

Editorial.

THE Summer Term has been saddened directly and indirectly by the War. Perhaps it is right that even young boys should feel something of the seriousness of the trial that the nation is going through; but fortunately it takes very much to make young boys serious for long together.

Four more deaths among the Old Boys, and some wounds, severe and slight, have brought the sadness of the struggle directly home to us.

C. FitzMaurice, who had been doing good work as a Despatch-rider, was, unfortunately, burnt to death by the firing of his petrol tank.

H. C. Bown, who was here last year playing for the Old Boys, has died of enteric in the Persian Gulf.

Lieut. Talbot, Essex Regiment, was severely wounded in Flanders, and, after much suffering in hospital, seemed to be making a good recovery; but he gradually got weaker and passed away on July 17th.

Major W. H. Paterson, East Surrey Regiment, who had received the D.S.O. in the earlier part of the War, was killed in action at Ypres.

We wish to express our very sincere sympathy with the relatives and friends of these brave men who have so unselfishly given up their lives for our Country in its time of need. They have but gone before us to

The sweet and blessed Country,
The home of God's elect ;
The sweet and blessed Country
That eager hearts expect.

Theirs the Service and the Rest,
Ours to work and pray.
Theirs the lot the Lord thought best,
Ours to learn His Way.

Among the wounded we have only heard of A. Simmonds, who had a slight shrapnel wound, and is now back in the trenches.

F. Verran, whose merry face some will remember, was badly wounded, but is now recovering.

We are continually hearing of Old Boys who have gone to the front or who joined up for training since the issue of our last number. Of the older generations Lieut. Ernest Lithgow, R.A.M.C., attached to R.F.C. ; 2nd. Lieut. Hewson, King's L'pool., 1st. Batt., invalided home ; Sergt. Liming, Royal Fusiliers ; Lieut. Simmonds, 9th. Batt., Queen's West Surrey Regt. ; Vint i, ii, iii, Royal Warwickshire Regt. Of the more recent generations : A. Chennell, who had just joined the Capital and Counties Bank, and H. Robins, till the beginning of the Term our loyal and energetic Captain, have enlisted in the Hants Carbincers for active service. While of the

present generation O'Donnell and Smither, most useful members of last season's Football Team left School in the first few weeks of Term to join the same troop. It is questionable whether the authorities are wise to accept for active service recruits so young as Smither, but there is no question about the spirit that prompts such young patriots to offer themselves.

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We have just heard that Chief Officer J. H. Longhurst in the British India Company has been engaged in difficult transport work for the Government between India and Australia.

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C. W. Grange is serving in the Ceylon Light Horse.

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N. C. Adams is in the King Edward's Horse.

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We had known for some time that our History Master, Mr. Wood, had intended to join up; but he waited with us till all the examination work was over, then he joined the Inns of Court.

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Just before he left Mr. Wood received many little gifts as some mark of appreciation of the good, unselfish work he has done in the School for the last three years. A Case of Carvers from the School in general—a Silver Inkstand from the Boarders—a Gladstone Bag from the Staff—a Silver Cigarette Case from the Headmaster and Mrs. Priestley.

Our best wishes go out to Mr. and Mrs. Wood for every happiness in their new life ; and we all tender our best thanks to Mr. Wood for the loyal and unselfish work he did for the School during the three years we were fortunate enough to have him with us.

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The work of the Term has been greatly interferred with by sickness and the fear of it. For some weeks there were as many as 30 or 40 absent every day, and "The Cottage" was fully occupied for five weeks. Measles and German Measles divided the victims between them, while real nervousness or malingering accounted for many more absentees.

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Uncertain, as well as early and late train services were also responsible for much loss of work. The first lesson in the morning and the last in the afternoon were more often missed than enjoyed by the Train Boys. Still we got through the Examinations, and are now patiently waiting for the results.

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As these proofs go back to the printer we hear of the following Old Boys at the front : Lieut.-Col. H. A. Hinge and Lieut.-Col. A. E. C. Keble, both of R.A.M.C., Lieut.-Col. Rayner, 5th Batt., South Staffordshire Regt.

Letters from Old Boys.

WE have only room for a few of the letters received from the front during the last four months, and we are printing below those that seem most interesting.

