

## Editorial.

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WE welcome two new Masters this term. Mr. Colgrave, M.A. Birmingham University, has come in place of Mr. Joseph; Mr. Mills from the Grammar School, Bridgwater, has come in the place of Mr. Kingcome.

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Our warmest congratulations to Mr. Hamill on his marriage, and our best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Hamill for many years of happy days. The boys presented Mr. Hamill with a silver inkstand when they knew of the happy event.

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Our good wishes to Dann, Singer, Rogers, Clarke (a), Adkinson, Allen, Baker, Clarke (b), Finch, Lee, Copsey, Robinson, Johnson, Aston and Daix, who left last Term.

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We greet in their places: Bond, Elphick, Muddell, Malins, Smith, Mitchell, Heath (b), Burningham, Retallack and Roe.

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The Term started very well in weather, work, health and play. Then the snow came in earnest, but stayed too long; the rain followed in the most persistent manner; finally the mumps appeared. It is seventeen years since we have had anything like an epidemic of mumps, but this term all arrears in this matter have been made good in full measure. With those who had them, those who thought they had, those who wanted to and those who did not, the average of absentees was well up to that of an ordinary Spring Term.

The Football was very good and keen up till the time of the first snow-fall, and we were fortunate to start the Junior League well by defeating Woking and Dorking with a good margin to spare.

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So many more of the Old Boys are away at the different Fronts, that we have not had so many visits from them this term as in previous terms; still we have had short visits from Lieuts. Harland, Franks, Bouette, Woodrow: Harding (i), Harding (ii),—the former a Co.-Sergt.-Major after six months service, the latter a Sergeant—O'Donnell, A. Fountain, R.F.C., V. Hawgood, Canadians.

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Captain Bivar, badly wounded in the Dardanelles, was recuperating in the neighbourhood, and came to see both the Junior League games. Some privileged Boarders had the honour of wheeling him home.

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Pollard, invalided home with dysentery from the Dardanelles, came over to see the return match with Woking on their ground (or lake), and cheered the 2nd XI on to victory.

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Eric Hart was badly wounded at Gallipoli, but is now rapidly recovering in hospital at Malta.

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V. Page, time expired in the H.A.C., and home from Egypt, is in some Officer's Training Corps, in London, getting ready for more labours with the Artillery.

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We have a small booklet with the names of Old Boys serving their country. In spite of the pains taken to

make the list complete, there must be many omissions ; but it will be a help if all Old Boys will send names of any not included in the list.

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Four more of our Old Boys have given their lives for their Country.

E. G. FEAR of Windlesham, who joined up at the beginning of the war, and went through months of hard training, died in hospital of pneumonia on March 7th.

Those of his time will remember him a quiet, conscientious, uncomplaining boy, who took everything as 'in the day's work.' Certainly he manifested the same spirit in his training and the same patience in his last trying illness.

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A. REYNOLDS of Aldershot, was killed in France last December. We have no details of his death. He was one of the faithful who are not famous ; he gave his life, and what can a hero do more ?

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LOUIS RENAULT who was a Boarder here in 1911 joined the French Army at the beginning of the war, and had been promoted to be Sergeant.

He was killed in a German attack near Hartmannsweilerkopf on December 28th, 1915. His officer spoke of him as a brave, dashing soldier ; we knew him as a painstaking worker, a keen sportsman and a good boy.

Lieut. VARNDELL is the first of the recent generation to give his life in the cause. It is but yesterday that he scored for the 1st XI; took the Major Scholarship; went off full of promise, mildly surprised at his success, to win new honours at Edinboro' University.

He oined up at the beginning of the war from the Edinboro' University O.T.C., and was delighted to find Palmer (i) in his platoon.

He was killed while repelling a hostile attack on a crater, the evening of March 18th, and was buried in the British Military Cemetery at Vermeilles. His Captain says: "He took the keenest interest in his work, and was so absolutely reliable in all he undertook."

We who knew him so well cannot refrain from adding that he lived the life and died the death that we are proud to claim as an example for all of us.

We offer our most sincere and respectful sympathy to the relatives and friends of these brave sons of England. "They seemed to die before their time, but they were soldiers; they died for their Country."

A. Hopcraft was wounded and in hospital at Basra; but we were glad to learn after a long period of waiting that he was better. His letter from India is very characteristic and interesting.

Lieut. Gilbert Hart, who went out in charge of some important work in connection with the water-ways of

Belgium, has been awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous bravery in the field.

As his ordinary duties do not bring him into the absolute firing line, we shall hope to have particulars for our next issue.

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## **Letters from Old Boys.**

**W**E have received a number of letters from Old Boys, and are very glad to be able to find room for eleven of these.

Nov. 20th, 1915.

Scout E. C. Riley writes as follows:—

Dear Mr. Priestley,

At last I have plucked up enough courage to write you a few lines as I promised before coming abroad. On our arrival last January we were stationed at Quetta on the North-West Frontier and there we were put through a very stiff training by a staff told off from a regular battalion—the Somerset Light Infantry. This lasted some three or four months, and by that time our own N.C.O.'s and officers had become efficient in the Indian training and could carry on by themselves.

The whole time we were training hard and had become a very fine battalion indeed. We were thought very highly of by the people of Quetta, but what was much more important—the G.O.C. had an excellent opinion of us. In the Brigade manoeuvres we came out top of the list, ahead of regular battalions, both British and Native.

