particulars of petrol and personnel should be inserted. A.F. 444, known as "Form Fours," is supplied in two shades of blue—Oxford and Cambridge.

TRANSPORT.—This is generally known as a "cushy" job. Landanwater. Removals by road or rail, night or day, distance no object. All goods insured while stored in our warehouses. Our Motto—"Punctuality and Civility." (An escort of not less than one Battalion of Girl Guides and one Company of Officer Cadets should be detailed for a ton of sugar.)

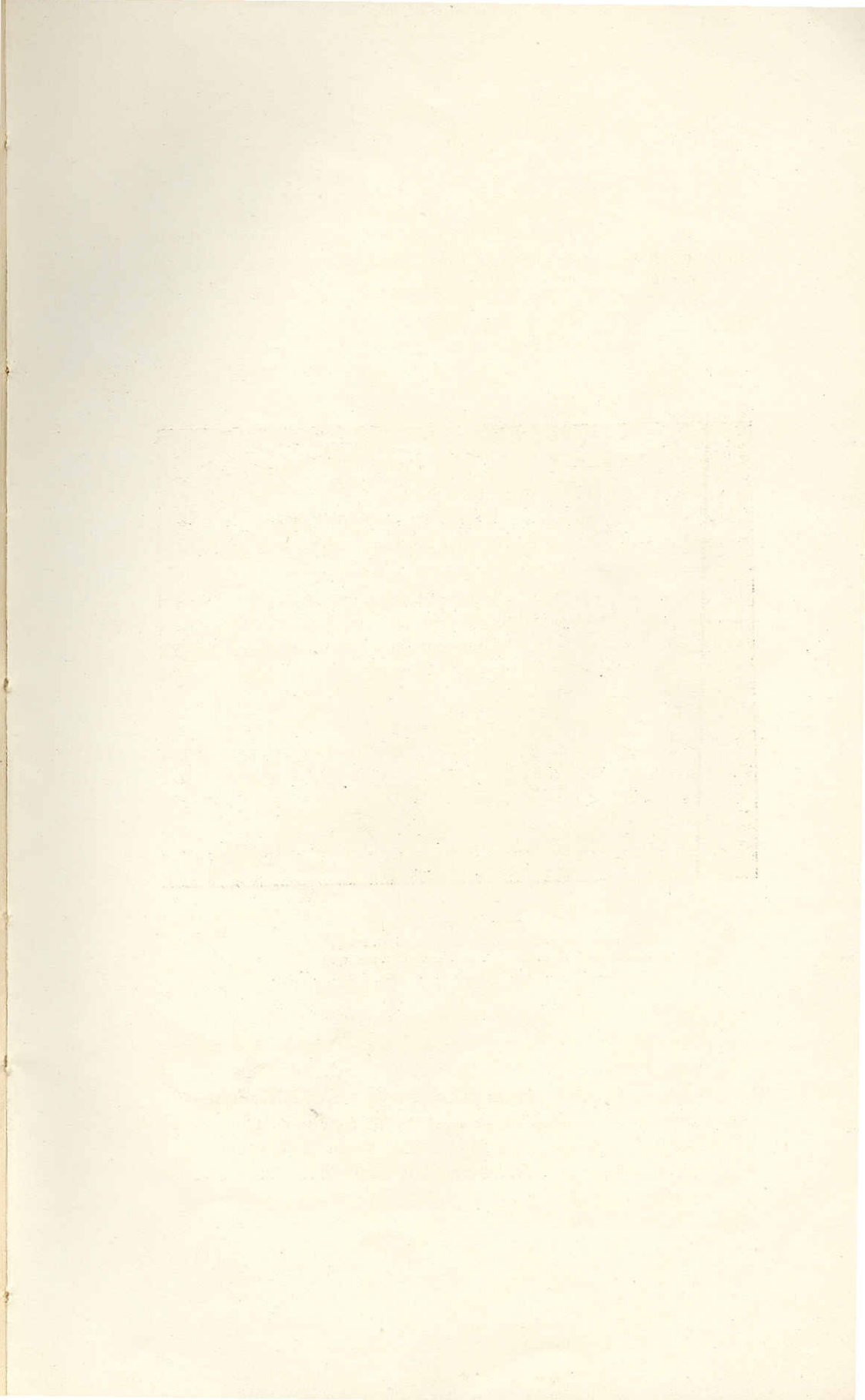
RIFLES (or HIPES).—These always come in arm-chairs; if chairs get worn, a "reseat" voucher is necessary. These vouchers can be obtained from any officer's batman.

POTATOES (Tuber Vulgare).—Always sent by registered letter; not by Motor Transport or waggin.

ARMY HORSES, MULES AND ASSES can be obtained at Company Office at 8-15 a.m. any day.

N.B.—G.W. means Great Western, not George Washington or Good Whiskey, as one might suppose. "Cases,—wood, packing" are made of wood. A.F.B. 1050 should never be quoted A.F.B. ten-minutes-to-eleven. Under the heading "date and mode of conveyance," you should put the date and mode of conveyance.

G.H.W.





OUR OFFICERS.

Back Row : Lieut. Stevens, Capt. Brock, Lieut. Percy.

Second Row : Capt. Bleaden, M.C., and Lieut. Saffery.

Front Row : Capt. Nottidge, Lt.-Col. Trueman, and Capt. Terry.

“ **George** by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great
 “ **Britain and Ireland, and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas,**
 “ **King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, &c.**
 “ **To Our Trusty and well beloved Greeting.**”

When you leave here
 Your country's cause to serve in grim reality,
 As leaders, to inspire and to command
 The varied ranks that constitute our Empire's arms,
 Fail not to hold on high a beacon light
 Dimming all else by reason of its greatness—
 The light of Loyalty.
 For in the bosom of the nation now there lurks
 A thought insurgent, which, if left to grow,
 Will sap the lifeblood of our Empire's might.
 Though small as yet, and cursed by honest men,
 The very fact of its existence
 Should fire our hearts with righteous wrath,
 And steel our minds to war.
 What then is this dread thing
 That strives to raise its unclean spirit in our midst?
 It is the voice that seeks debasing peace,
 That would dethrone and substitute for powers ordained
 Some motley convocation,
 The while their brothers die upon the reddened fields of war.
 'Tis ours to stem the tide of this abysmal sin
 ' Ere it shall reach a flood no lock can hold.
 For if not held, by traitorous souls within
 Our Empire shall be riven,
 Our enemies shall laugh and mock to see
 Our Armies' triumph turned into destruction more complete
 Than any feat of war has yet accomplished.
 This shall not be! No cloud must stain our final victory!
 And when an honoured peace at last is reached
 Our thrice amazed enemies shall see
 From out the chaos of this world-wide war
 A mightier Empire yet, spread from our Island Throne.
 And when in wonderment they stop to ask, as ask they will,
 How this can be, our answer
 Clarion-voiced throughout the world shall ring—
 It is because we fought for God, for Right,
 Our Empire, and—Our King.

C.S.S.

The "Kitley Belle."

Date : Any Saturday night.

Scene : The Landing Stage at Steer Point.

Time : 9-50 p.m. A crowd of Cadets waiting to board the Yealm Dreadnought.

"Make way-ah!" a loud commanding voice rings out, and, as the eager and highly-trained youths step gingerly aside to clear the gangway, one of their number with a majestic air steps boldly up the planks. His triumph alas! is but short-lived, for he is roughly jostled off the plank—splash! into the muddy Yealm. The ruse had failed!

The crowding on continues—those first on board amuse themselves by sounding the ocean monster's hooter. The "Kitley Belle," though small in size, has "some" whistle, and quite a decent Toot-too-to-loo-too—Toot Toot! can be managed with a little care. The stragglers, hearing the weird but well-known sound, hasten hurriedly round the shore, and the struggle recommences. Those behind push those in front—and they, who are not exactly opposite the gangway, find themselves in the water; but thanks to the excellent "Army and Navy" boots, their feet are kept dry and yet are cooled.

At last (although the majority have in their excitement omitted to salute the quarter deck), all are aboard and ready to start. Cadet McNab is at the wheel; I don't know exactly what he's doing there—perhaps he can't get anywhere else. The Captain-mechanic-purser-stoker-chap tries in vain to start the magnificent turbine engine—but Nemesis has been at work, and there is no steam—it has been exhausted by too frequent blowing of the whistle! However, not to be undone—I mean outdone—those of us who still retain a little energy, in spite of Plymouth buns and ginger-pop, remove our coats and, emulating our gallant Prince of Wales, help stoke the fires.

Hurrah! she's off; and away up the river the tiny craft puff-puffs! Burke thinks he'd like to try his skill as steersman; and McNab—having just finished taking us for a pleasure trip across the river and back again—retires discomfited, but satisfied. It's a good job—"Stop blowing that bally whistle, will you—we've little enough steam"—that the tide is not quite out or—"Star-

board the helm! steersman, you'll have us on the shore!"—and, sure enough, the mighty vessel runs aground!

"Get to the stern, some o' ye!" shouts the skipper. To me, this is an impossible feat, for I am firmly wedged between two fellows and the taff-rail (I don't know exactly what the taff-rail is, but it sounds all right), and simply cannot move. "Full speed astern," signals the captain, and, with a clatter and a whir-rr, the engines are reversed! A mighty foam of muddy white is churned up sternwards by the twin propellers, and slowly the vessel heaves herself clear of the shore. This time the owner and managing director thinks he'll steer for himself, and in due course we get into mid-stream and keep a tolerably straight course up the Yealm.

"Oh, there she is!" shouts someone—it sounds like Kendel's voice—"see! that one on the House-boat!"

"And there," shouts "Mister" Chalmers, "is the Coastguard's lovely daughter; I'm sure she's waving to me."

The Glee-party has somehow managed to collect together, and is taking advantage of an audience who, unfortunately, cannot make a hasty exit by a side-door; thus, we are the unwilling listeners of that time-honoured and wistful melody, "She wore a tulip" (for what reason I can never tell). Curiously enough, tonight it sounds quite pretty, and the harmony is undeniably good.

Now we are steaming swiftly past our favourite haunt, the Yealm hotel; and soon we shall reach our destination. Hickson thinks he'll risk another blow at the whistle—and the peaceful villagers are rudely disturbed by a loud, prolonged hoarse too-oo-oot! The ship almost stops, but we don't care—only a 100 yards to go!

Ting! Ting!—the engine stops.

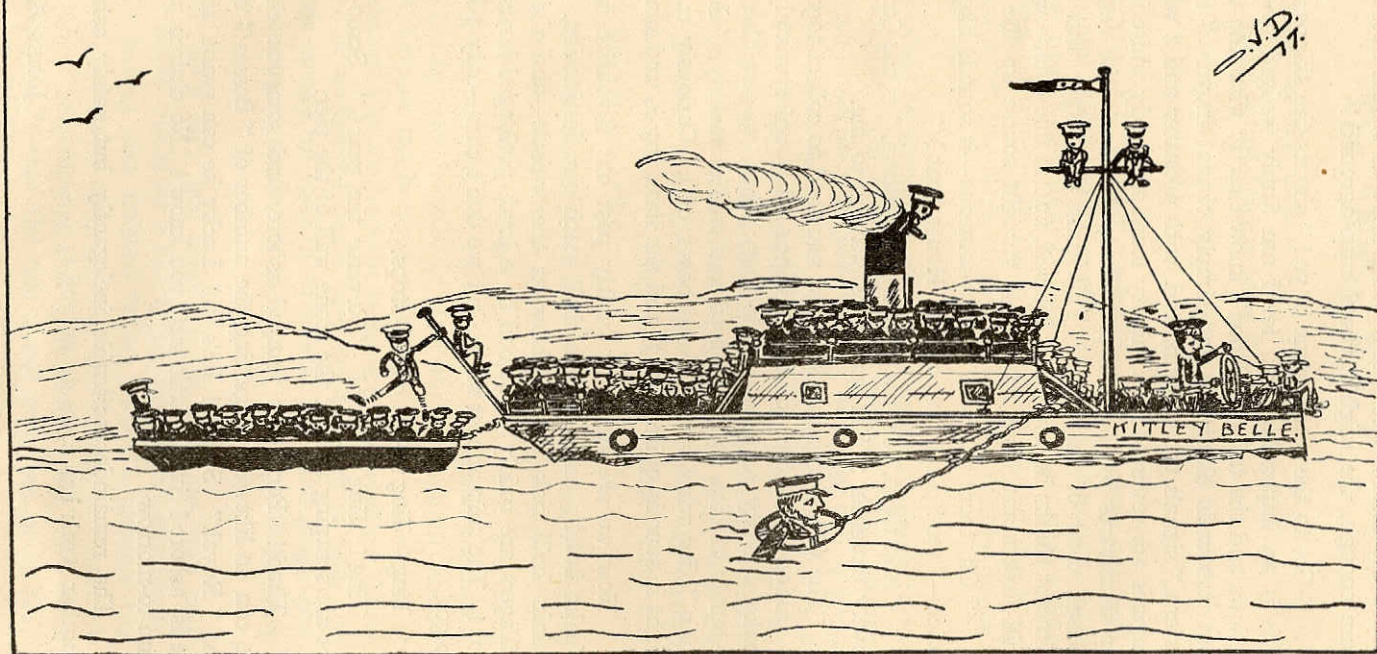
Ting! Ting! Ting! "Reverse the gear!" Scroo-oo-sh!—we are scraping against the stone wall of the pier.

Thud! Perry has jumped ashore, and someone else thinks he can do likewise, forgetting the number of "Basses" he had at the "Royal." Splash! he's in! Lucky he can swim, and—there he is, ashore! just a little wet, you know! No church parade for him to-morrow!

The remainder scramble inelegantly but safely ashore—and another week has come to an end!

JAMES NAIRNE.

THE LAST BOAT FROM STEER POINT!



Celebrities Interviewed.

I.—*M. le Sous—officier.*

“Thanks awfully, gentlemen. I cannot adequately express my intense gratification on being chosen for this interview. I can assure you that I feel deeply honoured and absolutely *bon*. Yes, I am truly a great athlete, and I think I may safely say that the success of my Company in the recent sports that I held was due entirely to my brilliant organisation . . . Thanks awfully; very good of you to say so. The tug-of-war, I confess, I lost, as I really did not think the rope would have stood the strain I could have put upon it . . . Just one moment, gentlemen; don't go yet—I have still much to tell you . . . Thanks awfully . . . I am ‘hot stuff’ on parade, and do my best to go mad when told to do so. In this, I think I may say that I am highly successful, as I have been told by a competent authority that I am absolutely unique—quite *bon*, in fact. I am thinking of revising the drill-book, and have already thought out and practised several new movements. For instance, why slope arms before marching a Company away? I myself never do it! . . . On the subject of “gas,” I take some beating. My quick and easy method of folding a gas-helmet at once caught the eye of the inspecting officer. I myself saw him congratulate my Company gas-officer on my proficiency and initiative! . . . I often say a few words to my men at dinner, and I know they appreciate it, for I always get a huge reception. I delivered a most excellent and touching speech to Banks & Co. when they left me to take up their commissions. I may say it brought tears to their eyes, and, when I resumed my seat, my men's applause was thunderous, to the detriment of much crockery and many glasses, all of which I naturally made good. . . . In conclusion, I may say that I know all about clothing boards and condemnation of clothing. At the last one held, I presented a few pairs of socks, which my Q.M. seemed doubtful about changing. However, I won him over when I pointed out the huge holes which even I could not mend. Yes, I have terrible feet . . . Thanks awfully, gentlemen.”

II.—*The R.S.M.*

“Yes, what is it? Close your heels! What?—my opinion of ‘A’ Company?—Never saw anything worse in my life—ah! . . . That enough? . . . Fall in, DOUBLE!!”

III.—*Cadet Kendel.*

“Hoo-yah! Hoo-yah! Yes, I am the right of the left half-platoon. My occupation—fixing bayonets; my hobby—collecting kit-bags; my ambition—to have sugar in both tea and porridge at breakfast.—How are you now?”

IV.—*The Company Commander.*

Our representative was introduced to the Company Commander's presence in quite a novel manner by the attendant: “Quick March—Right Wheel—Mark Time—Halt—Left Turn.” . . . “Yes,” said the C.C., as he turned the pages of a large book lying on his desk, “I find that you have been before me far too often—you must do six extra parades.”

[This interview is printed as contributed, but we are afraid our representative has become somewhat confused owing to his many visits to the C.C.—Ed.]

V.—*Cadet Perry.*

“Yes, I have been to Egypt. Please, don't forget to mention that, as there may be some people who are still unaware of the fact. I am ‘hot stuff’ at languages, and am trying to get a ‘cushy’ job in the Intelligence department . . . Oh! no; brains are not at all necessary. . . . Yes, I was a Cavalryman before I came here, but there is not an atom of truth in the report that I am going back to my own Regiment—they won't have me.”

Shades of Longfellow.

