

Keen sports followers had a good afternoon's entertainment when the 203 C and D Troop boys battled it out on that ruinous and world renowned pitch at Hyde Park. The pitch was a real ball of fire and many a batsman cast a nervous eye at the mountains of dirt and sand placed in ruts with exquisite care by the R. S. M., while bowlers with ominous twinkles in their eyes were 'rarin' to do their stuff. C Troop, captained by Jack Duffy, on winning the toss didn't think twice about sending "DOG" Troop to the wickets, while the opposing skipper 2/Lt. Donald sarcastically remarked, "You know the wicket might out up, rough". The opposing batsmen suffering no doubt from lack of practice and too much dinner, proved that they were just as good at walking away from the wicket as to it, thanks to the good bowling by Thrush, who in this case was a really bad sort of bird, resulting in a couple of eggs and a total of sixteen runs for four wickets. At this stage the play was interrupted by a heavy downpour in the form of Major Beechey, who, taking the ball like a veteran astounded the boys by hitting the stumps, two out of three times. (It may be indiscreet to mention that there was no batsman at the other end). The downpour proved to last shorter than expected and "Dog" Troop resumed their innings. The mighty bat that the skipper wielded showed that "Donalds" are not always "ducks" as he ran up a score of 43 and the total to 73. "Charlie" Troop fared worse than their opponents, their procession to and from the wicket putting "Dog" to shame, though the "Blight" that chased them out apparently felt no sympathy and there were no "Alms for Arms", who dismissed a renowned opponent in Jack Duffy-- "These bowlers were assisted to a certain extent by the good work of Badland (it certainly was for the batsmen) and Boyd". Not one of "C" Troop's batsmen was able to cope with the bowling and found themselves in a precarious position with 8 for 23. D Troop were in high spirits when a "Dog Roger" arrived in a cloud of smoke or dust (We could not be sure whether the man was carrying the bike or the bike the man). However when the dust finally settled we saw the biblical twins (the disentangled man Kain and the bike Able (but only just). He brought news of a general alarm and in this case as our Donald was neither a Duck or a Drake play had to be adjourned. Printed and published without care or responsibility by the Editors Paddy Murray and Sgt. Lord at their Office Niccoli Chambers.