I made a very nice circle of friends and was given a thorough good time—after my work was over. I became a member of the

Choir of the Garrison Church—St. Mary's—a mixed choir of some fifty voices. I also joined the C.E.M.S. and had the honour of being elected deputy chairman for the month of August to replace Mr. G. A. Somerville, who was extra busy with Cadets at the Staff College. No doubt you will remember the Somervilles of Ash Vale, I think the boy was at School about 1911-12. They amongst others, gave me a very good time indeed. Another old Farnhamian I met was Huggins, a cousin of Dickson; I think they lived in Farnham for a couple of years. He was at School at the same time as I was, and as near as I can say 1909-11. He is in the Supply Transport Corps—the A.S.C. of India. Poulter, who came out with us does not seem to get on very well with the Indian climate. He is always feeling poorly and despite all the well-meant "raggings" from his friends, will not attempt to shake it off. I really think he would be as fit as most of us, if only he'd put more faith in himself and make an effort to keep fit. At the beginning of last October 250 volunteers were asked for the Persian Gulf, and having survived no less than six medical exams, I found myself en route for Mesopotamia. We arrived here at Amarah on October 31st, and were stationed in small bungalows constructed of mud bricks and rushes. On the way up the River Tigris we were shown the traditional site of the Garden of Eden, and later on the tomb of Ezra the Prophet. These and one or two other interesting sights made the journey less tedious than it otherwise would have been. At present we are doing garrison duties here, and everything points to our wintering here. Preparations are on hand for the winter floods, and trenches have been dug all round the bungalows, so apparently we have something to look forward to. I forgot to mention that we were attached to the residue of the 1st/4th Battalion already here. Amongst them I met Charters of Ash: he seems to be keeping well and looks very fit.

Poulter was in hospital when the draft was chosen, so of course he could not come out with us.

I hope Mrs. Priestley, yourself, the family are in good health, also Mr. Stroud and Dr. Brown.

Please accept my very best wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

12/3/16

2nd Corporal F. Hendrey writes:—

Thanks very much for your card received yesterday.

Yes, we're all quite O.K. and skittish, but still wondering *why* such a demand for men and when they've got them they're not used. Our infantry have all had their baptism of fire (by battalions) now, and I really think we shall take over a sector of the line as a brigade soon. I've no doubt when we *have* we shall all wonder why on earth we all wanted to get so near! Still, we've been out here nearly three months now, so it's about time we were allowed to show what we can (or can't) do. I won't forget I owe a little light literature to the Magazine, but I won't attempt anything until we've seen a little more of the actual fight, otherwise I might be tempted to draw on my imagination too much!

We are now in a small mining town about twelve miles from the line and as I'm writing this, on what should be a quiet and peaceful Sunday morning, there is a loud and continuous roar of heavy artillery, of both armies, despite the distance. It seems very hard to believe that the enemy are so near, though I dare say you'll say: "Pooh, does he call twelve miles near?" Still, I dare say you will understand what I mean.

It is a lovely sunny, warm day, and the Church bells are ringing just as they probably are at Farnham at this moment (10.45 a.m.).

By-the-way, I can send a message of hope and promise of less work to those heroes of forms 3 and 4 who struggle as of yore with French verbs. THERE'S NO NEED TO!

Good gracious me! *What* a message! All the same it's perfectly true. All you've got to do is to use the pronoun and the infinitive of the verb, for any tense you don't know; and what's more important still, the people understand you quite well. Of

course they're quite prepared for much worse. The "Anglais Soldats" are all quite mad—they found that long ago, so they take his English-French as part of his insanity and give it up as a bad job.

Thus "I shan't be able to find my boots to-morrow if you put 'em there" becomes "Je ne pouvoir trouver mes bottines demain si vous les metter la."!!! What *would* Mr. Ebdon say to us?

If the afore-mentioned 3rd and 4th forms don't immediately fall on the necks of the B.E.F. and bless them, I think they ought to!

We had an air raid at dinner time last Friday. We were all sitting in the Signal office about one o'clock when two terrific crashes one after the other tumbled us downstairs and into the street to see what was up. We stared skywards and saw the reason. It was very misty and dull and "this" rapidly disappeared into the distance.

We then adjourned en masse to the scene of the explosions and found nothing worse than a few of last year's potatoes dug up in a ploughed field.

Everybody is now looking forward to the next in hopes an English machine will spot the Bosche and chivvy him.

I'm afraid I must close down now. With kindest regards to Mrs. Priestley and any who are at School whom I know,

Yours very sincerely,

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From Pte. J. C. Day:—

Dear Mr. Priestley,

Thank you very much indeed for your postcard and School Magazine which arrived safely some time ago. My mother is sending subscription from home as it is difficult to send money to England from here except in French notes and they would be a nuisance.

We are having extremely severe weather at present, but I hope that at the end of this month it will be over.

At present we are resting at a village some miles from the firing line but within sound of the guns. This is only the second rest since we have been out here. There is not even a shop or store in the place and we are practically cut off from civilization. However, the battalion has obtained two pianos so we are able to relieve the monotony to a certain extent.

Leave, in our battalion, has been temporarily suspended owing to traffic, but I hope it will start again soon. I suppose you know that Over has been home on leave. I was able to resume correspondence with him through his address being in *The Parhamian*. I also met his brother out here.

Well I suppose I must get into my blankets now as time is getting on.

Hope you and Mrs. Priestley are well. Please remember me to her, Dr. Brown and Mr. Stroud.

Au Revoir,

Yours very sincerely

J. C. DAY.

Dec. 31st.

Rifleman Dawe writes as follows:—

Many thanks for the parcel and your letter, which came about a week ago. About a week previous to that I posted you a letter with enclosure, which I hope has reached you safely.

We had a right good time here Xmas, with plenty of jolly fine food and entertainments, and under the circumstances could not have enjoyed ourselves better. We have had practically no cold weather since the beginning of December, and even the rain doesn't seem to come down quite so regularly nowadays.

In the camps here huts are rapidly displacing tents, and they are being well built too, not the sort of places where you are lulled to sleep every night by the gentle pitter-patter of the rain dropping through the roof on to your bed. Talking of huts, some time ago

there was an English firm out here building wooden hospitals, and of course they brought their own employees out with them. These employees were allowed two eggs for brekker, and one day the Manager stopped one of these eggs for each man, which caused a quarrel, ending in a large strike, most of the workmen returning back to England two or three days after, leaving the work unfinished. I'm afraid that is not an absolutely reliable story, but as far as we know its quite correct. I wonder if they do that sort of thing in Germany.

Not 'ong ago the *Sphere* published a large plate of THIS camp and headed it "The New British Camp in Salonica." Don't you think the Germans, etc., will get a jolly hot reception when they do arrive in Greece.

There are a lot of Scotch troops here, so I guess we shall have some fun here to-night (New Year's Eve). Our batt. was lucky in getting Xmas out of the firing line, but we expect to get some more severe doses of "strafe," also to return same, before many weeks are out, at any rate before the many bare, naked-looking poplar avenues in France and Belgium clothe themselves with verdant foliage again. Trusting you are quite well and that you had a very enjoyable Christmas.

