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John

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Page 28.

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No. 1 OFFICER
CADET BATTALION.

THE
"THUNDERFLASH"

NOVEMBER, 1917.

MARCH, 1918.

Membland Hall.





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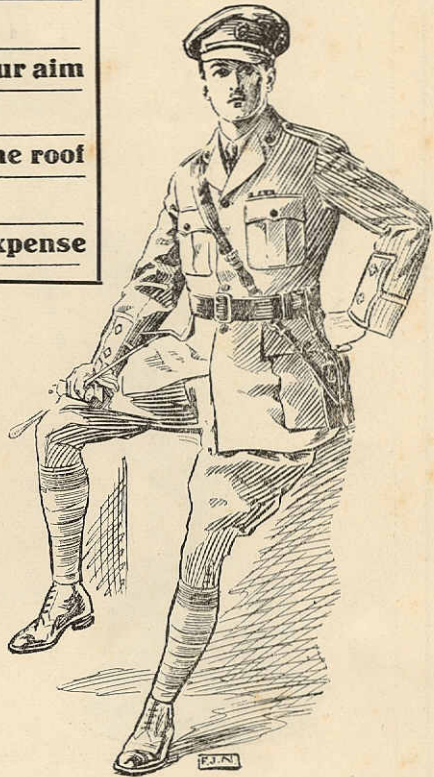
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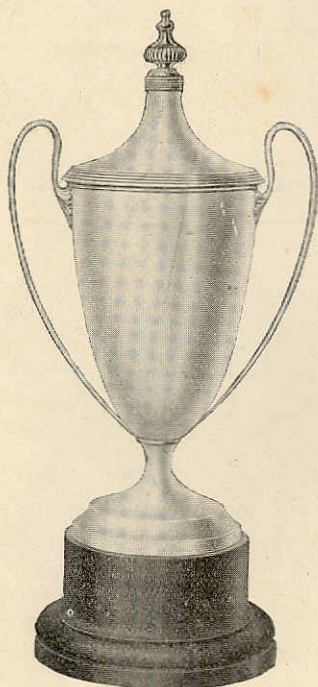
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Commanding No. 1 Officer Cadet Battn.

THE
“THUNDERFLASH.”

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

MEMBLAND HALL,
November, 1917—March, 1918.

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THE 4th "A" COY., NO. 1 OFFICER CADET BATTALION.

“The Thunderflash.”

Magazine of 4th “A” Company, No. 1 D.C.B.

—:O:—

Editors :

V. HODGES AND C. E. GREEN.

Business Manager :—

C. S. CLARKE.

Treasurer :—

C. GREEN.

Editorial.

This Magazine is intended to be a reminder to us all, in the days to come, of the short period of our lives which we have spent at Membland Hall. It has, undoubtedly, been a period of hard work, which, at times perhaps, has caused us to lose sight of the lighter and happier side of our life here. But that there is a lighter side, it is hoped that this Magazine will prove.

We could none of us, I am sure, have ever dreamed that life at a School of this kind was going to be one long period of bliss. The purpose for which we were sent here is a far too serious one to be treated with levity: the time of training all too short to dispense with any of the hours of solid work which we have had to put in. Yet, when the work has been put on one side for a few brief hours, most of us have been able to snatch a large amount of pleasure in a short time.

On one point I think we shall all agree; and that is, the general spirit of good fellowship existing between all the members of “The Hall.” We all have our own small circles of more or less intimate friends, but round those small circles is the larger, and not less important one of general friendship of the whole. A little while ago, we had most of us never met—a little while hence, and we shall once more be scattered over a shell-torn world, perchance

never to meet again. But some day, when the War clouds have rolled away, and some of us sit in our homes in the twilight, and dream over our pipes, we shall see in the smoke visions of the old life here at Membland, and the cheery face of some friend we made. And wherever we go, we shall always have that pride of School, which will make us think of Membland Hall as *our* School, second to none.

There are probably many days of storm and stress ahead, which will try our spirits, and put to the test the lessons of discipline and fortitude which have been inculcated during a period of arduous training. But those tests, in spite of occasional growls here and there—which, after all, have only been a clearing of the air—have not, up to the present, found us wanting. In the days to come, they will be met with equal determination and renewed strength—the strength which, by the courage and devotion of Officers and men in the face of trial and danger in the field, is going to win through the great storm of War to the sunshine and calm of “Peace—with Honour.”

V.G.H.

Definitions.

A straight line is the shortest distance between two Canteens.

A Circle is the line taken by a Cadet, and which, when produced, will always be the same distance from a Regimental Sergeant-Major.

A Square is an area of level ground, which appears to a Cadet to be uphill in every direction.

A Point is a Cadet who, when being ticked off seems so small as to have position but no magnitude.

Sergeant-Majors which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another.

A Regimental Sergeant-Major is equal to anything.

The Fly in the Ointment.

The latter half of our existence at Membland Hall has been marked (also "marred") by one outstanding feature in our training. I need hardly mention that the feature referred to is "Gas."

Perhaps nothing has contributed more to corrupt our usually very refined diction (??) than this our pet *bête-noir*. The mere sight of a gas mask in future will, I imagine, cause an unpleasant sensation in the pit of the stomach, recalling to our minds vivid recollections of Gas-training at Membland Hall—how it permeated our lives, how suspiciously we were wont to scrutinise the pockets of our Platoon Commanders, if haply we might discover a bulge that betrayed a Lightning Flash Bomb, "horresco referens," (very useful and inexpensive toy—great moral effect on Cadets, particularly dear to the hearts of some of our officers). No parades seemed impervious to it. Like the poor, "it was ever with us."

Let us picture to ourselves an event of daily occurrence in our last weeks at Membland Hall. "A platoon is drawn up on the square (I was about to say, ready for work; but, reflecting that such a statement would instantly be deleted by the Censor as a gross misrepresentation of the truth, I am satisfied to add that the thoughts of all are far away—on Plymouth Hoe, perchance)."

"Suddenly, there is a loud bang, followed by a cloud of blue smoke. 'Tableau.' The peaceful scene is instantly transformed; the air is rent with raucous shouts of 'Gas Shells.' Some are struggling with their elastic tapes, others, in a frantic but well-meant endeavour to adjust the respirator within the prescribed time, thrust the nose-clip into their mouths; others, less fortunate still, have managed to get the breathing tube twisted or compressed, and are experiencing the first pangs of suffocation."

The uninitiated onlooker would gape in amazement at the scene described above, and would wander sadly away, mystified by the strange evolutions performed by embryo officers, more convinced than ever that the war is lost.

In conclusion, may I venture to suggest that if ever, in days to come, any old Memblandite should have a Boche at his mercy, let him harden his heart, remembering that it was the Boche who introduced Gas, and avenge himself for many miserable hours spent on Gas at No. 1 O.C.B.

A.W.G.

The Voyage of the "Pontoon," or A Day with the R.E.'s.

It is a well-known fact that any task carried out on behalf of the R.E.'s is looked upon by the P.B.I. as a "rotten stunt," comparable only to the labours of Sisyphus. However, the majority of No. 3 Platoon will be able to look back upon one R.E. working-party with unmixed pleasure.

Early in January, our R.E.'s were in need of a further stock of timber for their nefarious arts, and No. 3 Platoon were afforded the rare opportunity of a break in the somewhat prosaic routine of Company Drill and Anti-Gas. The place chosen for the lumbering party was the wood opposite the Wide Slip, Noss Mayo.

Accordingly, one bright but keen Wednesday morning, the platoon paraded at 9.45 for the "stunt." As it had been decided to construct a raft of the timber hewn and float it up on the tide to Bridgend, thus offering a sporting chance of a wet skin, the platoon had been given *carte blanche* to wear whatever they liked. The variety of dress fully justified the permission. Some turned out in footer kit, with rainbow-hued jerseys; others, loyal to the Service, retained their khaki, minus puttees; in fact, we were a cosmopolitan crowd.

First came the issue of rations. Each man was provided with a packet of very appetising bully beef sandwiches and a few odd apples—we were going to be out for the day.

Next we proceeded to the R.E. Stores in the cricket field, and there we were issued with our weapons, some felling axes, choppers, wire, etc. Thence we marched off down to the scene of action, passing *en route* the "Rest of the Company" vainly struggling with some simple evolution of Company Drill. Oh! the envious glances furtively bestowed upon us as we stalked proudly by, axes on shoulders.

Inspired by the martial strains of that well-known classical March, "Macnamara's Band," exquisitely rendered by Messrs. Hodges, Gray & Co., we negotiated the thoroughfares of Noss Mayo, carefully avoiding the traffic, and, with no more serious incident than an encounter with a stray kitten, which rashly crossed the road a few yards ahead of the platoon, to be hissed and chivvied by various members thereof into a convenient garden in double-time, we arrived at our destination and prepared for the conflict. Here we were met by the Captain of R.E.'s and the Agent, a well-known

figure amongst us. (I take the liberty of mentioning his presence, as there was every evidence that we afforded him a thoroughly enjoyable day, particularly in the latter stages of our labours. But of this, anon.).

The platoon disrobed itself for work, and swinging their tools in a blood-thirsty manner, clambered up the steep slope into the wood, and commenced business upon the trees singled out for such a degrading end. Working with a will, but somewhat unscientifically, we duly felled the trees and dragged them down on to the road, where they were cut up into convenient lengths by means of a tenon-saw and stacked. Then followed lunch, during which interval one and all invaded Mrs. Andrews' excellent establishment and dealt faithfully with sundry cups of tea and pieces of cake, in spite of grimy hands.

Somewhat about 2 o'clock, we repaired to the pile of logs, and dragged them down on to the beach, where a raft was constructed close to the water's edge by the R.E. Captain, ably assisted by "Nevvy" and a certain Cadet, whose extreme readiness to render assistance to anyone and everyone the whole day long, evoked universal admiration. During the construction of the raft, the platoon, somewhat weary, I presume, of watching logs being wired together, devoted themselves to crab-hunting about the beach. Their "labours" were rewarded by the discovery under a stone of a very diminutive representative of the species, whereupon a minute anatomical examination was conducted. Various attempts to induce it to perform a few movements of squad drill, forming fours, and right-dressing (I have heard of dressed-crab, but not of right-dressed crab), proved unsuccessful, and ultimately it was consigned to the open arms of the River Yealm, where doubtless it swam away a sadder and a wiser crab.

At length the task was completed, and the platoon informed that the services of all save nine could be dispensed with. Accordingly "nine good men and true" were selected by means of some intricate calculations on the part of our officer (I have since endeavoured to discover the method in the "Manual of Field Engineering," but have failed). Six were detailed to assist in dismantling the raft, should it ever arrive at Bridgend, the remaining three were to man a boat, hired for the purpose, and tow it up. The rest of the platoon moved off to Membland Hall, seemingly loath to depart, and greatly envious of the chosen nine. (How little they would have envied their lot had they known what was in store for this little band!).

By this time the tide had risen sufficiently to float the raft. The Captain took his stand upon it, the boat's crew embarked and prepared to get under way. I feel in duty bound to mention the names of the three Cadets—Messrs. Howitt, Hodges and Green. Their devotion and gallantry saved the situation at many critical moments, and a finer deed of heroism is not recorded in the annals of No. 1 O.C.B. After a good deal of splashing, the raft was warped out into mid-stream, and the cruise of the "Pontoon" (we had christened the raft in honour of our Platoon Commander) had fairly started.

It was an epic voyage, just such another one as the *Odyssey*—in fact it would require a Homer or a Virgil to do justice to the Herculean efforts of the noble three. Their oars lashed the waters of the creek into foam, their broad backs bent as they strained to their task, but the "Pontoon" was superbly indifferent to their efforts. She persisted at first in maintaining her own course, and almost reached the landing stage on the other side of the Yealm. Eventually, the rowers succeeding in persuading the raft to move Bridgend-wards, and the speed increased to something approaching one-sixteenth of a mile per hour. A few diversions were created on the voyage by the parting of the tow-rope once or twice, when the "Pontoon" made strenuous attempts to reach the open sea, always frustrated by the watchfulness of her captain and of the boat's crew. Occasionally, the raft grounded on projecting mud-banks, and one of the crew, in a superhuman effort to get her off, snapped an oar. The whole course, from the Wide Slip to Bridgend Quay, was accomplished in the record time of $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

In the meantime, the dismantling party had partaken once again of Mrs. Andrews' liberal fare, in order to fortify themselves for the task in hand. A scout sent out to watch for the "Pontoon" reported her travelling up the creek at incredible speed: accordingly the six set off post-haste to Bridgend, and arrived in time to witness the last convulsive efforts of the boat's crew, and the arrival of the raft at its final resting place.

The three heroes of the cruise, looking as if they had just come off Company Drill on the Rugby field, disembarked with various lurid and unprintable remarks on the subject of rafts, etc. So strenuous had their task been, that they were absolved from further services.

Then came the turn of the dismantling party. I may say, from personal experience, that their task amply compensated for any slack time they had had during the day, and truly if we had

been slightly amused at the efforts of the "boating party," they had the laugh of us afterwards.

In the first place, the raft had to be moored. This involved finding the rope, which had gone astray during the excitement of the arrival. Eventually it was discovered, resting, no doubt, after its exertions, on the muddy bottom of the creek, and the "Pontoon" was more or less (rather less) safely secured to the Quay. By this time dusk had fallen, and the task of unlashng the raft was rendered doubly difficult. However, it was partially accomplished by the R.E. Captain, who, groping with his benumbed fingers under water, managed to undo a few wires.

The business of floating the logs ashore proved more interesting than was anticipated. Several logs, with a wandering tendency, apparently, made excursions in various directions up and down the creek, studiously avoiding the shore. These were recovered from the boat, gallantly, but somewhat unskilfully, manned by two of the party, whose nautical efforts somewhat roused the ire of our commander. Thereupon he resolved (and wisely too) to quit the raft, calling for a volunteer to take his place, whilst he pursued the errant logs.

At best, the raft afforded little facility for dry standing room, but by this time, as more logs were being floated out, its buoyancy diminished to an alarming degree, and the remaining logs had an uncanny knack of rolling over when one stepped on them, until it was only by executing a sort of Salome-Dance from log to log, that one could avoid getting over the ankles in water (no matter what one did, one was bound to stand ankle-deep in it). In the meantime, the tide had risen still higher, and the mooring rope had again absconded, so that the unfortunate occupant of the raft was in imminent danger of being marooned. Fortunately, the boat gallantly came to the rescue, recovered the rope, and took off the slightly damp occupant, who, if he had effected nothing in furtherance of the object in view, had provided the Agent with a fine acrobatic performance worthy of Sanger's Circus.

