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1428

... THE ...
PEEKO JOURNAL

The Organ of "P"

Company R.A.M.C.



Hon. Editor : CAPT. L. WAY.

Editor : SERGT. G. T. BARRY.

Sub-Editor : LCE.-CPL. L. H. GASKIN.

Business Manager : CPL. F. A. METCALF.

Sports Editor : PTE. F. R. RANSBY.

Hut Representatives : PTES. WRIGHT, LANE, GEORGE, WATSHAM, ENDICOTT, RANSBY, WEST, BRANSBURY, GAY, MERRITT, BEAVEN, WHETSTON, TYRRELL, MARKS, NEWMAN, PAINE, OATEN, WITHERS, BANKS, EVANS.

No. 15.

PRICE—TWO PENCE.

EDITORIAL.

"Not lost, but gone before."

THE lucky bounders, we all say! So there is another draft gone, and more are straining at the leash, itching to be off. It really looks as though the Peeko boys after all will be doing something more than route marching in the Great War. Meanwhile, at any rate, we are keeping ourselves fit and well with sports in addition to the general training.

What with boxing, running, football, cricket, quoits, etc. (you put the etc. in when you don't know any more), we are going strong, and, apart from the physical benefits derived from all these, they all help to weld the boys together into one compact whole. As the Commandant said, at the Prize Distribution the other day, these contests all assist in fostering the *esprit de corps* and comradeship which is such a splendid feature of the British Army. If

Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton—assuredly this great war will have been won through the trials of strength and skill in sport in which we all, as Britons, love to indulge.

But, a word in your ears, boys! Do not let all these make you forget "The Peeko Journal"; they ought, on the contrary, to provide you with plenty of food for thought and matter for copy. We suspect the thoughts are there, but they somehow do not find their way to paper. At any rate, they do not reach the Editor, for copy is not as plentiful as it ought to be. "Pea-Nuts," especially, do not come in flocks—they ought to do so! Don't you guess! Well, see that they do!

We refrain from saying aught this week concerning Rumours, they say enough for themselves, so 'nuff sed! More officers going! It's evidently a case of Going! Going!!—Ah! when shall we say the last? Well, good luck for it! By the by next week we have a special Easter number for which we hope great things. Contributors please note! Meanwhile once more we sign ourselves

THE EDITOR.

HUT DOINGS.

Whist Drive.

On the evening of the 5th inst., the self-styled whist champions of Peeko hutments went back to their kennel (Hut No. 33) with their tails between their legs, and drooping heads, having suffered a good "licking" at the hands of Hut 30 (scores, 23 and 7). Any other hut desirous of like treatment will please apply; stretchers and bearers supplied, also smelling salts.

Lovitt's Lads' Concert.

Visitors to "B" lines on the evening of Saturday, April 8th, probably wondered what brought such a crowd gazing into Hut 14. Section 6 boys were going to have another Whist Drive and Concert, and, as usual, things were being done in style, and the hut was transformed for the occasion into a concert-room with a real stage fitted up, with drop curtains, etc.

The evening's enjoyment was timed to commence at 6 o'clock, with a ten-handed Whist Drive. On opening it, Sergt. Lovett, the M.C., read a telegram from Lieut. Smith wishing us a good time. Scoring was keen for the five prizes which went as follows:—

- 1st, pipe and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. tin of tobacco (given by Lieut. Smith)—Pte. Lamb.
- 2nd, money-belt (given by Sergt. Lovett)—Pte. Stratford.
- 3rd, razor-strop—Pte. Wigglesworth.
- 4th, 50 cigarettes—Pte. Purcey.
- 5th, shaving brush—Lce.-Corpl. Merrett.

The "booby" was won by the M.C., who made a score of 49. He was given a piece of soap and a box of matches, and recommended to wash his hands of cards and burn the unlucky pack.

After the Drive followed a short concert, which consisted of the following items:—

Song, "Come, Sing to Me," Pte. Stratford; comic song, "The Rajah," Pte. Finn; dulcimer solo, "Un peu d'amour," Pte.

Cryer; recitation, "The Soldier's Story," Pte. Allison; song, "The Sunshine of Your Smile," Pte. Shaw; comic song, "All the days of the week," Pte. Denton; song, "The Ole Black 'Oss," Lce.-Corpl. Merrett; song and patter (selected), Corpl. Bourne; song, "The Friar of Orders Grey," Pte. Webb; dulcimer solo, "Blumenlied," Pte. Cryer; song, "One of the Deathless Army," Pte. Hulls.

During the interval the prizes won at the Whist Drive were presented by Lieut. Gage, who was welcomed as our new Section Commander in a short speech by Sergt. Lovett. Refreshments were then distributed and the programme continued.