I remain,

Mar. 8th.

J. R. Dutton writes as follows:—

Dear Mr. Priestley,

Thank you and all the F.G.S. for the nice parcel you sent me. I was very pleased to receive same yesterday—also your kind letter,

I hope all the old F.G.S. boys out here are as well as I am at present. We've had some pretty "tough" times out here one way and another, but I can truthfully say we all make the best of it and are all in jolly good spirits.

We are just at present in one of the hottest parts of the line ; a place you all know very well by the accounts of the big scraps that have taken place at intervals since 1914.

We've had, or, rather, are having much the same weather as you—tons of snow.

If you can spare the time I shall always be very pleased to to get a few lines and hear how the old school is going on—where I had such a good time.

With all kind wishes for Mrs. Priestley and yourself and all good luck to the F.G.S.

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2nd Bn. South Lancers Rgt.

B.E.F.

16-3-16.

Lieutenant Franks writes:—

Dear Mr. Priestley,

Many thanks for P.C., yes it recalled old times sure enough, and really I wouldn't mind having them over again. I have left the 27th Reserve Park now; in fact I've left the A.S.C. altogether. I got my Captaincy in the A.S.C. but not being able to get a regular commission there, I took a regular commission in the infantry. I had a long railway journey up country and there we remained for several weeks. I had to learn all about machine guns, bombs etc. The weather was wretched and we had a rotten time all round. Now we've had several long marches and are in very interesting and glorious country.

I cannot write much now as we are just summoned to appear with our maps at Orderly Room.

One of our men blew himself up with an aerial torpedo as we were leaving billets yesterday morning.

Please give my kindest regards to Mrs. Priestley and all whom I know, that may be left.

Yours very sincerely, S. FRANKS.

15th. Bn. London Regt.

B.E.F., France,

7-3-16.

Dear Mr. Priestley.

Now that I have settled down in France, I thought I would let you know how things are going on. We landed here after a very rough voyage, which played havoc with the troops on board, and we have been doing some training before being sent up to the trenches. We are under canvas, and although we are rather crowded, we are as comfortable as can be expected. The weather has been mild until last evening when it began to snow and this morning the snow was a good many inches deep.

I was sorry to hear that the 1st Eleven were knocked out of the final, but hope the 2nd will be able to make ample amends.

Everyone is very optimistic, and most of the men prefer the trenches to the base.

Kindly remember me to Mrs. Priestley, Mr. Stroud and Dr. Brown.

Hoping you are in the best of health,

Yours very sincerely,

Pte. H. A. ATTON.

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A. C. Hoey,

East African Transport Camp,

Kajiado, B.E.A.,

2/2/16.

Dear Mr. Priestley,

I have been meaning to write you sometime past and am sorry not to have done so before. Many thanks for your letter of good wishes which I got about Christmas time and although I'm very late in the day, please accept my very best wishes to Mrs. Priestley and yourself for the year.

Yes, I feel very guilty at not coming to see you when I was home, but as a matter of fact I was only in England a month and left you for B. E. A. a week after I was married. It was simply one rush from start to finish. I had to get back here to attend a Government Auction Sale of Land. We had a very narrow shave of being taken on to G. E. A. We got off a German ship the day before war was declared at Mombasa. Of course the country was in an awful turmoil and we hurriedly organised local forces to withstand a German invasion. The Germans had some good tries at breaking up our railway, etc., but we never really suffered.

As you probably know we are now going to invade G. E. A. in force and I hope before very long you will hear that we have conquered G. E. A.

I have had quite a busy time, I have been serving on the Governor's War Council.

Three settlers representing the three farming districts were elected to the War Council to help organise the country on a war footing and as I was elected for my district, I've been settled in Nairobi for a time. Anyway I'm glad to say now that operations are about to commence, I have got a more congenial job. I am in charge of the mule transport which has just come up from S. Africa. I shall have a very interesting time when we really start. I have to carry ammunition and supplies for the advance cavalry, so I expect to be right up with the advance troops. I have a splendid outfit—50 mule waggons drawn by 10 mules each, and I have 10 Europeans and 120 Cape boys.

As you know, General Smith Dorrien is taking over the show and we have some fine troops here already. A lot have been sent from France. By the time you get this we shall be well into G. E. A. I hope. Where I am writing this is just across the boundary, at our advance depot, which is just in G. E. A. We get a lovely view of Kilimanjaro and it is quite close. My wife is living in Nairobi awaiting my return and is helping in the Supply Depot. She works there from 9 a.m. to 1 every day, so we are all doing our bit. My two brothers are with the forces. One with

the Maxim guns and one on railway construction (into G. E. A., a branch line from our main line).

I shall be glad to get back and settle down again on the farm. It is very hard also being parted for so long. I was most interested in your magazine and with the various letters from old boys who are at the Front. Hoping you are very fit and well and with kindest regards to Mrs. Priestley and Mr. Stroud.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

A. CECIL HOEY.

P.S.—Herewith a small donation for the Cadet Corps. Wishing it all good luck and I am most awfully pleased you have at last got it started. A. C. H.

Dec. 10th, 1915.

Private Tomlin writes as follows:—

Dear Mr. Priestley,

Many thanks indeed for the parcel, which reached me yesterday. Needless to say the contents received a hearty welcome. I rather think Mr. Mitchell will have another regular customer, when this little war is over.

Unfortunately I was rather pushed for time when I visited you in September, so that I found I was already very late when Dr. Brown left me. I could not find you at the moment, so unfortunately had to part without saying farewell. That short leave seems like one long dream to me now. I seemed to be here, there, and everywhere, and then suddenly found myself back in France.

On my return I found everybody in a hurry and bustle making ready for the move. Of course the cavalry were expected to be required for a big dash through.

I was one of those selected to stay behind at the Base office through which all the work had to come for the advanced party.

As there were only three of us left we had to work hard. During the week of the advance we saw very little of our blankets.

Now, however, things are going very easily with us, as the cavalry are having another rest period. This of course may possibly last through the winter but there is a scheme on foot to make good use of them in the front line. I suppose the boys are all eagerly looking forward to the time when their teachers will be ladies.