Lo! the dashing young cadetta
 Sallies from his old battalion;
 Hies him to the wilds of Memblønd;
 Draws a library and cap-band,
 Draws a belt and full equipment,
 Draws a rifle, oil, and pullthrough,
 Hopes to live in restful study,
 Finds that he has joined the Army.

Soon he meets the R.S. Emma—
 He of discipline and drill-a,
 He the great, the one Tschehunna,
 He the Mighty Man of Memblønd.

His the voice that breathed o'er Eden,
 Making all cadetta's tremble,
 Setting all the windows rattling,
 Making every tree deciduous
 Shed its foliage as in autumn.
 He who makes the Sergeants giddy
 Taking names by scores and dozens ;
 Setting oft, in weather broiling,
 Steps 200 to the minute ;
 He who knows the laws of armies,
 Full of lore of crimes and crime sheets,
 Full of vim and full of vigour,
 Speeds all up till they " go mad-a."

Meets he also " Mark time, Forward !"
 He yclept C. Esses Emma ;
 And the other lesser staff men—
 Men who know and men who know not—
 All politely call him " Mister ;"
 Not because they really love him,
 But to add a touch ironic
 To their comments sharp and caustic.

Drills he hard from morn till even,
 Learns to turn, to halt, to double,
 Learns to shout, to roar, to thunder,
 Learns the wiles and ways of warfare,
 Learns to understudy jerksmen,
 Learns, till learning makes his head ache.

On the Hoe or in the village
 Now and then he seeks diversion,
 Gaudy he in all his warpaint
 As a spare lieutenant-colonel.
 Oft saluted, ne'er saluting,
 Till the hawk-eyed Ack Pip Emma,
 Swooping from his coign of vantage,
 Sees, pursues, and overtakes him.

In the end, the star once distant,
 Unto which he'd hitched his waggon,
 Comes to rest upon his shoulder ;
 And he sallies forth triumphant,
 Seeking other worlds to conquer.

The Sorrows of a Sub-soul.

[Taken from the posthumous diary of a Newton Ferrers post—
futurist.]

The grass is green, and the daisies are smiling to the sunlit bosom of the sky, but within me all is dark. How sad it seems that I alone cannot rejoice! Why do I live? I know not. No one will tell me.

.

Yesterday, I danced out into the morning, a snow-white fillet bound about my brow. Across my path there came a stately being. I looked up into his large, soft brown face. I smiled at him. A thrill of love ran round my swan-like neck. "Ah," said I—

.

I have seen him again: he has spoken to me. Oh! why must I die. I am already twenty-two, and soon I must die, this love must kill me. Let me tell you how I met him. I was walking along with a song on my lips. Suddenly, I came upon an open square. My love was there: he was walking there. He saw me. My heart filled. "What do you want here?" he shouted. My heart emptied.

.

The joy has passed from my life. No one has died and left me money: I must work. They have made me a lady-cook. I have to cook meat. To think that my hands are to cook meat. To think that anyone should eat the meat that I cook!

.

The joy has not ceased to pass from my life. A couple were wed, and the groom asked the lady-cooks to dance with him. I was not asked—and HE was there. My soul is crushed: it is all black and blue.

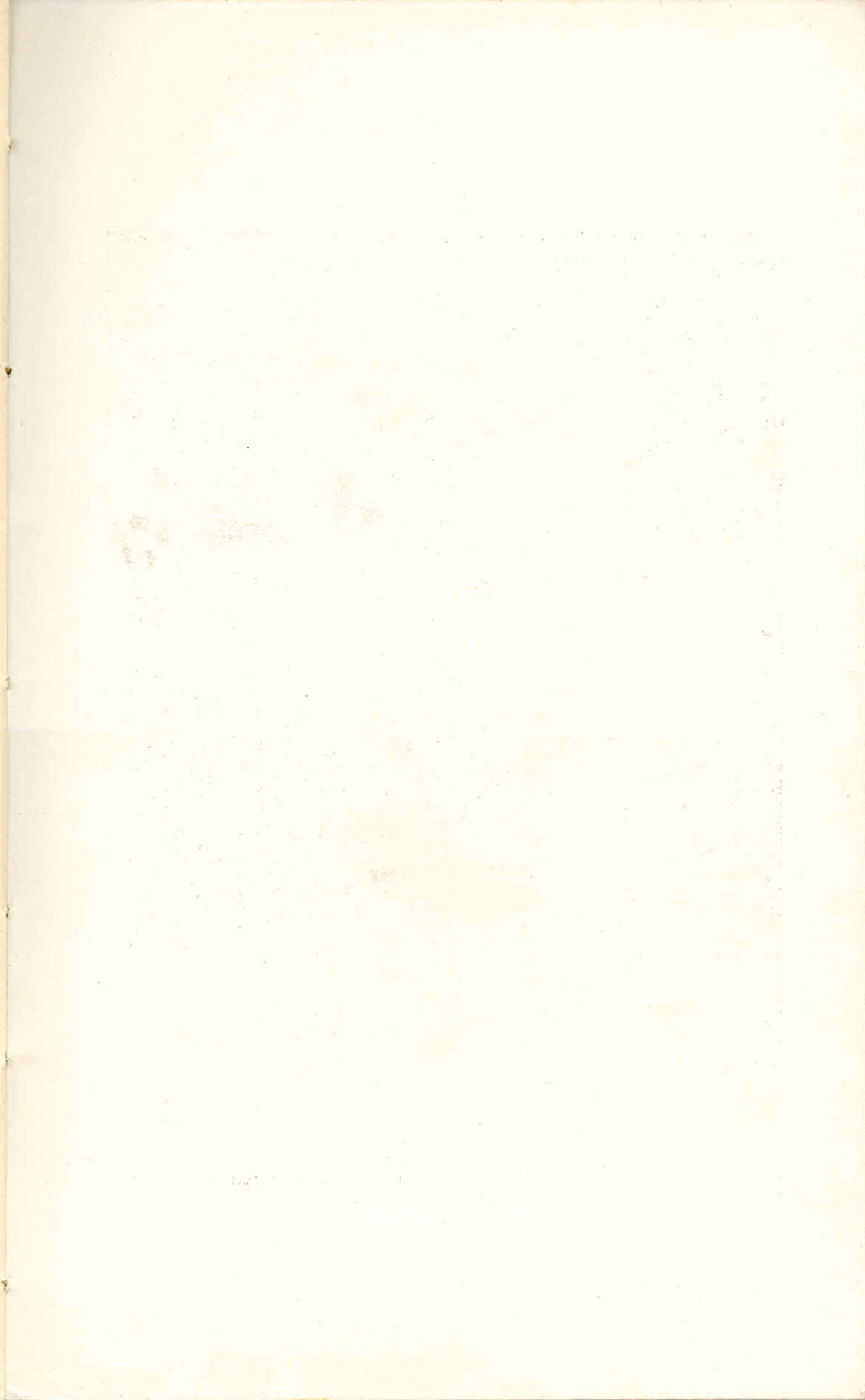
.

All is over: HE has given orders that the lady-cooks are not to speak to the staff. I am dying

.

I am dead.

.





CAPTAIN W. R. NOTTIDGE, Bedfordshire Regt.

Officer Commanding "A" Company.

To the 2nd. "A" Coy., No. 1 O.C.B.

GENTLEMEN,

To praise you is the task of others. To judge you is unnecessary, for you have already been weighed in the balance and found not wanting. To analyse you I am unable, for your variety is too great.

However, as a parting gift, I give you one piece of advice, namely this—Wherever you are, whatever you are doing, always be cheery. A good grin covers a multitude of sins. A gloomy face is an eyesore in a Mess and a disaster in a Trench. Therefore, to those of you who do not smile easily, I say, "Get you apart at once and practise the grin ubiquitous." Your time will be well spent, and the labour will repay you. Only, smile not in the face of your enemy and on Parade.

For the rest, may good fortune attend you when you leave here. I think well of you and my good wishes go with you.

Yours very sincerely,

W. R. NOTTIDGE, Capt.,

Commanding "A" Coy.

MEMBLAND HALL,

June, 1917.

The Yarn of a Spud.

In the purlieus of Membland Pleasaunce one may observe an allotment, carefully guarded from the rude steps of unthinking or careless individuals. To this patch of Mother Earth is attached a tale, which must have an interest for all Cadets.

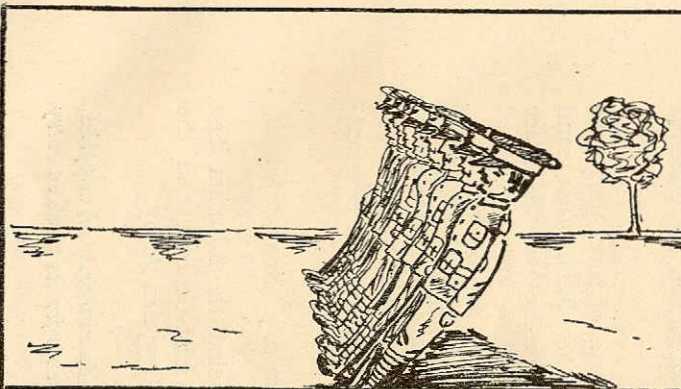
There, in the showery days of April, a patriotic member of His Majesty's Forces planted a potato. It is presumed the potato is getting on very well, indeed—he isn't dug-up so often nowadays to see how he progresses, and it must be quite ten days since his owner last saw him. He was then very fit and sprouting freely. Before he was planted, he was paraded in the Hall and given copious notes *re* the potato scarcity, and told it was up to him to sprout for his King and Country. "Membland hath need of thee," was the parting message.

His owner duly measured him for a hole, and the C.R.E. and a fatigue party from the permanent staff attended the planting. A true bearing was taken and, with the expert on protracting in attendance, a suitable site was selected. "If you bore a hole right thro'," said the expert, "at an angle of umpteen degrees to the horizon, to a distance of so many yards, the potato will be quite comfy there."

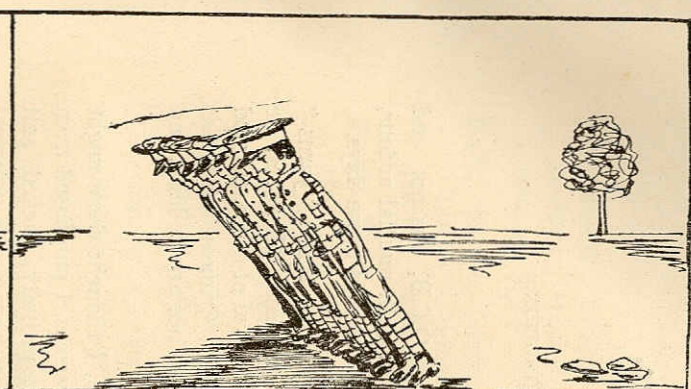
The Labour Battalion thereupon lifted tools in required manner and, after blasting with ammonal—and tongues, plied the crowbar and maul, cleared out a nice empty hole, leaving nothing in it, and wheeled away the debris.

When the dawn came softly stealing o'er the downs and ups of Glorious Devon, and the mellifluous tones of Membland's owls were hushed, when nought but the snores of an alert sentry broke the calm of a balmy spring morn, when the aroma of sausage and onion faintly perfumed the zephyrs, the Potato was gently laid to rest. With specially selected earth, some unrestrained tears and tender words, he was tenderly hid from vulgar gaze. The spot was plotted out and marked with a little banner bearing the strange device, "Excelsior."

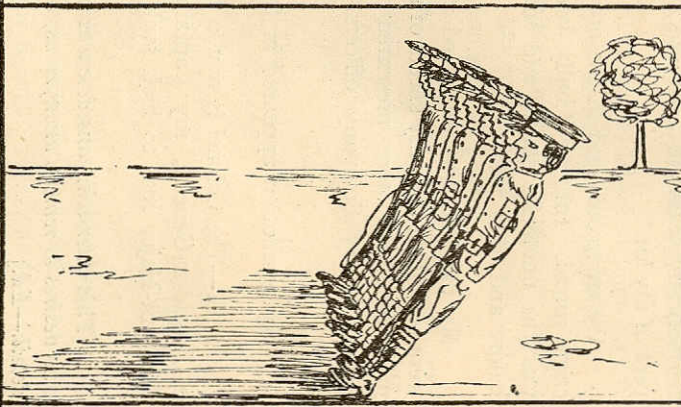
He has been seen twice by Visiting Rounds, and, on inter-rogation, has given assurance that overtime has been worked. On his next monthly exam. he will be photographed by his owner for the "Daily Squeak," and it is promised that, if at the end of his course he has worked well, he will be given premier place in Membland's Roll of Honour.



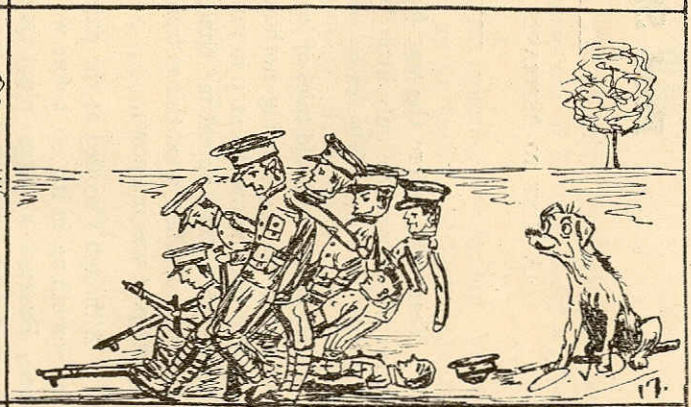
SQUAD



AH!



SHUN



AH!

Food Shortage.

A HINT TO ASPIRANTS FOR PROMOTION.

Years ago, before the war (when No. 1 O.C.B. was not, and when the Kaiser was only little Willie), fired with martial ardour, I 'listed and went to the wars—such as they were in those days.

My father had told tales of food shortage in his time : “yarns ” we called them, knowing nothing of the subject. However, he insisted that he owed a step in rank to the arrival of a box of good things at a very opportune time, to wit, the Crimean winter at Sevastopol, when good things from home did not arrive daily, and parcel post was unknown.

Although I scoffed at the parental tale, I thought there might be something in it ; so, before we went overseas, I purchased from one Buszard a large plum pudding, beautifully packed and hermetically sealed in a tin box, which box formed the principal part of my kit.

We went out, and in the ordinary course of time, Christmas came round. Inferior “bully beef” was the official *menu*, sand was the unofficial sauce, and universal grouching was the grace before and after meat.

My pudding was unpacked and cooked ; large slices thereof were served on the only sheets of note paper in camp in the lids of mess tins, and were presented personally to the Colonel, the Adjutant, my Company officers, and the Regimental Sergeant-Major.

My promotion appeared in Orders two days afterwards !

N.B.—The Colonel is now a Field-Marshal, the Adjutant died a Brigadier-General, my Captain is a Lieut.-General, and the Sergeant-Major rose to high rank in the Egyptian Army.

[*This interesting anecdote was written by an authority on supplies, who desires to remain anonymous, but he vouches for its truth in every detail.—Ed.*]

Who's Who.

- ABERCROMBY, DIOGENES.—Our Pet Pedant ; distinct taste for heckling ; tried to do Chalmers out of his job ; sings a good song ; a decent old bloke.
- BUCK, SIGNOR CAVALLERIA.—The lightning conductor ; scorns "Tatcho"—brings his hair up by hand ; the human gramophone ; shares his nuts with Burke.
- BURKE, BILLEE.—Organist of St. Gym's Church, Membland ; hot stuff at the piano ; accomplice of Signor Buck ; studies cookery in the nude ; blew his front teeth out trying to whistle one of his own compositions.
- CHALMERS, VERE-DE-VERE.—Under-officer. Very grateful disposition ; silence is golden.
- CLIFTON, ALGY.—The Membland Adonis ; has bee-yutiful hips ; discarded his corset with his kilt ; very pally with under-officer.
- EASTOE, SIR WESTWARD.—Membland's mighty atom ; acquired his complexion in Africa ; always merry and bright.
- FRASER, FORTUNATUS.—Brightens Company Office with his cheerful smiles ; profound topographical knowledge of Netton.
- GARBUTT, BARON DE WOODBINE.—Great performer on running track and at mess-table ; has made great conquests in the culinary line, but ulterior motives suspected.
- HEAPS, NATHANIEL.—Reggie's pet ; very popular at Orderly room and cookhouse window ; puts "Nutta" on his hair, and cleans his buttons with toothpaste.
[*Note : Perry did this—sheer spite!—N.C.H.*]
- JACKSON, C. B. F.—The cricket authority ; used to play for a club ; expert on "active service" musketry.
- JEZZARD, GERMINAL.—Renowned epicure and jerks expert ; very badly maimed about the face ; numerous gold stripes and a lurid past ; has many fatherly interests and instincts.
- JONES, MISS P. G.—Very winsome ways, but rather bashful ; has refused many serious offers, matrimonial and otherwise ; cherishes hopeless passion for Kendel ; *chic* taste in pyjamas.