The evening concluded with the singing of the National Anthem and hearty cheers for our Section Officer and N.C.O.'s.

—:o:—

THE "PEEKO JOURNAL" IN FRANCE.

The popularity of "Peeko Journal" among the British "Tommies" in France has been further evidenced by the receipt of a letter by a "Peeko" private last week. We think the following extract worth publication:—

"The 'Peeko Journal' has had another good tour round, and its popularity has again been proved. I lent it to two or three of my friends. As one of them was reading it the other night, a sergeant spied it and enquired what it was. He was told, and he proceeded to read it, afterwards asking to be allowed to take it round the Sergeants' Mess. The Journal therefore got into the Sergeants' Mess, and was read by the Sergeant-Major. Many a laugh was raised by its contents, especially by 'Pea-Nuts.' It will be news for P Company to hear how much the Journal is read in France. This information might give satisfaction to the Editor and his staff of contributors and workers. Good luck to 'Peeko Journal.'"

The Sergeants' Mess referred to was an R.A.M.C. one.

N.C.O.'s.

Not Conscientious Objectors.

One day four little boys thought they would go for a stroll. Their names were RICHARDSON, of the Lion Heart; WILLIAMSON, of the Conqueror; JOHN-SON, of Magna Charta fame; and DAVIES-ON, of the Giant Killer. They first reached a LARGE meadow, where they MET a CALF and a BULLOCK peacefully grazing together. Continuing their walk they came to a LITTLE WOOD, where was BOURNE to their nasal organs the aroma of PEACHES. WILLIAM said "I do LOVITT and SOBEY it, for BARRYing any accident I mean to get some." Climbing the tree he STOWed fine specimens of the fruit in his pocket. While descending a terrible calamity occurred,

he fell from the TOPLEY branch into a FULLBROOK of mud. A cry was raised, and a passing CARTER by the name of DUNCAN was instantly ATTESLEY. It was at first thought he had hurt his funny bones, but further investigations found it was his SILLITOE. Recovering from this adventure they entered a lovely park belonging to the DUKE of NORFOLK, where a FOUNTAIN was playing. Passing onwards they came upon a BAILEY GASKIN for breath, they asked the reason of this, and understood he had swallowed a TIPPLE-STONE, and it was resting in his appendix. He gave them a TANNER to get some HUDSON soap to clear it away, but to no avail. They left him in comfort ASBESTOS they could. Returning homewards in the GRAY twilight, tired but happy, they all voted the stroll a success. G.G.

HORLICK'S

MALTED MILK

The Food-Drink that gives and maintains Health, Strength and Fitness.

It is milk, wheat, and malted barley, and supplies maximum nourishment in a most easily digested form. It feeds the whole system, increases strength and vitality and quickly builds up healthy muscular tissue.

READY IN A MOMENT BY STIRRING BRISKLY IN HOT OR COLD WATER ONLY. NO COOKING.

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Also available as delicious Food Tablets to be dissolved in the mouth. Nourishing, invigorating, and sustaining. Relieve thirst and prevent fatigue.

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The Tablets also in Glass Flasks, convenient for the pocket, at 6d. and 1/- each.

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SLOUGH, BUCKS.

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Tobacconist & Newsagent,

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All Communications regarding Advertisements in this Journal should be addressed to: THE MANAGER, "PEEKO JOURNAL,"

"P" COMPANY, R.A.M.C.,

SAND HILL CAMP II,

Longbridge Deverill.

N.B.—Arrangements can be made for the reproduction of any photo appearing in this Journal, on Art Cards. For particulars apply to the MANAGER.

THE R.A.M.C.

(With acknowledgments to the "Westminster Gazette.")

[Mr. Tennant, Under Secretary for War, said that a certain M.P.'s criticism of the R.A.M.C. was wholly unjustifiable, and ought not to have been made."]—DAILY PAPERS.

Ay, man! Ha'e ye ta'en to the rollin' o'
logs,
To sulk wi' the Simons and grunt wi' the
Hogges?
Let me tell ye there's never a ginnin' M.P.
Fit to blacken the boots o' the R.A.M.C.

Ye'd fill up your lugs wi' the latest o' lees,
'Gainst the lads who are savin' your skin
overseas;
"Non-combatants?" Ay, weel that's just
as may be!
Come ower, man, an' wark wi' the R.A.M.C.

Tak' haud o' a stretcher an' try it yoursel'
On a road that's bein' plastered wi' bullet
an' shell;
If ye managed to bide there we'd maybe
agree,
An' your tongue would be kept aff the
R.A.M.C.

"Conscientious objectors" they're givin' us
next,
Wi' bees in their bonnets a' bizzin' a text;
To the deil wi' their like! Ye can tak' it
frae me,
We're seekin' nae skunks in the R.A.M.C.

