

and churches, with its fortress and with its flags, the former filled with Bavarian peasants in national costumes, which surpass even those of the Black Forest, is indeed interesting. For the Regatta, we find the waters of the Main much more to our taste than those of the Neckar, and at the command 'Los,' both crews go off to a flying start, but we soon find ourselves rowing well ahead at a comfortable '34,' and sail in very easy winners. The festivities consequent on our victory we need only describe as adequate to the occasion. On the return journey, we stop in that most interesting of towns, Nuremberg, where the old houses, fountains, and cathedral, still stand much as they did two or three centuries ago; look at the torture chamber in the old castle, which makes us think our ancestors must have been particularly philanthropical, at the "deep well," some 300 feet deep, at "Hans Sacks," and Albert Dürer's house, and finally leave the town at 11 o'clock, reaching Munich at six next morning, and go to bed, at which interesting point, with many apologies for trespassing so long on your space, we take leave of the reader,

and remain, yours,

F. T. P.

#### THE SHOOTING EIGHT AT WIMBLEDON.

After all rifles had been fetched from the Armoury at head-quarters, where they had been collected the evening before for a final cleaning and examination, the representative shooting team for Wimbledon consisting of the VIII. entered for the Ashburton Shield, and the two cadets for the Cadet's Trophy, assembled at the Midland Station, on Tuesday, July 16th, under command of Lieut. Columbine. Starting by the 10.42 a.m. train, we arrived in London about noon, and crossed in an omnibus to Waterloo. Thence we proceeded to Putney, and then on a break to the Camp, which is about a mile and a half distant from the station. Arrived in Camp, a report was made to the Quarter-master, and by a welcome arrangement, bedding, blankets, etc., were brought up for us. This left us the afternoon and evening free to shake down, and see something of our new surroundings. The great attraction of the moment was watching the close finish of the Queen's Competition for the Premier Prize of the meeting, which was won by one point, amidst intense excitement, by Reid, of the 1st Lanarkshire Engineers. The victor was carried round the Camp in triumph according

to ancient custom; his features did not exhibit the lively joy which might have been expected from one in his position, but this was doubtless owing to proximity of a solitary but energetic pipes who, as a compliment to his nationality, strutted before the crowd playing, as far as could be judged, various appropriate Scotch tunes.

With the exception of a few concerts in marquee tents, the Camp was very quiet by 10 o'clock. Late hours are not conducive to shooting next day, and the brilliant, steady, old stagers who come to the Camp every year, do so with thoroughly practical and remunerative ends in view.

Next morning all were up early, and a few of our energetic members went for a bathe in a small lake lying a few hundred yards from our quarters, a treat we had not anticipated, and one which enabled us to remove all signs of having passed the night between the warm but exceedingly hairy blankets with which Government supplies its troops when under canvas. We then turned out to have a few experimental shots at the various butts which extend in divers ways across the common. What strikes the new comer most on his arrival is the incessant sound of shooting, which seems to be everywhere; literally, "shots to the right of them, shots to the left of them." [From whom is our correspondent quoting?—Ed.] Every now and then, the shots were interrupted by what sounded like an irregular volley. These volleys puzzled us for some time, until we discovered their origin in the disappearing targets for sharp shooting. After dinner, the weather, which in the morning had been threatening, closed in a settled wet for the afternoon and evening. In spite of this, we all had some shots at the 500 yards range, and a few enterprising spirits went in for pool, winning for themselves much glory and sundry 'bulls,' which next day turned out to be worth 2s. each, giving a return of nearly cent. per cent. for the investor.