- KENDEL, BASILISKA.—The kit-bag king ; pure Grecian profile and saintly habits ; contemplates leading Miss Jones to the altar ; quiet and subdued disposition ; great muscular development of right elbow.
- MURRAY, ST. ANTHONY.—Very fast and frivolous young man ; should pay more attention to his books ; contemplates making precautionary additions to his kilt when gazetted.
- NAIRNE, MORELL MCKENZIE.—M.T. (rarely) ; our swimming representative ; considerable ocean displacement ; rumoured to have knowledge of Latin and anatomy.
- PAYNE, NARCISSUS.—Six feet of agony ; extensive Army experience (R.A.M.C.) ; adjustable glands throughout ; very intelligent sleeper ; pure in purpose and a model in manners ; never known to have reported sick ; discovered Cambridge.
- PEEL, JOHNNIE.—The wee Scot from Bolton ; twin to Payne ; quite a priceless little boy ; extensive active service in every trench in France long before he 'listed.
- PEERS, ERASMUS WELLINGTON.—Promoted to Major in the field ; the instructors' *vade mecum* ; specialises in extra drills and pathos on the violin.
- PERRY, SIR WINKLE.—All that is left of many armies ; a rather susceptible youth ; expert in savage warfare ; pastime—biting ; shares doubtful reputation with Kendel.
[Note : *Heaps did this.*—R.C.P.]
- PRITCHARD, WEE WILLIE.—Harmless little chap ; very fond of mixing with his elders ; takes Benger's food surreptitiously, and is learning to smoke.
- ROBERTSON, J. C.—The "susepticable" Scot ; condescends to attend a few parades between visits to M.O. and Plymouth ; date of execution fixed for 14th of next month.
- ROBINSON, ROBERT.—The doughty constable ; father to twins Peel and Payne ; has a very taking way, especially with cigarettes and matches. Hobbies—turning out his play box, and asking foolish questions.
- RUDDOCK, BABICUS.—Playmate of Pritchard ; angelic disposition (W.D.T.) ; subject to maternal solicitude of elderly ladies.

SCOTT, TOC EMMA.—The Tyneside terror (nobody knows why) ; quite innocuous ; can be taken either before or after with perfect safety.

SMITH, A. T.—The imperturbable ; all-round sportsman ; has been very good since arrival of family ; pastimes—cleaning-up editorial sanctum and pushing perambulators.

WINDLE, MRS. D. S.—Perfect manners ; ideal instructor for Girl Guides ; “ Kind, kind and gentle is he.”

L'Envoi.

God speed ! Our brief sojourn is o'er ;
 We're parting—When again to meet ?—
 And Membland Hall shall hear no more
 The voices or the hurrying feet
 Of those who, short as was their stay,
 Will feel a pang of fond regret,
 As, launching forth upon the way
 Of greater things and deeds, as yet
 Recorded not in history,
 They leave behind this mansion fair,
 And all their kindly mentors' care,
 Who taught them War's grim business here ;
 Its trials and its mystery.

And oft, as, in our new career,
 A moment's leisure finds a place,
 Our memory will recall a face,
 A voice, or deed that happened here.
 And then with pleasure we'll recall
 The times we had, the friends we made,
 The mimic warfare round the Hall,
 The Sergeant-Major's drill parade—
 Perspiring hour of industry—
 And wish that we could be once more
 On Glorious Devon's southern shore,
 To grouse, as oft we groused before,
 With blessings on his ancestry !

D. YUILLE.

Tactical Schemes.

I.

Map Ref. : $\frac{1}{20,000}$ Artillery Training, Newton Ferrers.

Date : Saturday afternoon.

Time : 3 o'clock.

Weather : Glorious.

GENERAL IDEA :—A white force is advancing from a point 22 yds. N. of Citadel in A. 14 c. in a South-Westerly direction towards the Smeaton Lighthouse. Strength : 6 Cadets. Its intention is to make prisoners. A mauve and grey enemy is observed at the cross roads 200 yds. W. of the Armada Memorial. You are detailed to get in touch with the enemy without delaying the advance of the main body.

QUESTION 1 :—What would be your plan of attack ? (2 mins.) (5 marks).

The enemy retires, under cover of the citadel, to a point A. 14 c. 22, where she is brought to bay.

QUESTION 2 :—Describe your method of approach, and give reasons. (3 mins.) (5 marks.)

Having encircled the enemy, you are pressing her closely, when you are threatened on your right front by the sudden appearance of an Ack Pip Emma.

QUESTION 3 :—What would you do ? (2 secs.) (25 marks.)

At 5 pip emma, the question of supply becomes urgent.

QUESTION 4 :—Wishing to minimise your losses, how would you deal with this situation ? (10 mins.) (10 marks.)

Having suffered more heavily than you anticipated, you receive a "check" 250 yds. E. of the Great Southern Bank.

QUESTION 5 :—What action would you take ? (3 mins.) (15 marks.)

Having cashed the cheque, you entrench yourself in the first row of the stalls.

QUESTION 6 :—At this stage, what message, if any, would you send to your wife ? (4 mins.) (10 marks.)

At 10-30 p.m., you are led into an ambush, consisting of the enemy's main body—1 father, 1 mother, 1 battery heavy fraternal artillery 6' 2",—who endeavour to force an engagement, which must be avoided at all costs.

QUESTION 7:—What steps would you take? (Owing to the nature of the ground, very long ones are impossible.) (1 sec.) (30 marks.)

M.C.G.

II.

WEEKLY SCHEME.

Date, Time and Ref., as above.

GENERAL IDEA:—You are advancing along a mainroad from MEMBLAND to HOLBETON, when, at a point 750 yards S.W. of Farm, you are set upon by a gang of ruffians.

QUESTION 1:—State what you would do.

- (a) If you had your posh togs on;
- (b) If you were with a lady. (5 mins.) (10 marks.)

You know a milk cart is at the cross-roads 100 yards S.W. of your present position.

QUESTION 2:—

- (a) What steps would you take to communicate with the lady driver?
- (b) Why is the milk late every morning? (5 mins.) (10 marks.)

S.S.W. of ridge N.E. of road you meet large force of Bulls.

QUESTION 3:—

- (a) Which would you rather do—or go fishing?
- (b) How long would you take to do a 100 yards? (5 mins.) (10 marks.)

At this stage, an armistice is agreed upon, as the Canteen has opened.

TAFFY.

“A” Company, No. 1 Officer Cadet Battalion.

SYLLABUS OF WORK FOR WEEK ENDING 31st JUNE, 1917.

	7 to 7-30 a.m.	8-45 to 9-45 a.m.	10 to 11 a.m.	11-15 to 12-15.	1-30 to 2-30 p.m.	6-45 to 7-45 p.m.	9 to 10 p.m.
MONDAY ...	P. T. (In bed).	Peruse Morning Mail.	Study. “ Western Mercury.”	Select Cricket Teams.	Tennis.	Harmony in Hall.	Practice in Correspondence.
TUESDAY ...	Compression of Bed-Biscuits.	Attend Postal Delivery.	Digest War News.	Study, “ Military Outfitters’ Catalogues.”	Cricket.	Musical Interlude.	Financial Appeals by Post.
WEDNESDAY	Blanket Warming.	Waiting for Mail.	Discussion on Political Situation.	Prognostications regarding Lunch.	Boating.	Glee Practices.	Epistles to Best girls.
THURSDAY	P. T. (as above).	Ambushing the Postman.	“ Punch,” etc.	Study, “ Psychological Aspect of Beer Bar.”	Cricket.	Rag-time on Joanna.	Epistles to Second-best girls.
FRIDAY ...	No Parade.	Fall in for Letters.	Study, “ The Ethics of Bairnsfather.”	Debate in Ante-room, “ Girls I’ve known.”	Swimming.	Distribution of Oof.	Letter Writing.
SATURDAY ...	Recuperative Slumber.	Preparation of Joy-rags.			What Hoe !!		



CAPTAIN C. L. BLEADEN, M.C., Durham L.I.,
Officer Commanding No. 1 Platoon.



No. 1 PLATOON.

Back Row : Anderson, A., Beard, Chalmers, Burgess.

Second Row : Thorburn, Crowther, Abercromby, Braidwood, Anderson, W. H.

Third Row : Bower, Beane, Cruikshanks, Barney, Rimer, Clifton.

Fourth Row : Addison, Buck.

Fifth Row : Staff-Sgt. Jacobs, Bannerman, Boyes, Baylis, Buttle, Aukett, Boyle, Claydon, Smith, S. C.

To No. 1 Platoon.

"Tempus fugit." Whoever was the author of these words, he never wrote a truer thing in his life. Your course is rapidly approaching its completion,—completion only as regards time: by no means as regards knowledge, your store of which is as a grain of mustard seed, the growth of which will depend upon yourselves.

There is no need for me to tell you what I think about you; you know that already. I only hope you do not know as much about me as I do about you. Several of you have asked me to recommend books to read from the Padre's excellent library; after careful consideration, I think the following are suitable—don't you? :—

- F.C.C. "Daddy Longlegs," by Jean Webster.
 A.A.A. "The old man in the corner," by Baroness Orczy.
 G.G.C. "Little Black Sambo," by W. Eary.
 J.R.B. "She," by Rider Haggard.
 C.E.B. "My Lady Nicotine," by J. M. Barrie.
 R.P.C. "A Rectory Garden," by T. Ennis.
 W.A. "Incomparable Bellairs," by Agnes & Egerton Castle.
 S.H.B. "How to give advice," by D. O. Zey.
 R.C.C. "Puzzles and how to solve them," by "Tubby."
 G.M.A. "How to punt with Grace," by Anon.
 A.W.B. "Encyclopedia Britannica."
 W.M.R. "Admirable Crichton," by T. Rimmer.
 W.B. "History of the Gordons," by "Jock."
 S.S.J. "Ventriloquism and its value," by D. Rill.
 Remainder, "Use of Cavalry in the next War," by R. W. Boyes.

* * * * *

In these critical times, it is not out of place to remind you of the greatness of the task to which you have put your hand. See to it that you never look back. In dealing with those under you, remember to show tact, justice and comradeship. In wishing you Godspeed and every success, it seems fitting to recall to your memory the closing words of Lord Kitchener's message to the Expeditionary Force—

"Do your duty bravely,
 Fear God,
 Honour the King."

C. L. BLEADEN, Capt.,
 Durham L.I.

The Padre, you see,
 A mobike had he
 And a garage wherein to lockit.
 If of matter you lack
 When to him you chat
 Just mention the single word "sprocket."

A gardener most rare
 Mighty efforts bid fair
 To rival the flower beds at Kew ;
 For in one single night
 Six feet tall or so quite
 The most amazing things grew.

An S.M. there be
 Whose son, I forsee,
 A genius most surely will rise to ;
 For his drilling so fine
 Cadets, I opine,
 To copy will surely be wise to.

There was some one quite tall
 Who was feared by 'em all—
 Could anything really be saddah ?
 When quite sane on parade
 They oftimes were bade
 To get maddah and maddah, and maddah !

If you stand on parade
 Like a stone faced façade,
 Like a rock-ah, or side of a hill-ah,
 I admit its no fun,
 When a voice like a gun
 Says you've jolly well got to stand stillah.

While it couldn't be worse,
 This nonsensical verse
 May possibly cause you some fun-ah ;
 And a cheery old laugh
 With innocuous chaff
 Goes a long way to beating the Hunnah.

Nous voudrions bien savoir—

If Captain Bleaden did not make an excellent Master of Ceremonies (*vide* "Western Morning News") at Captain Terry's wedding?

Who was the Cadet who gained fame by drawing a salute from the R.S.M.?

Is the art of pouring tea from broken tea-pots included in the syllabus? And, if not, why not?

If the legal Cadet who advised Lt. Stevens on Civil Law during a lecture has sent in his bill for 6/8 yet?

If Lt. Stevens acted on the advice; and whether he found it good or not?

What are the qualifications of an under-officer?

"What Platoon is this?"

If the Hon. Sergeant who gave "Eyes left" to a Subaltern when a senior officer was on parade has since studied "Ceremonial?"

What Sergt. Lawson intended doing with the smile he threatened to take off a Cadet's face? And does he very much regret leaving "munitions?"

If the Cadet who proposed to bayonet a man coming up behind him has sent his idea to Aldershot yet?

Whether the views of Captain Nottidge on bearings have any connection with ball-bearings; and if they coincide with those of Captain Bleaden?

What happened to the Snake-charmers' Club?

Who possesses the key of a certain room marked "Officers only?" And might not the notice read, "Officer only?"

Has any effort been made to keep this "dark?"

Does the War Office sanction the use of Vermorel sprayers for horticultural purposes?

When will "A" Company glee-party make their debut?

"How long are you doing of it now?"

When Perry got home on the night of the Battalion sports, and where he had been?

Why the milk is late every morning? And does Sergt. Gray like those breeches?

Who is the conductor of the scullery choir ?

Will Renwick ever have his hair cut ; and does he put " Nugget " on it ?

If Richter likes Kirschenwasser ?

How many potatoes did the Officers plant at Eastern Lodge ?

Is it true that an Isolation party were detained to finish the job ?

What exactly were Slack's feelings after his first pipe ?

Is Pritchard really old enough to be a soldier ?

Whether, in deference to the Padre's wishes, the R.S.M. has decided not to interfere with Cadets found on their knees during Company drill ?

What the officer thought of the *equestrienne* who gave him the " bird " on the Yealmpton road ?

Why No. 4 Platoon are not allowed to take a pace to the rear to scratch their faces ?

What is a Potato ?

What happened to the spider that walked through the soup the other day ?

Who is the Cadet who has a bath with his vest on ? And who is the Cadet who never has one at all ?

Where Miss P. G. Jones buys her underwear ? And why does Kendel evince such active interest in it ?

Was it jam only that Heaps wanted at the Cookhouse door ? And was it worth it ?

Who put the pepper in the cat's milk ?

Where does Jones, P. G., go at 6-30 every morning ?

Whether Jezzard shared his sugar with those Russians and Turks ?

If the fact of a statement being " taken from the book last night " is a sufficient guarantee of it's accuracy ? And if our A.V.C. hero is still in doubt ?

What is the precise interpretation of the remark, " Any Cadet using his sleeve for a handkerchief ? "

Whether Drake is still going Westward ?

How many Cadets on leave really indulged in " buns and ginger pop-ah ? "

Who paid 15/10 for a light lunch in London ; and who rushed them into it ?

Does Peers really anticipate a job as " Jerks." superintendent ?

Does Johnston know the price of monkey nuts ?

Are Burke and Garbutt taking lessons in the Culinary Art or ?

Who is the athlete who runs better with his mouth than with his feet ?

Did Chalmers get his half-warrant to Plymouth ? And what did he do with the money thus saved ?

If Prismatic P.'s parents know that he drinks brandy ?

Whether it is the spell of Bacchus or Eros that lures him to the " Royal ? "

What is the exact nature of the French correspondence which McMath carries in his pocket-book ?

And is the connection with one lady only ?

Whether the essence of swedes is continuity ; and whether they have a massaging effect on the internal organs ?

Whether the under-officer's discarded socks have rendered yeoman service in the gas-chamber ?

Whether the peas in the officer's garden were really dug up by a cat ?

If the rumour is true that No. 3 Platoon commander has bought a bicycle to enable him to look for a house ?

Why does the Company Commander find his subalterns so willing to go to Plymouth every Thursday ?

What Captain Bleaden really did say when he saw the tactical scheme ?

Which officer told his platoon that they should know by now when to behave like gentlemen, and when not to do so ? And, what did he mean ?

Who is known as Lady Lanoline de Ven-Yusa ; and who used his hair-oil ?

Whether a certain authority on rabbits specialises in the Welsh variety ; and if this accounts for the shortage of cheese at his mess-table ?

Why so many Scotch Cadets spoil their morning milk by putting porridge in it ?

Whether those two officers were using live bait, or catching minnows ?

Where did Smith, J. C., find those two mermaids ?

Where did the "Boxing and Fencing" representative conduct the secret meetings of these sports ?

How many fish were caught by the officer and two cadets ?

Platoon Drill.

A TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT.

Dramatis Personæ :—Staff-Sergeant Jones (Drill Instructor) ; Cadet Tomkins (late of the Broadshire Yeomanry) ; a Platoon of Cadets. *Scene* : The Company Parade Ground.

STAFF-SERGT. (*rapidly, loudly and without pause*) :—"Platoon—'Shun, Stand at Ease, 'Shun, Stand at Ease, 'Shun, Stand at Ease, 'Shun. Mr. Tomkins, this way, Double ! Drill the Platoon."

CADET TOMKINS (*making a convulsive start, nearly dropping his rifle, recovering it by a neat acrobatic feat, sloping arms hastily and doubling up to the Staff-Sergt., clears his throat, and, in a still, small voice*) :—"Platoon."