I am sorry to hear Football has not gone well this year, it would be a great pity if this war killed the game altogether.

The operators have purchased a ball and hope to get a team together. We have some very good talent among us so should manage a quite good team.

The weather has been all against sport lately though—raining all day long for several days now.

I hear fairly regularly from the brother but he is much too busy to write very much. His battery has been hard at work ever since they came out in May. You can see no doubt that the newspaper reports concern artillery duels almost every day now.

I applied for a commission last month but as I have heard nothing farther I fear the C.O. must have prevented it going forward.

Such, of course, is military discipline. I hope, however, to meet with some success later on.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Priestley and yourself,

Yours very sincerely, etc.

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18-3-16.

Private Lionel J. Mitchell writes as follows:—

Dear Mr. Priestley,

Many many thanks to the boys for their splendid parcel and for your kind letter.

I noticed in the "School Mag." the name O'Connor, which reminds me that whilst leaving hospital a few weeks ago, I met him in the doorway.

Of course he was pleased to see me, I being the first "Old Boy," he had met out here.

O'Connor is a sergeant in the 1st Canadian Field Ambulance, the very same hospital I had been in, we of course arranged a supper, which took place the same evening, and had a splendid time.

Bertie Hine is also near me, and at the first opportunity I am going to pay him a surprise visit.

It seems quite a long time since I saw you last whilst on leave, and I am still hoping for more before the summer is out.

The weather has been glorious these last few days, quite a treat after the awful weather we have been having.

I have absolutely no more news for you so must close.

Please remember me to Mr. Stroud, with regards to Mrs. Priestley and yourself,

Yours etc.

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15/10/15.

Private Hopcraft writes as follows:—

Dear Mr. Priestley,

I'm sorry to say it is ages since I wrote to you, and I must apologise for the long delay, and excuse myself by saying there is so little to write about. I think a short diary of our doings out here will be most interesting to you. March was chiefly occupied in doing Batt. attacks on various places and lasted from 6 to any time up to 12.30. In April nearly half the Batt. went away to two hill-stations for the hot weather.

From April 23rd—May 14th our 60 were at the fort at Nagpur, during which time I did eight guards, so we had a fairly hard time. When we arrived we did very little. Parade 5.15—6 for physical,

6.15—7 rifle exercises and drill, 7—8.15 bathe in the river. The river couldn't possibly be called clean, but we had some fine bathes, altho' there was no diving. From 8.30—4.30 we were practically confined to our bungalows. We were on our beds all day, and the punkahs gave just sufficient air to breathe. The temperature was 118°—120° in the shade for some time, and two days it was 122°. We didn't even have it cool at night, and one night in the early May it was 106° at 2 a.m. In the evenings we either played hockey, went bathing, or had a run. The hockey was quite good in spite of the heat and a peculiarity of the soil which gives one a terrible throat.

On June 8th I was given 1½ hours notice to pack for six days' journey to Dagshai and back on escort duty to four native cavalry prisoners. Nobody knew where it was, but that didn't worry us much. We left Kamptie station at 7 p.m. and went *via* Gondia, Jubbulpore, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Delhi and Kalka to Kumarhatti—the station for Dagshai. We started guard two hours on and two off, then four on and four off, and finally 2 on and 6 off, except at big stations, etc.

We were very comfortable off guard, but it wasn't very pleasant when in with the prisoners. I was lucky at Allahabad, as we reached there at 12.15 a.m. and I came off then, and we had to wait until 5 a.m., so I soon had a blanket on the platform with kit-bag for pillow, and I had four hours lovely sleep on the softest bed imaginable. We reached Delhi at 8.15 p.m. and managed to get a good dinner there. From Kalka onwards we had a magnificent journey as we were in the foot mountains of the Himalayas. The scenery and the air was gorgeous, especially after the endless plains. The scenic railway isn't a patch on that wonderful mountain railway, with its big gradients, sharp curves and glorious views. We reached our destination about mid-day, June 11th, and weren't sorry to hand over our prisoners at the big prison there. We were now about 7,000ft. up, and could see snow in the distance and mountains all round.

We got leave to stay there three days and the 4th Dorsets (T) gave us a ripping time. We put in our time looking round, mountain climbing, etc., and even managed to play a Co. at Soccer. We were beaten, of course, but had a very fine game and surprised the Dorsets rather. We had had no practice and only 18 men to choose from. Our final team was five soccer men, three ruggar and three "casuals," not exactly an ideal team. On the Sunday we watched their Church Parade, afterwards attending. We left at 3.30 p.m. on the 14th, after

having had a fine time. We reached Delhi at 6 a.m. on the 15th, and visited the Fort, Palace and Museum. It is impossible to describe them and one could have spent hours there. We left at 10.40 and reached Agra at 5.30, where we had two hours to wait, so paid a flying visit to the Taj Mahal. It is a magnificent place, and well worth our very short visit. The work is very fine indeed and the echo marvellous.

Our journey took us through Jhansi, Bina and Ltarsi, and we reached Bhusarval at 3 a.m., where we changed and left at 7, arriving at Kamptie at 7.45 p.m. on the 17th. We travelled about 2,500 miles in our journey, getting within 35 miles of Simla and seeing quite a lot of India, so we did very well.

We did two days firing, and on the 25th came to Nagpur again, returning on July 8th. After two more days firing and various jobs, I came to Nagpur again on the 23rd, and was recalled on Aug. 2nd to do some firing. I next had a turn at marking for nearly three weeks, and at the end of August we fired our classification. I managed a 1st Class again, although I started very badly. During August we sent a draft of 40 men to the Persian Gulf, and it was owing to a bit of rotten luck that I didn't go, but I believe they are only on garrison duty.

At the end of August I went down the Detention Barracks, as the Cpl. is a friend of mine, and stayed there till Oct. 6th, when we came to the Fort again. We had two days field-firing, at which I did rather well, and certainly enjoyed it as it is very sporting.

I have just been on a paper-chase, which was very good. It was about four miles and fairly heavy going and one first-class check.

Yesterday we played hockey and had a fine game.