Finally, it was decided to abandon the scheme, as it was by now 6-30 p.m. and pitch dark. The remains of the raft were secured to the quay, the boat returned to its owner in Noss Mayo, and the party set out for Membland Hall and peace, wet and frozen, hungry and weary. Verily "Vae Victis" is a true saying.

"Unus e tertio cohorte,"

A.D. XIII. KAL. MAR., MCMXVIII.

“In the Barber’s Chair.”

(with apologies to “John Bull”).

R.S.M. COLLEY.

“Good morning, sir! ‘Air cut or shave, sir? Alright, sir, I wasn’t ter know that yer wanted a ‘air cut—I grows mine about twice as long. What’s that? Yer got ter have it an inch in front and quarter of a inch behind, in the Army. Don’t yer think one’s liable to catch cold? I had rheumatics last winter through ‘aving me ‘air cut too short. Awright, sir, I’m cutting it even.

Beg pardon, sir, but d’yer happen ter know a place called Membland Hall—it be about 10 miles from nowhere—there be a Cadet School there. Yer do? Perhaps yer’ve heard about that there Sergeant-Major there—he’s a Regimental something. Yer ought ter hear some of they Cadets carry on about ‘im when they comes in for a ‘air cut. Mind yer, this Sergt.-Major has ‘is good points—he seems ter be a smart sort o’ johnny, but a bit irritating at times. Now f’rinstance I heard from some of they Cadets about what happened on a drill parade on the ground where yer plays cricket or rugby or some’ut. They says there was a lot of mud about, and nat’rally when they was a marching up, they didn’t keep tergether. This ‘ere bloke I was a-telling of yer about—he shouts out—and a fine voice ‘e have too, sir, so I’ve heard—well e’ shouts out “About Turn,”—and blow me if ‘e don’t march ‘em thro’ all the mud again.

And he ain’t ‘arf a learned man, so I’ve heard—yer should ‘ear him spouting ‘istory. He can tell them Cadets who it were who built Membland Hall and all about the various stones in front of it.

Awl right, sir, I won’t take any more off the front. Would yer like a shampoo, sir?—Awl right! I only asked yer—I don’t want for yer to bawl at me—I aint in a Cadet School—no!—and I won’t put me right hand back! By the way, that’s what that there Sergt.-Major says—yer don’t ‘appen to know ‘im, I suppose? What! Yer are ‘im? How was I ter know? I thought you was one of them ‘ere Brigadier Sergeants. Never mind, Mr. Colley, no harm meant. Just a bit of straight talk.

Thank-ee, sir, yer a toff.

Good morning, sir.”

F.C.B.



THE COMPANY OFFICERS.

Capt. C. STEVENS.

Capt. T. BLEADON.

Lieut. J. LONG.

Capt. C. R. PENTON.

Capt. W. NOTTIDGE.

Dreams and Realities.

DREAMS :

Voice of Battn. Orderly-Sergt. in Courtyard : " Now come along, gentlemen, please, and put those lights out. It's 11-30, and I *do* want to get to bed."

Chorus of replies : " All right, Sergeant. Just ten minutes more. I've only got four more lectures to write up, and three more chapters of *K.R.* to read."

" One more round. Best hand takes ' Kitty.' "

" Oh, let's finish this story."

A gruff, but loud voice : " Come along, those Cadettas. Put out those lights, or I shall have to come up."

General chorus : " All right, Lionel ; good-night."

REALITY :

Last note of the bugle at 10-30 p.m. " Put out those lights ! !**" (snick—snick—snick—Silence !).

DREAMS :

Morning. Staff-Sergeant knocks at door : " Come along, gentlemen. It's seven o'clock. Hot bath is ready. Shall I get those boots cleaned for you ? Razor nice and sharp ? Let *me* put a clean white band on your cap. What will you have for breakfast ? Can *I* carry that rifle down for you ? It wants cleaning ? Certainly—give me your pull-through. *I'll* make the bed, while you are washing."

REALITY (" Reveillé " 6-30. At 6-38) :

The door bangs open, and Sergeant " Hell " enters : " Ah ! " (*in a very satisfied tone*), " Three of you. What's your names ? You'll be for Company Office this morning. In bed *twenty* minutes after " Reveillé."

The Cadets turn over,—in for a penny, in for a pound,—and later, they get their twenty shillings' worth. Three extras !—and they do them. (*They are not lucky enough to be footballers, hockeyites, ruggerrites, etc.*).

C.S.C.

“Orderly Buff,”

By “SEED SPUD.”

Yes, it was true ; I was to be “Orderly Buff.” Was it not in Part 1 Orders and duly signed by the Adjutant that Cadet Kolleyflower was to be Cadet-Orderly-Officer on Wednesday, the 19th inst. ? The real Orderly-Officer for the great day—the sun of which I was a feeble reflection, was Captain Poopoff. The supernumeraries were—but why speak of them, mere shadows dogging the footsteps of the great. Of the day’s duties I shall say very little. As a result of the time spent in looking for “complaints” and trouble I narrowly escaped being put “on the peg” for a dirty rifle. But why worry over trifles ? After all, the Company Office is not so bad, and one cannot help having a feeling of importance at creating something of a stir at Headquarters, and really it is good training for the imagination when working out one’s excuses. But I am digressing. Let me hurry on to the time when, at the Orderly Officer’s invitation, I waited, somewhat tremulously be it said, outside the Ante-Room to dine with those beings whom in the past I had been content to regard with awe and veneration from a distance. Yes, I who at one time was content to occupy a modest bench at that famous caterer’s, “Lockhart’s,” and consume a modest kipper, was to sit and eat with the great. Naturally, I was polished to perfection. My fingers were sore with the vigorous scrubbing I had given them, face shining from the free use of “Erasmic Herbal Soap,” and locks well plastered with “Brilliantine,” delicately perfumed with “Sweet Violets.” In due course Capt. Poopoff arrived on the scene and conducted me inside the Ante-Room, where I was speedily made to feel completely at my ease ; so much so, indeed, that I nearly produced my normal smokes, the humble yet fragrant “Woodbines” instead of the three-halfpenny “Flor de Cabiagos” I had provided myself with to give the final touch of affluence and splendour to my person. At the time appointed, we went into mess, and all parade stiffness disappeared. Capt. Angels started a hot argument as to whether a six-chambered Pea Shooter was more effective than six Pop guns in the hands of efficient marksmen. Major Tenpuns plumped for the Pea Shooter, and offered to wager a “large ginger” to a “small lemon” that he was right. The argument waxed furiously all through dinner, the other officers present taking sides in the debate. I was able to shine here rather, as I modestly mentioned that I was something of a shot, having once or twice won cigars (somewhat battered ones I must confess)

for smashing bottles at a local rifle range. After this my opinion when given seemed to be treated with rather more respect. Dinner over, we adjourned once more to the Ante-Room, where arguments as to whether a "Pop shooter" or a "Pea gun" was the better weapon reached a furious height. I feared at one time, so high ran the feeling, that a bout with the gloves would be the inevitable result of the disagreement, but luckily, after a few more "W. and S's." better feeling prevailed, and it was resolved to question those much harassed beings who are supposed to be able to answer all sorts of queer and unexpected questions on any subject whatever—I refer to the "Officer Cadets"—in their monthly exam., the general opinion on the subject. At this stage of affairs, the clock struck nine, study hour—and feeling like Cinderella when 12 o'clock struck at the Prince's Ball, I hastily wished them all "Goodnight," and retired to my room (the room with a green reputation), having spent quite an enjoyable evening—my first in an Officers' Mess.

FINIS.

Things we want to know.

On account of the shortage of Night Goggles, was it suggested that a certain Cadet in No. 2 Platoon should shut out the sky with his feet, to enable "Night Operations" to be carried out in day time?

In the event of any Cadet succumbing to injuries received at the "Gunfire Scramble," will his name appear in the official casualty list? Also, will his widow (if any) be entitled to a pension?

Who was the officer who addressed the Naval Captain as "Porter" at North Road station, and what the Naval Captain had to say about it?

Who was the Cadet who went to Plymouth, and returned with an Artillery map, and a copy of the "War Cry" in his pocket?

Has the impersonator of Charlie Chaplin a season ticket for the "Underground"?

The name of the Cadet who arrived at Millbay station at 8 p.m. one Saturday night to catch the 9 o'clock train? Was it a "rum" affair?

Who is the minute Cadet of the "Boudoir" who adjusts his cap with the aid of a protractor?

NEWTON FERRERS,

February 14th, 1918.

Dear "A" Company,

The sages tell us that the pen is mightier than the sword. Whether that be a true saying I know not, but this I do know, that your Editors may not be gainsaid, and so, at their behest, I indite you the following letter.

I conceive that your real desire is to know my opinion of you. So far on your course you have never given me an opportunity of voicing my impressions of you as a Company, though, individually, many of you have given me cause to sum up your passing phases in a few brief words. Those phases are gone, expiated and obliterated by much mud and gravel gathered painfully on the Square, what time your happier comrades were gathering more mud but less gravel on the football field.

As a Company, in my opinion, you easily reach the standard of your predecessors, indeed, I believe that when you leave here your knowledge will be greater than theirs, because your instructor's experience has ripened, and you will have sojourned here for a longer period than they did. You are a cheerful troop, and crime, in the military sense of the word, is a stranger to you. You are keen and easy to instruct; moreover, you turn out willingly to support the business of the moment, whether it be a Flag Attack or a party to roll the Cricket ground. In short, you have taken kindly to the life strenuous, and you will not regret it.

Now for your Platoons. Each Platoon has a different aura, and each produces a different impression on me. When I approach No. 1 I feel myself in an atmosphere of Scotchmen and extreme youth, while there is present a pleasant and vague impression of Ragtime music. I wonder why? From No. 2 I get an idea of equality and the rights of man, but their talking dies away and their voices merge into the strains of a violin, and my eyes are blinded by the flash of brass. Really, I think that their turnout is the best. No. 3 gives me an impression of stern resolve, of brawn and muscle, but there is always in this Platoon a grey undercurrent of humour. No. 3 know what they want, and will have a good try at getting it. No. 4 is a good-hearted Platoon, and is always ready to cheer on the opposing side at games; they, too, have a keen sense of humour, and have the distinction of possessing the largest man in the Company. I like them.



Captain W. R. NOTTIDGE, Commanding "A" Coy.

May I give you one word of advice before you leave? When you join your units, put what you have been taught here into practical use, for that is why it was taught you.

I thank you, gentlemen, for the support which you have given to me and to the Officers of the Company. I know that much may be achieved by compulsion, but co-operation produces greater and more permanent results.

In conclusion, I hope that, in spite of the attractions of braid and pips, you will be as sorry to leave this Battalion as we shall be to lose you. If, when you leave here, carrying away with you knowledge in book and brain, you look back on your Cadet-life with pleasure, if you are sound in wind and limb, then there will remain behind you a feeling of work well done to take the edge off our regret that the curtain has rung down on the last act of yet another "A" Company on the Membrand stage.

Wherever you go I wish you the best of luck.

Yours sincerely,

THE COMPANY COMMANDER.

I Wonder!

Who was the Cadet who took down his dirty boots in one hand to be scrubbed, and in the other a bucketful of ashes; and if he put the boots in the dust-bin, and commenced to draw water to scrub the bucket?

If Baillie has attained to perfection in his enunciation of "Free hundred and firty free fousand, free hundred and free;" and how many Cadets were within an ace of being "pegged" for laughing on parade when he announced that "the Coompany weel be peed oot at two-tan-thairrrrrty?"

If the Cadets of a certain room wondered, when they first arrived, who "Miss Gray" was?

If it is a long lane that has no Canteen?

If Jock Calderwood has attained to perfection in his ventri-
loquous powers of talking on parade without moving his lips?

White Bands never grow weary.

Sergeants to right of them,
 Sergeants to left of them,
 Shouted and thundered ;
 All bands were white as snow,
 All in a dead straight row,
 How could Cadet-ahs know
 Someone had blundered ?

Who gave the " Stand at ease ? "
 No excuse would him appease.
 What tho' your hands do freeze
 Move not your fingers.

So on the " mat " they stood,
 Stiff as if made of wood ;
 Saints are not half as good
 As those Cadet-ahs.

Their's not to reason why,
 But have another try.
 Eat lots of humble pie,
 Rations get scarcer.

Out of that gallant band
 Those excused marching stand ;
 Close, where they lend a hand
 To drill the others.

Now that the " board " has been
 Voices decrease I ween,
 And who shall train the cream
 Of all the regiments.

Now that the end is near,
 Who's that who dares to wear,
 Without a trace of fear,
 A pale tie and collar ?

Sergeants to right of them,
 Sergeants to left of them,
 Will shout and thunder ;
 White bands will fade away,
 And " pips " mature some day,
 And in the game they'll play
 They shall be winners.

R.V.

Appreciation of the Situation.

By "UNCLE."

Our ideas, our powers of understanding, and our methods of grasping different situations vary from time to time according to our state of health and according to our state of mind, and it is owing to the foregoing circumstances that I have attempted to give my views on "The Appreciation of the Situation."

To discuss the matter properly, it is advisable to divide the subject into five different parts—each under a separate heading. You thus get a sequence, and it is really extraordinary how helpful these sequences are. You start with a code-word and try to get something to fit it, that is, get various headings—and there you are. It does not matter if the headings and sequence are in any way connected or not. You imagine they are, and you look pleasant and at the same time brainy, and tell people that your one idea is to make things easy for them and that you have spent hours of your own spare time in thinking out the cunning little code word.

The Code word selected in the present case is "SPOOF," and you will notice how easy it is to follow; all you have to do is to think of our old friend "SPOOF" and you have thoroughly appreciated the situation.

The following are the headings our Code word suggests, and we will discuss them briefly:—

- Some introduction.
- Points to notice.
- Object.
- Odd remarks.
- Favourable criticism.

Some introduction.

You explain to the class that although it may not appear to be important to them, yet it is one of the subjects on which the War office people are very keen, and they invariably set at least six questions on it, all heavily marked, at the final exam.; and it is very essential that an officer should absolutely know the subject by heart. You explain that it is well known that times have changed, and you will probably not require the knowledge gained when you get to France, but your father's father knew all about these things, and therefore you must know all about them—even though it may eventually pay you better to forget what you have been taught.

Points to notice.

The success of this part of the lecture depends entirely on your powers of imagination. There are usually very few points to notice, but very important ones can be discovered or manufactured.

Object.

