

Vol. 1.

No. 1.

THE GREEN 'UN.



NOVEMBER, 1922.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Editorial	1
Letter from General Higginson	2
A Regimental Pilgrimage	3
The Epistles of Percy	7
The Human Side of Gheluvelt	9
Our Tuppenny Novelette	13
With the Depot	15
An Interview. No. 1	17
Promotion Examination—Subalterns	19
Regimental Echoes	20
Musketry	22
Entertainments	22
Cricket Season	24
Association Football	26
Matches Played	30
Rugby Football	31
Hockey	34
Correspondence	37
Football : Dublin District Boys' League	37
Future Numbers	38
The Great Employed	38

T H E G R E E N ' U N

Vol. I.

NOVEMBER, 1922.

No. 1.

EDITORIAL.

It is indeed hard in this year of grace to be original. We propose, however, to essay the task by making no excuse for this publication. Rather do we feel that the need for a Regimental Journal is unquestionable, and that the position it can occupy in a soldier's life is too unique to be omitted.

It seems to us that the groove of military mediocrity is a very real danger. It is not that the result of our military duties is mediocre. It is that our regimental life often seems to lack here and there just that social link in mutual undertakings that broadens the life of other institutions. Moreover we feel that of these mutual undertakings there should be some record, to bear in the future, as much in the present,

testimony of our endeavours in whatsoever spheres it may please a General Staff to place us.

And so has arrived the first number. So will arrive, we trust, many more. We cannot too strongly emphasise the need of literary contributions. Our pages will support our contention that we lay claim to no great literary skill. Facts plainly stated or fiction simply told is all we have any desire to aspire to. We conceive it to be our purpose to interest rather than intrigue, to unite rather than enthrall.

In conclusion we would tender our grateful thanks to all our contributors, and especially to Major B. C. S. Clarke, whose contribution of encouragement and suggestion has been of more help than lies in our humble pen to express.

GYLDERNSCROFT,
MARLOW,
BUCKS.

MY DEAR COLONEL,

I think that your project for founding a Battalion or Regimental journal is in every way worthy of much encouragement, and I can speak from my personal experience that such records of events, although confined to the narrow limits of a Battalion Command, arouse great interest among all ranks, and sometimes bring into prominent notice latent and hitherto unlooked-for talents in the lower ranks.

I wish you much success, and shall be very happy to be enrolled among the subscribers.

Believe me, very sincerely yours,

GEORGE HIGGINSON,
General.

Colonel of the Worcestershire Regt.

Lieut.-Colonel Davidge, D.S.O.,

Cmdg. 2nd Battn. Worcestershire Regt.

A REGIMENTAL PILGRIMAGE.

I. GHELUVELT.

YPRES to-day is a strange jumble of collapsing ruins flanked by raw red brick houses. Everywhere gangs of cheerful Flemish workmen. Everywhere the hammered noise of building. A surly gendarme disclaims all knowledge of the restoration in progress in the Cloth Hall. Outside the Menin Gate is a group of new wooden shanties—hotels for tourists. It is impossible to recognise " Hell-Fire Corner."

The Menin Road, straight and dusty and endlessly long, glares in the bright sunlight, harbouring its many memories. On the crest of a low ridge is a large signboard marked " Hooge." Here, on just such a day as this, the Light Division first met the horror of the liquid fire. Hard by is the ground which the 1st Battalion took in 1917, over yonder is Bellewaarde where in 1915 the 3rd Battalion attacked. We go on. On the left four skeleton tanks lie gaunt in a field of stubble. Thence the ground rises gradually in fold after shattered fold, broken by tree stumps, pitted with shell-holes. We go on.

The sky-line in front becomes an obvious crest of a ridge. Against the blue sky beyond stands up a little cluster of new wooden shacks topped by a church spire—a quaint little spire, very new, orange coloured. " C'est Gheluvelt, ca ? " " Oui c'est Gheluvelt." " Out, donc, le Chateau ? " " 'Sais pas, M'sieu, je crois c'est plus loin." On again to the crest line.

The ground in front drops suddenly. In front is the wide plain of Flanders. In the distance rise the spires of Roulers and Menin. Southward is the grain ridge of Messine. Northward the crest on which we are standing curves round to Passchendaele. Along it new red brick cottages are springing up.

Some three hundred yards down the slope to our front is some levelled masonry. The ground between is being roughed out into fields. We walk down the slope. Near the masonry some men are working. We inquire. " Oui, M'sieu le chateau etait ici—oui, le Chateau de Gheluvelt "

We look back up the slope down which the Regiment charged.

* * * * *

By October 19th, 1914, the 1st Army Corps, brought up by train from the Aisne front, had concentrated west of Ypres, behind the screen formed by the 7th Division east of that city. On the 19th the forward movement began, and on the following day the 2nd Worcestershire, with its Brigade, moved out from Poperinghe; and marched by Elverdinghe and Bolsinghe over the rising ground to Pilckem. South of them the guns were already thundering along the Menin Road, and past them as they advanced streamed homeless refugees telling of the enemy following behind.

Next day (the 21st) the advancing Brigade met the German advanced guards, and for three days a fierce struggle raged among the hedges and little copses east of Langemarck. On the night of the 23rd the weary Brigade was relieved by French troops and drawn back into Divisional reserve.

At dawn on the 24th the Battalion reached its resting-place--a group of cottages west of the Polygon Wood. The men flung themselves down exhausted. All speculated as to how long the "rest" would last. Within one hour that rest had ended.

An orderly brought an urgent message that the line east of Polygon Wood was broken, that the enemy was pouring through the wood. The Brigade must counter-attack at once and drive them out. The tired Battalion fell in and pushed into the wood.

"We hadn't gone half-a-mile," said the Commanding Officer afterwards, "when we found that we had lost touch with the H.L.I. on our flank. The wood was so dense that communication was very difficult. There was nothing for it but to fall back, re-form, and go in again. A most difficult operation at any time; but it was carried out like clockwork." A fine test that of training and discipline; let it be remembered that all were dog-tired.

Then, in the wood, the leading troops of the enemy.

"We cheered and charged at once," said an officer, "and they ran back through the trees. We used to be taught that a charge should only be fifty yards, but that charge went on through the wood for half-a-mile."

On the far side of the wood the Battalion met the full blast of the enemy's shell fire. Under that fire they dug in, far in advance of the flanking battalions. Under that fire they remained all day and all the next day, when other troops went through them for a gallant but foredoomed attack towards Breeaere. Only on the 26th was the Battalion withdrawn from the front line.

From the 27th to the 30th the Battalion remained in reserve or occupying supporting trenches, always shelled, always losing men. On the night of the 30th the Battalion mustered 11 officers and about 450 men.

Such was the prelude to Gheluvelt.

* * * * *

At dawn on the 31st the German guns opened along the whole front, opened a bombardment even more intense than those of the preceding days. Under it the forward trenches, hastily dug during the fighting of the previous week, crumbled and collapsed.

Towards noon the German infantry began to push forward along the Menin Road, forward towards the low ridge on which stands Gheluvelt. Young German battalions these, Prussian regiments newly formed, imperfectly trained perhaps, inclined to go forward in crowds, but fresh and full of fight, cheered by the presence of their Kaiser, confident that they were winning the battle, winning the war.

Opposite them the thinned remnants of the Battalions of the 1st and 2nd Divisions crouched in their smashed trenches, worn-out, desperate. . . .

The 1st Division had no reserves left. One solitary Battalion of the 2nd Division remained in reserve, the 2nd Worcestershire.

Back in a map-strewn room at G.H.Q. the two Allied Generals were facing the situation. " Il faut tenir," Foch had insisted,— " tenir-tenir " And the line had held—had held for ten days. Now, if it broke, it was the end. The Staff officers could see only too clearly how the shattered battalions would be rolled up in their trenches or huddled back down the railway to meet at Hazebrouck the tide of defeat crowding in from the south—how the break would mean that the flank of the whole Allied line would be turned, the Belgian Army surrounded, the Channel Ports doomed. The line must not break.

At about 1.0 p.m. the message came in that the line was broken. Gheluvelt was lost.

The Staff officers began preparations for the retreat. Dimly they wondered what it would be possible to save out of the inevitable disaster.

At Gheluvelt the attack had surged up against the ridge. The Queens and the Royal Scots Fusiliers fought to the last in their trenches and died game. The right company of the South Wales Borderers on the Menin road shared their fate. The remainder of that gallant battalion held their ground. Then it would seem that there was some check in the German advance. Possibly they may have been hampered by the fire of their own artillery. Perhaps the leadership was faulty in the new battalions. In part, certainly, the fire and stubbornness of the unconquered remnant of the old 24th must have caused the check. But the gap had been made, the line was broken.

In this extremity General FitzClarence of the 1st Division ordered the 2nd Worcestershire to advance and close the gap. The Battalion advanced.

On their way up parallel to the Menin Road the Battalion passed all the evidences of retreat. The artillery had been ordered to withdraw to the west of Ypres and take up positions to cover the retirement. They were limbering up. " We passed one battery disabled," said a sergeant, " the gunners were just taking the breech-block from the last gun. Everybody was clearing off to the rear." Stragglers limped past them, wounded men supporting each other, men demoralized by long days in the trenches, by the terror of the shell-fire. " Don't go on," they yelled, " you fools. It's Hell down there." . . . Along the crest-line in front shells were bursting. The Battalion pushed on.

One company was detached to hold a flanking line of old trenches. Behind a little wood deployed for attack the remaining three companies — seven officers and some 350 men.

The three companies moved forward up the slope in open order. As they neared the crest line they broke into a double and rushed some 200 yards across the open, over the crest of the ridge and down the slope. Shrapnel was rained on them as they ran. Over a hundred fell.

In front they saw the enemy—a Bavarian regiment reinforcing the young Prussian battalions—grey crowds pouring through the grounds of the chateau, pushing round the right of the indomitable 24th. Straight at them Major Hankey and his Adjutant (Captain (now Major) B. C. S. Clarke, D.S.O.) led the Battalion.

The moral effect of the charge—the sight of the racing khaki lines—was sufficient. Back crowded the enemy—back out of the grounds of the chateau—back into the hedgerows beyond it. Bayonet and bullet cleared the grounds, but the victory had been won before the bayonets crossed.