We're sick o' the gousin' political trade,
We're sick o' the Westminster mouthin'
brigade,
We're sick o' the slackers wi' hearts a'
agley,
But we're proud to belong to the R.A.M.C.

BRASSARD.

ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS.

Within a laurel wreath surmounted by a
crown the rod of Æsculapius with a serpent
entwined. "*In Arduis Fidelis*."



History and Traditions.

It was not until the Peninsular War that medical officers were appointed to accompany an army in the field. During the long reign of peace which followed Waterloo ordinary cases of sickness were looked after by regimental surgeons and hospital sergeants in regimental hospitals, so that when war against Russia came suddenly upon England in 1854, the medical organisation was found sadly wanting. The Army Hospital Corps was then organised, the first school being formed at Chatham. Since then the changes in medical organisation have been many, the present title of Royal Army Medical Corps dating from 1898. From the earliest days the medical service has a history second to none in personal devotion to that army of which it is an essential part. No real reform in the soldier's condition but may be traced to the urgent representation of the medical officer, who, in the hard days of past neglect and want of sympathy with the soldier, never faltered in devotion to his betterment, and triumphed in the end. The record of the medical branch of the British Army is indeed a glorious one, those cases alone which have been officially recognised having gained more Victoria Crosses than any other individual corps in the British Army.

KAMP KWERIES.

Isn't night-marching dry work?

Is it true that the biggest sprint in the first road-race took place between the farm gate and the door of "The George"?

Does anybody want to buy any mud?

Have you heard that the "Cuss Colony" are publishing a book entitled "Shun-Swear"?

Where do those buxom wenches live?

Who took a swimming lesson in the tub near the door?

Was it too dark to see which stroke to practise?

Is it true that several fellows have been overcome by sunstroke—due to the unusual sight of the orb?

When does Christmas leave start?

What does this mean: "Have you anything on, on Tuesday night?" ; "No"; "Well, I'll come along"? This conversation was overheard in the village between one of our boys and—well, I'd rather not say.

Have you kissed me, sergeant?

Who snores the loudest? No prizes are offered in this competition, as no one can be found courageous enough to take on the duty of judge.

Who's "right up it"?

Does a No. 4 and a No. 5 act the same as a No. 9.

Is it correct that most ardent ornithologists are on the point of despair at the scarcity of specimens in this neighbourhood?

NEBBY.

**For PIE CRUST, CAKES, PUDDINGS,
MINCEMEAT, COOKING & FRYING,**

The leading professional Cooks now use and
recommend the use of

"ATORA"

(HUGON'S REFINED BEEF SUET)

**Prepared solely from Fresh
English BEEF SUET.**

**Sold in Blocks for Frying, Cooking,
and READY SHREDDED for PUDDINGS
and all Pastry.**

1-lb. equals 2-lbs. Raw Suet.

Sold by Grocers and Dealers in 1-lb. and ½-lb. Boxes.

HUGON & CO., Openshaw, MANCHESTER.



FROM THE TRENCHES.

(Sent in by a brother-in-law of a Peeko boy).

I stand beside a new-made grave, upon a foreign shore.
 In peace of lowing cattle I can hear the cannon roar.
 And as the high explosive shells go screaming overhead,
 I hear the groans of wounded, and I see the heaps of dead.
 In spite of all these sights and sounds, my thoughts fly o'er the foam,
 And in my fancied visions I can see a distant home,
 Just as my comrade pictured it when by the canny fire
 We used to talk of "Home, sweet Home," till morn, and never tire.
 I see his mother standing there as twilight shadows fall,
 And gazing down the old bush track between the gum trees tall.
 I hear the rook aburras laugh, I hear the bill bird call;
 I see the wattle golden bloom my fancy held in thrall.
 She is waiting for her only son, who ran away from home,
 To travel over Gallipoli, and a wandering life to roam.
 Oh, Mother! Will you ever know your only son is dead?
 You think he is in England, but he went to war instead.
 I put a cross upon his grave, he faced the foe so game.
 I put "Killed in Action" under it, and over it his name.
 He never told me his address, I could not write to you;
 I will take his Bible and his ring, 'tis all that I can do.
 With bayonets fixed, and side by side, 'midst screaming shot and shell.
 We charged those Turkish trenches till at last he swayed and fell.
 "Good-bye, and God bless you, Jack," he cried, above that fearful roar;

"Come back and help me when you've done,"
 I couldn't wait for more.
 We had our work cut out to win, my bayonet chipped with red;
 And when that fearful charge was o'er I found my comrade dead.
 And as the twinkling stars grew bright, beneath a shaded tree,
 I dug a shallow grave for him, close by the screaming sea.
 His great-coat needs must be his shroud, no friends to gather near,
 And place a flower on his grave, or gently shed a tear.
 Within his blood-stained Bible lay a photo wrapped with care;
 On it was written "Mother," no address was written there.
 A kind and loving face, I saw, with hair of silver-grey.
 I fancy I have pictured her just at the close of day.
 Perhaps some day she'll guess the truth, when, long since, hope has fled;
 Or someone might have seen him fall, and told her he is dead.
 I stand beside a new-filled grave, far from England's shore;
 Once more I hear the rifles crack, once more the cannons roar.
 The battle 'gain is in its height, the shells fly overhead;
 So good-bye, fallen comrade, you are numbered with the dead.