I think this is about all this journey, and its nearly mail time. Please remember me to Mrs. Priestley and the children, whom I hope are well. Hoping I shall see you again before very long, and wishing you the best of health, and the dear old School, the best of luck.

I remain, ever yours sincerely,

A. HOPCRAFT.

B.E.F., 11th March, 1916.

2nd Lieut. Langford writes as follows:—

Dear Mr. Priestley,

Just a line to let you know that I have arrived somewhere in ——— at last. We had a good crossing, and no submarine trouble, and landed early in the morning in a rather thick snowstorm. We had a good welcome from the inhabitants and the children followed our men for miles, asking them for "Bisケット" and "Corned Bif," for which they have a great partiality, and, I am sorry to say, the men are only too glad to get rid of them. You often hear the men discussing the biscuits; one in my Platoon asked the Platoon Sergeant how many it took to make a man bullet-proof—and there was reason in the question.

We were under canvas the first night and it was none too warm as the snow was 8in. deep all over the camp. We left the camp at mid-day next day and then entrained for our final destination and arrived here after a very long train journey. The men came along in the inevitable cattle truck with the inscription:—

HOMMES, 40.

CHEVAUX, 8.

Time seems no object out here; the engine-drivers got out when they pleased and the train stopped about every mile to admire the scenery. We are behind the firing line at present but can hear the guns quite plainly, but "Brother Bosche" has made no attempt to shell us.

An enterprising Taube was quickly chased off by five British machines the other morning, and several bombs were dropped on a village near here the other day. We go up to the trenches in two or three days time, and then the fun commences.

We are billeted in a farm and fortunately there are plenty of eggs, butter and milk. We have eggs for breakfast, dinner and tea and are getting quite good cooks; I personally felt awfully bucked at turning out quite a creditable omelette, and Wood and Clarke turned out poached eggs, etc., with the help of a "Billy." We are all in the pink of condition out here, though the men are grumbling rather about the continued Bully Beef Ration, still a change is coming. Best luck to the old School, and kindest regards to Mrs. Priestley,

Yours very sincerely.

March 20th, '16.

2nd Lieut. Harry Heyward writes as follows:—

I have your postcard of St. Patrick's Day and I certainly agree that I have been slack as a correspondent, but I do claim to have acknowledged the Magazine during either December or January. At the end of this week I shall have completed six months in the country and my present whereabouts are such as to give me a reasonable hope of doing so.

I cannot claim to have had a bad time at all—one grows accustomed to shells more quickly than might be supposed and though we certainly had a good deal of water to contend with, the winter has not been so very severe.

The worst experience was the gas attack of Dec. 19th, which caught me asleep in a dug-out at 5.30 in the morning. Dr. Brown had impressed the properties of Chlorine so vividly on my mind that it was soon recognised and my helmet rapidly adjusted. Simultaneously with and subsequent to the gas came a furious bombardment in which both sides expended about 120,000 shells. From a position of tolerable security I was able to watch this and it is a sight I shall never forget. The following night is equally memorable as I fell into a trench full of water and only my head remained above water level. Once too, quite recently, a German shell burst near a dug-out in which I was sitting and a piece made a large hole in the roof and hit me on the foot without doing any damage.

St. Patrick's Day contained in the official communique for the day a small item of news which closely concerned me. It stated that "last night our troops made a raid into an enemy trench with satisfactory results." This brief statement describes an experiment carried out by the men of my Battalion after considerable practice and some disappointment. I was not one of the raiders, but acted as adjutant to the proceedings, ready to take part if the leader was strafed and commissioned to check all those returning, receive their reports and report to Brigade. All returned and only one man was wounded. The business cost us three whole nights' rest and a good deal of extra work by day and we received the congratulations of Brigade, Division and Corps Commanders. Two officers should receive the Military Cross and some men the D.C.M., but these awards are at present in the air.

I had six days leave in February and intended coming down to see you but I found that peace and quiet was so delightful that I left my home only on rare occasions and only for short periods.

I took them home two German whizz bang shells complete, a six inch base weighing several pounds, any number of railway tickets from the railway station of a now well-known town and other curios, the combined weight of which probably accentuated my need of rest.

A few days ago I had an interesting piece of work to carry out which entailed visiting strong points behind our lines and I was able to appreciate the skill of those who selected them.

Winter had a last fling at us about a week ago and now we are enjoying those first joyous days of spring which make war seem worse than ever.

Some months ago I turned poet and you shall judge from the result what effect the war is having on me.

I must draw to a close (as Tommy says). My best wishes to you and Mrs. Priestley and all at the School.

#### ANOTHER HYMN OF HATE

*(With apologies to a former Poet Laureate).*

Bavarians, Prussians and Saxons are we ;  
We all are united in hatred of ye.  
Bullets we've many and shells just a few,  
And all that we have we'll send over to you.  
May water beset you and mud hold you fast,  
And your rotten old trenches fall on you at last.

Gott grant that the shells we send over so often  
May serve just a little your courage to soften.  
May snipers who lie and take shots at your head  
Catch you when you're bending and fill you with lead.  
O! Albion's children from over the sea  
We all are united in hatred of ye.

Written somewhere in Belgium, somewhere in the the trenches,  
on a wet day in December.

H.H.

## Cadet Corps.

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THE history of the Cadet Corps this term has been largely one of parades hindered by extremely bad weather and ranks depleted by sickness, but in spite of both these hindrances there has been much enthusiasm on the part of all concerned. When we have been unable to parade in the open air, we have had recourse to the gymnasium to do physical drill under the watchful eye of our O.C. But the large number of casualties we have sustained from the determined attack of our enemy the mumps has been a big difficulty in the term's work.

Perhaps the most important incident of this term was our recognition as a Cadet Corps by the War Office. We were consequently affiliated to the 5th Battalion of the Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment, and with great pride do we wear the badge of the oldest regiment in the British Army.

This affiliation has also affected us in other ways, notably that we have been ordered to discard our frontiersmen's hats and substitute the more orthodox but less comfortable service caps of the usual pattern. We have also provided the twenty eldest boys with breeches instead of shorts, and it is intended, as funds permit, gradually to replace the shorts throughout by the more usual breeches.