The front line of the Battalion found a convenient position in a sunken road beyond the chateau grounds. The reserve company was brought up on the right. The village was cleared.

The infantry fight was won. Subsequent weak assaults were easily repulsed. But for hours the shells rained down.

All day the line held. After dusk it was withdrawn to a stronger position on the reverse slope. At dawn German patrols crept forward into the shattered village.

* * * * *

That night the Battalion was relieved. Dog-tired, the men staggered back down the Menin Road. On the way a great general came to speak warm words of praise to the Commanding Officer. The men in the ranks could not hear, and were impatient at being stopped. "What's the old blighter talking about?" they grumbled. They did not realise that they had done anything wonderful. "Personally," said an officer afterwards, "I thought the attack on the 24th was a much better show."

Heroism is, in fact, seldom recognized as such by the hero.

* * * * *

There was no rest for them, heroes or otherwise. The struggle continued, rose again to intensity on November 11th. Other Battalions, their nerves shattered by the strain, gave way in places, and individual companies of the Worcestershires were thrown in to fill the gaps. "The Line-Repairers" they were nicknamed. The line held.

At last, on the 21st November, French troops took their place, and the Battalion marched 18 miles to Bailleul to rest.

* * * * *

Gheluvelt was essentially a moral victory, a moral victory over a stronger enemy indeed, but an even more wonderful victory over weariness, nerve-strain, and infectious panic. It must always remain a grand example of the part which pride of Regiment can play in war.

As such an example it challenges comparison with that other proud deed of the Regiment, the great fight of Houghton's Brigade at Albuhera. Like that Brigade, the Worcestershires at Gheluvelt advanced past demoralised men of other Regiments to face what must have appeared in each case to be certain destruction in a lost battle. In each case sheer bravery turned defeat into victory. But Houghton's Brigade came fresh to the battle, they moved shoulder to shoulder, they had their Colours to form their rallying-point and to inspire their desperate resistance. The counter-attack at Gheluvelt was made by men exhausted by a fortnight of bitter fighting, with nothing to sustain them but their courage, their discipline, and their pride in the Regiment. That pride saved Ypres.

* * * * *

To-day the little wood behind which the Battalion deployed has disappeared—smashed—uprooted. Polygon Wood beyond is a tangle of twisted stumps, shell holes, and crazy, wandering trenches. The Chateau of Gheluvelt is mere levelled masonry, soon, perhaps, to disappear. Nothing is left save a long, bare, sunlit slope.

F. S.

THE EPISTLES OF PERCY.

Kilmainham,

Killennyboddie,

Ireland.

Dear Auntie,

Well, I've joined my regiment. I think I shall like soldiering, but am not sure yet. At present there are one or two things I don't understand. For instance, at the R.M.C. they told us " every officer was equal in the mess." So—you know my open nature—when I met one of the majors my first morning, I said : " Hullo, hullo, and how's the little major man this morning ? " I expected him to say, " Oh, all right, and how's your father ? " but he didn't, you know ; he never said a word. Just looked at me in utter amazement. I thought it was very strange, but about an hour later the Adjutant sent for me, and do you know, Auntie, he was almost rude to me. He's not a bad fellow though at heart. He's always doing funny things with tennis balls, bowling up and down the officers' lines. I heard him say one day that he thought " he'd got that one going the wrong way all right." So I suppose some one had been breaking out of camp.

I must say I think the Senior Major is quite a good fellow. He's an old Pocklingtonian, but when I told him that I was too, all he said was " Good God ! " Funny, wasn't it ?

There's a fellow here they call " Something Jack," He looks quite old. But he isn't really. Do you know he plays all day with boats.

I must say I like him. Almost my first day he said to me, " What about an odd noggin ? " and promptly ordered a whisky and soda and a ginger beer. For one ghastly moment I thought he had ordered the whisky for me, but my fears turned out to be quite unfounded.

They have one or two queer customs here. They have what they call a Guest Night, but there never seem to be any guests. Still I remember Uncle saying old customs were the bed rock of tradition. (I think I see now why it was I got that ginger beer and not " Something Jack.")

You told me to be sure and make a good impression my first few days. So on the first guest night, after the port had been round, I rose to make a speech. The fellow next to me tried to pull me down (one or two fellows are rather rough here), but I think I stuck to my feet and this is what I said :-

" Colonel and brother officers,

Behold in me your latest joined, a fighting son of a fighting family," I then went on to tell them how my father had been in the Pay Corps, and that Sister Lucy was a W.A.A.C. during the war.

Do you know what happened then, because I don't. I remember seeing about six firmaments, and feeling two pairs of boots, and I think a spur, in the small of my back. (One or two of the fellows are rather rough here.)

Another funny regimental custom is letting tents down at night. Mine was let down the night I made my speech. Of course I know it was well meant, but it seems a funny way to show their appreciation.

Auntie, do you know I've got a platoon ? At least I've got their names on a bit of paper. Though I've been here a month I haven't seen them yet. Every officer seems to have his platoon on a bit of paper. Seems a funny place to keep a platoon, doesn't it, Auntie ?

This is a very fine sporting regiment. Besides letting tents down they go in for a sort of hunting game called " Binting." They haven't asked me to play yet, but I expect they will. Everybody seems to play. Senior officers as well.

I like the Regimental Sergeant-Major very much. He told me yesterday I need'nt salute him. Wasn't it nice of him, Auntie ?

You will be pleased to know that I have been made permanent Orderly Officer, which I think is quite good in only a month's service.

I have to go round the men's meals. They ask such funny questions. When I asked if they had any complaints to make, one man said, " Yes sir, why is it that whenever there's a dinner short, I get it ? "

But, Auntie, I've reserved my best news till last. I'm learning to fire a revolver. We used to fire a bit at school in the O.T.C., but I'm afraid it was never taken very seriously there.

Here we do all sorts of exercise to keep our fingers fit for firir g It's all very simple, really. The great thing to remember, Auntie,

is to squeeze the trigger " like an orange." Of course if you do it long enough you get the pip, but that isn't the idea. At least I don't think so.

Well, now, Auntie, I must finish off as I am writing this in the Company Office. It is 11.30, and my Company Commander may be here any minute now.

With love to you and Uncle,
Your affectionate nephew,

PERCY.

P.S.—I am to go hunting this afternoon. A fallow called " The Goat " has asked me.

THE HUMAN SIDE OF GHELUVELT.

WE, in the 2nd Battalion in particular, have all heard a great deal about Gheluvelt. We have been told a lot of bare facts—we have seen accurate accounts and even historical accounts of the battle fought in and around that vital spot on the 31st October, 1914. We are not likely to forget it, and in commemoration of that great day we go through the ceremony of Trooping the Colour annually.

Now I am going to tell you a story, and a very true story : the story of Gheluvelt once more, but instead of the point of view of historical facts it will be the same old story, I hope more graphically put and from the human side, showing more clearly what it looked like and what it felt like. Human nature is an important factor in war, and it has to be considered, otherwise the greatest plans will certainly fail. By nature we cannot stand the strain and face the horrors of war unless we have in our hearts and uppermost in our minds what is called " Esprit de Corps." This is really the spirit of self sacrifice even to the extent of giving up our lives if necessary in order to assist in carrying out some duty for the honour of the regiment

Let us picture, if possible, the 31st October, 1914. Imagine now (it was not imagination then) this same old 2nd Battalion (or rather what was left of it) just immediately before the order to counter-attack was received.

The Battalion at that moment had a fighting strength of 1 Major, 5 Captains, including the Adjutant, and 5 subalterns, with about 400 other ranks. All these men were war-worn and physically exhausted from strain, exposure, and loss of sleep. The fighting had been continual against what we knew to be the flower of the great German Army, an army superior in artillery, flushed with victory, with the Kaiser at their head (or to be more accurate behind them !) an army determined to crush once and for all the contemptible little British Force and force a way to the nearest channel ports.

Many of us realised the situation, and knew that these same worn-out and sorely tried men must hang on at all costs and save the breaking

of the line. We knew that the troops on our flanks were in the same condition, and were suffering in the same way—we began to realize also that as far as reserves or reliefs were concerned we had drawn a blank—there were none—we were all out.

At the moment we were supposed to be having a few hours' " rest, " in close support to the 2nd Division, the front line of which was a few hundred yards to our front. Every single soul dog tired, cold, wet, and plastered with mud, had been unwashed and unshaved for days on end. Our hair had grown to an incredible length, and beards were of such varied types and sizes that it was only with difficulty that some of us could be recognised. Deficient of various articles of clothing and equipment, many in little more than rags, mufflers, some with putties, some without, packs discarded in the wood, we still had our best and most reliable friends—i.e, our rifles and bayonets—with plenty of ammunition, and we knew, thank God, how to use them. There we were—a pretty picture indeed—dug in along the edge of a wood, wondering what next, so to speak. The roar of artillery and the crashing of the Bosche shells were tremendous, whilst the constant rattle of machine guns and bursts of rifle fire told us plain enough that there was something doing on a big scale.

Most of us knew not exactly what was happening, but there were some who did, and said little or nothing. It was best so. We got our orders, no need here to mention names or how they were received, but we got them, and we wondered if there was any hope of success. We had no doubts as to the morale of what was left of the Battalion, for we knew the men would face anything with that same wonderful spirit that had been shown from the very beginning.

Yes—we wondered—the Commanding Officer and certain others (very few in numbers who are alive to-day) who knew the situation—would it be possible for such a handful of exhausted troops to go forward, pass through the remnants of the shattered 1st Division, and restore the line by retaking Gheluvelt and the commanding ground in the vicinity ? How many could possibly survive and remain there long enough to be of any real value ? What did it all mean ? Where were the French ? When were they coming to help us and perhaps even relieve us ? Surely they must come soon or they would be too late ? Their 75's (French. Field Guns) were barking away defiantly from the woods behind us. It was a treat to hear them, but at the same time where were the infantry ? Those blue-coated, red-trousered " poilus "—it would have been encouraging to have had even a glimpse of them these critical days. The bombardment grew in intensity, rifle fire increased, more bullets came threateningly over us with their beastly whine and smack, wounded men were coming back in ever-increasing numbers from the 1st Division line near Gheluvelt. The order to counter attack came sure enough. The British line was broken, pounded

to blazes. The sorely tried and battered remnants of the 1st Division were driven in. Hardly an officer or a man unwounded.