This is usually the most difficult part of the business, and I purpose, for this reason, to deal with it rather fully. For instance, the object may concern Cadets in general. Why are they at Membland, for what Object? The subject is of course open to discussion. Why on earth are some of them there? The answers depend on one's point of view. Take the average Cadet's view of the situation. Possibly he thinks he is there for a rest cure. He has no particular cause to worry as long as he feeds well and has a fairly good time, for, after all, it was jolly good of him to come, and it certainly must be a relief to Sir Douglas Haig to know that Private Smith is now "a gentleman in training for an Officer."

Take it now from the Drill Instructor's point of view (Drill Instructors other than Sergeants). Their object, it would sometimes appear, is to camouflage the Cadets, and make them into race-horses.

Then there is the point of view of the proprietor of the Sawdust Club. No doubt he thinks the object of the Cadets being at Membland is to enable them to pay weekly visits to Plymouth and exchange what is left (after buying polishes, &c., &c.) of the magnificent retaining fee allowed by a grateful Government, for the equivalent in famous Old Brown Sherry—truly a comforting and consoling beverage, and well worth doing the 180 per minute—the Cadet's pace to the Ferry.

The above examples serve to shew the importance of "object," and how a full hour should be spent on it—so very important it really is.

Odd remarks.

You usually content yourself with telling the class something about your subject, as you will find that, by observing the code-word, you have given them quite an excellent discourse on a totally different subject, and certain things crop up in your mind, which you feel bound to explain. Let us take our original title: "The Appreciation of the Situation." The word "appreciation" floors

you at the commencement. When you speak of appreciation, you have in your mind "words of praise," "testimonials," "illuminated addresses" and the like. You picture to yourself the local Rat Killing Club expressing its appreciation of the Secretary at the annual meeting, and in your own mind you look upon appreciation as almost identical with gratitude, whereas in "Appreciation of the Situation" it cannot possibly mean grateful or thankful—for there are many situations for which you are far from grateful. You are called out by the R.S.M. to drill the Company. The first thing you do is to appreciate, &c., and, probably, the last thing you are forced to think about is appreciation, and when you actually realise what his appreciation of you is, it's the Bank of England to a gooseberry that you are not over thankful for the situation you, with the kindly assistance of the R.S.M., have been unfortunate enough to create.

Again, during your training to qualify for Mr. Wilkie Bard's "Night Watchman," you are on Picquet, and your duties are to guard Membland Hall. You are the victim of circumstances, by which I mean Membland Hall may have disappeared during the night. You are up at Company Office, charged with neglect of duty, inasmuch as you failed to guard Government property entrusted to your care. (You may possibly quibble when I call Membland Hall Government property—if the Government have not already annexed it, they will probably very soon do so). All Cadets, permanent staff, &c., have been searched, and as the Hall has not been discovered concealed on some one's person, it is finally decided that the Hall has really disappeared, and you are responsible. The O.C. Company appreciated the situation before he pronounces judgment. Does he really appreciate the fact that the Hall is missing? By that I mean—"Is he grateful; Is he thankful?" I can well imagine that at times he would be truly thankful; then again, when he orders you to be shot at dawn, do you appreciate the situation, and are you really thankful for the Officer's appreciation? All these trains of thought occur to you, and you can go on for hours talking about the word appreciation until you have absolutely disregarded the main issue. You then look up at the clock, find time is getting on (thank goodness!), and come to the last part of your story.

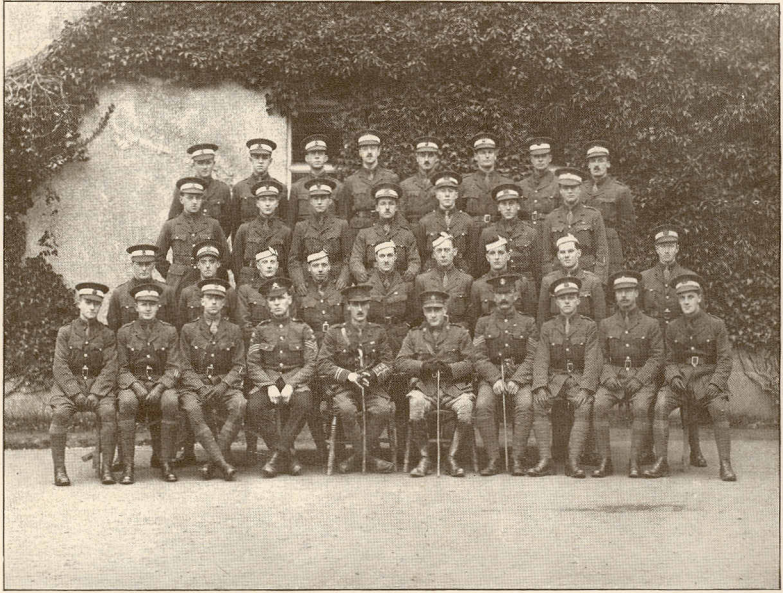
Favourable criticism.

This, of course, means "any questions?" Here, again, circumstances alter cases. If there is half-an-hour to go, you get

inundated with the most idiotic queries and suggestions you can possibly imagine. If it is "Time, Gents., please," everybody thoroughly understands everything, and no questions are asked. When time admits of questions, Cadet Smart says to himself, "Now I must bring myself to the notice of somebody or other, so I will ask some question. It does not matter what question I ask so long as somebody who counts sees me. You see, I don't play footer, don't run, don't box, don't sing—I must do *something*." That's *his* point of view. Then you get the craftier man's point of view. "I don't want anybody to notice me; I want them to forget me. If I don't get asked to do anything, they cannot say that I make mistakes, so I will just creep about like a mouse, grabbing a piece of cheese here and there." When the day of reckoning comes, Cadet Mouse will get through. Personal satisfaction of having attempted a lot, even if little has been accomplished, does not concern him. He gets through, not because he has done anything well, but because he has not been found to do anything badly—he has not been seen—he has kept quiet—and, perhaps, he's right. Just one more instance: Old So and So plays footer most of his time; certainly he is on the ground. He *tries* to run. He starts with the pack and cuts across country and meets the rest of the pack on the return journey and sails in with them as proud as can be. He tries to sing. He does sundry other things, and perhaps he may have some peculiarity which makes him noticeable. He may have long hair, or a bald head; in that way people get to know him, and if any Cadet is required to show up his absolute incompetency, the powers-that-be naturally think of old So and So, because they know him. He is hauled out, and it is an open question as to whether he appreciates the situation created or not. He is the cheery old fellow who is always creating situations—humorous and otherwise—and he is the same old lady who invariably asks questions when he should have sense enough to keep quiet.

You have finished your fifth and last point. You gather up your notes and say, "That is all, Gentlemen. Thank you."

W.C.G.



No. 1 PLATOON.



No. 2 PLATOON.

No. 2 Platoon Commander's Letter.

To No. 2 Platoon.

I have been asked to contribute towards the success (?) of this Magazine by expressing my opinion of you in writing, thus fulfilling the double purpose of filling up space and of contributing an amusing article.

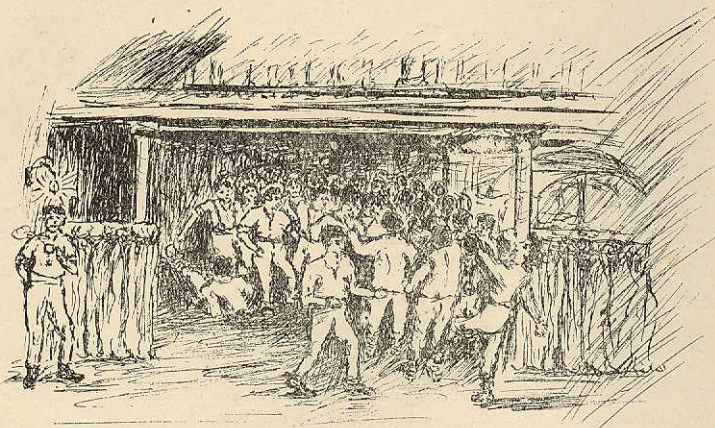
To commence with, there are such a tremendous number of things I obviously cannot say in such a high-toned production—much as I should like to—remarks with reference to your pleasant little habit of talking on parade, or yawning at lectures, etc. However, what I *may* say, and with real pleasure, is that you are one of the cheeriest platoons I have ever met—in fact, some of you, in particular some of the dour and canny ones, have not, it seems to me, ever removed the grin with which you first greeted me.

Well, that is all to the good, and if you can manage to take, and keep, your cheeriness in the mud and misery of the war, you will do more real good than by imparting all the knowledge you have acquired (?) by your labours of love in this place. There is no better heightener of morale in a nasty, sticky corner, than a grin on the "Awficer's face." So, whatever it costs you, don't neglect that grin which you so often and so easily used in these peaceful precincts, where no effort was required,—where beds and fires awaited the end of even the most *imperfect* day. Adopt and carry out either of those priceless mottoes, "Smile, damn you; Smile!" and "Grin if it kills you," and I'm sure we at Membland will have still more reason to be proud of the Cadets we send away to be granted His Majesty's Commission.

With best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

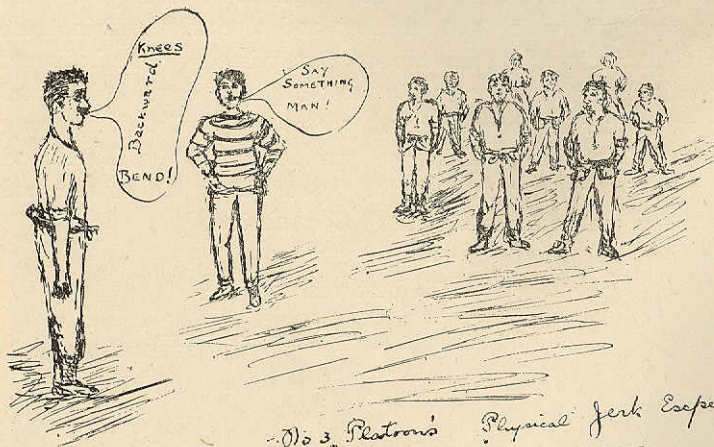
A. W. LONG.



Time 7 a.m.

J. A. H.

or "the survival of the fittest."



No 3. Platons Physical Jerk Experts

Demonstration by a Battalion in measures against Fire.

SITUATION :—A fire has broken out in the vicinity of Membrand Hall.

The Alarm has been sounded.

<u>PHASE.</u>	<u>ACTION.</u>	<u>LESSON.</u>
1. Assembly of the Battalion on the Square.	Cadets move by bounds.	Necessity of all ranks being previously warned of exact hour of alarm.
2 Location of Fire.	Reconnaissance of scouts in diamond formation ; one scout moving forward covered by jugs of remainder.	Need of practice in microscopic observation. Necessity of close study of R.S.M.'s demeanour on the parade ground.
3. Collection of material necessary to combat the fire.	Party detailed to fetch hose-car.	A Hose fired from the hip is the only really reliable weapon against fire.
4. Hauling of hose-car to scene of action.	Hose-car party manoeuvre for position.	Hose-car must be pulled, Not pushed, otherwise car is liable to emulate the example of the Galilean swine when encountering a decline.
5. Location of nearest stop-cock.	Scouts will reconnoitre to thoroughly search all ground where stop-cocks might lie concealed.	During hours allotted to Visual Training, the exact appearance of all stop-cocks to the individual will be carefully recorded in note books. Calling up signal, one " G " on the Bugle.
6. Unearthing of stop-cock.	Party of R.E. equipped with mining picks and crowbars.	The necessity of holding in close support a party of R.E., preferably a tunnelling Company for this extremely lengthy and arduous task.
7. Joining up hose to stop-cock.	Four picked men, with special knowledge of the clockwise action of screw-threads, will be detailed.	Necessity for control of language in event of an incomplete joint being obtained, and water being thereby precipitated over workers.

PHASE.	ACTION.	LESSON.
8. Fire fight.	No. 1 of the Hose will at once seize the hose by the lower nozzle and lay as directed by Unit Commander.	1. Necessity for maintaining a firm grip with both hands, in order to ensure safety of bystanders.
	Tap at main will then be turned on, and result carefully noted.	2. Necessity for the careful supervision and bi-annual inspection of all stop cocks, mains, hydrants, etc., by O.C. Detachment, R.E., with a view to the production of a jet of water at least 3-ft. in height.
9. Arrival of P.R.I.	Fall out the Mess Waiters.	Necessity for posting of sentries over all wine-cellars, potato-dumps, bone-heaps and other haunts of the P.R.I., with a view to thoroughly warning of same should he be beyond hearing distance of the Alarm.

DUTIES OF SPECIALIST OFFICERS.

L.G.O.—In event of an accidental cessation of fire, the L.G.O. will be responsible for organising and controlling a chain of water-jugs.

Battalion Gas Officer will at once proceed to scene of action with S.K.and(als) and flappers, the proximity of the latter to those in action have been noticed to have excellent effect.

O.C. "A" Coy. will carefully note the behaviour of all ranks under his command under these trying circumstances, with a view to excusing such members of his command, COMMISSIONED or otherwise, as acquit themselves creditably, one or more early morning parades.

NOTES ON ABOVE DEMONSTRATION.

I. (a) More practice is necessary in water-jug drill.

(b) It is suggested that practice drills be inaugurated between the hours of 10-0 p.m. and 10-30 p.m. every evening, with a view to attaining the required standard of efficiency.
[Ed.—We were fortunate in being able to witness the effect of this system of attack on the occupants of No. 10 hut.]

- II. (a) It has been noticed that ex-mounted infantrymen are apt to overrate the value of the extinguisher as a weapon of offence, whereas, in fact, the said weapon is but a mural decoration.

* * * *

The élan and resource shown by all ranks give rise to hopes that further demonstrations may be unnecessary for a considerable period. Should, however, further demonstration be needed watches will be synchronised at zero hour, and made known to all ranks, at least three days in advance.

S.I.

The Charge of the "Rouse Parade."

1. Quarter Dress ! Quarter Dress ! Quarter Dress sounded,
As a Cadet I know out of bed bounded.
Was that Cadet afraid ?
Was he in fact dismayed ?
Or in Gas mask arrayed ?
As he came on parade
All at the double.

2. On the command " Fall in," only the right guides move,
Remainder " Stand fast " he said (how oft we've heard it ?).
Did that Cadetta move ?
Or stand just as he should ?
Eyes staring straight ahead,
Still as a block of wood ;
That is the question.

3. " That's him," the S.M. said, " next to that Scotch Cadet ;
He thinks he's still in bed—take his name, Sergeant."
Oh ! what a noise he made,
Oh ! how he stormed and raved,
When Capt. ——— said :
" Two extra drill parades."
Exit Cadetta.