—:o:—

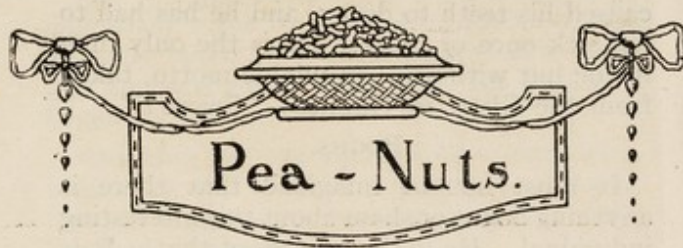
SHORT STORIES.

What the Papers Say.

A young officer at the front wrote home to his father: "Dear Dad, kindly send me £50 at once. Lost another leg in a stiff engagement, and am in hospital without means."

The answer was as follows: "My Dear Son, as this is the fourth leg you have lost (according to your letters), you ought to be accustomed to it by this time. Try and hobble along on any others you may have left."

—Royal.



Who was the Sergeant who took the wrong turning?

* * *

And who is the one who does his cross-country running on a hay-cart?

* * *

When is the 23-stone lance-private turning out? We know a little child shall lead them, and he has done plenty of *punching* in his time.

* * *

Did all the N.C.O.'s volunteer for the draft? All save one? Echo answers: Who?

* * *

Some of the boxers evidently thought they were on leave when they were in the ring. At any rate, they seemed to be thinking "Oh! I *do* want a cuddle."

* * *

Some claret flowing, eh! But why *press* on so much! Hard luck, the loser!

* * *

What a lot of stripes knocking about lately. No wonder all the privates are busy using *zebra* polish now!

* * *

Why are the members of another Company so anxious to get No. 13 of Peeko? We hear they bought 18 in one hut alone. Are they anxious to know how to lay out kit? Good boys! Live and learn!

* * *

Isn't the latest rumour a 'Rippon' one? We shall expect the cooks to provide the usual addendum to roast beef, every time we have it.

The large box in front of No. 16 Hut is where the 'Shiny' Seventh keep their cleaning material. A check parade of shiny ones who are not super-shiny will clean it with "Extra-tan" at 3 p.m. on Sunday.

* * *

Is the "Extra-tan" ned appearance of "the Boys" due to 'Kiwi' or Proberts?

—:O:—

CUSS COLONY.

Since I wrote my short article on Hut 32 I have been repeatedly asked to give further particulars about the members of Cuss Colony. To save time and trouble, therefore, I have written the following short notices of some of its chief members.

MOUSIE.

Considered from a pathological standpoint, Mousie is of great interest. For several days he jogs along quietly, industriously attending with a nice precision to the numerous little tasks that fall to the soldier's lot. Then, on a sudden, without warning, the faculties that have been lying dormant for so long, burst out with a mighty ebullition, and he gives his corner of the hut a rare treat. All business is suspended for the time being until Mousie relapses into his usual quiescent state. His motto, adapted from "King Richard II." is:—

"He tires betimes, who swears too hard at times."

BRUSHWOOD.

We all love Brushwood. His smiling fat face, all shining, sleek, and rosy red, his ponderous massive jaws working at meal-times with a relentless regularity and evenness of motion that cause despair to would-be rivals, have endeared him to everybody. Unlike Mousie, he does not swear in ebullitions, but keeps up a steady stream all the time. His motto, adapted from "Richard II." is:—

"Slight vanity, insatiate Cormorant."

CHARLIE PALLIASSE.

Charlie derives his name, as the reader will probably guess, from the extraordinary affection which he has for his palliasse. It is touching to see their separation at Reveille; there is often not a dry eye in the hut. Tears stream down Charlie's cheeks as he assures it that their separation will not be for long—that he will come back at noon—that, come what may, he will remain true to his dear old palliasse. As he tumbles out on the floor his friends sing out "Cheer up, Charlie: 'The falling-out of faithful friends, renewing is of love.'" Charlie swears in an innocent, prattling manner, which makes it a pleasure to listen to him. His motto, taken from Victor Hugo's "Hernani" is:—"Une heure—à qui voudrait la vie, et puis l'éternité" (One little hour!—to him who would fain spend life, nay eternity, with thee!). Charlie never leaves his palliasse after his noon-day nap without muttering this motto, or rather hissing it "through clenched teeth," as the penny novelists have it.