On the morrow, the final day, we paraded at 10.30 punctually with the other Public Schools, in full parade order. We were then marched up to the parade ground, the schools taking precedence according to their performance in last year's shooting: Clifton at the head of the column, while Bedford, as new-comers, occupied an unobtrusive but honourable position at the reverse end. Thence we were told off to the firing point allotted us, and began at 11 o'clock, ending at 12.30, to be renewed again at 2 p.m. In the meantime we went to dinner, condoling with or congratulating one another, and

explaining at full length what we would have done, and what our scores would have been, if—ah, those ifs! The final result gave us a position of three from the bottom, but only three marks behind Rossall. Charterhouse was first with a total of 459, establishing a record and beating last year's winners by 26 marks. Our own place was not as high as we had expected, but finding, on enquiry, that almost every other school had at their first essay come out bottom, we consoled ourselves, and hoped for better luck next time. Our full scores stood:—

	200	500	Total.
Sergt. Walshe	30 +	28 =	58
Corp. Doig	27 +	27 =	54
Corp. Barclay	24 +	27 =	51
Sergt. Thompson	28 +	19 =	47
Sapper Sargent	27 +	20 =	47
Sergt. Byrde	22 +	23 =	45
Sapper Hutchinson	27 +	7 =	34
Sapper Barnes	14 +	16 =	30
			—
			366

Meanwhile, our cadets, Malek and Bell, were shooting at the other end of the common, under the guidance of Sergt.-major Williamson, who had come down in the morning with Capt. Glünicke in time for the Competition. They achieved a combined total of 76, the Trophy and £25 being won by Winchester with a score of 113, Wellington gaining 2nd prize, £15; and Harrow 3rd, £10, with 109 and 107 points respectively.

Next came the Spencer Competition, at 500 yards, the presumably best shot from each Public School competing. Here Corp. Doig retrieved our honour by his steady shooting, but unfortunately just missed getting 32 for a tie with the prize-winner; his last shot, which was a magpie, giving him a total of 30 and the 4th place: a most creditable performance considering the superior experience of his competitors. The cup was finally won by Pte. Richardson, of Rugby.

Meanwhile the time for our departure was drawing near, so after seeing some of the marvellous shooting for the "Elcho Shield," we had to hurry back and pack up ready for the 7.16 train, which we barely managed to catch. We arrived in due course at St. Pancras, where we were kindly "refreshed" by Mr. Walshe, prior to resuming our journey *en route* for Bedford, which we reached at 10 p.m., after a novel and thoroughly enjoyable experience. The only drawback was the feeling that it had been somewhat like the Irishman's oyster, "Splendid eating as far as it went, but

*there wasn't enough of it."* However, all good things must have an end, and those who will be staying on may console themselves with visions of future exploits next year, at Bisley, as the new Wimbledon is named. That they may on their return carry back the Ashburton Shield with all its attendant honours, and long preserve it to the glory of the School, is the hearty wish of

A SHOOTIST.

### SCHOOL REGATTA.

The Regatta took place on Friday, Saturday, and Monday, July 12th, 13th, and 15th. The weather on the whole was favourable, and though the spectators were several times threatened with a thunderstorm, the rain managed to hold up until after the racing on all three days. The rowing throughout, especially in the Open Fours, was distinctly above the average, and the onlookers were treated to some very close racing. The results were as follows:—

#### OPEN FOURS.

##### 1st round.

Popham's crew (ins.)	} beat	Watts' crew
Fairrie's crew (ins.)		H. Roberts' crew
Stone's crew (ins.)		P. Smith's crew
Barclay's crew (out.)		Branson iii.'s crew

##### Extra heat.

Fairrie's crew (ins.)	beat	Corry-Smith ii.'s crew
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##### 2nd round.

Fairrie's crew (out.)	} beat	Popham's crew
Barclay's crew (ins.)		Stone's crew

##### Final.

Outside.		} beat	Inside.	
Weston i. (bow)	}		Mundy i. (bow)	}
S. Graham i.			Adams	
Malek i.			Elsie	
T. Barclay (stk.)			Fairrie (stk.)	
Copner (cox)		Rickard iii. (cox.)		

A splendid race, won by a quarter of a length.

#### PAIRS UNDER 17.

Inside.	} beat	Malek
McIntire ii.		Maxwell
Jarvis	} beat	Daniel
Inside.		H. Roberts
Wingate ii.	}	rowed over.
Corry-Smith ii.		
Hutchinson	}	rowed over.
T. Roberts		

##### 2nd round.

Outside.	} beat	Hutchinson ii.
Wingate ii.		T. Roberts
Corry-Smith ii.	}	rowed over.
McIntire ii.		
Jarvis	}	rowed over.