STAFF-SERGT. :—"That's no use. They ain't a school treat. Don't talk to them like as if you was talking to your best girl. Give a Command."

CADET T. (*louder*) :—"Platoon—form fours—left !"

STAFF-SERGT. :—"Asuwere ! Give 'Slope Arms' first."

CADET T. :—"Sl-o-o-o-o-pe arms."

STAFF-SERGT. :—"Asuwere—don't sing to them. This ain't the choir. Give it like this—Sl-o-o-o-o-pe Arms." (*No difference is noticeable, except that the Staff-Sergt.'s voice is huskier and more discordant.*)

CADET T. :—"Sl-o-o-o-o-pe Arms. Platoon will move to the right in column of fours, form fours, left."

STAFF-SERGT. :—"Asuwere—use your brains. How can you give 'left' when you want them to go to the right ?"

CADET T. :—"Form fours, Right. Number I. Section to the front, remainder—."

STAFF-SERGT. :—"Asuwere! How do you know Number I. Section is there? Say, 'Section on the left.'"

CADET T. (*perspiring heavily*) :—"Sections, Right!"

STAFF-SERGT. :—"Asuwere! What's that?"

CADET T. :—"Sorry, Sergeant. It's a Cavalry Command. I got mixed up." (*Wipes his brow.*)

STAFF-SERGT. :—"Stand still when you're drilling a squad! Don't get mixed up—remember, you're a soldier now, not a groom."

CADET T. (*hoarsely*) :—"Platoon will move to the right in column of fours; Form fours, right; Section on the left to the front, remainder left wheel, quick march." (*Platoon marches off until stopped by the trees.*)

STAFF-SERGT. (*to the Platoon*) :—"Right—Wheel." (*To Tomkins*): "Carry on."

CADET T. :—"Right Wheel—Right Wheel—Right Wheel!"

STAFF-SERGT. :—"You'll make 'em dizzy. Form line at the 'alt, facing me."

CADET T. :—"At the halt, facing left, into column, form line."

STAFF-SERGT. :—"Asuwere—use your brains. Think what you're saying."

CADET T. :—"Right wheel, right wheel, right wheel, right wheel. At the halt, form column of line."

STAFF-SERGT. :—"Asuwere—Platoon, Halt—Right Turn." (*To Tomkins*): "Now, what are you going to do?"

CADET T. :—"I don't know, Sergeant."

STAFF-SERGT. :—"Well, you ought to know—you've done it scores of times before."

(*Cadet T. assumes an agonized expression of thought, and attempts to wipe his brow.*)

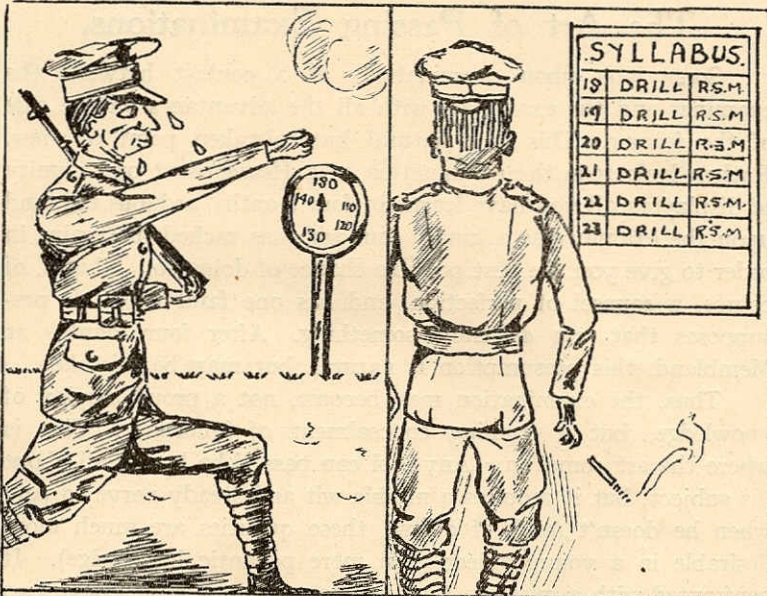
STAFF-SERGT. :—"Stand still, can't you? Are you going to keep them at 'Attention' all day?"

CADET T. (*a gleam of relief coming over his face*) :—"Troop, sit at—ease!!" (*Platoon immediately complies.*)

STAFF-SERGT. :—"Wh—wh—wh——" (*drops in a fit.*)

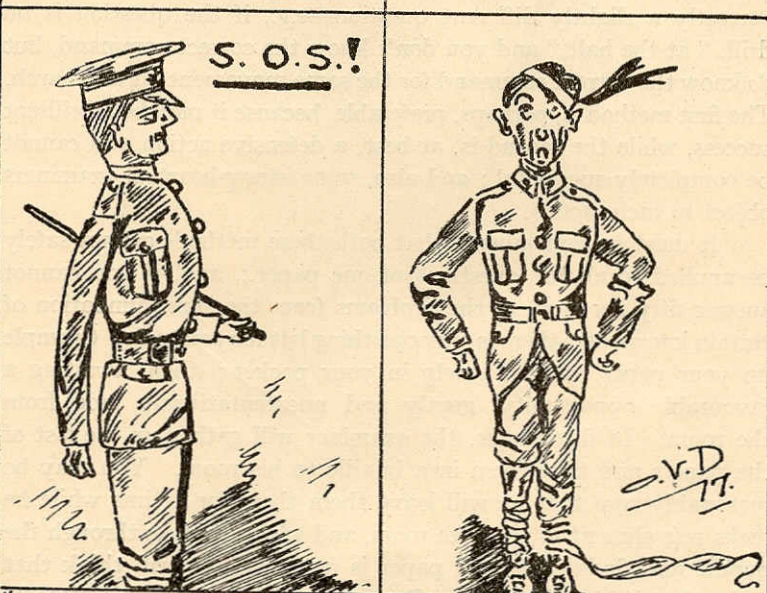
CURTAIN.

C.F.C.M.



DRILL.

"WIND UP!"



"SHUNNAH" ON SKYLINE.

THE SCOTTIE
"BREECHED" AT LAST.

The Art of Passing Examinations.

Some look upon examinations as a contest between the examiner and the examined, with all the advantages on the side of the former. This is a natural but mistaken point of view. Rather, look upon the examination as a Heaven-sent opportunity of displaying all you have learnt in four months' arduous toil, and upon the examiner as a kindly soul who has racked his brains in order to give you the best possible chance of doing so. This is, of course, a counsel of perfection, and has one fatal flaw. It presupposes that you *do* know something. After four months at Membland, this presumption is natural, but may be mistaken.

Thus, the examination may become, not a proud display of knowledge, but a cunning concealment of ignorance. This is where the art comes in. Any fool can pass if he knows all about his subject, but it requires a nimble wit and steady nerve to pass when he doesn't (and, of course, these qualities are much more desirable in a young officer than mere pedantic knowledge). If confronted with a question that you cannot answer, you have two alternatives: (1) the bold method, *i.e.*, a guess, pure and simple; (2) the cautious method, *i.e.*, misinterpret the question, and answer correctly a slightly different question—*e.g.*, if the question is on drill, "at the halt," and you don't know the correct command, but *do* know the correct command for the same movement on the march. The first method is, perhaps, preferable, because it may be a brilliant success, while the second is, at best, a defensive action and cannot be completely successful; and also, some stony-hearted examiners object to such tactics.

It must be remembered that both these methods cannot safely be applied to all the questions of one paper; and, if you cannot answer fifty per cent. of the problems from the sure foundation of certain knowledge, there is only one thing left for you to do. Crumple up your paper, stow it safely in your pocket; then, awaiting a favourable opportunity, gently and unostentatiously fade from the room. In due course, the examiner will gather up the last of the papers and take them in a bundle to his room. You may be reasonably sure that he will leave them there for a time while he seeks refreshment in the ante-room, and when he looks through the bundle and finds that your paper is not there, he will think that he has lost it himself, and—well, what would you do in his place?

You, in the meantime, can go about with a glad and cheerful countenance, secure in the knowledge that when the results are out you will have "PASSED."

C. F. C. MACASKIE.





LIEUT. C. S. SAFFERY, London Regt. (R.F.),
Officer Commanding No. 2 Platoon.



No. 2 PLATOON.

Back Row : Fraser, Hood, Emerson.
Second Row : Edwards, Macaskie, Harvey, Hutchison.
Third Row : Haggart, Hilliard, Ellis, Jackson.
Fourth Row : Hoole, Huggins, Fox, Gardiner, Heaps.
Fifth Row : Davies, Hendry, Gruselle, Hickson.
Front Row : Hartley, Damp, Freeman, Hesketh, Eastoe, and Garbutt.

To No. 2 Platoon.

They say that first impressions are generally right. My first impressions of No. 2 were very favourable, but this was before I saw you slope arms on parade for the first time, in as many different times as there were men in the ranks. My first impressions were then swept away in one fell swoop, and in the words of the Immortal, "I never saw anything like it."

Time, that great healer, came to my rescue and to yours, however, and I must confess that when No. 2 slopes arms now it is with a clockwork regularity hard to beat. Nevertheless, don't rest satisfied, but strive after greater perfection in this as well as other things.

Your progress in sports leaves little to be desired, and the turnout for football, running and cricket has been excellent. I can only say in this brief note that if you play the game as Officers as well as you have played the game as Cadets here, the Regiments to which you go will indeed be fortunate, for my first impressions, in spite of your numerous imperfections, hold good.

I take this opportunity to thank you for the way you have upheld No. 2, and wish you all Godspeed, and an early and victorious return.

C. S. SAFFERY, *Lieut.*,

London Regt. (R.F.).

The Passing of the First Floor Back.

[*Louis XV. Bedroom.*]

Eight bold Cadettas, sent down to Devon,
Baylis failed to "Shun-nah," then there were seven.

Seven bold Cadettas, striving to "fix,"
Boyle dropped his rifle, then there were six.

Six bold Cadettas, very much alive,
Boyes became "dozey," then there were five.

Five bold Cadettas, swabbing their floor,
Bower slipped on the soap, then there were four.

Four bold Cadettas, out on the spree,
Beane missed the "Kitley Belle," then there were three.

Three bold Cadettas, taking bearings true,
Brown took magnetic, then there were two.

Two bold Cadettas, drilling in the sun,
Beard forgot what he'd to do, then there was one.

One bold Cadetta, singing "My Fwend John,"
Barney did as John did, then there were none.

Society Pars.

Captain Nottidge will hold his early morning reception at 8-15 a.m. as usual in his new bungalow. It is hoped that no one will attend.

In the recent warm sunny weather, Professor Atkins was frequently seen on the Hoe arm-in-arm with his old friend, the Flexibility Chap.

It is regretted that Major Peers will be unable to give his lecture on "Drill and Discipline" in the Town Hall this afternoon,

as he has a standing engagement in the cricket field at 3-30 p.m. every day this week.

There will be a mass meeting of protest next week, for all men who have never been "pegged." As the gymnasium, unfortunately, is not available, the meeting will be held in the laundry store-room. Mr. Kendel will say a few words. Entrance will be by window only.

It is announced that a new "History of England" will be issued shortly, when many hitherto unknown facts will be disclosed. The *nom-de-plume* of "Sidi Bishr" but thinly disguises the personality of that greatest of modern explorers, Major Perry. Need we remind our readers that this is the intrepid explorer who discovered Egypt and built the Perrymids.

That versatile actor, Mr. U. R. A. Buck, gave such a realistic impersonation of a police constable one evening last week, that, as a grand finale, he threw himself out of the canteen with such force that his feet did not touch the ground until he smote the far wall of the guardroom.

The much criticised conductor, Signor Vincenzo, will conduct his open-air choral and elocution classes as usual next week.

We have at last discovered the method whereby the Rev. H. S. B. Watson imparts such a brilliant shine to his boots. It is simply by adding the finishing touch with his Army blanket.

We hear, on good authority, that two of the recent converts to the custom of chewing each mouthful for 45 seconds, are the well-known epicures, Messrs. Jezzard and Garbutt.

We are authorised to state that "Sec.-Lieut." Whitehead, of the H.L.I., has not received any intimation regarding a knighthood. He is quite unable to account for the silly rumour. [Since going to press, we have heard that Sec.-Lieut. Whitehead has reverted to unpaid Lce.-Corpl. at his own request.]

Lord Robertson, in spite of his urgent business affairs in Scotland, occasionally manages to spend a few days with his friend, Lieut. Stevens, at Membland Hall.

Mr. Colley tells us that he has selected "A little bit of Rough," as the title of his latest *revue*. The chief scene deals with an imaginary fire, and a comic fire brigade. A full dress rehearsal this morning gave promise of another success to this tireless producer.

In view of the open nature of the fighting now in progress "over there," we understand that an important staff appointment will shortly be made. The only clue we are permitted to give as to the identity of the gallant officer is, that with the able assistance of Gen. Smith-Dorien, he saved the British Army from disaster at Le Cateau.

Another serious case of shirking has come to light. Two well known members of Society, it is said, submitted to painful operations to avoid military duties. But Messrs. Wilson & Yuille, on the contrary, maintain that their sole object was to make themselves fit for service abroad.

G.D.W.Y.

Our Tame Poet.

[*We apologise, gentlemen, but it is not really our fault.—Ed.*]

There's a Lodge which is quite near the Hall,
 Where the "dozey's" are anxious to call.
 Their complaint may be *nil*,
 They just call for a pill,
 And escape the S.M.'s violent bawl.

It's a "stunt" for a rest, don't you see,
 Though they all may be marked "M. & D.";
 But a "mike" for three hours
 Just strengthens their powers
 For the Lecture at night in the Hall.

Just a word of a case that I know—
 Of one whose back teeth ached him, so
 To the M.O. he went
 And to Plymouth was sent,
 Where he lingered some time on the Hoe.

A damsel who passed in *delaine*
 Soon made him forget all his pain;
 But I think it is best
 If I leave out the rest,
 As I might go and do just the same!

M.E.M.S.

The request of the Editors, that I should write a few notes on the doings of the M.E.M.S., filled me with something like consternation. I fear that my literary bump is, on the contrary, a dent. Besides, having had the misfortune to be away from Membland for five weeks at the beginning of the term, I know little of what occurred then. Still, the Editors' word is law, and I must comply.

During our first few weeks here, we were materially assisted by the experience and ability of a few members of the previous "A" Company. In particular, the singing of Logsdon and Jones is remembered with pleasure. The enthusiasm of these gentlemen was very valuable in tiding over what was bound to be a rather difficult period.

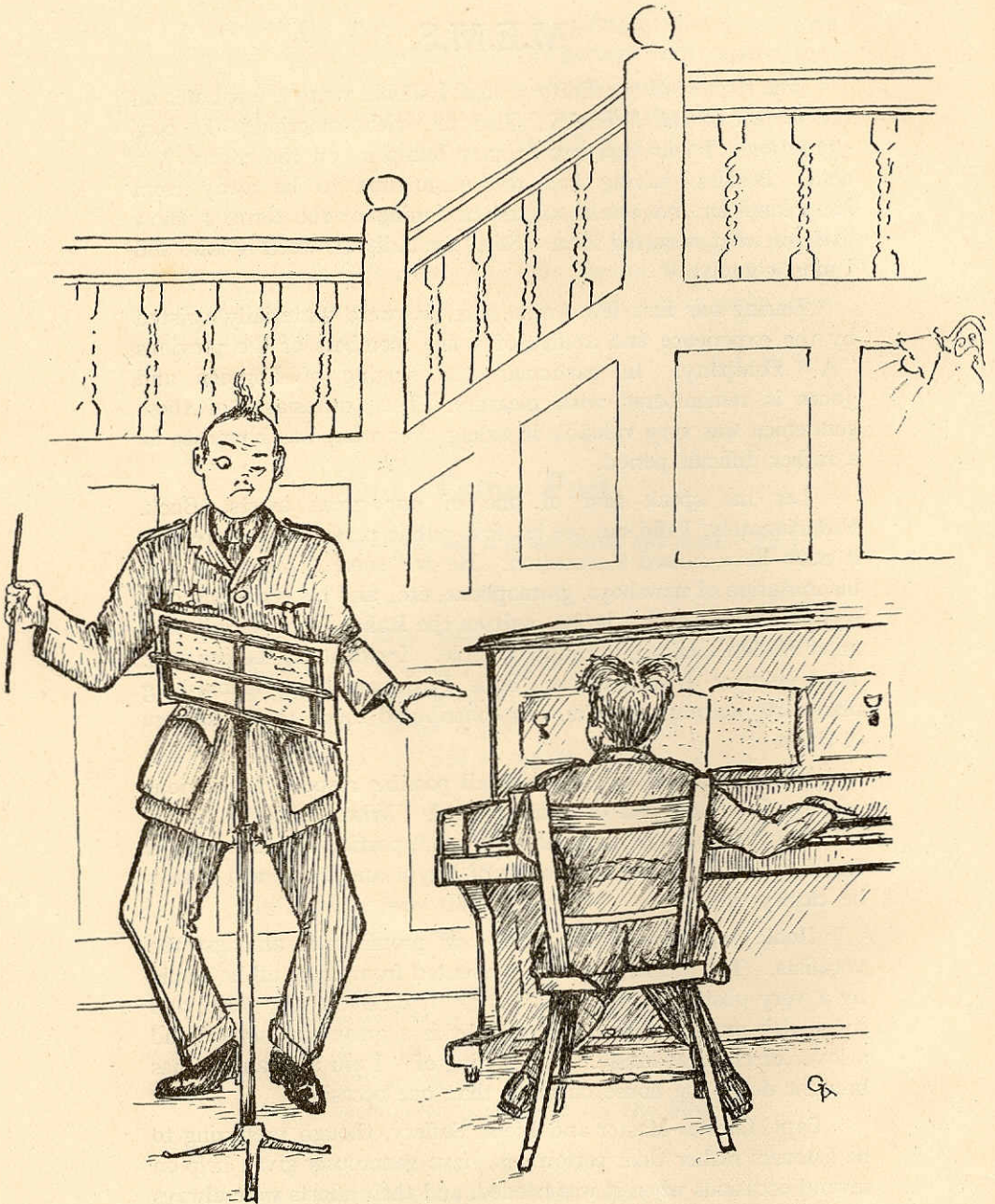
Let me speak first of one of our great assets, Buck. Unfortunately, I did not see his first public performance here, but it must have caused a sensation. He is "some" humorist, and his imitation of newsboys, gramophone, etc., and his rendering of a certain song, to which he has written the Italian words (for he is a great Italian scholar), are indescribable. Incidentally, he *can* sing. That eminent Irish virtuoso, Billie Burke, with his astonishing pianoforte accompaniments, has contributed much to the success of Buck.