C.E.G.

Asked and Answered.

By OUR TAME OFFICE BOY.

ADONIS (3 Platoon) writes to say that his best girl always closes her eyes when she kisses him, and asks if we do not think this rather singular?—Can't say, ADONIS; send us your photograph and then we may be able to decide.

PUZZLED (1 Platoon): "Is it permissible for a Cadet from a Cavalry Unit to wear spurs when in Plymouth?"—We have searched Musk. Regs., but cannot find anything bearing on this point.

DESPERATE (4 Platoon) asks how he can get a polish on his brown boots.—Try Godman's Plate Powder, DESPERATE, and you'll be surprised (if not delighted) at the result.

WHITE BAND (2 Platoon) wants to know what he must do when he is saluted by recruits.—Personally, we find that a supply of small change is useful in these cases.

OLD SOLDIER sends us nine photographs of himself.—We prefer the one taken with his gas mask on.

DEFAULTER enquires if a Lecture is a Parade?—Some are, and some aren't.

FED UP says he would like to transfer into the Royal Navy.—Sorry, old chap, the waiting list is now closed.

TAFFY sends us three closely-written pages about the War; we fail to understand what he means when he writes of "our troops in Mesopalonica," and surely, TAFFY, ink is procurable at the Canteen?

EAGER writes to tell us that he has a sword for sale, used by his Grandfather in the Crimean War.—Any reader desirous of purchasing same, may meet EAGER outside Company Office any morning at 8-30 (except Sundays).

ROOKIE, when returning from Xmas leave, overheard a soldier alluding to a certain medal as "the rootie gong," and asks us if we know what medal it is?—Certainly, ROOKIE; our own manly chest is adorned by this self-same medal, which is awarded for eighteen years of undetected crime.

REDCOAT evidently comes of a military family, for he writes to say that he has eleven brothers living and one married, and all of them are serving in the Army except one, who is in the A.S.C. No fewer than seven D.C.M.'s have been gained by these soldier brothers.—We congratulate you, REDCOAT, on what probably is a record. We have heard of one black sheep in every family, but seven of them in one certainly takes the cake.

PETROL writes to us complaining of the fact that last Saturday he was unable to obtain either a motor car or a "Ford" to convey him from Yealmpton station.—Be reasonable, PETROL; we know of two Cadets who attend the Skating Rink at Plymouth every Saturday, with a view to using roller skates on the homeward journey. Personally, we prefer a "Scooter."

H.S.

Ten Golden Rules of Membland.

1. Thou shalt not stay in bed after "Reveill e," even though it be the morning after the night before.
2. Thou shalt appear at 9-15 a.m. with thine equipment like unto the noonday sun.
3. Thou shalt endeavour to do thy duty nobly and well, so that thou wilt not have to appear at 3-30 p.m.
4. Thou shalt not put thy lecturer to the trouble of explaining anything when he asks "Any questions, please?"
5. Thou shalt imbibe to the uttermost the knowledge that is imparted to thee, so that thou mayest prosper.
6. Thou shalt do nothing to incur the wrath of thy Instructors, for if thou dost thou shalt surely lose thine honoured name.
7. Thou shalt treat the tall man with great respect, for he is IT, and whosoever causes him to wax wroth shall tremble even more than they did under a 5-9 barrage.
8. Thou shalt exercise thy grey matter between the hours of 9 and 10 p.m.
9. Thou shalt proceed to Plymouth each Saturday, and there enjoy thyself, as thou hast no other opportunity during the week.
10. Thou shalt remember the Hall of Membland, where thou didst spend six happy months.

If thou doest all these things, thou wilt be exceedingly lucky, and thy name shall be posted in the Annals of History as "The Perfect Cadet."

C.H.S.

Cousin Carrie's Cosy Corner Column.

Cousin Carrie wants to be a sister to all Cadets. She invites them to write her quite freely upon any and every subject. All their little troubles and escapades are of great interest to her ; and she has hit upon the plan of this Cosy Corner Column as a means of answering questions and giving good advice free of charge. Those who wish private replies should address their letters to "Cousin Carrie," Box R.E.S.P., Membland Hall, and be careful to enclose a postal order for 2/6.

My dear Cadets,

Such a lot of you have written me beautiful letters telling me *all* about yourselves, and asking such a heap of interesting questions that my replies will have to be short if I am to cope with even a fraction of them. I will take them as they come, and try and answer them one by one.

- (i.) "TOMMY" (No. 1 Platoon).—Cousin Carrie does not undertake to translate passages of Greek, though she is very good at Scotch. Why not invite one of your Masters (who of course know *everything*) to help you? Or try Captain Jim's column in the *Boys' Own Paper*.
- (ii.) WALTER, G. (No. 3 Platoon).—Yes, Walter, it *did* go!
- (iii.) C.H.S. (No. 4 Platoon).—Thank you for the book of sermons by your dad.
- (iv.) WILLIE, C. (No. 2 Platoon).—Asks whether I can recommend anything to hasten the growth of hair on his upper lip? He says he has tried Tatcho and Harlene, Vaseline and Brilliantine, but so far has only managed to grow a little *down*. Never mind, Willie, you will grow *up* one of these days, and then you'll have a braw moustache, my laddie.
- (v.) WILLIE, D. (No. 2 Platoon).—You should avoid getting your feet wet, at all costs.
- (vi.) "BUDGE" wants a Russian-English Dictionary. Try a second-hand bookstall, "Budge," or failing that, the Battalion Library.

- (vii.) C.E.B.S. says he is very fond of fireworks, but is troubled because the boys call him rude nick-names. His writing is bad, so I cannot make out what they are. He thinks the only thing to do is to put in for a transfer to a Scotch regiment. He has already been given a nice little cap with ribbons, and asks whether I can lend him an old skirt to try on, as he thinks a kilt would suit him. I am afraid I can't. Cousin Carrie must draw the line somewhere, you know.
- (viii.) PENNYCUICK (No. 1 Platoon).—What fun! But mind you don't catch cold.
- (ix.) JOE, F. (No. 2 Platoon).—No, Joe, I don't think the Mess spoons are real silver, so it's hardly worth the risk, is it?
- (x.) ARCHIBALD, B. (No. 1 Platoon).—Certainly not!
- (xi.) CYRIL, P.—Thank you ever so much for the lovely "Vanity-bag." Fancy it's being made out of an old top-hat of yours. You clever boy. Yes, Military Law is a hard subject. Cousin Carrie has picked up quite a lot, though, since the boys came to Membland. Go on trying, and take a pride in your pontoon or whatever you call it.
- (xii.) ROY, O. (No. 4 Platoon).—Yes, it is a terrible affliction. Try Antipon.
- (xiii.) FRANKIE, E. (No. 2 Platoon).—Many thanks for the MSS. of your maiden effort, "Life in the Wild and Woolly West." Cousin Carrie is afraid that she can't arrange to get it published; but the Editors of the Company Magazine might take it as a serial. Your *nom-de-plume*, "Camouflage," is excellent.
- (xiv.) J.E.H., F.B.D., F.T.H., F.K.W., W.E.T., E.E.D., and several others.—Cousin Carrie has a good many requests of this kind, and would be delighted to introduce these boys to some nice flappers; but she thinks it would be better for them if they would come for a walk with her, instead, and will be pleased if they will apply for appointments by post.

There are dozens more letters to answer, but these will have to wait, owing to lack of space.

Your loving,

Cousin CARRIE.

To the Editors of the "Thunderflash."

Dear Mr. Editor,

In response to a request by one of your staff for some "copy," I went round the battalion seeking interviews with some of its most prominent members. In some cases I was successful in obtaining the interview, but the information I collected was not very enlightening, and I ran serious risk of losing my life in the process of collecting it.

Capt. P-nt-n was my first quest. On knocking at the door of the Tower room in which this distinguished officer lives, I heard a series of strange clicks—as of the drawing back of rifle bolts—from inside the chamber, and then a voice said, "Come in!" I opened the door carefully. "Put up your hands!" came the command, as the door swung open. I could see nobody inside, but thought it safer to comply, marched boldly into the room and found the officer with whom I desired to confer seated at his table with papers spread all round him, holding a loaded revolver in each hand pointing at my head, and with a tape tied round each foot leading to the triggers of two more revolvers, so placed that they covered the door entrance. "Oh Lord, it's only you, is it? I thought it was another of my platoon coming up to ask questions about this exam. paper!" I said "I'm very sorry, I didn't see you were busy! I didn't want anything," and bolted precipitately through the door.

Captain Bl—d—n was my next attempted victim. I found him seated in the bombstore surrounded by detonators, bombs, and rifle-grenades of all shapes, sizes, and descriptions. "Hullo! What do you want?" were the bomb expert's first words. I explained my errand and said I should be very much honoured if he would give me a few words of wisdom for my paper. "Oh—yes—yes," and quietly resumed his occupation of pulling out the pins from Mill's bombs to see if they worked alright. I enquired if this was not rather a dangerous proceeding. "Oh no, not if you know how to treat them. This is a live one though, and these go off quite well sometimes!" handing me a bomb with the words. I inadvertently let the handle fly off and dropped the bomb at my feet. When I was safely round the corner of the house, I heard: "Oh, it's quite alright, really; there was explosive in it but no detonator."

My next visit was to the Nursery to see the Battalion Lewis Gun Officer. I found him seated in his revolving chair in the middle

of the room surrounded by a mass of pawls, feedarms, extractors, gas checks, pistons and other implements of his murderous trade. After congratulating Mr. T—k on his recent coming of age, I enquired after the well being of the Battalion Lewis guns. Taking a well-worn and elderly pipe from his mouth, he pointed to the above-mentioned collection of parts, and said, "They are all in bits, being cleaned." "Don't you find it rather cold in here with no stove or anything in that line?" "Oh no; that's only a temporary accidental cessation of fire," pointing at the empty grate. "Do you like stripping and assembling Lewis guns?" I asked. "Good Lord, yes; it's as simple as A.B.C. It's positively ridiculous that people can't pick up the idea of it; why, when I was a boy,"—here the L.G.O. launched into a long and highly technical account of the working and management of Lewis guns, emphasizing points by banging his pipe on his palm. "Nothing annoys me more though than to be asked fooling questions about feedarm actuating studs . . ." Here I apologized for my interruption of his work, and, explaining that I had to attend a parade, I departed.

I did not succeed in obtaining an interview with the Regimental Sergeant-Major, as, partly owing to there being a new Company at Alston, and also owing to having recently been married, he was always out when I called to see him.

Whilst exploring the back regions of the Hall one day, I became aware of a rather pleasant but powerful odour proceeding from a small room off one of the corridors. On investigation I discovered the Battalion Gas Officer sitting on a packing case with a small Box Respirator on, and apparently trying to inhale through the mask the smell of a liquid in a test tube which he was holding. My eyes began to water copiously, so I hurried away, donned my S.B.R., and returned to the attack. The gas expert was still sitting in his chamber of horrors sniffing gently at his glass tube. I ventured to ask as distinctly as possible if he had any message to give the readers of the "Thunderflash." His only sign of having heard my remark was to take a small cardboard tube from his pocket and apply a match to one end and drop the tube on the floor—deafening crash—I was much too overcome to say anything. Whereupon the gas officer shouted: "Gasshellsyoufool! You want extra instruction in the art of gas defence." I fled, accompanied by loud yells of "Gas shells" from all the rooms down the corridor.

My last effort was to try and interview the F.E. Officer and his Sergeant. All I could find was a moving mass of barb wire, pickets and sandbags, and from the middle of it all a voice saying, "You've got to get this down before lunch—that's not the way to fasten the bloomin' thing—4 bundles of long pickets, 4 bundles of anchors and umpteen coils of wire," and so on. I wandered on, sadly, thinking of the effect of putting up many barbed wire fences and taking them down again, to where I could hear a loud voice shouting, "Pickles in the left hand and shoves in the right!" or that's what it sounded like.

At that moment the Mess bugle sounded, and I woke up to hear one of my room mates practising Company Drill very close to my ear.

A.H.P.

No. 4 Platoon Commander's Letter.

I have been asked by the editors to write something for the Magazine. Unfortunately, I cannot think of anything original to write about. I should, however, like to take this opportunity of thanking you all for the keen sense of humour you have shown when bombarded by murderous sounding "Thunderflashes," and also when subjected to weird and awful smells, all of which have formed part of your Gas training.

Your efficiency in Gas is greatly due to your ability to see the humorous side of things.

May I also take this opportunity of saying Good-bye to you all, and wishing you the very best of luck. When you are full-blown Majors, etc., I hope you will sometimes write to

Yours very sincerely,

C. E. B. STEVENS.



No. 3 PLATOON.



No. 4 PLATOON.

“Esprit de Corps.”

1. When first we came to Membland Hall
 In answer to a sudden call,
 What was it pumped into us all?
 Esprit de Corps.

 2. What is it forces us to play
 The games as scheduled day by day,
 In spite of what we think or say,
 Esprit de Corps.

 3. What is it makes us bath with zest
 In water which is cold at best,
 And makes us long for shirt and vest?
 Esprit de Corps.

 4. What makes us raise our knees in line
 As high as hips when marking time?
 (Our thoughts are best not put in rhyme)
 Esprit de Corps.

 5. What is it makes us early rise,
 And rub the sleep from out our eyes,
 And stifle all those wicked cries?
 Esprit de Corps.

 6. When we're on drill (communicating),
 And suffering “Throats” excruciating,
 What makes us smile in spite of slating?
 Esprit de Corps.

 7. When on the “Peg” parade, 3-30,
 For uncut hair or buttons dirty,
 What makes the B.O.S. so shirty?
 (not) *Esprit de Corps.*
-

Personal Pars.