PITCHEMOUT.

Pitchemout is a quaint youth who hails from Worcester. As might be expected, he has plenty of sauce. He is the only man in the hut who can swear adverbially, thus showing what a complete master of words he is. The following examples will give some idea of his style—(Deleted by Censor).

It will be noticed that he can pack twice as much strong language into a given sentence as anybody else. His motto, taken from Hamlet, is:—

"My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth."

LONGISH.

Longish is one of our youngest members, but, notwithstanding his youth, he has already displayed such considerable talent as to augur well for his future fame in the Colony. He has a beautiful ruddy face and pretty curly hair. When he starts swearing we all get curly hair. Of late he has had so much bad language in his mouth that it has

caused his teeth to decay, and he has had to fall sick once or twice. He is the only man in the hut with a monosyllabic motto, taken from the Ghost in Hamlet: "Swear!"

BOGUS.

It must not be imagined that there is anything bogus or sham about this interesting individual. He is the reverse of that. It is impossible to relate here the story of how he got his name, but any Peekoite can have a detailed account from Longulus of Hut 32 on payment of a fee of 2d. Bogus is a very noisy person. If ever he stops making a noise for ten seconds we all become alarmed. We crowd round him, feel his pulse, look at his tongue, and perform the various operations which we have been told are necessary on such occasions. One rude man, who does not belong to Cuss Colony, has more than once suggested that we should put a tourniquet on his tongue. It is only fair to state that this suggestion sprang from jealous motives. Smith's motto, "Audaci omnia perpeti," means, in rough-and-ready English, "Cheek enough for anything," and may be considered to sum him up to a nicety.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LONGULUS.

—:O:—

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

The pathetic incident that I am about to relate happened in one of the huts on the outskirts of Sandhill Camp, the object of the proprietor of the said hut being to minister to the needs of the tummy—as you were, Tommy.

One evening last week, being in need of a little excitement, and incidentally feeling a trifle peckish, I wandered into the precincts of one of these haunts of vice, and in a reckless moment ordered a "Benedictine," but on learning that nothing stronger than coffee was obtainable, I smothered my indignation, and resigned myself to my fate, at the same time determining to find scope, among this motley throng of medical students, for my pet hobby in life—the judging of the human character from the face.

Idly my gaze drifted from one to another, and when I got to the eighteenth man, and dismally failed to find anything that his best girl at Eastbourne would not like to see, I began to despair.

Suddenly my eye alighted on a man, who, unlike all the other smart, happy-go-lucky men of P Company, wore a devil-may-care, strained, haggard expression.

Ah, thought I, here is a man who is passing through some great crisis.

It was plainly evident that he was labouring under some great excitement, and I determined to get into conversation with him, with the object of offering consolation and practical help in his great trouble.

At first I put his agitation down to the fact that he was unable to obtain leave, but on reflection I decided it was something far more serious.

As I looked, he took from under his tunic a small white packet, and deliberately poured the contents into his coffee.

Merciful heavens! I saw it all now. The poor fellow was attempting suicide.

My mind instantly reverted to Alkalies and Acids, stomach pumps and emetics, and amid the chaos, I wondered what I should do, for, the roof of the hut being made of wood, it was impossible for me to knock a bit of the ceiling down to make into lime water.

Holy Moses! I decided to act quickly. He was raising the cup to his lips.

With an "I-am-a-hero" expression on my face, I dashed across the bar, and knocked the cup out of his hand, and a moment later it smashed into a thousand pieces.

Thoughts surged through my mind about how he would thank me, with tears in his eyes, for thus saving his life, so you can imagine how unprepared I was for what followed.

"You —, —, —.!!!" he shouted, and the adjectives that followed, in one long string, clearly proved that he really

ought to have been a Sergeant, or something equally noisy.

Of course, the boys crowded round, and, to justify myself, I explained the facts as I had seen them, and waited for the applause.

"Poison myself be —!!" he shrieked. "If you must know, I was merely putting my nightly pinch of Epsom salts into my coffee," and judging by the giant strength he displayed in kicking me outside the hut, I concluded that the previous doses must have worked miracles.

Wearily picking myself up, I struggled back to Hut 24, and firmly resolved to live it down, when, crash, bang, someone pulled me out of bed, as is the custom in this particular hut; and I realised that after all it was only a dream, caused through the partaking of such a heavy Army supper.

G.W.T.

—:O:—

SPORTS.

The change of weather has apparently worked wonders with us. Plenty of sport this week in all branches.