We rose, went forward by Companies in fours, deployed, and then advanced in two lines—the last remnants of the 1st Division passed actually through our ranks to the rear, and such remarks as " You can't go on, it's murder," were hurled at us. But we went on right enough, there was no turning back, in spite of the heart-breaking spectacle of those battered men passing through us. Crossing one particular open space the enemy's artillery spotted us, and we found ourselves enfiladed or nearly so from our left front. The Germans seized the opportunity, and pounded us with shrapnel and high explosive, with the result that over a hundred men were left dead or wounded on that open space alone. We reached a wire fence. We cut through it as best we could. At length the Chateau grounds, and there was the Hun right enough, but we had surprised him. He hadn't seen us coming (though indeed his artillery in support certainly had). There was a cheer, and we charged as best we could over the ground. The Hun seemed lost. He commenced to retire, but his fight at such close quarters was feeble. Few were bayoneted, most of them being shot at point blank range, but we hastened his retirement, cleared the Chateau grounds, and pushed on to a sunken road with our right on Gheluelvt Church. That was far enough. So far our task was done. We dug in as best we could, and prepared to hold on should the Hun attack again. On our left we had some South Wales Borderers, who had held on, and prior to our arrival were almost surrounded. On our right there appeared to be no one—except small parties of lost Germans Working their way back again. Both the Germans and ourselves were in the village and both artilleries were busy shelling it. Some of the houses went aloft at very frequent intervals, many others were burning merrily. When darkness came the firework display was worth seeing. It was weird and uncanny. How well I remember standing with the Company Commander of the right Company amongst the tombstones round the Church, watching for the Hun at the cross roads, and gazing at the burning houses, wondering as usual, " What next ! "

Life after all was nothing but one damned thing after another. Sniping and shelling continued, but no attack developed. Every one was dead tired, and even hungry by this time. The Chateau -behind us was burning. Our wounded had to be got away, though some fell into the hands of the enemy. At about ten o'clock that night we got orders to withdraw, and we did so Company by Company in the most orderly and unconcerned way imaginable. Back we went to the new line, which by that time had been dug behind us, and which was held once more by the remnants of the same old 1st Division. It was an anxious moment approaching their line under cover of darkness from the enemy's side. They had a natural distrust for everyone,

so often had mistakes happened through Germans disguised in British uniform. It was a near thing to disaster for the Battalion that night at the hands of the Black Watch, who held that part of the line, and were running no risks. Those of us who were leading heard the challenge, the quiet words of command, the opening and closing of bolts. We answered the challenge and one only was allowed to approach, the remain der kneeling or lying down in suspense. The one who went forward was questioned and cross-questioned, for the Black Watch were cautious, and small blame to them. Having satisfied them, the signal was given to lead on. We led on, fully realizing that many rifles were trained on us, and that one shot in accident might cause the whole line to open fire. But, all was well, and I think this speaks well for the discipline of the Highlanders. We filed through their line and felt comparatively safe once more. The success of our counter attack was already well known, and the Battalion was already famous for it. Many and hearty were the congratulations hurled at us that night.

But our labours were not ended, for more trenches had to be dug then and there. So we dug and dug for life. Oh no, there was no rest or sleep possible. We just carried on, and those who live will never forget the strain.

We all know what fear is, but when that time comes, for God's sake hide it and be of good cheer—things are never so bad that they cannot be worse.

* * * * *

That is the end of the story, told as far as possible from the human side. It was " Esprit de Corps " that enabled those men to stand that strain and carry on : " Esprit de' Corps " coupled with British courage, and that remarkably good feeling and comradeship which existed then. and exists now between those who lead and those who follow.

* * * * *

Now let us picture the same Battalion eight years later at Dublin, 1922, commemorating the battle described above. On the 18th October we trooped the Colour, the Battalion being represented by five guards of 28 bayonets, and the Band and Drums, in the picturesque old courtyard of the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, with the Commander-in-Chief, General Sir Nevil Macready, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., taking the salute.. I think I can honestly say that the whole turn out was remarkably good, the men being as well turned out as any troops in service dress could be. Indeed, I have seen none better before the war or since.. The parade movements and handling of arms received the highest. praise from all who witnessed the ceremony. It was perfectly obvious that every single man was doing his utmost for the sake of his regiment. and was proud to be one of those selected to represent it.

Does this not clearly show that " Esprit de Corps " is not lacking at the present time. I think we can proudly say that the same magnificent spirit of the old Contemptibles of 1914 is in the hearts of our young soldiers of the present day.

Let us do all we can to encourage and develop it.

1914 ADJUTANT.

OUR TUPPENY NOVELETTE.

(Start Here this Astounding Tale of Love, Hot Water, and Cigar Smoke).

SIR ALFRED HOGGINS, of Hoggins' Halfpenny Hatguards, is the aged husband of the young, beautiful, but indiscreet

LADY ALFRED HOGGINS a penniless daughter of a penniless aristocrat.

She is in love with (we state this purely on the authority of Sir Alfred himself) the young, debonair

REGGIE SOUTHCLIFFE, occupation unknown. Then there is ROSE, the parlourmaid, a goodish wench of some twenty-two summers.

Of the other forty-five characters in the story only one is of any importance, and he is

JAMES, the butler.

Sir Alfred, man of millions, strode into the library of his beautiful home in High Street, Camden Town. Frankly he felt tired. He had sold more hatguards that day than he had ever sold in one day before. His net daily sale had risen by one hundred and twenty thousand. But one minute. What was this ? A cigar still smoking in an ash tray. Good God ! So things had reached such a pass that in the stately homes of England it was no longer possible to trust one's butler. Sir Alfred rang the bell, swearing inwardly that he'd never get another manservant from Selfridges'. The delinquent entered.

" James," said the Hatguard King, " I thought I could trust you."

" Your confidence is not abused, Sir Alfred."

" But my cigars are."

" Pardon me, Sir Alfred, but if you infer that some of your cigars are missing, and that I am concerned in their disappearance, let me at once say that in addition to being a member of the A.T.A. and the M.C.C., I am a non-smoker."

Sir Alfred pointed to the ashtray by the settee. Man of quiet but efficient action, he just pointed. That was all. Some men would have burst into vituperative tirade. Others would have taken the miserable James and forced his nasal organ into the white heat of the glowing ash. As a matter of fact, it was just as well he did neither.

" That cigar, Sir Alfred, was smoked by a Mr. Reginald Southcliffe. He left a little hurriedly, in fact he left via the kitchen and the basement as your car drew up at the front door."

" You can go," choked the Halfpenny Magnate.

James had the sense to withdraw. Sir Alfred groped blindly for the settee. (He hadn't been drinking in the city or anything like that, but you see this thing was a bit of a blow. Frankly it staggered him.)

Good God ! His wife. Good God ! again. In love—in secret love—with another man. Of course they were in love, else why should this reckless Reggie so take to his heels. And by the back way, too. Frankly it was that that most got his goat. After all he was old and not the man he was. She was young and of Spanish ancestry. Besides, a little breath of scandal was good advertisement. And how he longed to be able to write, " Net Daily Sale—A Million." But to go by the back way That was un-English. Made in Germany, that sort of thing. (So were his hats.) Stretching out his hand he picked up the cigar. Pity to waste it, he thought. Five shillings a time. Carefully cutting off the chewed end for evidence, he moved to an arm chair, opened the Tatler, and was soon enveloped in a cloud of smoke. Many another man would have rushed headlong to his wife's room and showed her the chewed end. Aye, crammed it down her beautiful white throat. But not Sir Alfred. Oh, no. (If you thought even for a moment that he would take such a line, you have misread the whole character of the man.) Presently he took out a toothpick and attaching it to the cigar continued slowly and reflectively smoking. He was only brought back to realities on seeing the toothpick completely devoid of any form of tobacco. It was then he rang the bell and despatched Rose to send her mistress to the library.

Presently she came. In all her beauty. In all her utter adorableness. With hair kissed by the sunlight. With a rose leaf for a mouth. With a bosom as white as Siberian snow, but nothing like as cold. And she stood before the Hatguard King.

" Your lover, where is he ? " he said, working away at his toothpick apparently unconcerned. (But only apparently.)

" Why, you are my lover, dear. My husband and my only lover." Then, seeing rage, remorse, and riot leaping from his eyes. " Why, Alfred, whatever is the matter ? "

" The matter ? " he replied, " I will tell you the matter. Day in day out, I work for you. Every hatguard I sell I say, " Another ha'penny for Constance, for Constance my wife." But yesterday I put you on a pedestal, thought you something incapable of wrong-doing, something beyond the sordidness of sex intrigue, something

" Alfred, whatever are you talking about ? "

" So you deny having been in this room, until a few minutes ago, with your lover. Why, your lips still tremble from the passion of his kisses."

" Alfred, you have taken leave of your senses. How dare you insult me in this way."

" You deny it ? "

" Of course I do."

" My God ! " (Well, it was a bit thick, wasn't it ?)

Fumblingly he searched for the chewed cigar end that he had kept as evidence. At length he produced it.

" Do you recognise the teeth marks ? " he said.

" How can you be so vile, Alfred ? "

" My God ! " (Again.)

How could she lie so. How could those gazelle-like eyes look so fondly, so re-assuringly into his while the lips beneath them twitched in their falsity ? But he had his ace card yet to play. Suddenly he whipped from his pocket a tiny lace handkerchief.

" Do you also deny that this is your handkerchief ? I found it on the settee."

" I do."

" My God." (Again.)

Well, at any rate, with all her lies he admired her consistency. With all her baseness she was a good actress. By Jove, he believed he loved her still, wanted her now all the more. He wasn't sure yet. Then suddenly his wife darted in on his musing and snatched the handkerchief.

" Before you accuse, it might be as well to look at the name." she said, turning up one corner of the tiny bit of lace and showing it to him. He bent nearer and read the name.

" Rose," he echoed. " My God ! "

* * * * *

That night with a sigh of relief Lady Alfred Hoggins gave her parlourmaid back her handkerchief, blessing a careless laundry for their divine mistake.

WITH THE DEPOT.