Affiliation further means for us that we are liable at any time to be inspected by the officer or officers whom the Territorial Association may send down, and we are certain to have at least one full inspection by a Regular

Officer, detailed by the G.O.C. in chief, so this should serve as an incentive to all to raise ourselves to the highest pitch of efficiency, so that we may do credit to the regiment to which we are affiliated.

We have continued to parade three times a week, usually having platoon or squad drill on Tuesdays, a route march on Thursdays, together with an N.C.O.'s lecture on the same day, and company drill on Fridays. Much progress has been made in marching and general carriage by the corps as a whole, and this is largely due to the energy which the N.C.O.'s have put into the occasionally monotonous, but highly necessary work of squad drill. Our short route marches have further helped to inculcate the lesson of steadiness and discipline on the march. and although perhaps our dressing has not always been wholly satisfactory, we have not been altogether ashamed of our occasional appearances before the critical eyes of the Farnham public. Company drill has provided the N.C.O.'s with an opportunity for distinguishing themselves, and certainly the ease with which the corps has learned such complicated evolutions, as charging directing in close column, etc., has been a testimonial to the intelligence and discipline of all concerned.

We are now 72 strong having got 23 recruits at the beginning of term. The N.C.O.'s are, Co.-Sergt.-Major Neave, Sergeants Corner, Putnam, Banham and Mansell, who act as Platoon Sergeants, Corporal Knotts, and L.-Corporals Fassnidge, Clarke and Briant are second in command of their Platoons, while Corporal Giles acts as quartermaster, and Corporal Smith is musketry N.C.O. A special word of praise is due to the efficient supervision of Co.-Sergt.-Major Neave, and also the arduous labour of

the quartermaster, Corporal Giles, who has had very much to do during the recent changes in the corps uniform. If any regiment requires a really thorough very reliable quarter-master we can recommend Giles—as soon as we have done with him.

And now we have much to congratulate ourselves upon, but let us not rest upon our oars. We have still much to learn in the matter of discipline generally and in the ordinary routine of corps work but if we do it remembering our obligations to our country, our regiment, and our school, we shall be able to give a really good account of ourselves.

Unfortunately in the Cadet Corps, as in every other branch of life, finance looms very large, and although we do not wish to emulate the daughters of the horse-leech, we should like to say that most gratefully would we received donations to what, even in these hard days, we cannot help believing is a worthy cause. We also wish to acknowledge gratefully a total of £17 17s. 8d. in donations received so far:—Lieut. Dudley, £5; A. C. Hoey, Esq., £3 6s. 8d.; the Headmaster, Lieuts. Harland and Adams, £2 2s. each; Mr. Fassnidge, £1 1s.; Mrs. Whetman, £1; Mr. Fisher, 10s. 6d.; Sergt. Toyey, 10s.; Mr. Moseley, 2s. 6d. If there are any who have seen their contributions acknowledged before, they will realize that a double recognition means a double share of gratitude: *bis dat qui cito dat*. The list is up to date, but not closed.

Finally, if there are any recruits, let them not lurk away secretly in the dark places of the school, but let them come forward and do their duty. "If the cap fits you," as the famous recruiting poster says (or rather said) we bid you in the name of the Corps—wear IT.

B.C. 

## **Football Notes.**

THE Football this term has been greatly interfered with by bad weather. We have had only three games when the ground was in good condition. Our chief attention has been centred on the 2nd XI. The fact that some half a dozen members of the 1st were "under age," made us hope that we might retain the Junior Cup. Our first match justified our expectations when the huge score of 14 goals was piled up against Dorking, and later on when we defeated Woking easily by eight clear goals.

The chief strength of our team lies in Clarke, the Captain and centre-forward. His well-judged passing and well-delayed shots have been much more than our opponents could contend with. The rest of the forwards have backed him up splendidly, especially Fassnidge and Pitt, though the latter has unfortunately missed one or two games through illness.

At half, Whetman and Read have been very good; our right half has been rather weak, and we hope to remedy this for the final. Nevertheless they have been able to defend our goal very well indeed, judging from the goals scored against us, which only number two, in league matches. Smith at full back has been good, but liable to mis-kick, and charge the man instead of getting the ball. Faulkner has been excellent when he has played, but we have only seen him once or twice. His substitute Godsland has been able to do himself credit. Robins in goal has been grand, and has made many really brilliant saves.

Whenever a match has been arranged for the 1st XI. something has happened to prevent it, usually rain or snow. Two interesting matches have been played, one

with the Wounded Soldiers at Waverley Hospital, and the other with Farnham Junior F.C. Our match with the Aldershot County School has been postponed on two or three occasions owing to the weather, so that we have no date to play them this term.

The Final for the Surrey Cup has not been played yet, but we hope that Clarke will be able to bring his team successfully through, and that the Cup will stay at Farnham, for at least one more year.

### S.S.S.F.A.

#### FARNHAM v. DORKING at Farnham.

From the start Farnham attacked, and gave the Dorking goal an anxious time. The ball came out to Read who scored our first goal with a clever long shot. We again attacked and forced a corner, but in the scrimmage which followed the ball went outside. From a centre from Fassnidge, Whetman shot, Lush helping the ball through. Then Dorking broke away, but our defence skillfully cleared. After this, the play was mainly in the Dorking half. Lush scored our third goal from a clever pass by Clarke. There was much clever work in front of Dorking goal, and after several shots had gone wide Pitt scored No. 4, followed immediately afterwards by No. 5 from Lush. The little Dorking backs could not effectually clear, and the feeding of our halves gave our forwards every chance, three more goals being scored before half-time.

Our superior weight told on Dorking and we were continually in their half, but they defended their goal pluckily, although we were always at the goal mouth. They broke away on two or three occasions and once looked very dangerous. Whetman, however, cleared.

Six more goals were added to our score and the game ended in a very decisive win for us by 14-0.

F.G.S. v. WOKING COUNTY SCHOOL,

At Home.

Judging from the first ten minutes of the game, it seemed that the teams were very even. Woking bore down on our goal, and there were exciting minutes, but the ball eventually went behind. From the kick-off Fassnidge secured the ball, made a fine run down the wing, and from his centre Lush scored our first goal. Our end was again attacked, and during the scrimmage in front of goal, Robins brought off a magnificent save. Soon after this Clarke worked through and scored our second goal. Our right wing gave the Woking defence a great deal of trouble, and Bastow notched No. 3 from one of the centres. Fassnidge was unfortunate in not scoring on two occasions. The Woking goal was well defended, but we were able to get 2 more goals in quick succession. Our superior weight and Clarke's clever foot and head work told in our favour.