- BARROW.—The proud possessor of a movable jaw. Not “exactly” sure of anything, but has a brother on the railway, so should make a good officer. Great believer in 3.30 parades, and usually acts as right marker for the sick.
- BRAYTON.—A native of Fiji. Has overcome his craving for human flesh, and can now be found writing letters and eating chocolate.
- BATCHELER.—Student of “Pelmanism,” the results of which are not very evident. Authority on Scripture, and can often be found committing “King’s Regs.” to memory.
- BUCK.—The platoon “Bully” and non-conformist pugilist. Was once heard to say “Dash.”
- BUJNOWSKI.—The Russian Scotchman, known as “Budge.” Also finds it very difficult to rise at “Reveill e.”
- DOWN.—“Four feet nothing”—*vide* R.S.M. Often found between Gardiner’s legs. Might be called half a blank file.
- DRAPER, W.—The budding General and balance-step expert. Knows on which foot to give “Left in—cline.”
- DRAPER, F. B.—Concert Party maniac. Wears a monocle. On the best of terms with all Staff-Sergeants.
- FRAYLING (“Cuthbert”).—Insane burbler. Loves to sing: “I’ve parted my hair in the middle.”
- GREAVES, J.—Notable character. Glares ferociously at permanent staff. Suddenly joined the “No hat” brigade one Saturday evening. Possesses nice curly locks.
- GARDINER.—Has a good grip of the country. Might break off at the ankles, but could not be pushed over.
- HAJEE.—Has had a wonderful and adventurous career. Says the Government owes him £800, and that he has been in the Navy. Can “show you how to do” anything. Author of “Cadets’ Encyclopedia,”—bound in kid.
- HANNIS.—“George.” On parade is “Stillness personified.” Authority on Russian affairs. Says that he has been at Guillemont. Has a very persuasive manner when interviewing the Company Officer.
- GRAY.—Called “Uncle.” by his friends—and other names when he makes them wild. An authority on “Baksheesh,” and “Xmas Trees.” Plays “soccer” and referees at same time. Once told a taxi man to “drive round a bit.”

- GRUNDY ("Mrs.")—A growing lad with a small appetite.
- KIRBY.—Great on gradients. Left the cavalry to join the army. Originator of the conundrum movement, "Slope—Shun—Sir!"
- KINDLEYSIDES.—"The mouse." Meets rest of platoon on parade. Was once seen outside his room, but took fright and scuttled back.
- SLATER, H. ("'Appy 'Arry").—Platoon running team. Relates numerous tall stories at dinner, which require more salt than the food regulations allow.
- SMITH, P. J.—Light-weight boxer. Receives registered letters on Fridays; buys taxis on Saturdays.
- SANSOM, E. W.—Running, "Soccer." Partner in the Membland cinema. Not to be confused with the strong man of Gaza.
- WILLIAMS, J. F. A. (not R. F. A.).—An undisputed authority on all military matters. Won his third stripe under Harold at Hastings.
- WEST, R.—Running, boxing. Holds a season ticket to the Company office; his ability to get "astonished" is the envy of the whole Company.
- LANE, H. ("Hubert").—The Platoon White Hope, and an all-round sportsman. On Mondays, when instructing in P.T., has a weakness for "On the hands—down," but never known to demonstrate this exercise.
- OAKSHOTT, R. P. ("The Platoon pull-through").—Plays "Rugger" and "Soccer." Has on more than one occasion camouflaged himself as a goal post, much to the chagrin of the opposing team.
- PHILLIPS, H. D. ("Admiral Phil.")—Running and "Rugger." Holds the record for spending early morning parades in bed. Has immaculate guardsman's trousers, which are the envy of the platoon. Supposed to have composed "Blind Nell."
- STARBUCK, T., *M.M.* ("Baby Elephant").—That tall Cadet in the rear platoon. His cinema operating is only over-shadowed by his excellent cross-country running. Walking advert. for "Tatcho."
- TUCKER, W. E.—Running; winds up the reels at the cinema entertainments. Believed to own part of the Y.M.C.A.

MEMBLAND PALACE OF VARIETIES,

NEWTON FERRERS.

CENTRAL POSITION. :: MEANS OF ACCESS UNLIMITED.

PROGRAMME.

MATINEES DAILY. SATURDAYS EXCEPTED.

1. **OVERTURE** .. " I keeps a-tellin' of yer " .. Vincentini

2. **THAT TIRED CANADIAN**

3. **Professor SAGE.**

THE TURKEY-TROT WONDER

4. **THE WIGAN WONDER**, in his clean Comedy act, entitled:—

"FARLEY'S AUNT."

5. **STEVENS' No. 4 Company**, in a great Whirlwind Sketch:—

"GAS SHELLS."

Costumes by BLEADON. Wigs by STARBUCK.

6. **"TRIXIE" SMITH**

THE PLYMOUTH DASHER

7. **SIGNOR DE RURI**

THE VERSATILE VIOLINIST

8. **BERT BOWER**

WITH A RAGTIME REPERTOIRE

9. **BARROW**

CONTORTIONIST. The man with the Gutta Percha face

NEXT WEEK:—

TEN Coy. Cadets.

HARROP & HODGES.

Brothers GREEN

Coming Shortly:—Farcical Sketch, **"THUNDERFLASH."**

“ In the Barber’s Chair.”

(with apologies to “ John Bull.”)

“ Good mornin’, sir!—what’s that? “in a ’urry sir? werry good, sir, I’ll ’ave you fixed up in two shakes of a lamb’s tail, sir. ’Air cut, sir? righto, jest set down ’ere; luvly weather we’re ’avin’ now, sir,—much orf? only at the back, sir? Suttinly, sir,—what’s that? do many Cadets come ’ere now, sir? Well, no sir, I believe they goes to Plymouth,—’eard one of ’em say as ’ow ’is cousin cuts ’air in Plymouth. Seems to me a good many of ’em as cousins wot cut ’air. Ah, sir, they’re a rum lot o’ gents to deal with,—can’t imagine how you controls ’em. Wot’s that, sir? You keeps a’ tellin’ of ’em, but they won’t do wot you wants for them to do? It’s jest like ’em, sir! Two o’ your young gents came in ’ere t’other arternoon, sir, an’ one of ’em went to sleep while I was a cuttin’ of ’is ’air! Yer knows ’im, do yer, sir? Canadian, is ’e? ’Is mate called ’im ‘Dozy,’ T’other gent ’ad ’is ’and wrapped up—bin a striking it, so ’e said,—meanin’ ’is rifle, I presoom. Wot’s that, sir? yer belt’s got fastened round the chair leg? Rummy thing them belts, sir! beggin’ yer pardon, sir, seems as ’ow it orter be on yer shoulder, a hangin’ down like that! Custom of the Army, is it, sir? Well, I’m shore you orter know. Bin in two regiments, ’ave yer sir? Thort yer useter ’ave a diffrint cap badge. ’Aven’t seen that tall chap lately, sir, ’im wots got a narsty sore froat, sir. Bin away, ’as ’e? Thort ’e must ’ave, ’cos the young gents seemed sorter ’appier nor usual, sir. Oh! ’e’s back again now, is ’e, sir?, That’s why yer wants yer ’air cut, is it, sir? Allus best to be smart, sir, I’m shore! ’Ow’s that, sir? nuff orf? Oh, bit more orf round yer ears, sir? Beggin’ yer parding, sir, yew ’ave large ears, sir, p’raps it’s cos yew are allus alistnin to catch them young gents torkin on prade, sir. Wot’s that, sir? In a ’urry are yer? Got nine Cadets for Company Orfice, ’ave yer? Well, well, ’spose they’ve bin a doin’ wrong, sir? Wot’s that, sir? Won’t reach down wiv them ’ands? Jest like ’em, sir,—some of ’em thinks as ’ow their ’ands is made for wearin’ gloves and a touchin’ their ’ats when they gets saluted in Plymouth, by somebody wot don’t know no better! Wot’s that, sir? Not a gennelman among ’em? Dunno! sir, they allus tips me well—never less than a tanner. ’Ow’s that, sir? orl right? Wot? you don’t know where yer ’at’s to? Why! blest if yer ain’t a sittin’ on it! Oh! in a ’urry, are yer, sir? Wot’s that? fergot yer purse, ’ave yer, sir? Never mind, sir, any time ’ll do. Oh! got a fund up at the ’All, ’ave yer? Righto. Like a brush down, sir? No? ’aven’t time to stop, eh? Well, good day, sir! Much obliged, I’m shore!

H.S.

“Pepys” at Memblande Halle.

9. XI. 17.

I hie me to Memblande Halle to starte my duties as a Cadette—Truly an honourable calling though much over-rated pastime. Time will prove. Of my journeyings and the “Motor-Rail” (concerning the which is much mention in railway-guides) would I faine holde my peace. Suffice it that I find it not, and accordinglie I to Memblande on foot, the erstwhile seate of my Lord Revelstoke. I make the acquaintance of Squire Colley—a man of greate stature, and whose speech I understand not—but of him, nore anon. I gather with my fellowes to heare a peroration by one, Vincent to wit. He speakes of many things we may not do, and the displeasure we shall incur. I am to be hailed as “Mr.”—Egad, an honour I have not knowne since manie a day. Methinks I am on the threshold of fame.

10. XI. 17.

A white band bestowed upon me, the noble insignia of the blameless Cadet. I ruminate on the truth of this wise saw. A packe and rifle also placed in my care, the which bring before me visions of much toile and labour. It displeaseth me not a little—I praie I may be mistaken. I set out to view the Landscape. The scenerie delighteth me, likewise the apple pie which I partake of by mine hostess—one Andrews to wit. Methinks she is a good woman, I will visite her on the morrow.

11. XI. 17.

I make the acquaintance of one Penton, a Valiant Knight. His merry eye betokens much humour. Methinks I like him. I praie I may not be mistaken.

12. XI. 17.

At 9.15 a.m. I renew acquaintance with Squire Colley. I conclude he is a harde man, he overawes me though his manner tickleth my fancie muchly.

I learne from him the age of Memblande, am also shewne a stone by which means, so historie relates, did my Lord Revelstoke mounte his steed.

19-28. XII. 17.

Methinks Memblande and its duties holde but small space in my thoughts. I am on leave.



MEMBLAND HALL.

5. I. 18.

I hie me to Plymouth. Am tempted to the "Sawdust Club," an assemblie of the wise and learned, for myne host Nicholson keepeth a palatable "Brown Sherry" which is helde by that same "Penton" to be moste "consoling."

20. I. 18.

Thunderflashes first introduced at Memblande, whereat manie do openly state their avowed opinions. Methinks our Officers may be therebye much amused.

26. I. 18.

Squire Colley taketh unto himself a wife, wherefore sayeth a certaine wag "He runneth in double harness." I prairie he may be more lovable on his returne.

A gratefulle Governmente showeth its appreciation of our services and raiseth our paie by 3/- per diem. Verily hath justice come into her own.

29 I. 18.

Noss Mayo oute of bounds, whereat manie are wroth, especiallie those good folke who sell food and drinke, for they suffer much loss, and mine host of "The Swan" doth seriouslie consider of shutting his doors for he maketh no profit. Why, I knowe not.

14. II. 18.

The Companie assemble to be photographed. The photographer methinks is a military man, for when he did wish us to remaine still, did he shout "Steadoi," whereat was much mirth caused. It was noticed that a certaine officer did evince his evidente liking for a Glengarrie, inasmuch as he is seen wearing one in the photograph.

23 II. 18.

I am to remaine under the protection of Squire Colley for yet another month. May it be a peaceful one. I prairie that the two new Companies may be the recipients of his kindly nature.

14 III. 18.

I am shewn how to shoote Bosche by one, Capt. Tracey to wit. He is highly skilled in this art and did make much havoc with empty tins and a figure target, which manie did avowe was liken unto one called "Wilf."

C.E.G.

EVOLUTION



1911-1914 A Whacking Time.



1914-19 — Still (W.A.A.)ing.

ANON.

My First Trip in an Aeroplane.

“Ready!”

The pilot, who was sitting in front of me, pulled on his gloves and turned on the petrol. A mechanic who stood alert by the propeller replied, “Contact, Sir,”—which is the Air Service method of requesting the pilot to switch on the engine. “Contact,” repeated the pilot, implying that he had done so. The mechanic, grasping the propeller blade, swung it over; and the engine started to revolve, slowly at first, then increasing its revolutions until the indicator showed that it was running at the rate of 1,800 revolutions a minute. The noise was terrific, and the machine strained to be away like a greyhound at the leash, until, obedient to the up-lifting of the pilot’s hand, the men released her and she moved across the ground, turned head to wind, and then, gathering speed, gently left the earth.

I did not realise that we had begun to climb until I looked down and saw the ground already some forty feet below. At last I was in the Air! And I remember at once setting to work to try and analyse my sensations. It seemed so smooth and simple, so exactly as I had imagined it would be, that one experienced the odd feeling which visits us occasionally, of having done it all before,—of having previously enacted the same part amid a precisely identical set of circumstances.

We climbed steadily, and the aerodrome beneath grew gradually smaller as our height increased. The air rushed past my face with the bewildering force of a hundred-mile-an-hour wind. The pilot turned and shouted something to me over his shoulder, and I gathered that he was enquiring how I enjoyed the new experience; but the droning roar of the engine made all other sounds inaudible. He appeared satisfied with my gesticulated reply, for he turned again to his task of directing our craft. Before him on a board was a complicated array of gauges and dials, each capable of being lit up by a tiny bead of electric light for use at night. Here were instruments for recording altitude, speed through the air, number of revolutions of the engine, amount of petrol in the tank, angle at which the machine was climbing, and circulation of oil through the engine. The “joy-stick” or control lever is worked by hand. By working it backwards or forwards lift or depression is effected, while movement to the right or left determines the lateral slant of the planes. The steering bar is operated by the pilot’s feet. The control of an aeroplane in flight calls for