On June 16th the Colours of the 3rd and 4th Battalions were formally laid up in the Cathedral. This was a really impressive ceremony, well worthy of the occasion, and the turn-out of the escort and their perfect handling of arms was much commended by the many competent critics present.

The Colours to be laid were those originally presented to the Battalions on their formation. In the case of the 3rd Battalion these Colours have been replaced by new Colours presented last year by the Prince of Wales.

The Colours and their escort paraded at Barracks and marched down to the Cathedral. At the West door they were met by the Dean and Chapter. Here they received their final salute from the escort, and were played off to "Auld Lang Syne," All available officers of the two Battalions, both serving and retired, followed the Colours as they entered the Cathedral.

Inside the Cathedral the procession moved up the aisle to the chancel steps, where the Colour parties stood to attention during the first part

of the service. The Colours were then formally handed over to the care of the Church, after which the procession was re-formed and moved down the aisle to the Memorial window on the north side of the Cathedral. Here the Colours were placed in position, and were saluted by the last "Present" from the Colour Parties and the assembled Officers, while the bugles sounded "The Retreat." The service was concluded with an eloquent address by the Dean. He dwelt on the splendid war record of the two Battalions and emphasised the meaning and lesson of the sacrifice of the officers and men who gave their lives in France and Gallipoli.

A bronze plaque, with appropriate inscription, has since been placed beneath the 4th Battalion Colours.

Among the old officers of the Regiment who were present were Generals Westmacott and Stuart, Colonels Chichester and Carr, Colonel Stephenson-Featherstonehaugh, Colonel Whitty, and Major Reddie.

Among the serving officers were Colonel Needham (late commanding 4th Battalion), Colonel Nelson (commanding the Depot), Major Jefferies (who originally carried the 4th Battalion Colours when they were presented in 1902), Captain Parker (Quartermaster of the Depot, who also formed part of the original 4th Battalion Colour Party), Major B.C. Senhouse Clarke, D.S.O., and Captain Sheppard represented the 2nd Battalion.

The Colour Parties included Lieut. G. B. de Courcy-Ireland, M.V.O., M.C., Lieut. S. T. Moilliet, Lieut. E. C. Pepper, Lieut. G. H. Woolfrey, R.S.M. Wall, M.C., C.S.M. Preeth, C.S.M. Willoughby, C.S.M. Milward, Sergt. Hogan, and Sergt. Callaghan. The Escort was commanded by Captain Stacke.

On the following day, June 17th, we had another ceremonial, this time for the visit of Field Marshal the Earl of Ypres, better known to all of us during 1914-18 as Lord French. He came down to our city to receive its freedom and to open the new "Gheluvelt Park." For the occasion a Guard of Honour was formed by the Depot at the Park, while another Guard was mounted at the Guildhall by the 8th Battalion.

Our Guard on this occasion was strengthened by a party from the 2nd Battalion, including all the Gheluvelt survivors. The Guard was under the command of Major B. C. Senhouse Clarke, D.S.O., with Lieut. G. B. de Courcy-Ireland, M.V.O., as the Lieutenant of the Guard, and Second-Lieut. F. C. F. Parkinson as Ensign carrying the colours. The affair passed off very well, and the Field Marshal shook hands with all the Gheluvelt survivors on parade. These were—Major B. C. Clarke, D.S.O., Captain Sheppard, Sergt. Slater, M.M., Sergt. Leigh, M.M.

After this we devoted ourselves to preparations for the regimental cricket week. This was a great success, and was very well attended by the local nobility and gentry. The male Staff rose splendidly to

the occasion, and special thanks are due to Sergeant Leigh and the rest of the Staff for the very hard work which they put in, as well as to the Mess President, Lieut. de Coucy-Ireland, for his unflagging energy in dispensing hospitality. Mrs. Nelson, as hostess, and the other ladies of the regiment were equally responsible for the success of the week from the social point of view.

* * * * *

Many changes of Staff have taken place during the year, and more, we fear, are probable in the near future.

In January Lieut. Colonel J. O. Nelson, O.B.E., took over command of the Depot, and in April Captain Stoney finished his tour of duty and left us.

Among other things we are starting a Regimental Museum. This has begun well with a collection of Badges and other relics which have been left to the Mess by the late Colonel Everard. To these have now been added a set of drawings of past uniforms by R. Simkin. We are also promised the originals of all the illustrations in the forthcoming Regimental History. Contributions from private sources will be most welcome.

Which brings us up-to-date. At present we are more or less marking time, since we are closed to recruiting until the present abnormal conditions are ended. But we have evolved a new recruiting poster, which is ready to go up as soon as the flag falls, and are anxiously awaiting the arrival of the first recruit.

F. S.

AN INTERVIEW. No. 1.

AND what the dickens do you want," said the great man. I explained that in my more sober moments I represented the " Green Un." That I was anxious for some details of his distinguished career. That my readers would be interested.

" Oh ! ye want to make a fool of me in your magazine, do ye ? " Well I'd have ye know, sir, that . . ." I grabbed my hat and looked anxiously towards the door.

" Oh ! well sit down," he added not unkindly.

" When were you born ? " I asked.

" What in the deuce is that to do with you ? " he replied. " I don't know when I was born, and if I did I shouldn't tell ye."

Frankly I felt I was not making much progress. I racked my brains for another line of approach. " I understand you were very interested in the Turf," I said.

Suddenly his whole attitude changed. Into his eyes came a light that transfused the whole room.

" I am," he answered. " I am more than interested, it is the very breath of my nostrils."

" You have considerable success, I believe ? "

" I come from the North," was all he said." There we, are brought up to do two things—back horses and hold our tongues. You, I presume, are a Southerner," he added after a pause.

At this stage he rose, nearly bumped his head on the ceiling, placed another record on his gramophone, and sat down again.

" Well," he said.

" Yes, thanks very much."

" Well, What else do ye want to know ? "

I quickly explained that it was his history rather than his habits that would most interest my readers.

" Then listen," he said. " I was born with the aid of a pair of racing glasses in the year 1890. I was educated at Charterhouse. I also went to Cambridge. Why I don't quite know, except that it was near Newmarket. I was intended originally for the Church. I belong, you know, to a long line of Bishops."

Here I stopped to make a note. Getting up he looked over my shoulder.

" I say, half a minute," he said. " Ye've written beer shops, instead of bishops."

" I see you know shorthand."

" I know every labour-saving device that exists," he replied. " My work at Cambridge was nothing to write home about. So I didn't. But the College authorities did at quite regular intervals."

" What tripos did you take ? " I asked.

" I interested myself in law, until I bought a motor bike. Then the law interested itself in me. Eventually I left Cambridge wrapped in the honours of a First-Class. Smoking," he added.

" What decided you to become a soldier ? "

" I was one of six men in Scotland to foresee the Great War. The other five were Englishmen. I saw that Der Tag ' was upon us. That Great Britain would need every man, horse, and sixpenny bit she could lay her hand on. I resolved to be ready."

" Did you see any angels at Mons ? " I asked.

" No, but I saw one or two at Etaples," he replied with a chuckle and a sigh.

" I understand that your services have been loaned temporarily to His Majesty's Navy."

" That is so."

" Do you wear naval uniform ? " I asked.

" No. I don't wear any. That is I mean I wear mufti. But my servant has a telescope, and my favourite song is "The Death of Nelson."

" But," he added " the sun is over the yard arm, and it is the hour of the noon-day Bass."

* * * * *

I hadn't the heart to say " No."

PROMOTION EXAMINATION—SUBALTERNS.

BY repeated request, and a belief that a saving in money in book purchasing may result, the following suggestions are put forward.

A and B. General.—Two important changes come into force in October, 1923. (1) The F.S.P.B. is not allowed as a book of reference in "B." (2) Law and administration are divided into two parts, and it is necessary to qualify in each separately and not collectively as previously.

The full syllabus of the examination is laid down K.R. Appendix XI. The necessary text-books are also given.

The K.R. and M.M.L. have to be amended, and a month is not too long to allow for this task. Amended copies can be purchased at thirty times the original cost, but a month's notice is required by publishers, as the demand is great.

C.—F.S.R. Vol. II. and I.T. Vol. II. form the backbone of the examination, but in addition to the manuals laid down, the following are suggested :-

- (1) Training and Manoeuvres Manual, pp. 32, 33, 34.
- (2) The Solution of Tactical Problems, by Col. Needham, 5s.

B. I.—Additional books are not usually necessary, but if desired the following are selected :-

- (1) Military Law made Easy, by Banning, 8s. 6d.
- (2) Military Organisation and Administration, by Collins, 8s. 6d.

B. I I.—No books are officially suggested. The subject, is big, and nothing short of extracts from expensive standard works will cover the syllabus. The only way to obtain this information is by making use of libraries. There are numbers of libraries in the various Commands.

In addition the following books are suggested :-

- (1) Naval and Military Geography of the British Empire, by Vaughan (Cornish), 3s. 6d.
- (2) Imperial Military Geography, by the same author, 1s.
- (3) The British Empire, by Sir Charles Lucas, 3s. 6d.
- (4) Philips' Atlas, 10s. 6d.

B. I I I.—An option of two Campaigns.

- (1) August to November, 1918, in France (Official Despatches.) "The Last Four Months," by Sir F. Maurice.
- (2) October to December, 1916 in Palestine (Allenby's Official Despatches), 6s. ("How Jerusalem was Won," by Massey), 21s.

This can be borrowed from any library.

B. I V.—No books outside the text books necessary, but useful assistance may be found in Infantry Tactics and Training," by Lieut.-General Harper, 4s. 6d.

REGIMENTAL ECHOES.

[We should be glad to receive any items of interest suitable for this column from our readers, especially notes on the activities of officers, N.C.O.'s, and men who are no longer with the Regiment.]

We hope that a 1st Battalion letter will become a permanent feature of this Magazine, but fear that we go to press too soon for one to appear in this number.

Captain E. C. Barton, M.C., is following his recent Persian efforts, tackling an Arabic course. He has our best wishes, coupled of course with our deepest sympathy.

We congratulate Captain Sheppard on his recent Staff Appointment. In view of its nature we can only say " Shep-a-hoy "

Lieut. J. J. Abbott was a member of the Army Team that ran against the Royal Air Force at Aldershot last August.