Perry, of whom I speak with all possible respect, for obvious reasons, is a humorist of another kind. Whose sides have not ached at his stories of army life, and more particularly army life in Egypt? In my mind, the names of Egypt and Perry will always be closely united.

Hoole and Abercromby stand out prominently amongst the vocalists. The former has been prevented from doing all he would by a very obstinate cold. He has an attractive tenor voice, and sings with much charm. Abercromby is a great bass singer, and a lover of classical music. His singing of "I am a Roamer," has brought down the house on more than one occasion.

Capt. Chester-Master and Lieut. Saffery, though preferring to be listeners rather than performers, have generously given help on several occasions when it was needed, and their efforts were always highly appreciated.

Ellis, apart from his excellent violin playing, has done much hard work on the organisation side, and is one of our most valuable



THE BUSY B-S.

members. The same applies to Peers, another violinist of possibilities.

The choir, which, owing to unforeseen circumstances, was not started till mid-term, has had a fair measure of success, and the Saturday morning practices have been extremely interesting. And what fine rehearsals we have on Sunday mornings! It is delightful to see the fellows roll up in such numbers. No need to whip them up; they even come round to inquire particulars of me! We assemble in the gymnasium, and have half-an-hour's hard practise at the psalms and hymns; and, on the arrival of the rest of the Battalion (who have meantime been paraded and inspected), we are able to give them a helping hand with the musical side of the service. This has been truthfully described as the best "stunt" in the Battalion!

The writer can honestly say that his connection with the Society has been a source of nothing but sincere pleasure to him; and when, on the final "Dismiss," we go our different ways, of all the recollections we carry away with us, those of the M.E.M.S. will not be the least pleasant.

R. F. C. EDWARDS.

[With his usual modesty, Edwards has omitted all reference to himself. A pianist of "premier ordre," his renderings of Rachmaninoff's Prelude, Liszt's Concert Study in D flat, etc., were deeply appreciated; though, perhaps, not in due proportion to their merits. The organisation of our numerous entertainments was also in the hands of Edwards, whose untiring efforts and enthusiasm contributed largely to their success.—Ed.]

Apposite Aphorisms Adapted.

CAPTAIN BLEADEN, M.C.—"The sun also ariseth and the sun goeth down and hasteth to the place where he arose, and the bearing shall be a true one."

THE GAS OFFICER.—"The wind goeth toward the south and turneth about unto the north, and whirleth about continually, and the Gas Officer teareth his hair and doth revile the Beaufort scale."

CAPTAIN BEAZELY.—"All things are full of labour, man cannot utter it—carry, therefore, thy pick in thy left hand and

thy shovel in the right, keeping the helves thereof removed from thy rear files' vitals."

LIEUT. SAFFERY.—"I made me gardens and orchards and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits, and lo! all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

THE R.S.M.—"Beware of him that layeth wait for blood and lurketh privily for the innocent without cause, for the king's wrath is as the roaring of a lion; but his favour is as dew upon the grass."

THE PLATOON SERGEANT.—"That which is crooked cannot be made straight save it dresseth by the right, and that which is wanting cannot be numbered."

THE CADETS.—"The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

THE LADY-COOKS.—"Better is a dinner of swedes where love is, than potatoes and hatred therewith."

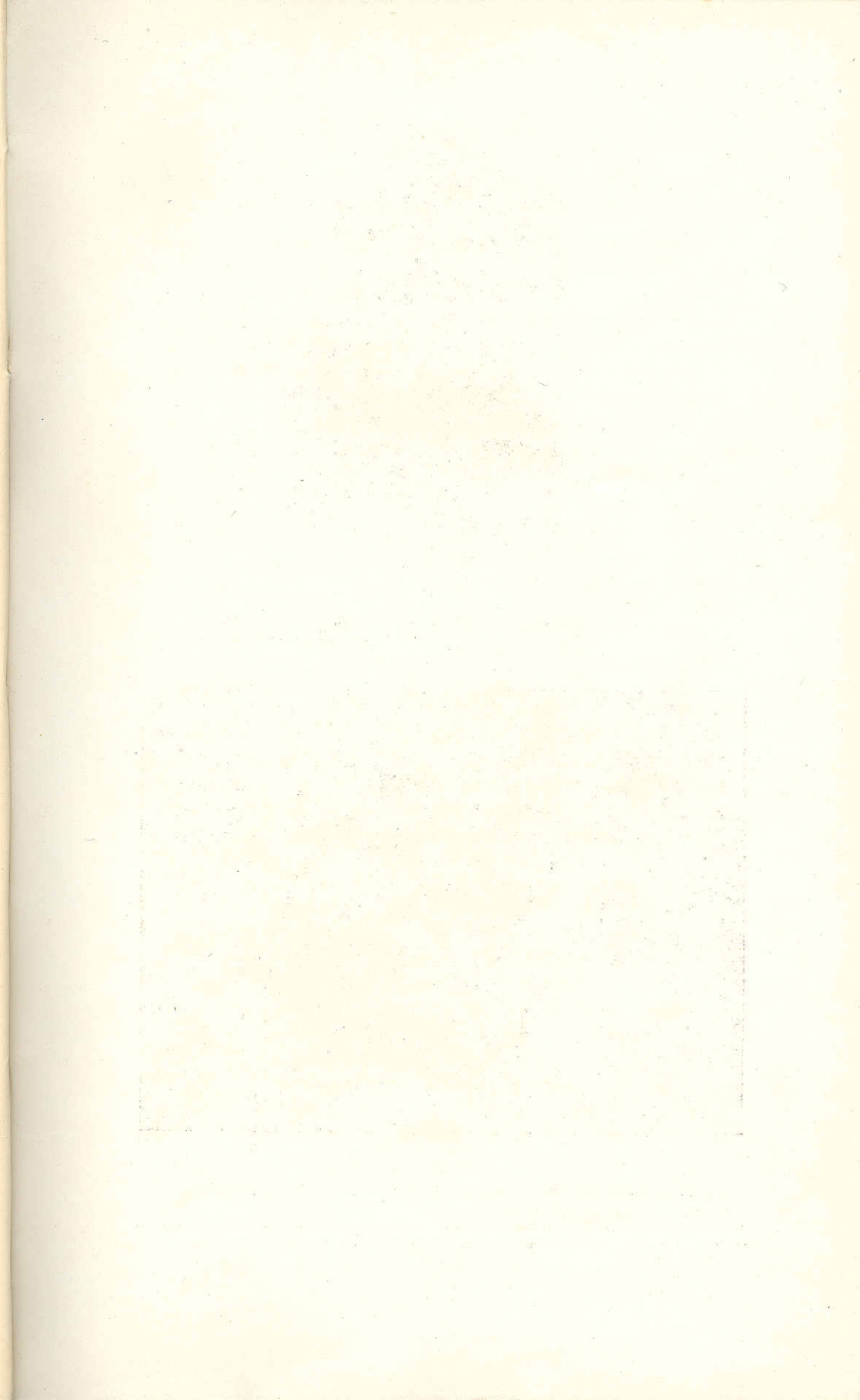
Mesopotamia.

We've marched nigh on an 'undred miles
 Across the bloomin' sand;
 We're just about as thirsty as
 A Regimental Band.
 (Wish I'd never seen this 'ellish,
 'Eaven—forsaken land!)

The flies is gnorin' 'orf our 'eads
 An' chewin' up our feet;
 The colonel's face is red and blue,
 ('Is language is enough to make
 The bloomin' Turk Retreat!)

And this is where old Adam lived!
 Along o' mother Eve!
 Well! I'm no doubtin' Thomas, but
 I'm damned if I believe
 That they was really 'orrified,
 When told to pack and leave!!

[*Extract from letter to Lieut. Stevens, from a friend in Mesopotamia.*]





LIEUT. J. M. V. PERCY, Suffolk Regt.,
Officer Commanding No. 3 Platoon.



No. 3 PLATOON.

Back Row : Ward, Richter, Kendel, Kimber, Jezzard.

Second Row : Shaw, James, Scott, Parker, Latto, Sanders, McGill, Manning, Jones.

Third Row : Leishman, Moorcroft, Luton, Johnston, Middleton, McGilvray, Norris, McAllister, Mansell.

Front Row : Staff-Sgt. Carter, Mitchell, McMath, Kirk, Murray, Mills, McKay, McIntyre.

To No. 3 Platoon.

As the end of the course is in view, and as some of you may think, as Shakespeare thought when he wrote, "For this relief, much thanks," I will not inflict too much writing on you, in case the quotation above might apply to me!

Words fail me to express adequately the pleasure it has been to help you (or otherwise!) in your brain-fags here, but, as a platoon at Membland Hall that can say, with pride, not one of their number has heard the "Shunna," "Left Turn," "Quick March," addressed to them outside the C.O.'s orderly room, or as the poet puts it—

Hear it not, No. 3,
For it is the knell
That summons thee
To Heaven or to Hell!

—you are indeed "some" platoon!

I don't mean to imply that No. 3 is without its failings, as, although you have done the 140 paces to the tune of "Left" "Right," to the joy of the R.S.M., I would back you every time to exceed the speed limit with your tongues! Still, that is not to the point.

It is said that some people are born to greatness, others have it thrust on them! I feel certain that some of No. 3 are in the first category, and the others will soon be in the second; and in both cases will revel in their greatness when they take their first salute! Remember the saying, "None but yourself can be your parallel!"

You may have time in the future to think of your strenuous days at Membland, and I sincerely hope they will be happy thoughts. May some of you secure a Military Cross, or even a Victoria Cross, but avoid a Wooden Cross,—a "Blighty one" is the best!

The very best of luck to you all.

J. M. V. PERCY, Lieut.,

Suffolk Regt.

“Erchie” on Cadets.

“Oh aye! its a great war,” said Erchie. “Mind ye, I’m no a’thegither against it in some ways. It has been a guid thing for a lot o’ folk. It has brocht them tae their richt standard. Aye, it’s quite true what that yin Kipling wrote, ‘Duke’s son, Cook’s son.’ There’s Duffy, the coalman’s son, wha’s a plumber in private life, sleepin’ in the same tent as that high falutin’ son o’ Bailie McColl, wha’s practising medicine at the Gilmorehill College. Oh aye, it’s a great life a sodger’s! I mind the day when I nearly jined the sodgers ma’sel. It was when the Scots Greys wis at Maryhill. Thae horses they had, just like the dappled grey hobby horses ye get at the shows, fair took me; but, man, after con-seederation, I could ‘na fancy auld Erchie with his flet fit and his warm heart, cuttin’ awa’ wi’ a sword, and, besides, I never fancied ma’sel as a horsey man. But noo’ a days all the young fellows is sodgers—God Bless them!—and a swanky lot they are, especially thae cadets. Man, they’re the lads—a rale divert! Hiv ye seen them swanking it doon Sauchiehall Street on a Setterday afternoon? The lassies are fair daft about them. I’m telling ye the truth when I tell ye that I have seen lassies wha’ when the laddie was only an ordinary Lance-Corporal, widna’ speak to him, but yince he gets a white band roon his head like a bandage, and a collar and tie on, they’re roun’ him like bees roun’ honey. I’m tell’t that thae cadets have got to dae just the ordinary work o’ a sodger—scrub their rooms ‘oot, wait at the table and a’ that. Weel, a’ I can sae is that if they dae, they keep their claes gae clean, but maybe they get aprons served ‘oot tae them. Aye, and they tell me they have a guid lot tae dae, and the kin of heid yin among them is one by the name o’ Reginald, or, as they ca’ him for short—Reggie. He seems tae be a warmer by whit I can hear. Aye, and there’s twa or three rin aboot in red and black fitba’ jerseys. I hear they’re the champion fitba’ players, and are allowed to wear thae jerseys instead o’ uniforms. They lead the laddies aboot jumping and playing leap-frog, like a lot o’ school weans. But there’s wan wee fat yin they tell me aboot. He’s a fair demon wi’ the gun. He can stick sacks like anything. They tell me the shortage o’ coal and tatties is accounted for because this wee yin burst sacks at sic a rate that they canna keep him going quick enough, and they’re scouring the country for sacks.

“I aye thocht a’ an officer had tae dae was to dress himsel’ kin o’ swanky, talk wi’ an Englifed accent, and shout ‘On, Stanley, on,’

or some kin o' thing like that when leading, but apparently no. He must learn hoo' tae cook porridge, and hoo' tae lay a table for the dinner, make a bed, and a' thae things—what for I don't ken, but it's a fact. Nevertheless, they're a' guid laddies and their mithers, or wives if they've got any, will be gae glad to see them back. The shortage o' domestic labour will no be felt sae much then. Aye, as I said, it's a great war."

J.W.H.

Vultus in Hostem.

Membland, amid the richest fields of Devon,
Sea-girt, with yet serener prospect landward ;
Noblest of stately homes in this fair garden,

Greet we departing !

Come we from School or Camp or Scene of Warfare,
Here for a brief space side by side we labour.
War's grim reality, half belied in seeming,

Imminent hovers.

In Life's short chain of vari-coloured metals
Forged is another link, and ours the welding :
Yet, to defy supremest test, is needed

Fire from the altar.