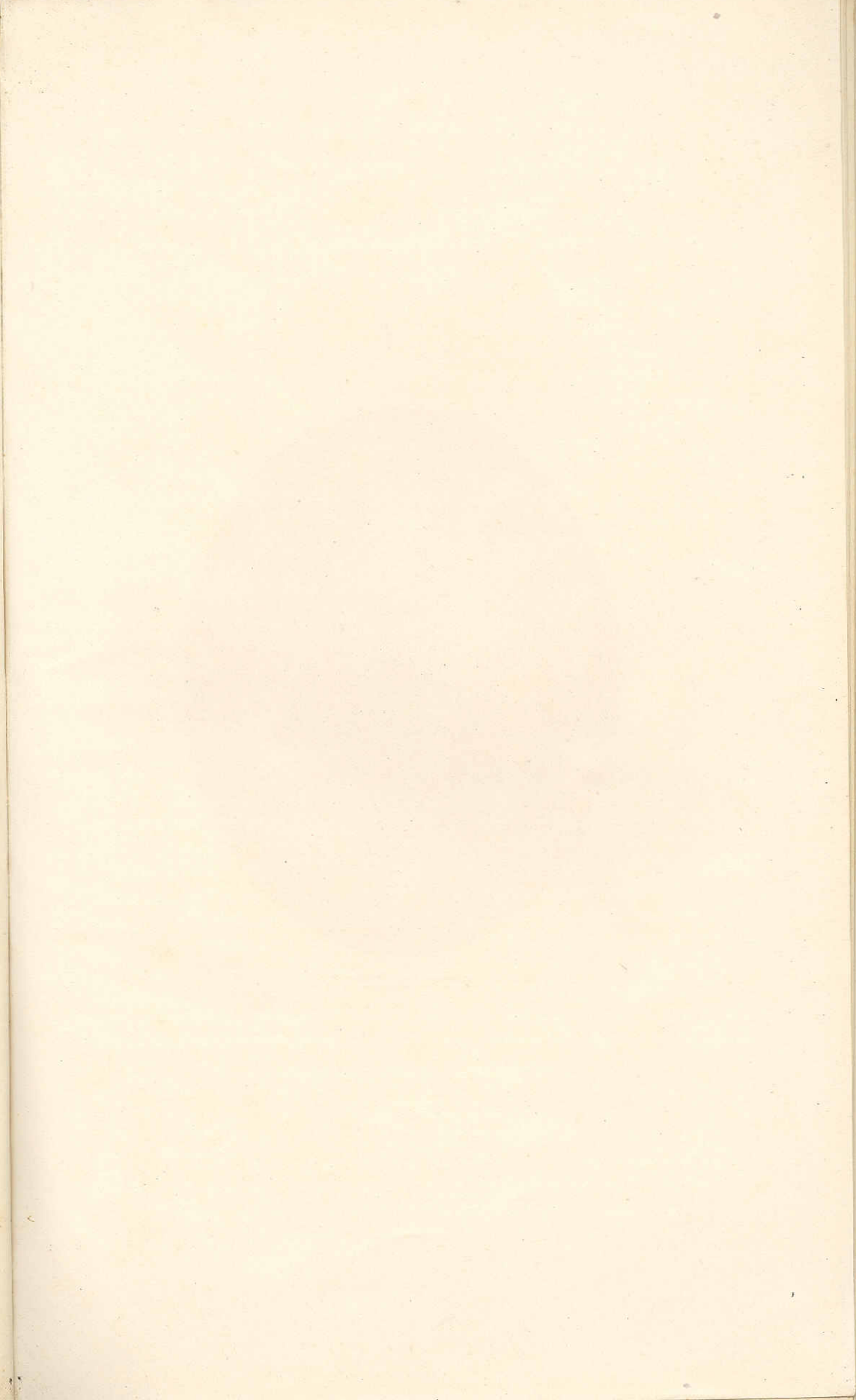
great delicacy of touch, and to negotiate the "air-pockets" or patches of rarefied air which occur chiefly within 200 feet of the ground, demands very deft manipulation on the part of the pilot.

The view from an aeroplane at 500 or 1,000 feet differs a good deal from the view obtained from a lofty building or a hill,—I suppose because one is able to look straight downwards instead of at an angle. The countryside looks like an immense flat map. Differences in contour become almost undiscernible. Fields and hedges, plough and pasture, wood and water, appear spread out like patchwork. Roads and rivers seem to curve and twist more than one had ever imagined; while the narrow shining track of a railway stretches away with a straightness that is emphasized by contrast with their windings. The airman needs, I believe, considerable practice before he learns to read his country like a map, and at first it is difficult to preserve a sense of direction, since a fresh aspect is repeatedly presented all of a sudden as the aeroplane alters the direction or angle of its flight.

We travelled over a portion of country which I had known inch by inch when on the ground; but in the air I soon lost track of my whereabouts, and was only able to pick it up again by catching sight of some familiar landmark as we whirled through space.

After we had climbed to a height of some 2,500 feet, the pilot began without warning to put the machine through a series of somewhat alarming "stunts,"—with a view to testing the efficiency of the new 12-cylinder engine which he himself had designed, and also to ascertain the effect of certain modifications he had made in the controls. We banked right and banked left, side-slipped, dived, flattened out, and climbed again. Stunt followed stunt with lightning rapidity; and I think we went through most of the pilot's repertoire short of the Immelmann turn and looping the loop. The latter omission was perhaps just as well, since neither of us was strapped in.

All at once there came a sickening rush earthward with the engine shut off,—while I held on like grim death and thought of all the dismal tales I had read of nose-dives and crashes. But as we neared the ground I heard the whirr of the engine again, and knew that we had never been out of control. We perched with only a couple of bumps and raced across the landing ground towards the sheds. I wondered when we were going to pull up, and was just making up my mind that we were in for a collision, when we suddenly leapt into the air again,—as it seemed almost striking





R.S.M. COLLEY.

the roof with our under-carriage, and soared away in a rapid spiral climb. After more stunting we made another good landing, and this time came to a standstill on terra firma.

The whole experience was extraordinarily interesting. I felt no qualms of mal d'air, and was not unduly scared. As we drove away from the aerodrome the pilot asked me whether I had felt nervous. "Not a bit," said I, "and do you suppose I should tell you if I did?"

If !

(with apologies to Rudyard Kipling).

If you can stay in bed until the bugle
 Sounds "Quarter Dress" for early morn parade,
 And then go down and find the blessed "gunfire"
 For your especial good has been delayed ;
 If you can drill with soldierly precision,
 And keep your name away from a "Report,"
 If you can always make the right decision
 And detail "Pile Arms" just as you've been taught.

If you can please the Company Sergeant-Major,
 And get excused that early morning run
 (Which always seems to make one feel that Satan
 Designed and plann'd it—for a bit of fun) ;
 If you can keep your puttees clean and tidy,
 And make your buttons imitate the Sun,
 And thro' the week, from Monday until Friday,
 Escape from hearing : "Gents for Office, 'Shun !"

If you can turn out twice a week for "Soccer,"
 And also emulate Dorando's feat,
 And in your spare time write the daily letter
 To May or Gladys, or to Marguerite,
 If you have got a larger stock of patience
 Than Job of ancient history ever had,
 Your's not the earth, nor very much that's in it,
 But, which is more, you've earned your pay, my lad.

J.C.S.

Things we want to know.

The name of the Cadet who was asked, when on an Outpost Scheme, how many picquets he required, and replied, "Four bundles of long, and two of Anchor?"

Who was the officer who, when the "fire alarm" sounded, dashed on the scene with a bucket of water?

If the exact amount of the "A" Coy. fund for new rifles is to be published in the near future?

What is the necessary procedure to enable one to catch the pudding on a plate without a fork?

Who was the man Stamp trod on in a football match?

Whether Young enjoyed the tea on Saturday or Sunday most?

Who was the Platoon Commander who held Carswell Farm against all comers, and whether they keep a good cellar there?

What Platoon Commander possesses the largest supply of Thunder-Flashes, and from whom does he procure them?

Who said "Is this poison gas?"

Who was the officer who laid out a cow, and did he also "lay out?"

If a taxi-cab ride from Plymouth constitutes a joy ride?

Whether, in view of the fact that a certain Platoon can correctly foretell examination questions, they can give us the exact date when peace will be declared?

What is the name of the Cadet in No. 3 Platoon who on a certain occasion gave the command, "Move to the right in file—Slope arms!" and whether an element of humour could be introduced into squad drill if 'cautionary words' were entirely irrelevant to the executive word of command?

The name of the Platoon Commander who favours marching "plumb on Puslinch" in an attack scheme; and whether, in that event, it would be "his pigeon" to capture it?

The name of the Cadet seen in Plymouth wearing a "regulation collar?"

Has "The Clutching Hand" been in evidence on "Gunfire" parade, and who is the Cadet that "takes the biscuit?"

The name of the Cadet who reported his "platoon sick and one man ready for inspection, sir?"

We understand that a complaint has been made regarding the breakfast sausages containing too much bread. Did the Cadets concerned think that the Cooks ought to be able to make both ends "meat?"

"De Thermis Memblandiis"

(With emphasis on the 'Thermis').

Many pleasant recollections of the golden days at Membland Hall will spring up in our minds when we are in "the real thing." Doubtless, we shall even be able to look back with appreciation on that noble institution, "The Shower Baths," when we are "mud-larks of the first water."

Let us picture to ourselves an event of weekly occurrence in the days of white bands (and gas masks). Somewhere about 3 p.m., when we are all anxious to rest our wearied frames after the exertions of the day, a stentorian voice is heard, "Turn out for Baths!" Out we tumble, armed with soap and towel, fall in, and after numbering and right-dressing a few odd times, we set off fairly optimistic on the score of a hot bath. In due course, we arrive at the "Bath house," enter that triumph of engineering skill, and, trembling with apprehension, test the temperature of the water. "Cold! Cold! Cold! Water, water everywhere, and not a drop of hot."

Or, ere now, we have discovered on our arrival that some canny Cadets of "C" Company, evidently bearing in mind the fact that possession is nine points of the law, have forestalled us. Fortunately, our Company Commander, with the interests of his protégés at heart, as always, manages to persuade these intruders that, so far as Military Law is concerned, the remaining one point is the more potent factor. Thus we are spared the pains of heated discussions (perhaps the only warm part about the Baths) with our confrères of "C" Company.

At last, one afternoon, having succeeded in "wooing the fickle Fates," we arrive and find to the general detriment of our nervous system (such is the shock), that the water is really warm.

Loud and prolonged cheering rends the roof; the splashing of the bathers is drowned by their triumphant songs. In fact, we almost resolve to sacrifice as a thank offering to Neptune one of the "C" Company offenders of former days.

A.W.G.

Commissiwn Arglwydd Derby.

(Yn nhafodiaith Ceredigion.)

Mawr ydoedd twrw dros y byd
 Am bapur Arglwydd Derby ;
 Trwy hwn y gwelwyd pwy oedd ddewr
 A phwy 'dd a'i waed yn berwi,—
 A theilwng yw o'r enw cās,
 Sef dôs o " salts " i Gymru.

Wyf fi yn cofio'r bore'n iawn
 'Rown i a 'm tad yn llyfni ;
 Pan ddaeth y forwyn a thê deg
 A gwên gellwerus arni,—
 A phan ddywedodd yn fy nghlust
 Fod Derby 'm mysg y llestri.

Es i gyd mor oer a'r iâ
 Darllenais ef yn gynnwl ;
 Meddyliais imi glywed " shell "
 Yn disgyn yn fy ymyl,—
 Ac aeth fy nghylla bach yn llawn
 Gan Derby a 'i efengyl.

Ar gyful hwn daeth papur glâs
 I ofyn am resymau ;
 Os own yn iach paham na wnawn
 Ymrestru yn y rhengau,—
 A thorrais lawr rhwng dydd a nos
 Rhi " nervous " i drin arfau.

Yr oedd bwciod o fy mlaen
 Yn codi 'n ddirifedi ;
 Ac own yn ymbil ar bob dyn
 Yn daer fy esgusodi,—
 Gan ddyweud nad own fel dyn ar tir
 Yn ddigon " quick i 'r khaki.

Un o fechgyn caib a rhaw
 Yng nghanol baw trwy 'mywyd
 "Credit" wyf mewn "corduroy"
 Ym mhlith y lloi yn symud ;
 Clywais filwaith am ryfela
 Clywais am y lladd a'n dala.

Clywais hefyd am y clwyfo
 Am y rhedeg a'r "retreato"—
 Pe bai yna fyddin 'n rhedeg nol
 Fe unwn gyda hono.

D.T.D.

On Writing for a Magazine.

"The time has come, the walrus said, to talk of many things"—

Just fancy, dear reader, being suddenly pounced upon by an excited editor, who, with wild exhortations, beseeches you to "do" something for a Magazine. I found myself in that predicament some few days ago, and being one of those good-natured obliging people who can never say "No," I found myself answering, "Certainly, with pleasure," with all the gusto imaginable, and with the air of an Author who had "authed" from his birth.

This monstrous being having left me, I began to realise what I had let myself in for, and resigning myself to my fate, I tried to think of a subject which might bring into prominence my literary powers.

I went through the alphabet starting with A, and went on to B, then to C. Yes, C for Cadets. But what could I write about Cadets generally that was humorous? Nothing at all. No, their lives are far too strenuous and serious to be treated with levity. I might certainly have written about one or two special instances which I know, but then I did not start out with the idea of being personal. On the other hand, I might perhaps have written about certain people they have to deal with, but there again I felt that my humorous powers could not do them justice, and so I passed on to D, E, F.

Ah! F for fishing; the ideal subject, I thought, for illustrating the elasticity of a true statement. But then I am not a fisherman; as a matter of fact I never could understand those people who sit at the end of a rod and line the whole day with a friendly bottle and some worms as their only companions, only to return home at the end of a fishless day carrying a tin of sardines as evidence of their fishing prowess. But talking of fishing reminds me of a lad I once saw sprinkling something on the surface of a stream, and after beating the water with a big stick, picking up fish with his fingers. On questioning the lad as to what he was doing, he replied: "Yer see, Guvnor, I sprinkles some pepper on the water aht of this 'ere tin, and when the fish come up to sneeze, I just 'its 'em across the 'ead wiv this 'ere stick." However, I concluded fishing was no "bon."

G came next, and G stands for Golf, pronounced "Goff" it you play it, and "Golf" if you don't. Here, perchance, thought I, was a field for my activities. I started thinking of my first attempt with a driver, surrounded by a crowd of critical caddies. Have you, dear reader, ever been in such a predicament? If so, I know I have your sympathies. And whilst on the subject of Golf, I remember on another occasion watching a dear old "rooster" drive off from the first Tee. To his evident chagrin he "stuffed" four successive balls into a pond close by. So great was his anguish that without further ado, he picked up his clubs and bag, and walking over to the pond, committed them to the watery depths with the simple expression, "Take these too, O Pond." I dwelt on numerous other golfing episodes which might have been added, but somehow or other I could not make a start. I seemed "bunkered" every time I "drove off." I thought on every conceivable subject, ranging from the sublime to the ridiculous. I dwelt on the merits of "Can curates catch chickenpox," and on the possibilities of "Should Sergeant-Majors shout 'Shunna,'" and, in fact, many other subjects until my mind became so confused I found myself eagerly debating as to whether a Sergeant-Major could catch fish or a curate shout "Shunna."

At this critical juncture, a friendly bugle call caught my ear; it was, in fact, the call which, in the words of a certain renowned person, "was the only one I knew." So, hastening to obey its magnetic summons, I put down my pen in the hope that, having satisfied the inner man, the spirits might move me to write.

C.E.G.

C.S.M.'s Letter.

GENTLEMEN,

As C.S.M. my duties have brought me in close touch with you, both collectively and individually, and I must say that the reputation gained by the three previous "A" Companies has been fully maintained by you. You have shown great keenness, both in your training and your sports. Without it you could not have hoped to become efficient officers.