We sympathise with the Company Commander who was worried by the band practice one morning, especially as we understand that during the investigation of an intricate case of absence selections were being played from " A Night Out."

Who was responsible for the mysterious code-wire that " lugged " our peace-weary Adjutant from his supper and kept him de-coding till midnight ? We wonder if in these days of "one at home and two away" the Sergeants' Mess can throw any light on the subject.

We are still trying to discover the name of the individual who, after a guest-night, tapped the batometer, and murmured, " Twelve o'clock. I sh really must go to bed."

Why is it that in course of conversation County Cricketers have only Christian names. We are really worried, and ask for information.

We sincerely regret the retirement of Major L. C. Dorman, D.S.O., who for so many years has been associated with the Regiment.

A special letter was received from the Brigade Commander on the 29th September, congratulating the Battalion on the turn-out of the Royal Hospital and Island Bridge Guards.

We heartily congratulate the Colonel and Captain Pelly on winning the Inter-Unit Tennis Championship of Dublin District, at the Fitz-William Tennis Club.

The recommendations of the Nomenclature Committee have now been published. The Regiment can claim to have fought in 57 recognised actions in the Great War, and we understand that a committee is now sitting to select the Battle Honours to be inscribed on the Colours.

R.S.M. Little has transferred to the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, after many years of service with the Regiment. We wish him the very best of luck.

Congratulations to the officer who secured his thousand earwigs this season.

We understand that Lieut. F. W. Allen is on an education course. At least that is the reason he gave when he departed for some three months' sojourn in England.

The "Beaver" habit has been among us too, and devotees have found the Royal Hospital a veritable happy hunting ground. A word of praise is, we think, due to three officers, who not only risked batting and bowling averages by playing the summer game in the most fantastic (and we are assured hot and uncomfortable) facial ornamentations, but have gone so far as to jeopardise their chances in the Bonne Bouche by wearing the "Beaver" tie there on many occasions.

"*How romantic,*" said a lady as she saw the camp wrapped in darkness, except for a few tents lit up by candlelight. We are still trying to agree.

The Commanding Officer offered a prize for the best guard on the Gheluvelt parade, which was won by "B" Company. The judges were Colonel Commandant H. R. Headlam, C.M.G., D.S.O., Commanding 25th (P) Infantry Brigade, and Captain J. H. Pelly. The remarks of these judges were as follows :-

Turn Out.—The general turn-out of the guards was so universally excellent that the judge was unable to specify any particular guard as being the best.

March Past.—All guards marched past well. The judge allotted the prize to No. 3 (B Company) Guard.

In connection with Gheluvelt Day, Colonel Commandant H.-R. Headlam, D.S.O., addressed the following letter to the Commanding Officer.

"I would like to congratulate you and all who took part on the excellent parade on Gheluvelt Day. The turn-out was quite excellent, the steadiness of all ranks was remarkably good, and the movements were all very well carried out.

"The impression made on all spectators was extremely good. Such a result could only have been obtained by the fact that all men on parade were determined to do their best. They succeeded admirably."

We congratulate Captain J. H. Pelly on playing regularly for the Dublin District Hockey XI. in connection with the Dublin Hockey League.

Lieutenant G. N. Clark has recently returned from a Refereeing and Judging course at Aldershot.

We apologise for the omission in the bowling averages of the performance of Lieut. Couchman owing to a misunderstanding with our printers. He was able to send down only one over this year, but it was one that will be remembered by cricketers when other feats of this great summer game have sunk into oblivion.

We should like to take the opportunity of reminding our readers that this magazine cannot be entirely written by two or three already over-worked individuals. Bearers of articles, information of Regimental interest, and reports of the activities of Companies, etc., will be welcomed with open arms, and if it is a very cold day may conceivably be invited to share our editorial fire. We cannot emphasise too much that when no accounts of matches, etc., appear in the Magazine, it will almost invariably mean that none have been sent in by those concerned.

MUSKETRY.

A MOST interesting Brigade meeting was held at Richmond Barracks last August. Rifle, revolver, and Lewis-gun teams competed from all units in the Brigade, and points were allotted for each event.

We had a great struggle with the 1st King's Own for the premier position, the issue being doubtful right up to the concluding stages of the last event, when it was seen that we should win by 2 points.

We heartily congratulate all teams on their performances under what became, on the second day, very bad conditions. The meeting was organised at comparatively short notice, and the Battalion is much indebted to Lieut. Brittan and C.S.M.I.M. Round for their hard work in connection with the training of the teams.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

CONSEQUENT to the appointment of our dramatic critic, Mr. St. George Kersing, to the staff of the Police Gazette, we found when about to go to press that the pages intended to be devoted to the drama remained blank. We compounded with the Educational Staff (a matter of a pint or two) for an account to be written by one of the band boys during school hours. We take no responsibility for the statements of our juvenile contributor.—ED.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

There are several kinds of entertainment, thus one can be entertained to tea or can entertain an idea. This essay is supposed to be about the entertainments that we have in camp. We have an hour's drill every morning, and are then permitted to listen to the R.S.M. drilling the Battalion. Our daily band practice relieves the monotony of life in

camp ; I am learning the bassoon. After dinner, an entertainment in itself, we go to school, and sometimes the sergeant cook allows us to peel the potatoes for the following day's dinner.

When we first came into camp we had a cinema show in the Dining Hall ; you were supposed to pay to go into this, so I went to the Warrant Officers' entrance and said that I had an important message for the Bandmaster. About ten minutes before the conclusion of the performance darkness fell and we saw the tail end of a splendid five-reel drama, but the best part of all was when the operator and his machine fell off the table at the back of the hall. Any serious consequences were averted by the arrival of the R.S.M., but it was all very funny.

Since then we have had no more cinema shows, but we have had several concerts. The Band plays at all the concerts, not all the boys take part when the Band plays out. I always do ; I help carry the music stands from the store to the Hall.

Some very kind people who do not belong to the regiment come to help at these concerts. There is a lady called Mrs. Sparks, whose recitations we enjoy very much. Then there are the Misses Maguire, who sing to us very sweetly. Mr. N. E. Maguire always plays the piano for the people who sing. (I know the right word for that, but I cannot spell it). Sergt. Davis, of the Lancashire Fusiliers, formerly of ours, comes and gives us a conjuring performance. Last time I went on the stage and helped him, but I don't know now how he does the tricks. Sergt. Stocks, of the Lancashire Regiment, comes and sings songs like "I'm a Dadda." He is very funny.

A few of the officers got up some funny sketches for these concerts. One of these sketches was supposed to take place in the Orderly Room. The Commanding Officer and the Adjutant depicted on the stage were not in the least like the people I saw on the occasion when I had overstayed my leave. Much too jolly.

A bunch of Bolsheviks broke in at one of the concerts, and got on the stage, but as nobody understood what they were saying nobody took any notice of them.

On another occasion a Variety Agency came and set up shop during the performance. It really was a funny show. There were lots of people taking part, but I don't think all of them were meant to be in the show. They just walked on and no one seemed to mind. I thought the show lasted too long, and was rather a one-man show. I remember my brother who is "in the profession"—that's what he calls it—once said, "No man is a good actor until he is a good listener," but I don't know what he meant. What made me laugh most was two Jew Boys, who sang "Yiddisher." They was very good. Then there was a lovely lady at the piano. Gee, she could hit the ivories. I liked her. This was a Miss Weiner, and yet again she wasn't. She sang very well.

We are looking forward to having concerts every three weeks during the winter months.

CRICKET SEASON.

SUCCESS, one fears, has not been our portion. To some extent the fault does not lie at our own door. For many matches, owing to leave and courses in England, we have not been able to field a representative side. Lieutenant L. G. Laurence, one of our best batsmen, has been able to play in only some half-a-dozen games. Major B. C. S. Clarke, whose inclusion always strengthened the bowling, has also been able to play very little.

In addition, at the outset of the season—and be it said the most important part of the season—ground accommodation was so scarce that often there were intervals of a fortnight when no member of the team handled either a bat or a ball. It is not, then, surprising that batting showed no confidence, nor bowling any length till the season was far advanced.

But some of our misfortunes were self-imposed. It cannot be too much emphasised that the material for a good regimental team does not drop from heaven. It must be collected, coached, and continually encouraged. To this end we suggest that next year inter-Company matches be arranged in early May rather than in late June. By this means promising talent can be found and given practice in ample time.

Secondly, cricket is one of the few games where the captain of the side is an enormous factor. He need not necessarily be the best cricketer, nor the senior member of the side, but he must possess a sound knowledge of the game, and the knack—it is almost an art—of applying it. For example. When the Regiment played at Worcester this year a team of Worcestershire Gentlemen, the bowling was practically 2nd Battalion bowling. Yet Colonel A.C. Johnson, in the office of skipper, not only made it look at times almost good, but won the match for us by 4 runs.

At the beginning of the season a captain must get his bowlers to the nets, where they should bowl away at bits of paper until they are sure of their length. He must get his team on to fielding. Five minutes daily for the first fortnight in May will be worth up to fifty runs in the following months. In addition, he must be ever on the look out for new material, and when he has found somebody worth persevering with he must nurse him almost daily.

Given better conditions, the prospects for next year will be especially bright if only two more bowlers can be found. In Colonel G. M. C. Davidge, Lieutenant L. G. Laurence, and Lieutenant A. T. Burlton, the Battalion has three batsmen capable of making a hundred in the best club cricket. The Colonel's innings against the Oxford and Bucks in our Army match, when very short of practice, was an effort not readily to be forgotten.

Captain G. A. Sheppard at times disappoints, the which is the greater pity when one considers the freedom of his style and the many excellent shots he possesses.

In bowling the Regiment is undoubtedly weak. One looks in vain for a regimental bowler of the type of Jameson or Fowler. Lance-Corporal J. Cartwright was the most successful, though Lieutenant H. P. Parke had the better average. The latter has yet to learn consistency in length and is at times inclined to bowl without his head. On the other hand Corporal Cartwright keeps a good length, and occasionally swings late from the leg side. As a slow bowler Lieutenant A. T. Burlton is a useful "change" in almost any cricket, but will not become a "six-wickets" bowler until he cultivates a quicker and more deceptive spin. He has a big and late swing which goes away very quickly to leg, but at present is inclined to bowl this ball too much on the middle and leg. It was a pleasure in these days of "Where, oh where are our fast bowlers?" to find Captain J. H. Pelly taking wickets regularly with his slow leg breaks, and, be it said, on any kind of wicket.