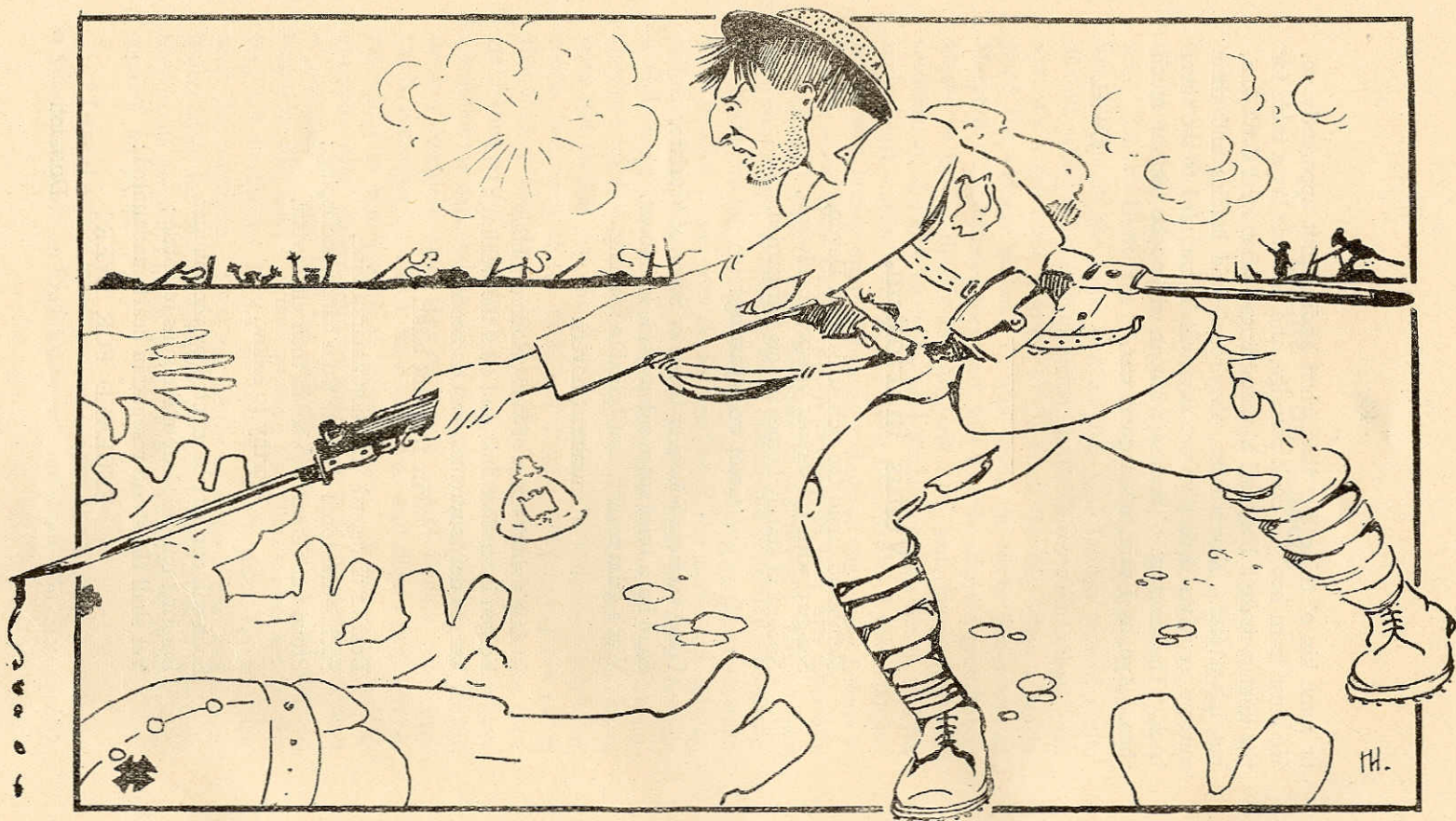
Death's disregard, tradition amaranthine,
Such is the torch we seize from hands unclasping ;
Proud our demand to be, in their endeavour,

Worthy to follow.

Soon will our ears be greeted by the thunder
Bursting unbridled from the guns in battle ;
Yet shall the strain resound in hearts undaunted :

ENGLAND FOR EVER !

DUNELM.



— THE SPIRIT OF THE BAYONET —

P.T. and B.F.

Having been requested to give my views on the Physical and Bayonet Training of "A" Company, and well knowing that the Editorial staff possess the "Spirit of the Bayonet," having recently acquired extreme proficiency in the art of Bayonet Fighting, I have complied with that request, as I have no desire to incur the wrath of such doughty opponents.

Despite natural prejudice, I think you realise, at the end of your course, when everything has been taught and explained to you, that there is something in P.T. and B.F. after all. I must give credit for the manner in which, from the beginning, you have interested yourselves in your training—especially the Bayonet instruction—which is as it should be, as you all know. Those who don't may soon experience that the Bayonet to day is playing an important part "out there," and is likely to be much more important in the future. Two broken rifles and numerous damaged "dummies" are silent witnesses to your "murderous skill," but, however, the appointment of a "Sack Controller" seems to have been overlooked by the Authorities, with the result that our supply of sacks, fortunately, never ran short. I always know "what Platoon is this" by the amount of repairs required!

I have recently been asked by a number of the Company as to which Platoon put up the best show at the Superintendent's inspection; it seems to have caused some anxiety! However, I will set all your minds at rest and unburden myself of the secret . . . it was No. — Platoon! This information should on no account be spoken above a whisper, as I hear it is intended to spring a surprise on the Germans by letting this platoon loose during the next Offensive!

My task as your instructor has been made easier by the interest you took in your training, and I can only hope my next class will display the same keenness and quick grasp of detail as you have done.

Let me take this opportunity of bidding you all farewell; may your "points"—"Long," "Short," or "Jab" never miss for "want of direction" "Butt" reach home every time, and may your return from the "Front" be speedy, with a clean "withdrawal."

J.J.A., A.G.S.

Hints to Future "Brass-Hats."

When you, in the course of time, become a member of the "Red Hat Brigade," and feel that time hangs somewhat heavily on your hands, send out a few circular memoranda as below. You will find they give infinite satisfaction and make you feel pleasantly conscious of having well earned your pay—for that day, at any rate. You may be sure that C.O.'s of Battalions in the front line have nothing to do, and are delighted to receive and attend to such highly important correspondence.

Example I. :—

"O.C. Nth Battalion the Newton Nuts.

"Please forward a return to reach this office by 4gm the 4th inst., showing the numbers of men in your Battalion who part their hair on the RIGHT SIDE, *i.e.*, men who do not part their hair at all and men who are totally devoid of hair need not be included in the return.

"(Sd.) I Weara Redhat, Capt.,

"Stf.-Capt., Umpleenth Inf. Bgde."

Or a little effort like this is sure to be welcomed :—

"O.C. Xth Battalion the Membland Might-have Beens.

"The G.O.C. wishes me to bring to your notice the following points which he noticed in connection with the recent inspection he made of your Battn. :—

- "1. In many cases the men's ear-rings were not of the regulation pattern. Only the regulation drop EAR-RINGS should be worn, and the practice of wearing any other kind should be discontinued.
- "2. In some cases it was noticed that the men's vanity cases were incomplete; this must be seen to at once. Powder Puffs, looking glasses, etc., can be obtained on repayment, application for same to be made on A.F. B. 876 to D.A.D.O.S.
- "3. The practice of officers carrying sunshades on parade is unsoldierly, and must be discontinued.

"(Sd.) B. F. Smith, Lt.-Col.,

"A.A. & X.Y.Z., 'F' Division."

The above examples, if produced at certain times (preferably when an attack is impending), show that you take an interest in the men, and tend to produce good feeling between Regimental Officers and the "Staff."

C.E.A.T.

rabits and There abits.

by ARTEMUS SANDERS.

the rabit Is a Kwadripped Wich means that It as 4 pors and 1 tale. its airs R dark brown In Kolor ekseptin 1 part wich is wite. it frekwents Kopses and groaves and Frytens the unwairy Skowt. the ideel skowt shood not B of masiv bild But rarther shood e B wry, wairy, and prefferubly with Orburn air, 4 sutch Dnotes Grate brayvenes, kurridge and nowbillitty.

the rabbit, unlike the skowt, nevur drinkz and konsekwently e or she nevur pantz with thirst, as shaykspeer hath It :

“ as pantz the art for koolin streamz,
so art my pantz 4 thee.”

as a mattur ov fack the onli rabbit wot wairs pantz is the ittallyan speeshees wot won fines on top ov barerl-orgins in the Stretes ov ovr moddern and mitey babbeylon london. Ho wot A mitey sitty is london! the intreppid Orburn aired Skowt earin²⁴ allloodid 2 wos lorst in itz labberinth ov mitey Iways, so e karst orf is Wite at band and Hastronimized is sholder strapz. e then Bkame the grateful resipikent ov gleesum optix from the amerus fare Wons and sulky salloots from sowrd sarjintz.

rabits as i Sed R luvvabel litl beests but there persinel abits is not 4 me to drag B4 u, tender reedur. sufice It to sa that itz projjenee is newmerus as the sandz ov the mitey dezzert onli mutch mor Frekwent. this is orl i No ov rabits.

Wind-Up!

I have been asked to write a short article for the Magazine, but I have got “wind-up!”

Now, what is “wind-up?” I have an idea. . . . You are expecting “D.P.C.” for two hours in the morning, and the Cadet-Orderly-Sergt. suddenly shouts “No. — Platoon, parade in the Cricket Field.” There you have it—“wind-up” straight away! You get to the field and find there a Gentleman with a Stick! “Wind-further-up!” You wonder whether he is in a good humour or not, but not for long—“Get into quick time, those

Caddetters!" His voice alone makes your legs and arms swing faster and faster, until there is a danger of them becoming detached from your body. You fall in, dress by the left, listen to a few pleasantries from the aforesaid Gentleman, then stand steady, ready to do or die. (Shortly, you will not be able to do the former, and will sigh for the latter!) Then the treatment commences—"Quick March"—"Halt"—"Quick—March"—"Halt"—". . . that Monday morning feeling again"—"It's not the men I'm sorry for, it's their parents"—"Come here, dozey." You double out to him, with trembling knees, twitching hands, and a steadily increasing wind-velocity! Far away on the skyline is the Company; then He speaks—"A Company in Line . . ." Your thoughts turn to home and loved ones, you rack your brain in an effort to remember the "detail," and think, regretfully, of wasted hours of study (?). "Go on, dozey," says The Voice, but—you can't. Then, the Gentleman turns to you, and—well, the wind is "right up!"

The Song of the Sword.

Man sought me.

Out of the womb of the earth he got me,
Red-brown rock in the fire he shook me;
White-hot steel from the fire he took me,
I am the sword.

Man made me.

Deep in the heart of the forge he laid me;
Fashioned me under his sledge's swinging,
Tempered and tried to the anvil's ringing.
I am the sword.

Man named me.

Best of all names in the world he framed me;
Graved "Amicus," with scroll-work laden,
Kissed my hilt as he would a maiden.
I am the sword.

Man fears me.

Sleeping or waking he ever hears me,
Singing his dirge in my downward sweeping,
Laughing above the red grain of my reaping.
I am the sword.



LIEUT. C. E. P. STEVENS, The King's Own (Royal Lancaster Regt.)
Officer Commanding No. 4 Platoon.



No. 4 PLATOON.

Back Row : Peers, Robson, Spence, Whitehead, Payne.

Second Row : Pretty, Smith, J. C., Webster, Watson, Yuille, Walker, Russell, Wilson, Scott, Smith, A. T.

Third Row : Richardson, Turner, Renwick, Ruddock, Roberts, Taylor, Slack.

Front Row : Staff-Sgt. Greenstock, Pritchard, Perry, Windle, Peel, and Robinson.

To No. 4 Platoon.

I have been driven—by those who are old enough to know better—to write an article dedicated to No. 4 Platoon. Being no scribe (at least not as 'ow as yer would notice it), it is a very delicate matter. My first glimpses of you all were brief in the extreme. After arriving late for the commencement of the course, I appeared at Membland, one memorable Sunday morning, with a very nice, red complexion, and after a drink in the Mess, the Doctor said that I had Measles! The following day I “bogged-off” to Plymouth hospital—a most comfortable and up-to-date institution—where I narrowly escaped being lodged in the married quarters!

Needless to say, we are quite the best platoon, not only in the Company, but also in the Battalion. (I have just been informed that Capt. Bleaden is our Censor, so trust this piece of news will not be “deleted,”—as they all say in the best circles.) We have numerous specialists, both at work and play. Renwick is noted for his quietness and “savvey” when on outpost duty; whilst Russell is a most fearless leader of men (uncivilised Scotchmen included), and has been known to expose himself, when acting as O.C. outposts, in a most gallant manner. Perry is a perfect stunner, and closely follows in his Platoon Commander's footsteps; the only difference being that the former lives for fighting and the latter is all for peace. Pritchard must, of course, be a top-hole fellow and a smart soldier, since he wishes to be gazetted to that famous Corps—the “4th Foot!” Ruddock is our baby. At times he is quite a normal being, but has a violent temper and is fond of damaging himself. Roberts, I am glad to say, upheld the honour of our Platoon in the sports, by throwing the bomb with great skill, and vanquishing all his opponents. Windle has a sweet Scotch accent, and spends all his time either working out drill movements with the aid of matches, or getting “wind-up” about overworking. Yuille is a prodigy at work, and has an exam. average of 120 marks out of 100. “Hindenburg” is a skilled exponent of the art of tug-of-war, is always good tempered, and has a permanent smile, both on and off parade.

We are well represented in the musical world by friend Peers and several others. In cricket, we can produce four or five of the Battalion team, and in running we have proved ourselves to be the champion Platoon. Our drill is also excellent, thanks to the untiring efforts of the R.S.M., to whom we all owe a great debt of

gratitude. Thanks to your unfailing sense of humour and keenness on the success of your Platoon, at work and play, the *esprit de corps* in the Platoon is excellent, and it has been a great pleasure to be in command of such a top-hole set of fellows. Soon, now, you will be leaving Membland Hall, to take your various parts in this World war as leaders of men. Some of you, perhaps, will be called upon to make the supreme sacrifice. Whatever *role* you may be called upon to fulfil, keep cheerful, be strict disciplinarians, and look after the comfort and welfare of your men; and I know your efforts will be rewarded by success. I have only alluded to a few of you by name, because if I were to attempt to write about you all, I am sure Capt. Bleaden (in the capacity of Censor) would only "strafe" me.

Here's the very best of luck and success to you all in your future career.

C. E. B. STEVENS, Lieut.,

King's Own (Royal Lancasters).

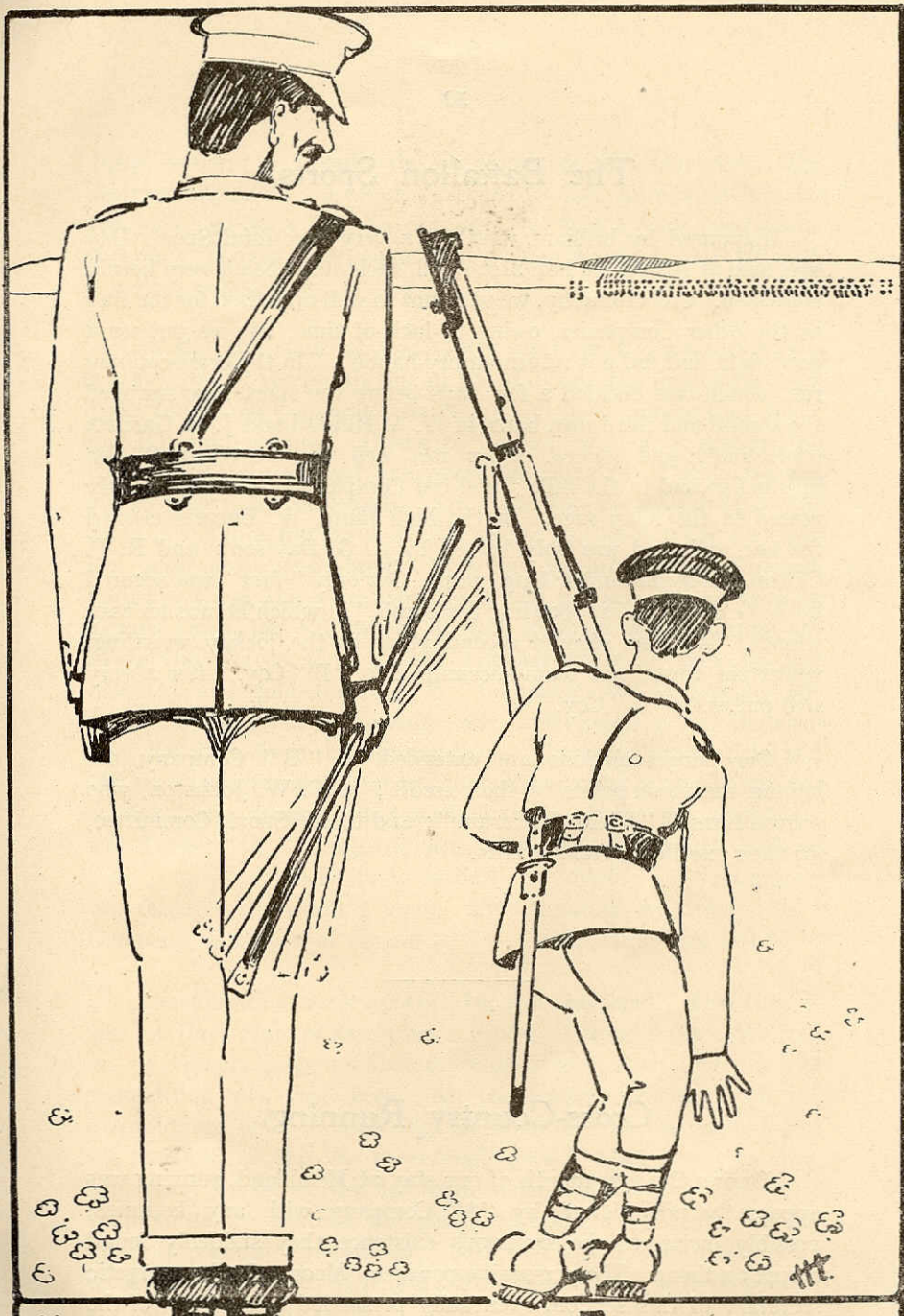
Who is it ?

Who is it, that, with stony stare,
Can spot a man who moves a hair,
And thunders, "Why the-! What the-! Where-!"—
I wonder ?