You have probably found that the discipline and drill here have been of a high standard, but I feel sure that when you join your units as officers, you will fully appreciate it. I trust that our association has been pleasant and beneficial, and that you will all be able to look back with pleasure upon the time spent at Membrand Hall.

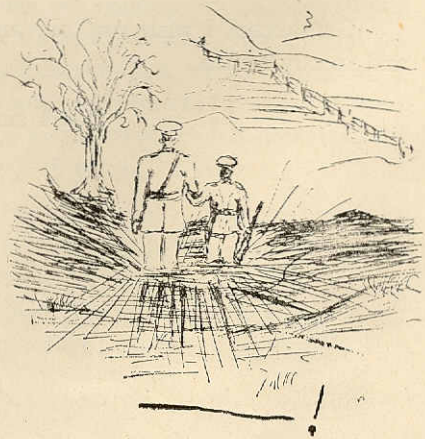
You are going forth as officers and gentlemen. Strive to gain the confidence and goodwill of those who will be placed under you. Be fearless in the execution of your duties, and at all times firm and tactful towards your men. Strive to make your platoon the best in the Regiment. Remember to treat your men as men, and you will find the results obtained highly satisfactory to everyone.

Gentlemen, I wish you, one and all, every success, and a safe and speedy return.

Yours sincerely,

C. VINCENT, C.S.M.,

"A" Company.



M.E.M.S.

Amongst the many forms of providing recreation and diversion from thought of work during the course of the 4th "A" Coy., music has by no means played the least part. Before the Company had thoroughly settled down to the conditions resultant on the change from "ordinary" to "extraordinary" soldiering, signs of an abundant supply of talent became apparent—signs which happily materialised.

The first Company concert was held in the Hall, and although its success, or otherwise, was anxiously awaited, it proved that there was excellent and varied talent at our disposal. This augured well for many further happy Sunday evenings being spent in the precincts of the Hall.

The humorous element was provided efficiently by Cadets Gray, Green, Draper, F. B., and Farley, J. Cadet Gray was always in a happy mood. His seemingly unending store of short stories invariably caused great amusement, while his interpretation of "It does go" gave one the impression that he had proved the truth of this through bitter experience.

Cadet Draper, F. B., of "Oh! it's a lovely War" fame, always gave great delight with his many successful numbers.

The little French songs given by Cadet Green were another source of enjoyment, while Cadet Farley caused great merriment by his novel and clever manipulation of two ordinary spoons, and his skill with the "clogs."

Cadet Howitt, whose rich baritone voice delighted us on many occasions, deserves our thanks for the readiness with which he placed his services at our disposal. We are also greatly indebted to Cadet Hodges, whose well-rendered items greatly pleased the audiences.

Space does not allow particular mention of all who have helped to make the concerts the success they have been, but our thanks are due to Cadets Bower, Breen, Ellissen, Boyd, C. Green, Hill, Climpson, and Burgoyne, for their well-rendered items. Cadets F. B. Draper and Boyd have worked hard in assisting to organise the Company concerts, and much of the success is due to their enthusiasm.

The remarks would not be complete without reference to the Padre and Capt. Popert, whose duets and individual items were always much appreciated.

The onerous duties of accompanist were ably carried out by Cadet Harrop, his playing being quite a feature of the concerts.

A Glee Choir was formed soon after our arrival at Membrand, and the rehearsals of that body have been the source of many hours enjoyment. The training was, perhaps, a little tedious at first, but their appearances at Battalion and Company concerts have shown that this was not in vain.

A Pierrot Troupe, under the able management of Cadets Harrop and F. B. Draper, is, at the time of "going to press," practising most assiduously, and it is anticipated that it will eventually arrive at the stage of maturity.

Editors' note :—

The Editors would like, on behalf of the whole of the Company, to thank Mr. Drury for the pleasure his violin has given, and for his unselfish exertions to make the "musical talent" of "A" Company into an organised party, to wile away some of the spare hours.

"A" Company Pierrot Troupe.

If there was anyone who heartily approved of the forming of a Pierrot Troupe in "A" Company, it was our all-patient P.R.I., for after a meeting had been held to discuss the organization, etc., of the Troupe, the powers that be were approached, and the piano was removed from the Hall to the Ante Room. The P.R.I. henceforth enjoyed his Saturdays and Sundays in comparative peace; nobody was heard to go down the vale and return again—not once, but many times—and Drake went west in more sense than one, and the ubiquitous caravan was finally laid to rest. The P.R.I. sat up and began to take notice of the world again. After much pains and trouble had been taken, the Pierrot Troupe gave their first performance on Sunday, March 17th. It would be invidious to pick out any individual for special mention, and I'm sure the Troupe would not wish it; in this case, one and all share equal honours. The performance was bright throughout, in fact a sporting show—there was no dawdling, and everything ran as smoothly as possible. The audience showed marked appreciation, and the following items provoked much laughter: "A Yiddish

Song," "Cuthbert, Clarence and Claude," "On the Staff," and "Mr. Who?" the latter included some very amusing topical verses for which, we believe, the Padré was responsible, and it may be added that before this is published a suitable counter-attack will have taken place devised by his victims. The Troupe is to be heartily congratulated on having given such an excellent entertainment, and everyone will wish them success in their future efforts. Spare time is valuable in these strenuous days, and we take this opportunity of thanking them for having devoted so much of it for our benefit.

Here's good luck to you all, and may you provide such entertainment for your Companies in France.

C.L.B.

PROGRAMME.

- | | | | | | |
|----|---------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|--|
| 1. | Opening Chorus. | | | | |
| 2. | "Koo-La-Loo" | ... | ... | ... | C. Green |
| 3. | "Roses of Picardy" | ... | ... | ... | J. A. Burgoyne |
| 4. | "Yiddish Song" | ... | ... | ... | J. Farley |
| 5. | "The Donovans" | ... | ... | ... | J. H. Drury |
| 6. | "Oh! Johnnie" | ... | ... | ... | A. P. Bowes |
| 7. | "Oh! it's a lovely War" | ... | ... | ... | F. B. Draper |
| 8. | "Cuthbert, Clarence and Claude" | | | | |
| | | | | | C. Green, W. C. Gray, and F. B. Draper |
| 9. | "Smoke Clouds" | ... | ... | ... | H. G. Boyd |

INTERVAL.

- | | | | | | |
|-----|----------------------------|-----|-----|-----------------------------|--------------|
| 10. | "On the Staff" | ... | ... | ... | F. B. Draper |
| 11. | "Philadelphia" | ... | ... | ... | J. H. Drury |
| 12. | "Great Scott" | ... | | W. C. Gray and F. B. Draper | |
| 13. | "Mr. Who?" | ... | ... | ... | W. C. Gray |
| 14. | "The Pullman" | ... | ... | ... | A. P. Bower |
| 15. | "The C.S.M." | ... | ... | ... | H. G. Boyd |
| 16. | "A Lassie from Lancashire" | ... | ... | ... | J. Farley |
| 17. | "It does go" | ... | ... | ... | W. C. Gray |
| 18. | Final Chorus. | | | | |

GOD SAVE THE KING.

<i>Accompanist</i>	-	-	F. Harrop.
<i>Violinist</i>	-	-	J. H. Drury.

“ A ” Coy. “ Soccer.”

The football of the Company has been quite up to the average standard, judging by the results of the games against the two Companies in “ residence ” during our term.

Two matches have been played against both Companies, with the foregoing results :—

- v. “ B ” Coy., at Alston—Won, 1 goal to nil.
- v. “ B ” Coy., at Membland—Lost, 2 goals to 1.
- v. “ C ” Coy., at Membland—Drew, 1 goal each.
- v. “ C ” Coy., at Membland—Won, 4 goals to 1.

Whilst going to Press, another “ B ” Coy. has arrived, and we hope to arrange a match with them as soon as they have settled down.

Respecting the Platoon elevens, space forbids a lengthy account, but No. 3 seem to have the honours, and as far as it is possible to forecast, should win the competition.

The following have represented the Company :—

- H. J. HORWOOD (No. 3 Platoon)—Has been very consistent, and is a goalkeeper of no mean ability.
- E. W. PALMER (No. 4 Platoon)—Is a very sure “ kick,” which is an essential for a sound Back. He had the misfortune to break his collar-bone in a Platoon game.
- F. C. EDWARDS (No. 2 Platoon)—Most reliable in defence. A sure “ kick ” and a safe tackler ; his absence would have been very much felt.
- W. C. GRAY (No. 3 Platoon)—Has played a very consistent game all through. He is not so speedy as he probably used to be, but can still put in a great deal of work at half-back.
- Lt. A. W. LONG (No. 2 Platoon)—Plays a vigorous game at centre-half, and gets through a great deal of work.
- J. HOWITT (No. 3 Platoon)—Is a great asset to the half-back line ; his weight standing him in good stead.
- C. E. GREEN (No. 3 Platoon)—Has rendered invaluable service at outside-right throughout the term.



THE COY. "SOCCER" TEAM.



THE COY. "RUGGER" TEAM.

- G. HANNIS (No. 3 Platoon)—Is a very dashing inside-forward. He is not a tricky dribbler, but has a fine turn of speed, which is a decided help. It may be said of him that "He goes where others fear to tread."
- R. HENDERSON (No. 3 Platoon)—At centre-forward has shown himself to be a dribbler of no mean ability. He is always a dangerous forward, and a reliable shot.
- A. GRUNDY (No. 3 Platoon).—Has played inside-left, but is hardly quick enough as a forward. Has recently been tried at back, where his height, weight and sure kick should be of more use to his side.
- F. A. STAMP (No. 4 Platoon)—Has played half-back and forward, and has been seen to advantage in both positions. Hardly quick enough for the latter position; his weight is of more advantage when at half-back.

Rugby Football.

Rugby football has been played in the Battalion with great keenness and enthusiasm during the winter months. The Company started with very little finished material, but hard practice soon developed a good side, and some interesting Company games were played. The matches against "C" Company were vigorous and resulted in very close finishes, the latter Company winning on each occasion.

The "A" Company representatives, foremost amongst whom were Gregory and Grundy, played a large part in the hardest match of the season within the Battalion, when Membland defeated the strong Alston fifteen by nine points to three. The four Battalion matches played were a great success. In the first game against the Royal Naval College, Keyham, "A" Company having just arrived, had no representatives, but in the three subsequent matches this was remedied. The first Keyham match and the one against the Plymouth Barbarians were lost by narrow margins, but a very much reorganised side defeated the Plymouth College by 48 points to nil, and Keyham 45 points to 3. Calderwood, Lane, and Gregory have played for the Battalion; Gregory being one of the

outstanding players both in Company and Battalion games. The Company XV. was as follows :—

Names :—

Cadet J. J. Gregory (Capt.)	Cadet W. H. Lovell
„ A. W. Grundy	„ C. S. Clark
„ W. Calderwood	„ D. M. Christie
„ F. C. Edward	„ J. Greaves
„ T. H. Gostling	„ R. P. Oakshot
„ J. A. Burgoyne	„ J. Brayton
„ H. Lane	„ R. Viney
„ T. S. Love	

Cross-Country Race.

This event, which counts towards the Inter-Platoon Championship, took place on Tuesday afternoon, March 5th. Captain Penton and Captain Bleadon mapped out an excellent course, which was roughly as follows :—Start in the “Rugger” field—top of the 25 yds. range—along the north side of the Grove Wood—across country to Caulston Farm—Stoke—along the 9 mile drive, and finish in the “Rugger” field. By an extraordinary stroke of good fortune, the weather was fine, with a high wind blowing, which made the going excellent.

Captain Penton got the four teams away to an excellent start (he was heard to remark, “May No. 3 win !”), and they kept well together as far as the rifle range. At this point the pace set by the leaders began to tell, and the field lengthened out. The piece of cross country between Grove Wood and Caulston farm tried the runners very highly, and several were noticed to crack. The first four men to pass Caulston farm were respectively Moxham, Draper, Hart, and Taylor. The three leaders were covering the ground with any amount of vim, and at this point it was anybody’s race. Going along the nine mile drive, Moxham tested Draper with a spurt, and from this point onwards, gradually increased his lead, whilst Hart and Taylor were overtaken by Starbuck, who stuck to the third place till the finish.

It was a fine finish, with Draper a very game second, whilst Starbuck finished third, about 20 yds. ahead of Hart. The winner’s

time was 25 mins. 30 secs. All the remainder of the runners came home so well mixed up, that even after the race was over, there was great speculation as to which Platoon were the ultimate winners.

Everybody's anxiety was eventually allayed, when the result was given out by Capt. Penton, which was as follows :—

Winners	No. 4 Platoon	...	186 points
2nd	...	No. 3	,, ... 260 ,,
3rd	...	No. 1	,, ... 377 ,,
4th	...	No. 2	,, ... 391 ,,

The first 12 men home in each Platoon were :—

No. 1			No. 2		
Batchelor	...	15th	Draper, W.	...	2nd
Benham	...	17th	Gostling	...	8th
Boyd	...	23rd	Davis	...	16th
Brown, J. M.	...	24th	Edwards	...	19th
Bridgman	...	26th	Gregory	...	20th
Benton	...	28th	Greaves, C. A.	...	27th
Burton	...	35th	Draper, S.	...	43rd
Bearman	...	38th	Gardiner	...	45th
Buynowski	...	40th	Calderwood	...	46th
Barrow	...	41st	Green, C.	...	49th
Baker	...	42nd	Daniels	...	57th
Brownhill	...	48th	Draper, F.	...	59th
No. 3			No. 4		
Hart	...	4th	Moxham	...	1st
Godman	...	10th	Starbuck	...	3rd
Grainger	...	11th	Slater	...	5th
Grundy	...	12th	Taylor	...	6th
Hackwell	...	13th	West	...	7th
Hodges	...	21st	Wilson	...	9th
Hannis	...	22nd	Watts	...	14th
Hardy	...	29th	Wright	...	18th
Harrop	...	30th	Sansom	...	25th
Jeffer	...	32nd	Stamp	...	31st
Hill, E.	...	37th	Muskett	...	33rd
Green, C. E.	...	39th	Tucker	...	34th

The thanks of the Company are due to Captains Nottidge, Penton, Bleadon, Popert and Bazeley, and also to the Platoon representatives, for all the trouble they took to make the race such a success.