On Thursday our first boxing tournament took place. It was promoted by our S.M., whose energy is responsible for the first entertainment of its kind in the Training Centre, who, backed by a number of willing helpers, worked hard to ensure its success. A good crowd lined the ropes at 5.45 p.m., when the first pair took the ring. The officers' enclosure was well patronised, and of course that devoted to the sergeants was full. Pte. Oliver made a good referee. All the contests were of three rounds duration, each of two minutes, with one minute breathing time.

No. 1. Pte. Hill v. Pte. Leigh.—Plenty of bashing here, with little or no idea of guard. The general mode of attack appeared to be straight left and right swing, and both almost invariably got home. Leigh won on points.

No. 2. Cpl. Bourne v. Pte. Carter.—The cook gave in during the second round, owing to a damaged thumb, after showing his capabilities as a dancing master. There was considerable clinching, but Carter held his own fairly easily.

No. 3. Pte. Smith (No. 8) v. Pte. Press.—Press substituted for Powell. Smith was easily the winner, having advantage in reach, weight, and experience. Press was very game.

No. 4. Pte. Filby v. Pte. Kimbrey.—Filby gave in during the first round—a veritable hurricane. His wind apparatus gave out.

No. 5. Pte. Smith (No. 5) v. Pte. Martin.—The latter treated us to a "here-we-go-round-the-mulberry-bush" display. Both men landed good lefts, Smith being very steady; and seemingly having the verdict in his hands. Martin won by one point.

No. 6. Pte. Lynch v. Pte. Hartga.—Lynch won after a hot three minutes. Hartga gave in during the second round, which had been a beautiful "mix-up."

No. 7. Pte. Hall v. Pte. Morbey.—This was more of an exhibition bout, no hard blows being landed. Morbey won on a foul. Two of the seconds showed a new style of "fanning" their men.

No. 8. Pte. Corrie v. Pte. Pudney.—Corrie, a well-built lad, had a good style, contrasting strongly with that of his opponent. Pudney rather reminded one of a boxing kangaroo, slashing out wildly at times, missing the objective by "feet." Corrie landed a few good rights and won by a solitary point.

No. 9. Pte. Langton v. Pte. Guns.—What Langton lost in weight he made up for in years. Guns lost in the last round on a foul, slipping on the mat and hitting low. To all appearances he would have won, his boxing being much more steady and methodic than Langton's display.

No. 10. Pte. Johnson v. Pte. Gale.—These fought in the dusk. Both men were

cautious. Johnson leading, had his lead guarded down, losing the bout in the first round.

All things considered, a good start was made. Plenty of enthusiasm was displayed, and still better sport is looked for in the next tournament.

In the afternoon the second harriers' run took place. Seventy-five competitors faced Lieut. Dick (starter) and incidentally Sergt. Stow's camera. Quite half the pack started off at a sprint, and all we could see on the road was a long cloud of dust headed by a runner in white. The course was one of about five miles, and was covered in good time.

In the evening the Recreation Room was crowded to see the Commandant present both Running and Boxing Prizes, which were handed to him by the S.M., as M.C. of the evening. The Commandant expressed his great pleasure at the sport he had witnessed, and said that it spoke well for the sporting spirit of P Company. He hoped that this was the forerunner of many similar events. Cheers were called by the S.M. for the Commandant, the losers, and the winners. Then the boys let loose three lusty ones for the S.M., which as the Commandant remarked were well deserved.

The following are the prize winners:—

CROSS COUNTRY RUN.

SECTION TEAMS.

1. Section No. 2, 69 points.
2. Section No. 1, 83 ..
3. Band 130 ..

INDIVIDUAL RUNNERS.

1. Pte. Whatman, 33min. 23secs., Band.
2. Pte. Cotton, 33min. 27secs. Section No. 2
3. Pte. Mitchell, 33min. 38secs. Section No. 1

TEAM WINNERS—SECTION 2.

Pte. Cotton	33 min. 27 secs.
„ Gale	34 .. 26 ..
„ Elms	34 .. 43 ..
„ Newman	35 .. 8 ..
Lieut. Mohan	36 .. 52 ..
Pte. H. J. Robinson	37 .. 23 ..



Who are these that came out of great
heatulation—The Sergeants' Cooks.



CONGRATULATIONS—
Staff Sergeant Connor's Promotion.



HUT 11. "Nuff Sed."



PUTTING THE SHINE ON.

PEEKO JOURNAL.



HUT 28.



PEEKO "VARMER'S BHOYS."

PEEKO JOURNAL.



HUDSON BAY, alias SOAPSUDS VILLA.



HUT 25.



NO "LEFT TURN" THERE.



PEEKO ON THE MARCH



OUR MASCOT.

THE FARMERS GRUMBLE.

A Fantasy on "Peeko's" Field Days.