Only on one occasion did he have one that really suited him, and then [no less than seven Worcestershire Gentlemen succumbed to his "slow. uns" for 29 runs. His bowling gives further proof, if any were needed, that length, and not speed, is the first essential in the capturing of wickets. As a batsman he has the strokes, but often not the patience. Nevertheless he was one of the most consistent batsmen on the side. if a small scorer.

Bandmaster Wheeler, Captain J. F. Leman, and Lieutenant F. W. Allen played one or two very useful innings. All three would make more runs if they developed stronger back play, and so more scoring shots.

In conclusion a word must be said of fielding. It cannot be too widely recognised that a man who saves runs makes them. He who scores 30 and lets through 20 in the field makes only 10. But he who scores 10 and saves 20 in the field makes 30.

In this respect Captain J.H. Pelly, Lieutenant F. W. Allen, Lieutenant L. G. Laurence, and Private Priest are especially worthy of mention.

BATTALION AVERAGES, 1922.

BATTING.

Name.	No. of Innings.	Total Runs.	Times not out.	Highest Score.	Avg.
Col. Davidge 5 157 0 102 31.6
Lieut. Burlton 10 257 0 69 25.7
Lieut. Knott 14 277 3 53 25.1
Bandmaster Wheeler 5 115 0 49 23
Captain Pelly 12 221 1 33 20
Captain Sheppard 12 186 1 38 16.9
Lieut. Laurence 6 96 0 35 16
Captain Leman 10 113 1 17 12.5
Lieut. Allen 12 89 3 51 9.9
Lieut. Park 6 41 1 24 8.2
Pte. Priest 8 40 1 13 5.7
Pte. Thrower 5 14 1 9 3.5

Also batted : Major Clarke, Lance-Cpl. Cartwright, Sgt. Smith,
Lance-Cpl. Jones, Lieut. Clifford, Lieut. Ford.

BOWLING.

Name.	No of Overs.	Maiden Overs.	Runs.	Wickets.	Av.
Lieut. Park 98 8 349 29 12.03
Lance-Cpl. Cartwright	64 14 212 16 13.22
Captain Pelly 62 7 309 22 14.04
Major Clarke 67 12 196 12 16.33
Captain Sheppard 67 20 257 13 19.76
Lieut. Burlton 184 19 279 14 19.93

Also bowled : Bandmaster Wheeler, Sgt. Smith, Pte. Thrower,
Lieut. Laurence, Capt. Leman, Lance-Cpl. Jones, Pte. Ward,
Lieut. Allen

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

SEEING an advertisement for Oxo the other day somehow made me think of football. Perhaps some of my readers can guess why, but there is no prize for those who get it right. Anyhow, here we are at the beginning of the football season, so I propose to start by trying to put before you, in a clear manner, a few suggestions that may help to improve your own game, and that of your side as a whole.

Have any of you ever *really* thought about this form of exercise and amusement, which is, above all other sports, the soldiers' game? It will, I assure you, repay you if you do, as you will play better, enjoy the game more, and derive more benefit from it because you will, unconsciously, be exercising the mind as well as the body. Football is a game of speed and skill, and the speedier and more skilful team wins. Always remember that it is only a game. One very naturally wants to win, but it is no credit to do so by shady tactics. A man who loses his temper at it is no sportsman, and his team would be better without him., Moreover, a player who has lost his temper is an easy man to beat.

By " speed " I don't mean just running fast, though that is desirable. No, the speed that is meant is that which takes the ball from your own end of the ground to your opponents' goal in the shortest space of time, and so leaves your own forwards with only the opposing goalkeeper to beat, and no one to interfere with them while they do it. In " skill " I include accurate kicking from one player to another or into goal, passing the ball so that the receiver can take it without checking, dribbling with the ball close to your foot at full speed. Both speed and skill are essential to success, and can only be acquired by intelligent practice.

Don't misunderstand that word practice. Kicking into goal is only a very small part of the practice required to make a good football team. If you ask your chum in the transport, he will tell you a mule can kick, but the mule cannot kck a quickly moving ball accurately.

The best practice of all is, of course, to play against another team, but before you start the game you should have certain fixed ideas of what you are going to practice in particular, and work them into your play.

* * * * *

SCENE.—A cheery, well-furnished hut (?) in a certain camp.
TIME.—09.30 hours.

ACT 1.—*Captain Seebee* (commanding Q Company, to C.S.M. Shun) :
What about our Company football team, Sergeant-Major ?

C.S.M.—We ought to have a good one, sir. All the men are keen, and we have Corporal Eady, Sergeant Mess, and Private Kicker, who were in the regimental team last year.

Captain Seebee.—Good, with Lieutenant Bladder that is quite enough to form a selection committee, so they can get busy.

ACT II.—Same hut, same comfort. TIME.—14.00 hours.
Lieutenant Bladder : Now to choose our side The first thing to do is to select the captain.

Sergeant Mess : I think you ought to be captain, sir, because you can square the Adjutant to get the team off guards.

Lieutenant Bladder : I will do the squaring part, but I play outside left, and that is no place for a captain. He must be somewhere near the centre of the ground, so as to be able to run the show properly. I propose Corporal Eady, as he is centre-half, and knows more about football than I do. He is always cheerful, good tempered, and hardworking, and that is just what is wanted. (Corporal Eady is selected Captain).

Lieutenant Bladder : Now who have we got ? Let's take the goal-keeper first.

Sergeant Mess : There is Private Fozzle in my platoon, who is quite good.

Private Kicker : How about Lance-Corpl. Stoppit, Sergeant ? He's good.

Corporal Eady : Stoppit is the better. He is quick and keeps his feet together when stopping "grounders."

Lieutenant Bladder : Yes, he is the man. Now right back. I suppose you all agree to Sergeant Mess ?

Chorus : Yes.

Lieutenant Bladder : Now left back.

Private Kicker : I think Private Boot.

Corporal Eady : He is good, but dribbles too much for a back.

Sergeant Mess : I like Private Barger better myself. He balloons the ball sometimes, but he plays hard and dosen't think he knows everything like Private Boot. (Private Barger is selected.)

Lieutenant Bladder : Now for the halves. Corporal Eady will, of course, be our centre-half. He passes quickly to his forwards, heads well, can shoot, and does not hold on to the ball too long. In addition

centre-half is the ideal place for a captain to play. If we are agreed to this we will now choose the right half.

Corporal Eady : I propose Private Kicker for right half. He is quick and hard working, and his only fault is that he is inclined to kick too hard.

Lieutenant Bladder : Yes, we all agree to Private Kicker. Now for left half. I suggest Sergeant Ball, but perhaps you know someone better.

Sergeant Mess : I propose Lieutenant Touch.

Private Kicker : I think Private Line.

Lieutenant Bladder : Huh ! Sergeant Ball, Lieutenant Touch, Private Line. Sergeant Ball is getting on in years, and besides he is employed in the Quartermaster's Office, and has not the time to practice. Lieutenant Touch is certainly fast and a hard worker, but upsets his forwards by dribbling right on top of them, and he gives a lot of free kicks away when throwing in. Private Line is very good, but loses his temper.

Corporal Eady : I will stop him doing that, sir. We know one another well, as we used to play for Wolseley Works together. I vote for him.

Sergeant Mess : I vote for Lieutenant Touch.

Private Kicker : I vote for Private Line.

Lieutenant Bladder : Well, there are three of us in favour of Private Line, so he is elected.

Lieutenant Bladder : We have only got the forwards to do now. Let's start with outside right.

Sergeant Mess : I propose Private Crawler.

Private Kicker : He is too slow, Sergeant, and only kicks with his left foot. I suggest that fellow Dart in the Drums, who won the hundred at the sports last year.

Corporal Eady : So do I. He is very light, and can't control the ball much, but is worth a try. He will soon learn to centre when running full speed. We can give him practice at that in camp.

Lieutenant Bladder : Right, put him down, and let's get on with it. Suggestions for inside right.

Corporal Eady : How about taking all the inside places together ? This was agreed to, and the remaining positions being filled by a similar process of selection, the work of the committee is finished for the day, and the meeting breaks up.

* * * * *

Q Company have arranged a practice game against the Trench Signallers to-morrow, so Corporal Eady collects his team and tells them he wants them all to try and keep the ball on the ground during the game so as to get more speed, and he wants the forwards to try to shoot first time.

Q Company, sad to relate, after all their scheming, did not win. They had tried hard to do what their captain had told them, and had

succeeded in a small degree. But what all had realised was how hard these things were to carry out, so they decided that instead of always practising shooting at goal they would in future give some of their time to practising passing along the ground. Every match they played showed what intelligent practice could accomplish, and also brought to light further flaws in the play of the team, but these were eliminated one by one until Q Company had the satisfaction and honour of winning the regimental football shield.

A word or two now about some of our own players and prospects for the season.

We will one and all miss our reliable and cheerful little goalkeeper of last season, Private Bills, but if Private Priest can only acquire the knack of dealing with ground shots as well as he does with those in the air, and use more discretion in running out of goal, he should fill this gap. Lieutenant Laurence is another effective goalkeeper when in form, but has unlucky days when nothing goes right. Lieutenant Couchman, with his fine turn of speed and strong kick, is a back who is very hard to beat. He plays a hard game, and some of our coming regimental backs would do well to watch him and model their play on similar lines. C.S.M. Davidson is another fine back, whose style of play is very similar and well adapted to that of Lieutenant Couchman. To see him dash in and break up an attack is a great sight, and a good example of quick thinking and action. Dr. Leyland showed great promise last year. He is always calm and business-like, and should, this season, be quite up to the regimental standard. Private James is another excellent back, but is handicapped by a weak knee. If this is strong again now there will be some keen competition for places in the back division. At half, too, we are well off with Lieutenant Burlton, Sergeant Lockley, Sergeant Brindley, Lance-Corporal Norton, Private Perry. Lieutenant Burlton is quick and neat, but inclined to hang on to the ball too long. Sergeant Lockley is a Trojan for work, and an ideal centre half. He does not talk during a match—he just gets on with the job—and that is what is wanted. Sergeant Brindley plays a very similar game, and has a happy knack of always being in the right place at the right moment. Lance-Corpl. Norton and Private Perry are very energetic and skilful players. The latter should try and keep the ball down more, as a high pass is awkward to take and wastes time.