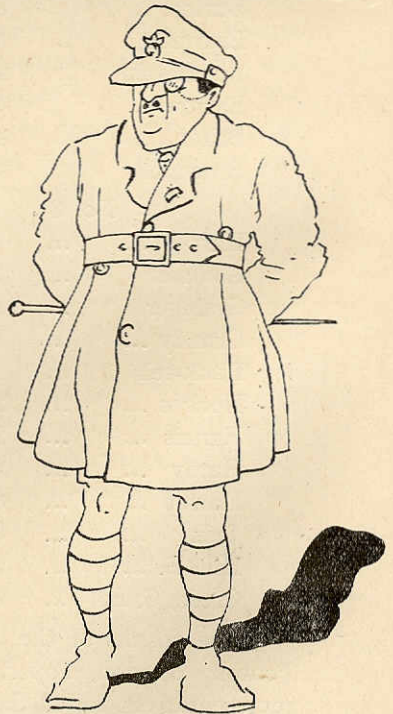
C.E.B.S.



The Rising Generation.



STILL RISING



Some Importance !

Roll of 4th "A" Company.

- Ault, A. T., 3 Front Street, Bamburgh, Northumberland.
 Acton, W. H., 42r Anglesey Road, Burton-on-Trent.
 Armstrong, J., 2 College Street, Gloucester.
 Arrol, W., 348 Cumbernauld Road, Denniston, Glasgow.
 Brayton, J., 45 Norroy Road, Putney.
 Boyland, A. E., 52 Elm Grove, Peckham, London, S.E. 15.
 Bridgman, P. G., "Haye" St. Dominick, Cornwall.
 Baker, A. G., 26 Howard Road, Bromley, Kent.
 Brown, W. F., "Southolme," Slingsby Malton, Yorks.
 Brown, A. B., 14 West Glebe, Dalkeith, Scotland.
 Boyd, H. G., 14 Birmingham Street, Dudley, Worcs.
 Burton, G., 14 Prospect Road, Marlow, Bucks.
 Baldwin, G. T., 3 Britannia Place, Britannia Square, Worcester.
 Benham, R. G., 13 Tottenham Road, Portsmouth.
 Batchelor, S. A., 14 Albany Road, Wimbledon.
 Baillie, J. P., Strathmore Road, Hamilton, Scotland.
 Barnett, P. B., 52 Talbot Road, Southport.
 Barrow, L. T., "Highfield," Derwent Road, Lancaster.
 Bearman, C. L., Stanstead House, Melfort Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey.
 Bentley, J., Oaks Green Farm, Rastrick Brighthouse, Yorks.
 Benton, S. V., 24 Swan Terrace, Haverhill, Suffolk.
 Bower, A. P., "Conoor," Walmley Road, Walmley, Erd. B'ham.
 Breen, A. J., 5 Ashley Road, Hornsey Rise, London, N. 19
 Brown, J. M., 17 Melrose Gardens, Kelvinside, N. Glasgow.
 Brownhill, H., Viaduct Cottage, 2 Chester Road, Manchester.
 Brownlie, T. B., Lillie Place, West End, Broxburn, West Lothian, Scotland.
 Bruton, F. C., 26 Cotham Grove, Bristol.
 Buck, H. J., 48 Cassiobury Road, Walthamstow, London, E. 17
 Bujnowski, A., 5 Jardine Street, Kelvinbridge, Glasgow.
 Burgoyne, J. A., "Heathfield," Norris Bank, Stockport.
 Calderwood, W. M., 35 Comely Bank Road, Edinburgh, Scotland.
 Christie, D. M., 26 Park Road, Sparkhill, Birmingham.
 Climpson, F. B., 1 Lincoln House, Dartmouth Park Hill, London, N.W. 5
 Chapman, L., 28 Caldecote Street, Newport Pagnell, Bucks.
 Clayton, A. J., 155 Albert Road, Woolwich.
 Clarke, C. S., 18 Percy Street, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.C.
 Carne, P., 33 Church Street, Kingsbridge, S. Devon.

- Denton, D., "Kenilworth," 128 Balne Lane, Wakefield, Yorks.
- Draper, F. B., 52 Raleigh Road, Richmond, Surrey.
- Draper, S. W., 14 Princess Road, South Norwood, S.E. 25
- Draper, W., "New Scarboro," Mirfield, Yorks.
- Down, J. G. W., 69 Gibbon Street, Plymouth Devon.
- Daniel, E. E., "Rendlesham," Constable Road, Felixstowe.
- Davies, D. T., Maesllwyd, Cwmsychpant, Llanbyther, S. Wales.
- Donaldson, G. J., 3 Ormond Road, Gt. Yarmouth.
- Drury, J. H., 121 Nottingham Road, New Sawley, Nr. Derby.
- Duke, W. G. E., 30 Penrith Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey.
- Dunn, J. F., "Glenview," Union Street, Hamilton, Scotland.
- Edwards, F. C., 70 Cowl Street, Shepton Mallet, Somerset.
- Ellisen, F. K., 24 Ulster Place, Regents Park, London, N.
- Farley, J., 19 Ashcombe Road, Weston Super Mare.
- Frayling, H. J., "Sarnia," 9 Farnborough Road, Southsea.
- Green, C., 5 Cedar Street, Hr. Tranmere, Birkenhead.
- Greaves, J., 241 Icknield Street, Birmingham.
- Greaves, C. A., 149 Belgrave Road, Walthamstow, London, N.
- Giles, D., 14 Rostrevor Mansions, Fulham, London, S.W. 6
- Glover, R. E., 38 Clevedon Road, Penge, London, S.E. 20
- Gregory, J. J., 9 Regent Road, Appleton, Widnes, Lancs.
- Gostling, T. H., "Coomassie," Holt Road, Studley, Warwick.
- Gardiner, A. J., "Gretna," Stroud Road, Gloucester.
- Gaspar, J. M., "Lanesfield," Beaufort Road, Kingston-on-Thames.
- Godman, C. J., 44 Etherley Road, West Green, London, N. 15
- Gruinger, R. S., "Tramore," Mellor, Nr. Stockport.
- Gray, W. C., "Kilnacloy," Holland Road, Maidstone.
- Green, J. G. L., 36 Connaught Terrace, Hove, Sussex.
- Green, C. E., Angel Bridge, Edmonton, London, N. 18
- Grundy, A. W., 78 Coventry Road, Market Harborough.
- Harris, W. T., 83 Glantawe Road, Morrision, Nr. Swansea.
- Hardess, A. J., Warlock House, Warton, Gloucester.
- Hardy, F. W., 73 Constellation Street, Cardiff.
- Harrop, F. T., 46 Greenhill Road, Cheetham Hill, Manchester.
- Hart, F. W. P., "Romanno," Nr. Mt. Vernon, Glasgow.
- Hawkes, J. A., Henley-in-Arden, Birmingham.
- Hildige, W. J., "Brookfield," Pinner, Middlesex.
- Heron, T. M., 2 Rothesay Gardens, Partick, Glasgow.
- Hill, E., Bleak House Farm, Knossington, Oakham, Rutland
- Hill, G. M., Ranelagh Gardens, Barnes, S.W. 4
- Horwood, H. J., Windmill Road, Highfield, Nr. Oxford.
- Henderson, R., 30 Silkworth Terrace, Silkworth, Sunderland.

- Hackwell, T. C., East Coker, Nr. Yeovil, Somerset.
 Hajee, C. H., 134 Ruskin Avenue, Manor Park, E. 12
 Hodges, V. G., "Oak View," West Willow, Romsey, Hants.
 Hollingsworth, C., 147 Cromwell Road, Gt. Grimsby.
 Hayter, C., 1 Church Street, Crowthorne, Berks.
 Hannis, G. H., 10 High Street, Chipping Norton.
 Howitt, J. E., 132 Byron Avenue, Manor Park, E. 12
 Howarth, H., Heights Villa, Rochdale, Lancs.
 Jeffs, F. W., 99 Wellington Street, Luton.
 Jones, H. T., Troed-y-bryn, Resoltren, S. Wales.
 Kindleysides, C. H., "Sandycroft," Leopold Road, Blundell Sands,
 Liverpool.
 Kirby, G., 36 Newtown Street, Leicester.
 Lovell, W. H., Lower Gorhuish, Inwardleigh, Okehampton.
 Lee, H., South Crescent, Thirsk, Yorks.
 Lane, H., "Modena," Argyle Road, Gloucester.
 Love, T. S., The Inhedge, Dudley, Worces.
 Lloyd, J. M., 3 Windsor Road, Barry, S. Wales.
 Muskett, L. V., "Fernleigh," 55 Palmerston Road, Wood Green, N.
 Moxham, G., Bovey Hay, Walsall, Staffs.
 McKinless, F. J., 21 Deillas Road, West Hendon, Middlesex.
 Osgerby, G., 446 Holderness Road, Hull.
 Oakshott, R. P., "Purbeck," 3 Hillcrest Road, Ealing, W. 5
 Palmer, S. A., "Bijou House," Martock, Somerset.
 Phillips, H. D., "Thorn Villa," Newport, Mon.
 Stamp, T. A., 24 Russell Street, Stockton-on-Tees.
 Smith, P. J., 21 Silborne Road, Denmark Hill, S.E. 5
 Sage, F. E. P., 41 Belvoir Road, St. Andrews, Bristol.
 Starbuck, T., 42 Red Cross Street, Wolverhampton.
 Sansom, E. W., The Stores, Woodhurst, Hunts.
 Spurgeon, C. H., 57 Freer Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.
 Slater, H. D., High Street, Riddings, Alfreton, Derbyshire.
 Taylor, S. E., 249 Fox Street, Petsmoor, Sheffield.
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The Editors would like to express their sincere thanks to all who have so kindly co-operated with them in the work of the Magazine. Much to their regret, it has been impossible to find room for all the articles contributed ; but those contributors will, the Editors feel sure, quite " appreciate the situation."

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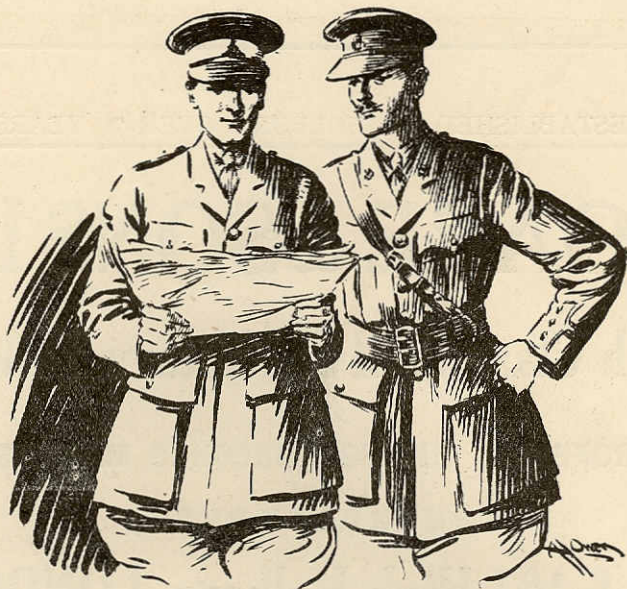
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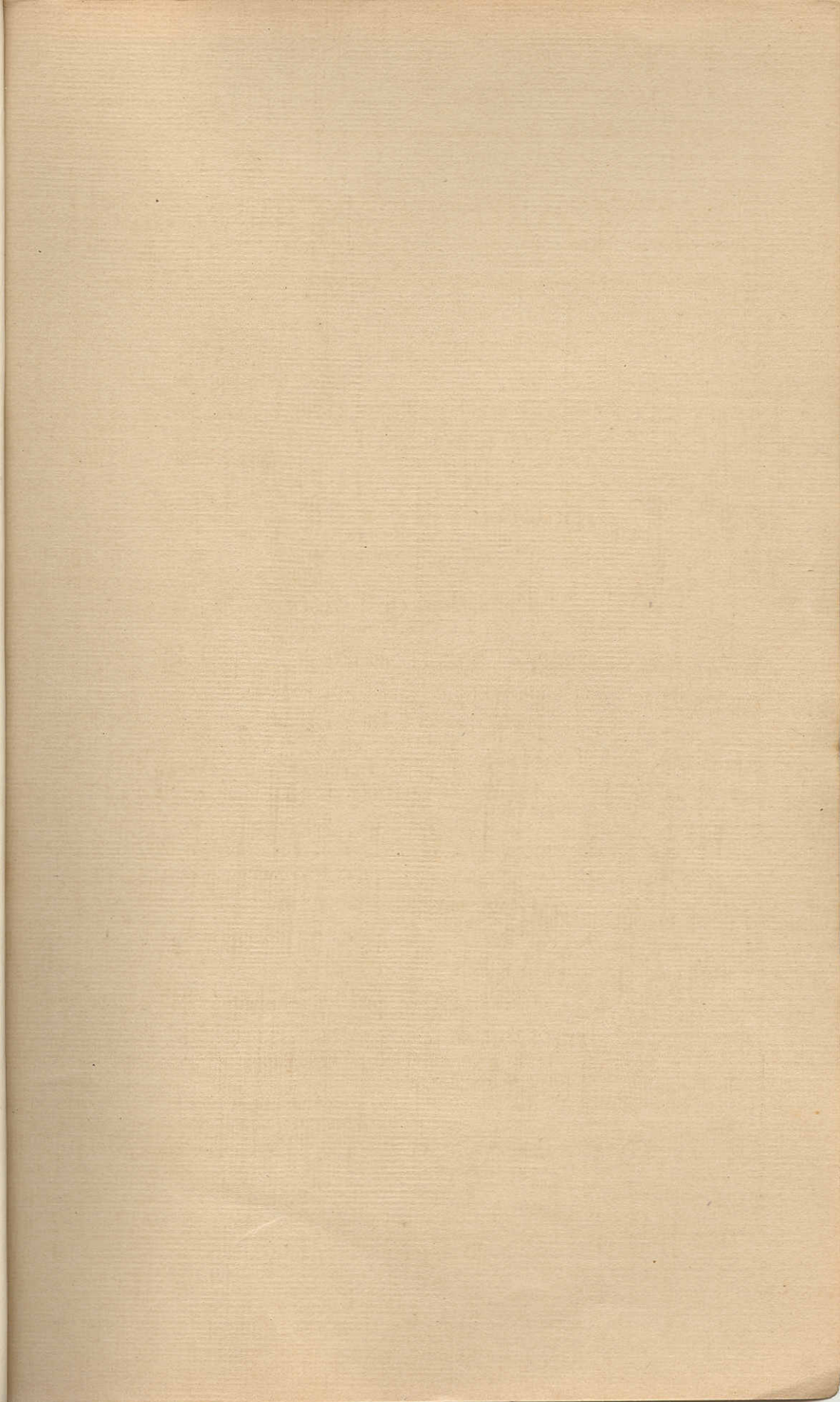
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