Tradition is a great thing, especially if it is British tradition. It is one of those possessions which come under the category of things "handed down from history." Capable of similar classification are marriages and beards. But there is a halo of attractiveness and usefulness surrounding the head of tradition, making it one of the chief blessings of history. Nobody except novelists and criminals can possibly look upon marriages and beards as blessings. The attractiveness of tradition consists in its appeal to glory of humanity, its stimulating effect on all the finer emotions, its noble inspiration, its incentive to national pride. The usefulness of traditions is mainly felt by politicians, who quote them to persuade people they are doing right when purposely doing wrong.

There are some traditions which are good and some bad; some true and some untrue. The purpose of this article is not to prove the distinction. It is to present a fantasy, based on the assumption that a particular tradition is true, namely, that a British farmer is an inveterate grumbler. He is supposed to grumble at fine weather, at wet weather, at good crops, and at bad crops. He grumbles if he is rich or if he is poor. He would almost certainly do a super-grumble if his favourite hen only hatched eight chickens instead of ten.

The farmer on whose land 'P' Company carried out its recent field operations may or may not be a worthy upholder of this tradition. Most probably he is a patriotic, estimable gentleman, beaming benevolently on all good things. If so he would certainly beam benevolently on 'P' Company and its leaders. But supposing he is a brilliant example of a grumbling British farmer—what a scope he had for the institution of fresh adjectives into the English language! What an opportunity to electrify the peaceful air of an unambitious countryside! Let

us bring imagination to our aid and picture the temperamental upheaval.

The farmer, in accordance with custom, has partaken of a good breakfast. He walks to the door, surveys the dawn, and proceeds to grumble because Nature had given him the weather he wanted. His ears catch the strains of music—it is a tune his young labourer whistles—he turns his steps into the field just in time to greet the "Peeko" boys. His greeting deserves a line to itself:

"Here the devils come!"

With fine bearing the lads marched and formed up in sections. Quickly they were detailed to their work. Patients were sent out to lay themselves down among the bushes or on the hillsides, stretcher bearers were despatched to search for and treat the "wounded," tents were pitched, and all the many adjuncts of a field ambulance encampment were built or arranged. Nearly two square miles of the farmer's land was trespassed upon.

After his first decisive ejaculation the farmer lapsed into momentary silence, which is a quaint kind of anger. Suddenly he turned about, retraced his steps to the farm, sat in his old armchair, and grumbled as follows:—

"Field Day they call it. Expect because it is on my field. Can't think what good such things do the nation. Makes a bit of sport for hundreds of young chaps who wear khaki and call themselves soldiers, and helps to ruin my bit of land which is going to help feed the women and children. Wonder which is best—me to attend to my land and produce food or these soldiers to bandage up men who aren't wounded. Fine game that! Good energy wasted! These military people always struck me as being cranks. Spend their lives thinking about war instead of peace.

"This war will drive me crazy before its finished. First of all the Government took my best horses, later on my only son joined the Army, leaving the missus and me to

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PEEKO JOURNAL.

struggle as best we can. Now these R.A.M.C. men come and practice on my land, covering it with litter, damaging fences, and creating a general disturbance. It's always the same. The poor old farmers have to put up with all the inconveniences. Can't understand what caused the war. Certainly I didn't; but I'm being punished for it. This practice on my land—hang the R.A.M.C. Wish they would get on with their work and stop creating discomfort. Bits of shirkers, these Red Cross men. Afraid to fight. The miserable lot of—

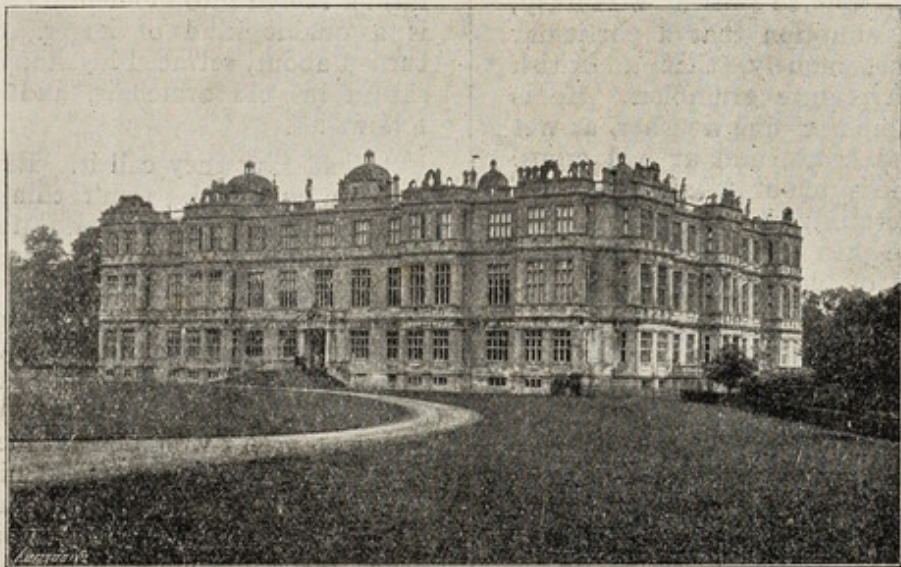
A knock at the door caused the sentence to remain unfinished. The farmer arose, and opened the door. He was handed a letter by the village postman. It bore the mark of a Stationary Hospital. The handwriting on the envelope was that of his son. Anxiously the farmer tore the envelope and read as follows:—