It looks as though our main difficulty this year will be in finding forwards, but I feel sure that there are many men in the Battalion who, if they will only give a bit of thought to the subject, will turn out really high-class forwards.

Sergeant Clarke is a very fine forward who does not think twice about shooting, and more times than not finds the net. He is at times a bit inclined to overdo the fancy work, but has it in him to lead a fast and capable forward line.

Private Weller, a clever and speedy outside left, is still a bit too light to give his best when up against a bustling half. He has a strong kick, but tries shots from difficult angles instead of centring.

Private Leighton has the making of an outside right as he possesses speed and ball control, but his centring is poor. A little practice should soon remedy this weakness.

I think we can safely say our defence will be strong this year, and if we can only find one or two useful forwards, I can see no reason why we should not more than hold our own in army football in Dublin.

* * * * *

It is hoped in future numbers, in addition to giving accounts of regimental matches, to publish a few simple football problems that will interest and benefit our readers, and should any of you have problems of your own, either about the game or its rules, I shall be very pleased to do my best to help in finding a solution, if you will forward them to the Editor, clearly marked "Football."

" WINDY."

MATCHES PLAYED.

THE BAND V. THE BAND 2ND WELCH REGIMENT.

Played in Phoenix Park on 30th September, and resulting in a win by 4 goals to 2. The score is representative of the general run of the play. Scorers were Lance-Cpl. Harper (2), Cpl. Donoghue, and Lance-Cpl. Jones.

THE BAND V. THE BAND 1ST KING'S OWN REGIMENT.

Played in Phoenix Park on 1st October in miserable weather conditions. The King's Own had the better of the game, and ran out winners by 1—nil.

THE BAND V. THE BAND, 1ST MANCHESTER REGIMENT.

Played in Phoenix Park on 8th October, and resulting in an easy win by 6 goals to 1. As a team the band played really well, and were 'superior to their opponents in all departments of the game. The forwards are to be congratulated on a good display, and Priest in goal did well. Scorers were Lance-Cpl. Jones (3), Cpl. Donoghue, Lance-Cpl. Harper, and Layton.

THE SIGNAL SECTION V. THE R.C. OF SIGNALS, DUBLIN.

Played in Phoenix Park on 10th October. After a very interesting game the Royal Corps of Signals won by 3 goals to 2, after being 1 goal down at half-time. Goals were scored for the Signal Section by Lance-Cpl. Hanson and Lance-Cpl. Hunter.

" B " COMPANY V. No. 1 WORKS, R.E.

Played in Phoenix Park on October 25th, and resulting in a win for " B " Company by 1 goal to nil. The play was very even throughout. The winning goal was scored by Lance-Cpl. Prosser during the second half.

"A" BATTALION XI. v. M.F.P.

Played in Royal Barracks on 24th October, and resulting in a win by 3 goals to nil. Lance-Cpl. Reading and Lance-Cpl. Sheppard were the scorers, and the other goal was put through inadvertently by an opposing back.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

A GOOD start with rugger has been made, and already there are indications of a really useful XV. Being on view this season.

We do not intend to criticise or attempt even constructive criticism in this short review, preferring to make what comments we think fit in our accounts of the matches played, and can only express the hope that these will be taken in the spirit in which they are given.

At present those concerned in building the team are handicapped by being limited to some 30 volunteers for selection purposes. We have yet to meet a rugger player who regrets having taken up the game, and who gives it second place to any other on having done so, and on this account alone recommend it to those who have not yet made a trial. Any volunteers should give their names to the Officer i/c Rugger, and need not fear a cold reception.

MATCHES PLAYED.

v. 5TH ARMOURED CAR Co. *Won 8—nil.*

Played in Phoenix Park on the 5th October, and resulting in a win by a goal and a try to nil. Thanks to the heavy rain in the morning, the ground was very sodden, and the ball soon became heavy and difficult to handle. Play was scrappy, and for the most part confined to the forwards. We had by far the better of the game in the first half, Lieut. Couchman getting over twice, Lieut. Burlton converting on the second occasion. During the second half the Armoured Cars pressed continually, and were unfortunate in not scoring. We cannot congratulate the team on its performance, which was singularly uninspiring even for the first game of the season.

Team.—Lance-Cpl. Pegler ; Lieuts. Couchman, Burlton, Usher, Sergt. Wynn ; Lance-Cpl. Harris, Pte. Coates ; Lieuts. Axworthy, Wills, Wooldridge, Park, Lance-Cpl. Jones, Cpl. Martin, Cpl. Simmonds, Pte. Everiss.

v. K.S.L.I. *Lost, 11—nil.*

Played at Dolphin's Barn on 10th October, and resulting in a defeat by 1 goal and 2 tries to nil. The game was very evenly contested, and the XV. put up an infinitely better show than in the match v. The Armoured Cars. Several alterations had been made in the team with good results, and we venture to say that it was only due to lack of experience that

the margin of defeat was not considerably less. The forwards worked hard and well, but often ruined their efforts by blind kicking and by failing to heel cleanly in the scrum.

Lieuts. Wills, Cookes, Axworthy, and Pte. Moore were perhaps the pick of the pack. The halves, Lieuts. Ford and Thomas, did well under rather trying circumstances. Both know the game inside and out, and only want practice together to get good results. The three-quarters were frankly disappointing, and were apt to go for the ball rather than for the man. Lieut. Ramsay will do really well with more experience. Lance-Cpl. Pegler, at back, has the makings of an excellent player, but we think he should be tried elsewhere. We should like to congratulate our opponents on the running and passing of their outsides.

Team.—Lance-Cpl. Pegler ; Lieuts. Couchman, Ramsay, Burlton, Sergt. Wynn ; Lieut. Ford, Pte. Thomas ; Lieuts. Axworthy, Cookes, Wooldridge, Wills, Park, Dellow, Ptes. Everiss and Moore.

v. 2ND WELCH " A " TEAM. *Lost*, 22—nil.

Played at Dolphin's Barn on the 20th October, and resulting in a win for our opponents by 2 goals and 2 tries to nil. Again a few alterations had been made in the team and with good results, but, as we feared, the Welch combination was infinitely superior to our own.

Play was for the most part confined to our half, and while we never once looked like scoring, our line was threatened over and over again. The pack, led by Lieut. Clarke, returned from his course at Aldershot, did well, but were outweighed and outclassed by a heavy and experienced set of forwards. The backs were much better than they were against the K.S.L.I. The tackling was determined though very high. However cases. of running across the field and making no headway were fewer.

Lance-Cpl. Harris, tried at back for the first time, kicked and tackled well, but A times misfielded badly. Of the three-quarters Lieut. Ramsay was easily the pick. Lieut. Usher should do really well with more experience. Lieut. Ford and Lance-Cpl. Pegler the halves, had few opportunities of opening up the game. They tackled low, and were continually much too quick for the opposing halves. Lieut. Clark was the outstanding forward. Captain Sheppard, Lieuts. Wooldridge, Axworthy, and Cookes worked hard.

Team.—Lance-Cpl. Harris ; Lieuts. Couchman, Ramsay, Burlton, Usher ; Lieut. Ford, Lance-Cpl. Pegler ; Captain Sheppard, Lieuts. Clark, Cookes, Axworthy, Wills, Wooldridge, C.S.M.I.M. Trenfield, Pte. Moore.

v. ARMoured CARS. *Won*, 20—nil.

Played in Phoenix Park on 23rd October, and resulting in a win by 4 goals to nil.

For the first time this season the XV. showed confidence, and from the start they opened up the game and attempted combination. Nine times out of ten the forwards heeled the ball from the scrum, and the

backs running straight and passing freely gave a really encouraging display. The tackling was better in every respect, and cases of blind kicking were few and far between. The three tries in the first half were all results of good combination, and thanks to good marking, the Armoured Cars only looked like getting over on two occasions.

The forwards have still a lot to learn in the loose, but got the ball back in the scrums and from the line-outs over and over again. Lieut. Clark again was everywhere and was well backed up by Lieuts. Axworthy and Wills. Ptes. Britton and Rea went very hard. Both are handicapped by lack of weight, but with experience should be very useful.

At half, Lieut. Ford and Lance-Cpl. Pegler were much too good for their opposite numbers, and gave their three-quarters a real day out. The wings, Lieuts. Couchman and Usher, ran and tackled well. The latter is, however, prone to taking passes standing still, and often fails to make ground before parting with the ball. Lieut. Burlton was the better of the centres, but was inclined to kick unnecessarily. Lance-Cpl. Harris at back played a plucky game, but must not waste time.

Tries were obtained by Lieuts. Couchman, Clark, Usher, and Burlton, and were converted by the three last named and Lance-Cpl. Pegler.

Team.—Lance-Cpl. Harris ; Lieuts. Couchman, Ramsay, Burlton, Usher ; Lieut. Ford, Lance-Cpl. Pegler ; Lieuts. Clark, Axworthy, Wills, Abbott, Pts. Moore, Everiss, Britton, Rea.

v. 1st K.O.R.R. " A " TEAM. *Won, 8—nil.*

Played at Dolphin's Barn on the 27th October, in a strong oblique wind, and resulted in a win by a goal and a try to nil. The first half was very evenly contested, so much so that it appeared to be anybody's game. After half-time the team seemed to play with more confidence, and opening up the game wore down the opposing XV. The first try was the result of neat combination between Lieuts. Couchman and Ford, the latter getting over in the corner. The place kick failed. The second try was a good individual effort by Lieut. Burlton, and the extra points were added by Lieut. Clarke. For the last ten minutes the K.O.R.R. pressed hard, but were never really dangerous.

Pte. James, at full back, played a sound game, but was occasionally at fault in finding touch ; this, however, was excusable owing to the wind.

The three-quarters get better every game, but the centres are becoming selfish.

Lance-Cpl. Pegler, at half, is much too fond of kicking into touch, and must remember his job is to open up the game. Lieut. Ford

played his best game this season. The forwards, although much lighter than the opposing pack, were superior everywhere. All worked hard and well.