Who cries, "'Shan't speak again, my lad,"
And bids the Company all "Go Mad,"
When not a stand-at-ease they've had,—
I wonder ?

Or who has never in his life-ah!
Seen that Quick March or Halt done "Worse-ah!"
And hollers, "Company, as you were-ah!"—
I wonder ?

But whom, when we our units join,
And we are told to "Carry On,"
We'll thank, for all we've undergone—
I wonder ?



HERE WITH A SQUAD OF MEN UPON PARADE . . .
A SHAKY VOICE AND TREMBLING KNEES AND THOU
BESIDE ME STANDING IN THE WILDERNESS . . .
AND WILDERNESS WERE WILDERNESS ENOW . . .
DEDICATED TO THE R.S.M. WITH APLOGIES TO UMAR KHAYAM.

The Battalion Sports.

Favoured by brilliant weather, a very successful Sports Day was held at Alston Hall on 21st April, each event being very keenly contested. Unfortunately, we were not so well organised for the fray as the other Companies, owing to lack of time, but we put up a good fight and did not return empty-handed. In the cross-country run, which was decided a few days before the sports, we supplied the second and third men home in W. A. Hilliard and J. H. Garbutt respectively, and several others ran well for us. Garbutt also finished second in the mile; and our Company team was similarly placed in the relay race. In the high jump, W. Burgess cleared the bar well, and was only beaten by A. G. Davison; and R. P. Clifton was second in the long jump. Our only "first" was secured by A. G. Roberts, in "bowling the bomb," in which he was an easy winner. We also secured second place in the jockey wrestling, whilst the tug-of-war team succumbed to "B" Coy., after a very stiff pull with "C" Coy.

Our congratulations are extended to "B" Company, for having the most points to their credit; to C. W. Johnston, who proved himself "Victor Ludorum"; and to the Sports Committee, for their excellent arrangements.

Cross-Country Running.

During the first month of our stay at Membland, running was apparently not viewed by "A" Company with any keenness, possibly owing to the strenuous existence they suddenly found thrust on them. The persuasive powers of Moorcroft, the energetic secretary of this section, eventually persuaded a good few of the sturdy athletes to turn out for a short $3\frac{1}{2}$ mile run.

When it became known that there would be a Battalion Cross-Country run, and as no one Company knew the running capacities of any other, "A" Company decided to train hard, and turn out a

team worthy to uphold the traditions of the Company. The weather prevented a great deal of practice but, from what runs we did have, we were able to put into the field a very good team, including Garbutt, the holder of two championships, and Hilliard, a very sturdy runner.

In the afternoon of April 16th, after much preparation, the grassy slope of the South side of the Hall was the rendezvous of a team from each Company, the fittest and best runners that No. 1 O.C.B. could produce. Owing to the war and other reasons, no "bookies" were allowed; therefore, no betting! The course was about four miles in length. After leaving Membland Hall, the ditch in the first 100 yards did not worry anyone, but the first into the wood must undoubtedly have had an advantage. Through Caulston Farm, the wind, which was cold and strong, was blowing against them, but the stretch of road from the farm, turning left along the Netton-Alston Road, enabled many to pick up lost distance, and Johnston, of "B" Company, was leading by 500 yards through Alston Grounds, but, unfortunately, fell ill when only 200 yards from the winning post. The water jump at the last 100 yards was too much for the competitors, who generally decided to risk being drowned, and walked through it! The first home was Turner, "C" Company, with Hilliard and Garbutt, both of "A" Company, respectively second and third. "B" Company was declared the winning team. Unfortunately, we came in as a Company, a very near second to "C" Coy.—otherwise last!

The following week another big run was held. This time it was an Inter-Platoon race over a course of three miles. We had an exceedingly large number of runners from each Platoon, and competition was very keen. All the starters finished with the exception of one. Considering the condition of the ground and the hard course, this was exceedingly good. After a very exciting run round Bridgend, the first man home was Pritchard, of No. 4 Platoon, which Platoon also gained second place, Wilson running in close behind the winner. No. 4 Platoon were eventually declared winners with 31 points; No. 2 were second with 56 points; and No. 3 third, 71 points.

Rugby.

The arrival of the second "A" Coy. was somewhat inopportune, in that it in no way synchronised with the Rugby season. We had only, at the most, about six weeks of the season left, and in that time we had to find players by means of practice games. Most of the fellows had not played before, had played very little, or had not played for some time, and were a little shy in turning out. However, we managed to get fifteen players, and, without any practice together, played "B" Coy. "B" Coy. had a very hot side, having played together for about three months, and the result was rather disastrous for "A" Coy. Capt. Chester-Master and Lieut. Percy played a sound game for us, and Hilliard (half) and Jackson (forward) were prominent among the others.

An inter-platoon game, between Nos. 1 and 2 and Nos. 3 and 4 Platoons, was well contested, and finished in a narrow win for Nos. 3 and 4 by 8 points to nil.

In a second game with "B" Coy., we did better. Although unable to cope with our opponents, we managed to keep down the score to a respectable limit. In this game we unearthed in Shaw a forward of sterling merit, and Watson and Pritchard were also notable for their good work in the scrum.

Had the season been longer, there is no doubt we would have been able to get together quite a serviceable side.

Our thanks are extended to Captain Hargreaves, late M.O., for his kindness in refereeing the various games.

Soccer.

The time left for football when we arrived at Membland in March was rather limited; nevertheless, no time was lost in organising for this branch of sport. Our first match was played against "B" Coy., at Alston, and, after a very hard game, which was rather spoilt by the heavy rain, we defeated them by two clear goals. This was distinctly a fine performance, considering that it

was our first time of playing together, and, needless to say, it was a great stimulant for our games to come. The return match with "B" Coy. was arranged, but, at the last moment, they found it impossible to get over to Membland.

Against "C" Company, two matches were played. The first ended in a draw of one goal each, though, taking the game on the run of the play, we were lucky not to have been defeated, as it was a case of their forwards against our defence. In the return match, we emerged victorious by the odd goal of three, our eleven being in excellent form.

Several interesting platoon matches were played, but, owing to our having only a few weeks in which to play football, no league was arranged. This, however, in no way lessened the interest or spirit of the players.

RESULTS OF COMPANY MATCHES.

"A" Coy. v. "B" Coy., at Alston—Won 2-0 (Garbutt 2).

"A" Coy. v. "C" Coy., at Membland—Draw 1-1 (Boyle).

"A" Coy. v. "C" Coy., at Membland—Won 2-1 (Beane, Whitehead),

Hockey.

Owing to the fact that the Hockey season was practically over when we arrived at Membland, we did not organize any Company or Platoon matches, although several of the Company were willing to take part in such. A Battalion team, however, played the King's Own, at Fort Stamford, Plymouth, and "A" Company were represented by Lt. Percy, Chapple, Banks and Jackson. The game resulted in an easy victory for the home team by five goals to none, but our team put up a much better show than the score suggests.

Swimming.

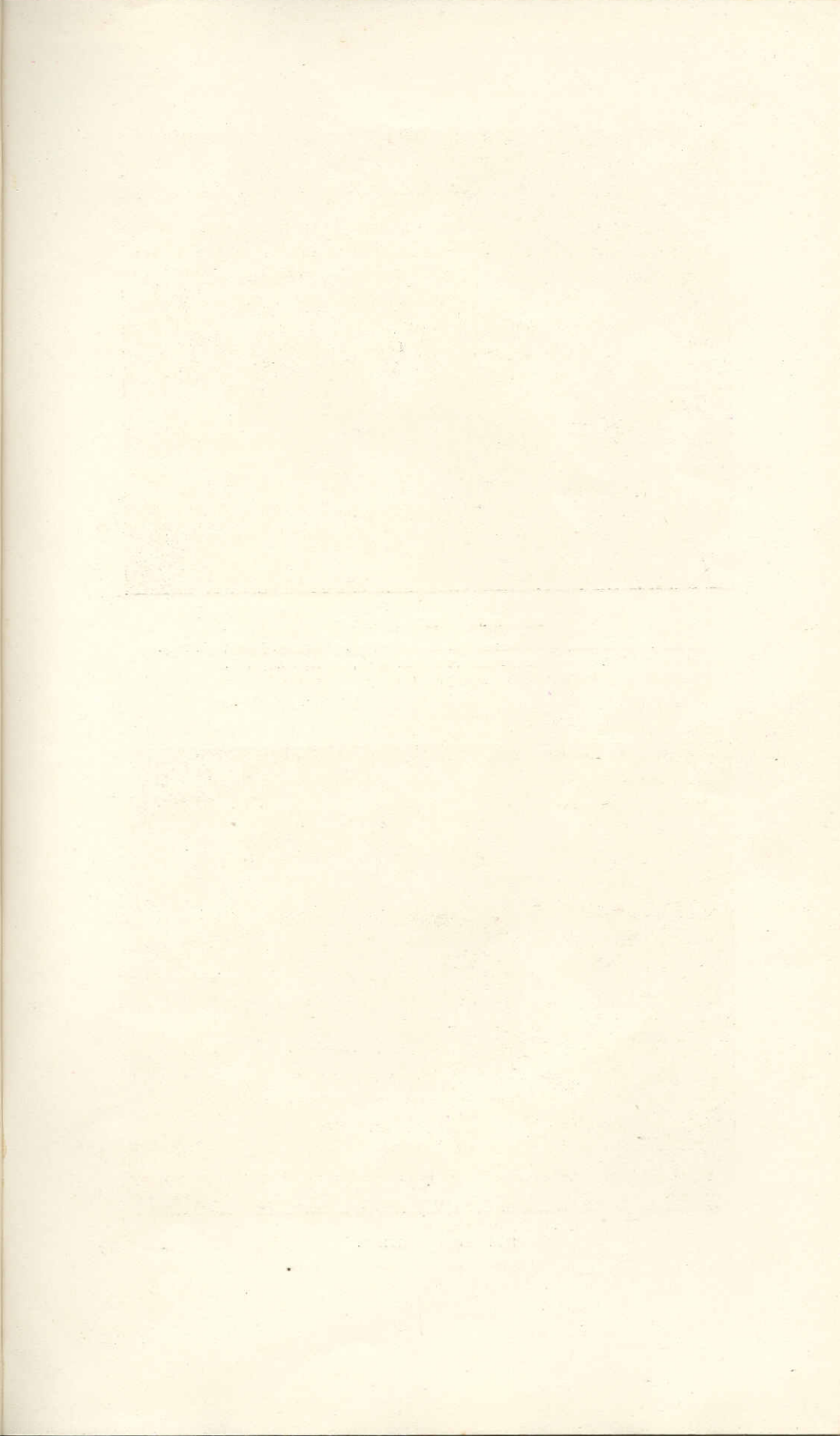
About the end of May, bathing was permitted in the Plymouth Garrison, and several enthusiastic swimmers immediately availed themselves of the opportunity. The coast nearest to Membland is not very encouraging to lovers of the art of natation, but a suitable place was found at Wadham Bay, where a large number of Cadets were to be seen each afternoon enjoying a dip in the "briny." Nairne, the Swimming Secretary, was very energetic in arranging all the preliminary details.

Badminton.

Before the arrival of the warm weather, the Badminton court in the Gymnasium was the scene of many good games, in which, considering the slight previous acquaintance which many of us had of the pastime, much skill was shown. Braidwood looked after this Section of the sports, and, eventually, managed to arrange a Tournament, for which a good number of entries were received. In the preliminary rounds, scoring was very even, but the final set did not fulfil expectations. Aukett and Burgess opposed Richardson and Hilliard, and the former pair easily won the first two games by 15-7 and 15-4. They were well balanced and quite deserved their victory.

Tennis.

The arrival of the fine weather was preceded by much preparation of tennis courts by an enthusiastic few, of whom Aukett, the Coy. Secretary, was the leader. He and they put in a great deal of hard work in their leisure time, and, thanks to their efforts, we have enjoyed many good sets during the past two months. At the time of writing, a Singles Tournament is taking place, and has produced some excellent competition. Three matches have also been played, two *v.* "C" Coy. and one *v.* "B" Coy. Unfortunately, we have not proved victorious in any of them, "C" Coy. winning rather easily on both occasions, but the match with "B" Coy. was only lost by one game—in fact, the last point in the last game decided the match!





THE INSTRUCTIONAL STAFF.

Back Row : Sgt. Lawson, Sgt. Stannard, Sgt. Greenstock, Sgt. Carter, Sgt. Jacobs, Sgt. Gray.
Front Row : C.S.M. Vincent, R.S.M. Colley, R.Q.M.S. Smart, and C.Q.M.S. Jarvis.



THE MESS WAITERS.

Cricket.

The arrival of the cricket season was preceded by much rolling and mowing of pitches, in which Captain Bleaden gave valuable advice and assistance. We had two fields, one of which was intended for Battalion matches and the other for Inter-Company and Platoon games. Unfortunately, circumstances prevented us playing more than one Battalion match, but our Company was well represented in that game, which resulted in a draw. W. Jackson played a splendid innings of 92 (not out), and would certainly have completed the century had time permitted.

Several very interesting Platoon matches were played, and competition was very keen. The scores are appended.

A word of thanks is due to T. M. Scott, the Coy. Secretary, for the excellent manner in which he arranged the various fixtures, and for the vast amount of preparatory work he carried out.

COMPANY MATCHES.

"A" COMPANY *v.* "C" COMPANY, MAY 10th, 1917.

"C" COMPANY.	
Felton, c Jackson, b Hesketh ...	6
Whittaker, b Russell ...	7
Williamson, b Hesketh ...	8
Jackson, c Mitchell, b Watson ...	44
Lewis, c Richardson, b Hesketh ...	0
Capt. Penton, not out ...	22
Deacon, c Mitchell, b Richardson ...	2
Jones st., b Watson ...	0
Lindley, not out ...	2
Church did not bat	
Gale " " Extras ...	10
Total (for 7 wkts.) *101	

* Innings declared.

Bowling :—

Hesketh ...	3	wks.	for	12	runs
Watson ...	2	"	"	24	"
Roberts ...	0	"	"	10	"
Russell ...	1	"	"	16	"
Brown ...	0	"	"	6	"
Addison ...	0	"	"	1	"
Richardson ...	1	"	"	22	"

"A" COMPANY.	
Russell, b Whittaker ...	0
Jackson, c Jackson, b Lewis ...	39
Manning, b Whittaker ...	0
Scott, c Lewis, b Church ...	27
Roberts lbw, b Deacon ...	0
Richardson retired ...	38
Addison, not out ...	17
Watson, not out ...	3
Mitchell did not bat	
Hesketh " " ...	
Brown " " ...	
Extras ... 16	
Total (for 5 wkts.) 140	

Bowling :—

Gale ...	0	wks.	for	22	runs
Whittaker ...	2	"	"	20	"
Church ...	1	"	"	12	"
Deacon ...	1	"	"	44	"
Lewis ...	1	"	"	16	"
Lindley ...	0	"	"	10	"

"A" COMPANY v. "B" COMPANY, MAY 16th, 1917.

"B" COMPANY.			
Taylor, b Hesketh	3
Ball, c Mitchell, b Hesketh	0
Flower, b Hesketh	0
Obbard, c and b Buck	4
Williams, b Buck	2
Brown, b Hesketh	2
Davies, b Buck	0
Collins, retired hurt	12
Cullingworth, b Buck	2
James, b Russell	12
Ingram, b Russell	0
Extras	7
Total			44

Bowling :—

Hesketh	...	4 wks.	for	7 runs
Buck	...	5	"	30 "
Russell	...	2	"	0 "

"A" COMPANY.			
Richardson, b Williams	48
Clifton, b Williams	6
Cruickshanks, b Williams	0
Watson, c and b Davies	11
Mitchell, b Williams	10
Hickson, not out	4
Jackson did not bat			
Scott	"	"	
Buck	"	"	
Russell	"	"	
Webster	"	"	
Extras	21
Total			100

Bowling :—

Flower	...	0 wks.	for	25 runs
Cullingworth	0	"	"	14 "
James	...	0	"	12 "
Williams	...	4	"	10 "
Davies	...	1	"	18 "

"A" COMPANY v. "C" COMPANY, MAY 24th, 1917.

"C" COMPANY.			
Williamson, c Richardson, b Hesketh	12		
Lindley, b Buck	0
Whitaker, b Russell	17
Jackson, c Watson, b Hesketh	5
Dennis, b Hesketh	0
Hughes, b Hesketh	0
Price, b Russell	2
Deacon, not out	3
Gale, b Russell	0
Church, c Watson, b Hesketh	0
Kaufman, b Hesketh	6
Extras	8
Total			53

Bowling :—

Buck	...	1 wkt.	for	6 runs
Hesketh	...	6	"	15 "
Russell	...	3	"	24 "

"A" COMPANY.			
Jackson, b Whitaker	2
Watson, c Williamson, b Whitaker	5
Richardson, c Dennis, b Price	18
Buck, b Price	2
Russell, c Williamson, b Whitaker	9
Scott, b Lindley	36
Mitchell, b Whitaker	12
Hilliard, c Williamson, b Deacon	36
Clifton, c Dennis, b Lindley	0
Webster, b Whitaker	27
Hesketh, not out	8
Extras	10
Total			165

Bowling :—

Gale	...	0 wks.	for	24 runs
Whitaker	5	"	"	52 "
Price	...	2	"	19 "
Church	...	0	"	7 "
Kaufman	...	0	"	13 "
Lindlay	...	2	"	14 "
Deacon	...	1	"	26 "

"A" COMPANY v. "B" COMPANY, MAY 31st, 1917.