We had the greater part of the play in the second half, and only over-eagerness prevented us from not scoring more. Fassnidge made run after run, and from one of his centres Lush scored again, No 6. Clarke made a fine opening, which Pitt cleverly took advantage of, scoring No. 7. Our forwards played together well, and Clarke scored twice more. The game ended in another decisive win for us, so that our position in the League was very strong.

## F.G.S. v. WOKING.

Played at Woking.

The ground was in poor condition for football, part of it being under water. We kicked off down hill, but could not get through for some time. The large ground spoilt the chances of the small Woking forwards, and as the floods were in our half much excitement was caused by splashing in after the ball. Most of the play was in the mid-field, but eventually we were successful in scoring, thanks to some clever work by Clarke. Immediately after this the smart little Woking wing ran through and passed to an unmarked man, who had little difficulty in scoring. For the rest of the half the play was very even, the defence on both sides being very good. The puddles made play very difficult for our left back and half.

We started the second half briskly, the forwards playing together better, and were soon at the Woking goal. Whetman at half made some excellent passes; one of these Bastow secured and from his centre Clarke scored No 2. Immediately after this Lush and Clark were responsible for No. 3. Woking frequently broke into our half and we were only saved by the good judgment and energy of our goalie; Brownjohn, too, made one good save, hooking the ball out of the goal mouth. Our forwards were too good for the Woking defence, and Clark scored twice more, and Whetman once with a long high shot from half-back.

The outstanding features of the game were the defence of Whetman and Robins, the clever play of Clarke, and the intelligent, sporting passes of Bastow.

## F.G.S. v. WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

Played at Waverley.

When we lined up for this game we were fresh from the holidays, and rather out of training; but in spite of this we enjoyed the game thoroughly. From the kick-off we attacked the Soldiers' goal, but were eventually checked. The play was transferred to the other end, and some exciting times followed. As we were faster than the Soldiers we had them at an advantage, and scored our first goal some twenty minutes after the start. Although we repeatedly attempted to get to close quarters, we were kept back by their Captain who played left-back. Much amusement was caused by the jokes and various remarks of one of the "Die hards."

We changed over leading by one goal. The soldiers broke away on the left, and the "Die hards" scored with a fine shot. For some time the game was of even nature, the soldiers being greatly elated at equalising. We eventually got through their defence and scored twice more, the soldiers notching one point.

We were all sorry when the game ended, for a more enjoyable game we have never played, and we enjoyed the jokes as much as the game.

After tea they showed us over the Hospital, a truly beautiful building, and it was with regret that we parted from them, for another game with the same team was not possible, as most of them would be discharged in a few days.

## The Boarders.

THE history of the Boarders this term has chiefly been characterized by a patient and earnest waiting for the coming of the enemy. Day after day, as in the times of the Inquisition, one of our number disappeared secretly and silently; the place thereof knew him no more. Sometimes we caught passing glimpses of him in the distance, but whether in the body or but a mere spirit, we knew not. Ghostly murmurs reached our ears, and even fair stories of the Elysian fields where they fled the time carelessly, as they did in the Golden Age, so that certain of our number tried to reach the fair pastures by unlawful means. But all in vain, for not until the grim enemy came and seized them by the *necks*, were the creaking gates opened and another mortal welcomed to the abode of the blessed.

This great fact, as you may well imagine, reader, has coloured all our usual occupations. Our favourite game has been "Ghosts," and even our songs have been characterized by a certain morbid note. For you must know we have suddenly developed into a rare nest of singing birds, and the sound of revelry by night is heard in the ancestral halls.

Our favourite songs have been, "Massa's in the cold, cold grave," and another of which the following is quite the choicest verse.

In a corner of the churchyard,  
Where the myrtles you may see,  
Grow the roses in their posies,  
Fertilized by Fxxsxxdxe B!

For the rest there is little to narrate except that we

have now learnt by what means heresy is swept out of our churches.

We welcome the new Boarders Muddell, Malins and Hose.

**War Fund.**

OUR totals do not reach so high a figure this term as last, which must be put down partly to absence and to the general scarcity of money. Fewer parcels have been despatched, but most of them have contained articles of greater value.

Following are the term's subscriptions (up to the time of printing):

	£	s.	d.
Form VI	16	0	
„ V	8	0	
„ IV	7	6½	
„ IIIA	3	2	
„ IIIB	3	10½	
„ II	1	10	
„ Prep.	3	8½	
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	£2	4	1½
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S. D. WHETMAN.

FINAL S.S.S.F.A.  
 FARNHAM v. SUTTON.  
 Played at Dorking.

The ground and weather were good, although it was perhaps too hot for the players to do themselves full justice. Having lost the toss, we kicked off, and immediately attacked the Sutton goal. Our forwards got together at once, and were well supported by

Whetman and Read at half. There were several corners in quick succession on Fassnidge's wing, but our forwards could not turn them to good account, as they were too closely watched by the Sutton defence. Play was transferred to the other wing, and Keates and Lush did much good work. Several centres from the latter crossed the goal, and went behind before Pitt or Clarke could reach them. The play was now carried into our half, but a big kick from Faulkner put us once more in Sutton territory. Clarke cleverly tricked two or three opponents, and passed to Pitt, but the goalie saved his shot. Whetman took a shot just after, but it went just wide. Lush and Keates were again in evidence, the well placed passes of the latter giving Lush two or three chances which unfortunately failed. Play was transferred to our half for a short time, Robins finally coming to the rescue, and clearing in his characteristic fashion.

Just now Read was very brilliant, and he defied all efforts of the Sutton right to get through, besides giving Lush and Clarke many good passes. Play still continued in the Sutton half, when suddenly the ball came out to the Sutton left wing, who raced with it down the field. Robins was just too late to stop him shooting, and Faulkner just too late to turn the ball out of goal, and so Sutton were one up.

Half-time came soon after.