Team.—Pte. James ; Lieuts. Couchman, Burlton, Ramsay, and Usher ; Lieut. Ford, Lance-Cpl. Pegler ; Lieuts. Clark, Cookes, Wills, Axworthy, Ptes. Everiss, Britton, Moore, and Rea.

HOCKEY.

WRITING as we do so early in the season, it is very difficult to discuss at all fully the hockey prospects for the winter. It would appear that the nearest ground available will be one in Phoenix Park, allotted occasionally to the Battalion. All hopes of one more convenient have vanished, but despite this big disadvantage, it should be merely a question of time getting together a side that should do well.

Hockey at present seems to be confined chiefly to officers, sergeants, and the Band, and we suppose that this will be the case as long as hockey is looked upon as a game governed by intricate rules, and so far removed from soccer that it is scarcely worthy of notice.

We are printing short notes in this and in our next issue which we hope will be of some use to both beginners and others who contemplate taking up hockey.

They are not exhaustive, and no doubt experts will come across much with which they are not in complete agreement. We ask them to remember that these notes are not for them.

By the time these lines are in print many regimental matches will have been won and lost, and the reader will no doubt have formed his own opinion as to the capabilities of the XI., so we think it would be wiser not to attempt to do it for him by writing at length without the requisite knowledge at our disposal.

MATCHES PLAYED.

v. 2ND ROYAL BERKSHIRE REGIMENT. *Drawn 2-2.*

Played in Phoenix Park on 11th October. This was the opening match of the season, and resulted in a drawn game of two goals each. Owing to the reputation of our opponents, our team did not take the field in any spirit of over-confidence. The team is on the whole to be congratulated.

The combination and hitting was better than might have been expected under the circumstances. While lack of play and practice was the noticeable feature, it is impossible to criticise the game and overlook the slowness of the forwards in getting the ball into the circle. Pace is everything in hockey. A man takes less than three seconds to

run from the half way line to the circle, and a forward who delays a second on the wing has allowed his centres to be overtaken and marked, and has ruined all chances of scoring.

Our first goal was the result of an excellent bit of combination, terminating in a shot by Mr. Wheeler that gave the opposing goalkeeper no chance. At half time the score stood at one all.

After half-time our opponents started the "hit hard and follow up" game, which is no part of scientific hockey, and in consequence we had distinctly the better of the game, although each side actually scored a goal. The goalkeeper, backs, and halves played well, but the forwards, with one or two exceptions, failed to move or make ground as fast as the defence could get back, with the result that those receiving the passes were too heavily marked to do anything with them.

Team.—Bds. Wright ; Bds. Priest, Capt. Leman ; Lieut. Ramsay . Capt. Sheppard, Pte. Blanche ; Lieut. Wills, B.M. Mr. Wheeler, Capt., Pelly, Lance-Cpl. Tyldesley, Lance-Cpl. Harper.

v. TRINITY COLLEGE "A." *Lost 5-2.*

This match was played on Trinity Ground on Wednesday, 26th October, and resulted in a win for Trinity by five goals to two. It is only fair to say that the "A" team was a strong one, and included several of the College side. Also that the score is not altogether an indication of the game, which was remarkably fast and even.

Our opponents were superior in stick work and pace, and owing to the rough surface of the ground the former proved a great asset. Regarding the pace, it may be of interest to note that special notice was taken in counting the numbers of opponents who got back and marked the inside forwards after an attacking movement had been started by our team. The start was often good, but on hardly any occasion did the ball reach the circle before three of the opposition had got back to mark the centres and insides. The first goal, shot by Captain Pelly, was the result of good combined work by the right wing. After half-time our team struck a very bad patch for a quarter of an hour, and our opponents put on 3 goals. Capt. Sheppard restored confidence by a good individual effort ending in a goal. After this the game was fast and equal until the whistle blew for time.

Team.—Pte. Wright ; Capt. Leman, Pte. Priest ; Bds, Blanche, Capt. Sheppard, Bds. Ford ; Lieut. Couchman, B.M. Mr. Wheeler, Capt. Pelly, Lance-Cpl. Tyldesley, Lieut. Wills.

THE OFFICERS V. THE BAND.

Played in Phoenix Park on the 12th October. After the first ten minutes the Band showed excellent combination, and won by 6 goals to 2. Goals were obtained for the Band by Bandmaster Wheeler (3), Lance-Cpl. Tyldesley, Riley, and Ford, and for the Officers by Captain Pelly and Lieut. Ramsay.

TO THE BEGINNER.

You probably play soccer. If you do not play, you most certainly have a knowledge of the principles of the game. Hockey is very much like soccer. Get hold of a book of hockey rules, or get them explained to you. Ask to play in the same positions as you occupy on the soccer field, and get out of your head any idea that it is not a game to be taken seriously (you will soon be convinced of this) and you will have made a good beginning.

To a Forward.

Use a light stick (about 20 ozs.) Remember above all things not to stray from your position. You are mainly concerned with the attack, so don't spend your time amongst the halves with the mistaken idea that you are helping them. If when doing this they or you get the ball away, it will be banged back again, simply because you are not up to receive it. This doesn't mean you must never go back to help the defence—at times you will be wanted. Use your judgment.

Learn to take the ball on your stick. Don't use your hand. you will not have time. If you are in an inside position, don't starve your wing, or on the other hand if you are on the wing, don't try and develop goal scoring. You will soon be a nuisance to everyone.

Never dawdle a few yards in front of an opposing back about to clear. Rush him. Nine times out of ten he will either miss or fozzle his hit and you will be left with the ball.

Never waste time in the circle. It's better to have even an unlikely shot than to manouevre for a position. It is astonishing how soon a seemingly empty circle will overflow with opposing backs and halves. Develop a short passing game. Don't be selfish, and remember that you are primarily in the forward line to shoot or help others to shoot goals.

To a Half.

You are the hardest worked man in the team. Not only must you support the forwards in the attack, but you must play a big part in the defence As well. You are not in the side to score goals. Make it your one object to feed your forwards, and in doing so always look for an unmarked man.

When your side is pressing your forwards will want the ball in the centre, when your own defence is being worried, your inside forwards will be back or coming back to help you, so get the ball out to the wings.

Don't join your forwards in the circle on the more the merrier principle. You will crowd them and be unable to return the ball to them if the opposing defence manage to clear.

Stop the ball with your stick or feet. You will not have time to use your hand. Learn to tackle. Mark the opposing forwards, always being especially careful when throw-in's and free hits are being taken.

Your forwards should help you in this, but you will soon learn that they generally forget to do so.

Don't play with the ball, or try to dribble through the opposition. By doing so you will lose time and probably the ball. Get rid of it quickly. Remember that a ball will travel much faster by itself than when accompanied on its journey by you. Fix up a working understanding with your backs. Always remember that a half's work, like woman's, is never done.

[We hope to give similar advice to backs and goalkeepers in our next issue.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

OUR SEA DOGS.

DERE MISTER EDITER.

Can you please tell me if kernul Nelson won the battel of Trafalgar ? Hoping this finds you as it leaves me at present,
RECRUIT.

[No, but we feel sure he would have done had he been there. Thank you, we are in the pink.—Ed.]

A VERY QUEER TRAIT.

SIR,

I have been much interested recently in a furtive figure who crosses the camp daily at about 08.30 hours, bearing a tray on which lie objects, scarcely distinguishable from my window, but bearing a distinct resemblance to certain well known forms of sustenance. After a few minutes' absence this individual returns at a more rapid gait, having disposed in some way of the objects on the tray.

I should be very pleased if you could throw some light upon the actions of this mysterious messenger.

Yours truly,

ANOTHER LATE RISER.

[We recommend tactful enquiries at the Sergeants' Mess, whither we tracked the individual in question one morning.—Ed.]

FOOTBALL.

DUBLIN DISTRICT BOYS' LEAGUE.

A team of Enlisted Boys, under the captaincy of Boy Mason, are as yet unbeaten in the Boys' League. If they are to maintain this record they will be well advised to develop the long passing game to greater extent, and to remember that although as much as a fortnight may elapse between fixtures neither training nor practice should be shirked in the intervals.

OCTOBER 20TH.-1ST BATTALION THE MANCHESTER REGIMENT.

Home : Drew 1-1.

A keenly contested game, played on a very fast ground, with a stiff wind which assisted us in the first half, although owing to bad shooting we did not score. Our opponents scored in the second half from a corner kick, and immediately after the restart Mason scored the equalising goal. Further efforts on the part of both forward lines were fruitless.

Team.—Boys Coomby ; Wood, Rawlinson ; Finch, Bonner, Parker ; Brogan, Kemble, Butler, Kelly, and Mason.

OCTOBER 26TH-2ND BATTALION K.S.L.I.

Away—Won 3-2.

We won the toss, and, playing with the wind in the first half, scored two to our opponents' single, scored from a penalty kick. In the second half each side scored again, our goalkeeper, Coomby, proving invaluable in the closing stages of the game. The successful marksmen were Mason (2) and Kemble.

Team—Boys Coomby ; Wood, Rawlinson ; Finch, Bonner, Rayner ; Taylor, Kemble, Butler, Kelly, and Mason.

FUTURE NUMBERS.

It is hoped to produce this magazine every two months, but we should like to take the opportunity of reminding our readers of our pressing need of material.

All articles, information of regimental interest, and reports of the activities of companies will be welcomed with open arms, and should the day be cold or the weather wet, their authors might conceivably be invited to share our editorial fire.

We cannot too strongly emphasise that where there appear no accounts of matches or other activities it will invariably be that none has been sent by those concerned.

THE GREAT EMPLOYED.

Sports Officer....	Captain J. H. Pelly.
Association Football	Lieut. R. H. Couchman.
Rugby....	Second-Lieut. C. P. G. Wills.
Hockey....	Capt. H. Gordon.
Cricket....	Major B. S. C. Clarke, D.S.O.
Boxing....	Lieut. A. T. Burlton.
Entertainments....	Lieut. E. H. Knott.
Athletics....	Second-Lieut. G. N. Clark.
Editors of Green 'Un "	Lieut. E. H. Knott, Second-Lieut. C. P. G. Wills.