"A" COMPANY.

Capt. Bleaden, st Obbard, b Williams	0
Jackson, c Flower, b Williams	2
Richardson, b Williams	28
Watson lbw, b Williams	21
Hesketh, c Taylor, b Flower	0
Hilliard, c James, b Flower	22
Webster, c Obbard, b Williams	2
Mitchell, not out	28
Russell, not out	25
Scott, did not bat.	
Buck, " "	
Extras	8
Total	136

Bowling :—

Williams	5 wks.	for 46 runs
Flower	2 " "	27 "
Ball	0 " "	18 "
Taylor	0 " "	19 "
Lt. Evans	0 " "	18 "

"B" COMPANY.

Lt. Evans, c Hesketh, b Watson	21
Collins, c Bleaden, b Hesketh	0
Obbard, b Russell	24
Flower, b Watson	4
C.S.M. Wright, not out	28
Taylor, c Mitchell, b Watson	0
Williams, c Watson, b Russell	0
Bell lbw, b Watson	5
Davies, c and b Hesketh	13
Coppard, b Hesketh	0
Cullingworth, b Hesketh	1
Extras	8
Total	104

Bowling :—

Buck	0 wks.	for 26 runs
Hesketh	4 " "	15 "
Watson	4 " "	38 "
Russell	2 " "	17 "

PLATOON MATCHES.

No. 1 PLATOON v. No. 3 PLATOON.

No. 3 PLATOON.

Manning, b Addison	20
Hickson, c Cruickshanks, b Brown	6
Mitchell lbw, b Chapple	4
Norris, b Chapple	0
Lt. Percy hit wkt., b Brown	1
Moorcroft, c Burke, b Addison	14
Mills, c Clifton, b Addison	10
Nairne, b Addison	3
Jones, b Addison	0
Male, not out	1
Extras	19
Total (for 9 wks.)	78

Bowling :—

Chapple	2 wks.	for 18 runs
Brown	2 " "	17 "
Addison	5 " "	14 "
Buttle	0 " "	10 "

No. 1 PLATOON.

Clifton, run out	16
Cruickshanks, retired	55
Burke, b Manning	0
Addison, b Manning	4
Brown, b Mitchell	9
Buttle, b Mitchell	0
Boyle, c and b Mitchell	11
Anderson, A., b Percy	3
Barney, st Hickson, b Male	1
Chapple, b Male	6
Rymer, not out	0
Extras	11
Total	116

Bowling :—

Manning	3 wks.	for 34 runs
Mitchell	3 " "	30 "
Lieut. Percy	1 " "	20 "
Hickson	0 " "	14 "
Male	2 " "	7 "

NO. 2 PLATOON *v.* NO. 4 PLATOON.

NO. 2 PLATOON.			
Hickson, b Russell	17		
Jackson lbw, b Russell	16		
Hesketh, c Richardson, b Smith	39		
Lt. Saffery, b Webster	3		
Hilliard, c Webster, b Roberts ...	16		
Garbutt, c Russell, b Smith ...	4		
Harvey, b Smith	3		
Hutchinson, c and b Smith	2		
Hendry, c Scott, b Perry	14		
Fraser, not out	13		
Heaps, st Scott, b Stevens	0		
Extras	25		
Total	152		

Bowling :—

Smith, A. T. 4 wks. for 40 runs	
Russell ... 2 " " 25 "	
Lt. Stevens 1 " " 23 "	
Webster ... 1 " " 16 "	
Watson ... 0 " " 16 "	
Roberts ... 1 " " 2 "	
Perry ... 1 " " 5 "	

NO. 4 PLATOON.			
Smith, A. T., c Garbutt, b Harvey	11		
Lt. Stevens, b Hesketh	0		
Webster, b Hesketh	3		
Richardson, c Jackson, b Hesketh	16		
Russell, b Jackson	20		
Scott lbw, b Jackson	3		
Watson, c Hilliard, b Hesketh ...	3		
Roberts, c and b Jackson	0		
Ruddock, not out	7		
Whitehead, b Hesketh	0		
Perry, b Hesketh	0		
Extras	7		
Total	70		

Bowling :—

Hesketh ... 6 wks. for 29 runs	
Harvey ... 1 " " 27 "	
Jackson ... 3 " " 7 "	

NO. 1 PLATOON *v.* NO. 2 PLATOON.

NO. 2 PLATOON.			
Hickson, b Buck	8		
Hilliard, c Addison, b Buck	44		
Hesketh, run out	39		
Lt. Saffery, b Addison	0		
Jackson, c and b Addison	7		
Hendry, c and b Brown	5		
Hutchinson, b Brown... ..	11		
Fraser, st Bleaden, b Chapple ...	0		
Harvey, b Chapple	7		
Hood, b Chapple	4		
Heaps, not out	6		
Extras	19		
Total	150		

Bowling :—

Buck ... 2 wks. for 55 runs	
Chapple ... 3 " " 20 "	
Buttle ... 0 " " 14 "	
Addison ... 2 " " 14 "	
Brown ... 2 " " 23 "	
Cruickshanks 0 " " 5 "	

NO. 1 PLATOON.			
Brown, c Harvey, b Jackson ...	4		
Capt. Bleaden, c Heaps, b Hesketh	0		
Buck, run out	1		
Addison, b Hesketh	4		
Cruickshanks, c and b Hesketh	0		
Buttle, c Hesketh, b Saffery ...	8		
Anderson, A., b Hilliard	9		
Burke, c Hickson, b Jackson ...	9		
Rymer, b Hesketh	6		
Bower lbw, b Jackson	13		
Chapple, not out	0		
Extras	10		
Total	64		

Bowling :—

Hesketh ... 4 wks. for 11 runs	
Jackson ... 3 " " 11 "	
Lt. Saffery 1 " " 19 "	
Hilliard ... 1 " " 12 "	

NOS. 1 & 2 PLATOONS *v.* NOS. 3 & 4 PLATOONS.

NOS. 3 & 4 PLATOONS.	
Taylor, b Chapple	17
Male, c Addison, b Harvey ...	3
Lt. Percy, c Addison, b Harvey	2
Manning, b Addison	3
Middleton, b Harvey	1
Moorcroft, b Harvey	0
Slack, b Chapple	3
McGilvray, b Chapple	0
Scott, c Addison, b Buttle ...	2
Peel, b Chapple	0
Wilson, not out	0
Extras	4
Total	35

Bowling :-

Harvey ... 4 wks. for 14 runs
Addison ... 1 " " 14 "
Chapple ... 4 " " 0 "
Buttle ... 1 " " 3 "

NOS. 1 & 2 PLATOONS.	
Anderson, A., b Scott	6
Hickson, b Male	11
Brown, b Male	0
Chapple, b Male	2
Cruikshanks, b Scott	11
Hendry, b Scott	2
Buttle, b Scott	0
Rymer, b Scott	0
Addison, b Male	4
Harvey, not out	8
Barney, c McGilvray, b Scott ...	1
Extras	5
Total	50

Bowling :-

Scott ... 6 wks. for 15 runs
Male ... 4 " " 30 "

NO. 2 PLATOON *v.* NO. 3 PLATOON.

NO. 3 PLATOON.	
Manning, b Hesketh	3
Latto, c Hickson, b Hesketh ...	12
Moorcroft, c and b Jackson ...	0
Mitchell, c Hendry, b Hesketh ...	1
Lt. Percy, b Saffery	0
Male, c and b Jackson	1
Scott, b Hesketh	6
Mills, c Fox, b Jackson	0
McGilvray, not out	2
Leishman, b Harvey	2
Shaw, c Hickson, b Harvey ...	1
Extras	15
Total	43

Bowling :-

Hesketh ... 4 wks. for 11 runs
Jackson ... 3 " " 10 "
Harvey ... 2 " " 0 "
Lt. Saffery 1 " " 5 "
Fox ... 0 " " 2 "

NO. 2 PLATOON.	
Hickson, b Manning	36
Heaps, b Scott	2
Hesketh, b Scott	9
Jackson, b Male	6
Lt. Saffery, c and b Male ...	3
Hutchison, b Scott	6
Fox, not out	0
Harvey, b Latto	6
Hendry, did not bat	
Fraser, " "	
Davies, " "	
Extras	7
Total	75

Bowling :-

Scott ... 3 wks. for 24 runs
Manning ... 1 " " 16 "
McGilvray 0 " " 5 "
Male ... 2 " " 16 "
Lt. Percy 0 " " 2 "
Latto ... 1 " " 5 "

NO. 4 PLATOON *v.* NO. 3 PLATOON.

NO. 4 PLATOON.	
Lt. Stevens, c McGilvray, b Manning	1
Richardson, c Male, b Scott	3
Ruddock, b Manning	10
Sgt. Greenstock, b Scott	0
Felton, st James, b Male	7
Webster, c Moorcroft, b Manning	9
Roberts, c James, b Scott	3
Watson, st James, b Mitchell	3
Russell, not out	28
Scott, c McGilvray, b Scott	8
Whitehead, c Manning, b Scott	3
Extras	14
Total	89

Bowling :—

Scott	5 wks.	for	25 runs
Manning	3	„	15 „
Male	1	„	13 „
Mitchell	1	„	22 „

NO. 3 PLATOON.	
Male, b Webster	3
Latto, c Stevens, b Russell	0
Manning, c Felton, b Russell	0
Mitchell, c and b Russell	0
Scott, b Webster	1
Lt. Percy, b Russell	13
James, b Webster	0
Moorcroft, b Russell	0
McGilvray, b Russell	0
Mills, b Webster	0
Norris, not out	2
Extras	8
Total	27

Bowling :—

Russell	6 wks.	for	8 runs
Webster	4	„	11 „

NO. 1 PLATOON *v.* NO. 4 PLATOON.

NO. 1 PLATOON.	
Capt. Bleaden, b Russell	13
Cruickshanks, b Russell	1
Smith, c Yuille, b Russell	1
Buck, c Russell, b Watson	10
Clifton, b Russell	19
Addison lbw, b Russell	11
Brown, b Roberts	54
Rymer lbw, b Richardson	4
Buttle, c Webster, b Watson	12
Burke, not out	0
Chapple, b Watson	0
Extras	15
Total	140

Bowling :—

Watson	3 wks.	for	38 runs
Russell	5	„	37 „
Richardson	1	„	26 „
Webster	0	„	23 „
Roberts	1	„	1 „

NO. 4 PLATOON.	
Scott, b Chapple	0
Watson, c Buck, b Chapple	13
Felton, c and b Chapple	2
Richardson, b Chapple	4
Russell, b Brown	27
Webster, b Chapple	4
Slack, c Sub., b Chapple	1
Roberts, c Sub., b Chapple	23
Taylor, c Chapple, b Brown	1
Yuille, b Brown	0
Whitehead, not out	1
Extras	14
Total	90

Bowling :—

Buck	0 wks.	for	26 runs
Chapple	7	„	30 „
Brown	3	„	15 „
Smith	0	„	5 „

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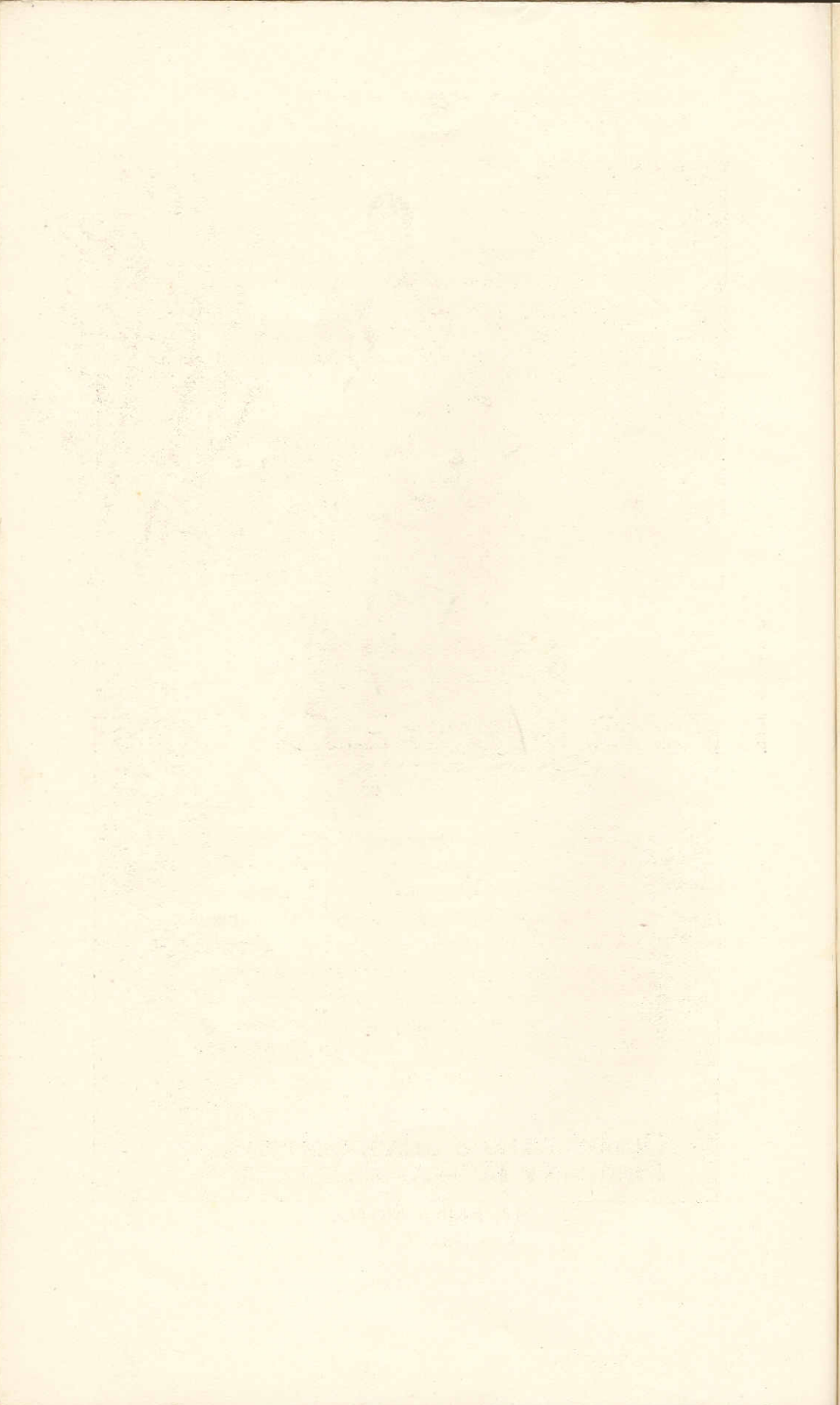
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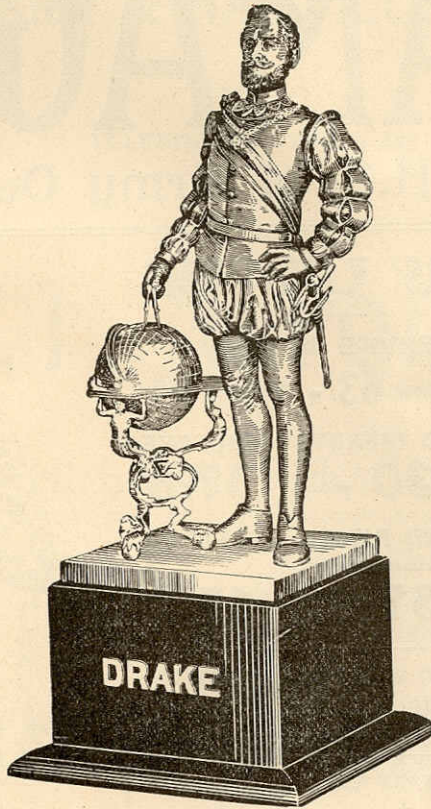
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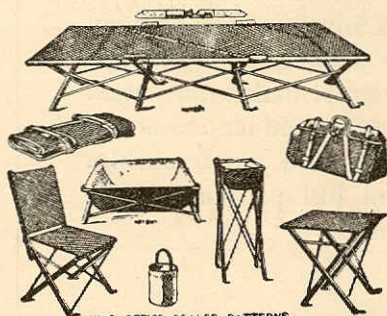
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