Play was resumed with our boys facing the sun, and a slight wind against them; nevertheless they bore straight down on the Sutton goal, and were within an ace of scoring. For some minutes they continually attacked but could not break through, or get close enough to shoot. Then Sutton advanced on our goal, through the clever play of their wing men, and there

were many anxious moments. Faulkner's weight and Robins' energetic rushes were our salvation. Whetman and Read, too, kept the forwards well in hand. At this moment the small Sutton inside right hooked the ball towards our goal, and Robins unfortunately miskicked and let it through. Following this was a big scrimmage at the Sutton end which ended in Pitt scoring. It looked as if he was very much off-side, but the referee allowed it. Our boys were greatly cheered up at this, and persevered in their attempts to equalize with renewed vigour. But the Sutton defence was too good for them. If they passed one man there always seemed two or three between them and the goal. The big kicks of Faulkner and Smith, and Whetman's alertness, kept Sutton out for some time, but at last one of the Sutton forwards secured the ball and shot into the corner of the net, not giving Robins a chance.

From now to the end of the game the play was in mid-field with occasional visits to the goals. Both goal-keepers gave excellent displays, bringing off brilliant saves. The heat seemed to affect some of our players, especially on the right, but they tried hard and did their best under the circumstances. The end eventually came with Sutton winners by 3 to 1.

As a whole the team played well. Robins in goal was brilliant; Smith and Faulkner found their weight and big kicking powers very useful, Whetman and Read were probably the hardest workers on the field. Gardiner was a reserve, and as he had had little practice first-class play could not be expected of him. All the forwards were very good; Lush played his best game this season. Keates, our reserve wing, gave an excellent display, his passes being very well placed. The other three forwards,

Clarke, Pitt and Fassnidge, played splendidly and it was no fault of theirs that the Cup goes to Sutton.

## Form Notes.

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### FORM VI.

ON returning after the Christmas holidays we found our numbers reduced by the loss of three, namely, Clarke, Dann and Singer.

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There have been "casualties" amongst masters boys and even panes of glass this term.

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Some suggestions have been made concerning economy in paper. Here are a few:—

No "tests," impositions, long geography essays, and—(why not?) no work at all except War Work?

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*We want to know* whether the 2nd Eleven went to Woking to play football or water-polo.

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Some new excuses for being late:—"I was stopped by the floods." "I had to wait for the snow to melt." "I was overcome by the heat."

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Did all the luck fall out of the horseshoe placed in our room wrong side up?

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Asked why Leopold did not seize the throne of Greece our wag suggested it was too slippery for him.

Although most of the Scotch expresses were stopped by the last blizzard the Aldershot "Express" suffered no such fate.

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*Concerning Mumps.*

This disease has almost decimated the School and annihilated the Boarders.

The noble sixth with mumps is waging war ;  
Yet from our class this rank invader tore,  
The greatest and the noblest of our store,  
He's got the mumps.

It was a pity that the "greatest and the noblest of our store" was unable to return in time for the Latin exam.

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The artificial cultivation of "mumps" has become a fine art among the Lower School. This is an intermittent disease, the swellings come up in the morning and go down in the afternoon to the great amazement of the doctor.

### FORM V.

Mum(p)s the word.

Our Form has not had any cases of mumps yet whilst every other Form has offered up victims.

T—— however, has tried hard, but unlucky youth has not been successful. Perhaps he'll get them in the holidays.

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Those wishing to take a course of cookery lessons (especially jellies, etc.) should apply to our Head Cook.

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There only four in our Form who are not in khaki, three of whom are "medically unfit."

E—y's puns in History are really becoming a bore.

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We welcome Mr. Colgrave who has made the History lessons of great interest to all. We shall miss him very much when he leaves at Easter.

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Extract from an essay about Christmas in war time: "There is scarcely a house that hasn't got one vacant chair, or one vacant familiar face."

We trust the writer is not possessed of the latter.

#### FORM IIIA.

For the 99th time Lofthouse is leaving.

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Suddenly a rumbling is heard. "What is it?" somebody asks. Why only D— D— waking up.

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Poor old G—. He has earnestly longed for the the mumps ever since half-term and now he has got them—a week before the holidays!

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Good news for Pemberton-Billing! B— is leaving school to take up aviation. We always knew he would rise in the world.

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With apologies to Mr. Hamill:—

We sat our little Whitty on old Shore  
(Poor old Shore)

Such a dreadful weight he'd never borne before,  
(I am sure)

If you see his mother, break it gently  
(Ah, gently!)

We sat our little Whitty on old Shore.

We were pleased to learn the other day that the Duke of Wellington's family name was John Wesley!

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We are all anxiously awaiting the day when to use the words of one of our number "The nations will beat their swords into ploughshares and their shells into flower-pots!"

### FORM IIIB.

Coming to School in uniform leads to many complications; but we must congratulate Smith (d) on saluting twenty-five officers on his way to School one morning. It is related that he almost developed a permanent squint by walking between two and trying to salute them both at once.

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So John Brown is leaving us this term. But doubtless his soul will go marching on—doing pack drill of course!

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What with snow and sickness the Form has several times been threatened with complete extinction but thanks to the devotion of the faithful few we have just survived.

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Mumps is a bad complaint but "workophobia" is worse. We have had both this term.

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### FROM THE CLASSROOM.

*English* Punctuation is the soul of Composition.

*French* "Concentration!!!"

*History* "I'll go and get them. They are in my room."

*Book-keeping* "Ask the Petty Cash clerk for a piece of blotting paper."

*Scripture* "Last times lesson."

*Science* "Hurry up and sit down."

*Mathematics* "Armchair methods" have gone out of favour; but a certain amount of "blowing" still prevails.

### Finance.

OUR appeal for financial support in aid of the Magazine was only partly successful. Those who responded did so very liberally, but there were too few of them to clear off the debt. Some renewed their subscriptions, and some bought up a few of our back numbers. We acknowledge with many thanks donations from the following Old Boys: A. Steadman, F. Wallis, Lieut. F. R. Wallis 10/6 each, Geoff. Wright, Lieut. Jaye 10/- each From Present Boys: Harvey 1/3. New Subscribers: Lieut. Franks 10/6, Sergt. Pollard 10/-.