"Dear Mother and Father,—Just a short note to tell you I am in hospital wounded. A sniper's bullet passed through my neck. I thought I was past help, but an R.A.M.C. chap crawled through shell fire to my aid and attended to my wound. I am now practically certain of recovery, so don't worry. No time to write more. Love to all.
HARRY."

A few tears came into the stern old farmer's eyes as he handed the letter to his wife. Afterwards he walked into the field, there to see four men with a stretcher, bearing a bandaged soldier. They all wore on their sleeves the Red Cross.

"I was wrong about these R.A.M.C. lads," said the farmer to himself. They are as brave as other soldiers. . . . What do I care for my fields?"

A.W.



LONGLEAT HOUSE.

"Somewhere in England." Have you seen it?

Ask for good, and hope it, for the ocean of good is fathomless ;
Ask for good, and have it ; for thy Friend would see thee happy.

—*Proverbial Philosophy.* MARTIN TUPPER.

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SPORTS—Continued.**WINNERS OF BOXING CONTEST.**

CONTEST.	WINNER.	SECTION.
1	Pte. Leigh	8
2	" Carter	1
3	" Smith	8
4	" Kimbrey	8
5	" Martin	7
6	" Lynch	8
7	" Morbey	2
8	" Corrie	1
9	" Langton	2
10	" Gale	2

—:O:—

FOOTBALL.**Hut 5—Married v. Single.**

Last Monday week the married men, with great courage, took on their brothers of single blessedness. At half-time the unlucky ones (now which are they?) led by 3 to none. The single ones continued to pile on the score and finally won by 6 to none; as you were, to 1; Pte. West registering the single goal of the married or married.

R.A.M.C. v. A.S.C.

The A.S.C. arrived in fine style on Saturday to play the return match with the Medicals. Fine weather and a hard ground made the game a fast and exciting one.

Sergt. Oldfield won the toss, and the R.A.M.C. faced the sun. After careful mid-field play, our opponents took up the attack. Taylor raced away with the ball on the left, and passed to two inside forwards standing a few feet from goal and unmarked. It was a soft goal, Rogers making no attempt to save. Heath copied the A.S.C. game and swung the ball out to both wings in turn. This set our team going and worked down the field by good passing. Jenkinson and Doulby saw a centre go astray; the inside forwards evidently had left their shooting boots in the huts. In spite of the strong kicking of Ogden, Harland got through and experienced the hardest of luck, his shot glancing off the cross-piece.

Lt. Dickee and Harding each tried to pierce the defence, but to no purpose.

The second half was more or less a repetition of the first. Both defences were sound, Warnock, Heath, and Ogden playing at tip-top form, with our forwards the weaker of the two sets. Harland had an "off" day, his head work being much at fault.

Teams.—R.A.M.C.:—Staff-Sergt. Rogers; Staff-Sergt. Warnock and Pte. Mahwhiney; Ptes. Godfrey, Heath, and Sergt. Lovatt; Ptes. Jenkinson, Harding, Harland, Lt. Dickee, and Pte. Doulby.

A.S.C.:—Alwen; Ogden and Cpl. Robertson; Harrocks, Chapple, and Barry; Sergt. Oldfield, Counsell, Waite, Gilbert, and Taylor.

Referee:—Sergt. Pawson, O Company, R.A.M.C.

On Friday evening Section 1 beat Section 2 by 4—1 after a fine game.

What has happened to our sports committee? Meetings used to be held regularly during our all-too-brief stay at Eastbourne. What with cricket, tennis, and the rustic game of quoits on the horizon, surely these meetings should be revived.

R.F.R.

—:O:—

CRICKET.**HUT 26 v. HUT 34.**

The first cricket match of the season, so far as Camp 11 is concerned, took place on Saturday afternoon between these two huts. Hut 26 batted first, and, thanks chiefly to the efforts of Cotton (28) and Lancaster (13), made a score of 59. Hut 34 were disposed of for a total of 32, Peters taking six wickets, and Moreby four. The pleasure of the winners was considerably enhanced by the generosity of the proprietor of the Lancashire Bar, who presented a cigar to each member of the team.

W.S.B.