In addition to these we have received letters from the following Old Boys:—Eustace Wood, 42nd Brigade R.F.A., Ammunition Column; A. Simmonds (who has quite recovered from his wound), No. 2920, 15th Platoon, D Company, 21st County of London T.F.; Lieut. Franks, A.S.C., 27th Division, Reserve Park, 99th Company; Driver R. J. Vanner, 14472, 119th Company, A.S.C., attached to E. Surrey Regt., 37th Infantry Brigade, 12th Division; C. Finch, Motor Cyclists. Frank Hendrey, R.E. Signalling Corps, has written us a very interesting letter from Dunstable Camp, which is unfortunately crowded out. But the present boys have had it read to them.

From Bertie Hine, 458 Battery, R.F.A., 118th Howitzer Brigade, 1st Canadian Division, B.E.F.: (28.3.15).

“To commence with please don't expect a long letter; not that I hav'nt the time now but I am so comfortable lying in a hollow in a haystack, sheltered from the wind and basking in the sunshine (almost reminiscent of the baths), and shall in all probability take a Sunday afternoon nap. To-day is very quiet, not because it is Sunday I think, but a lull before a storm.

I can hear German shells whistling (or rather whirring) and bursting a few fields away, but such things hardly interest us now, let alone worry us.

By the way you must not judge from my mention of sunshine that we are having it all like that. This climate seems even more changeable than England. For example the other afternoon I lay in the sun as now, dropped off to sleep, and woke to find it snowing moderately hard. We have had sun, rain, snow and frost, the latter nearly every night.

My sincere thanks to everyone concerned for the parcel which was most acceptable.

I don't think of any special paper or book that I want (except that I'd like the *Farnhamian*), but any literature is acceptable as it is unobtainable here and I find plenty of spare time, especially at night when I am on duty at the telephone to receive messages, should they come, but at night they are so infrequent that I have to find something to do whilst waiting.

As I predicted, at this point I dropped off, which accounts for the crumpled state of the paper and also for the fact that this letter will not go till the day following the date of heading.

I am continuing during my nightly watch over the 'phone. I have just received a message, but as it is not urgent it will have to await delivery until morning. I have learnt by experience that those in authority do not care to have their slumbers disturbed even by messages marked 'Urgent.'

This evening, or to be accurate, last evening, we all had to take shelter in our dug-outs what time the Germans playfully scattered a large number of high-explosive shells a little to our left. Several times I heard thuds as pieces of shell buried themselves in the earthen walls and roof. Our interpreter had a piece weighing about half-a-pound whiz within a foot of his head. As far as I know no one (certainly none of our battery) was hit, but we had to give shelter to some infantry who thought it wiser to leave the cottage they were living in. Perhaps, considering that one shell had blown in part of their wall they were right. A battery near by had a gun smashed and its ammunition waggon lifted into the air and carried several yards, turning a somersault at the same time.

One of the infantrymen we sheltered was lamenting, the whole time, that some potatoes he had been frying would be spoilt. That is typical out here. It is the little things that cause the worries and grumbles, whilst the big things either appear to be in the natural scheme of things, or else they are too huge for men to grasp them.

It is nearly time for me to be relieved so I will now cease firing, though perhaps I may add to this before to-morrow's post goes. If not, every good wish to—well, to everybody, I can't particularise or I should fill another sheet with names, so let it go at that."

Lce./Cpl. N. C. Raffin (2919), No. 14 Platoon, D Company, 21st Co. of London (Terr.), B.E.F., France, April 18, 1915 :—

"I received a parcel from England some time ago but did not know the donor till Simmonds received something from you and an enclosure mentioned the fact that a parcel had been despatched to me. Under the circumstances I trust the delay in sending my thanks will be pardoned. I enjoyed the 'tuck' and cigarettes immensely, as did Simmonds and my more intimate companions. It is awfully good of the boys to think of us out here, and I am sure we appreciate their kindness and yours. We have measured swords as it were with the enemy, having been in the front line trenches, at places not more than 70 or 80 paces apart. The casualties up to the present have not been serious, but of course we have seen no hard fighting. We were under shell and rifle fire for eight days, and although there was the ever-present danger of being 'bagged,' it was quite a novel experience.

Life in the trenches in fine weather is not at all bad. Although constantly on the alert there is ample time to smoke and read, safely esconced behind the sandbags. We could hear the Huns singing quite merrily, and shouting to our fellows, who reply with equal impudence. I heard one 'Deutscher' shout 'Are we downhearted?'

Our men seem very confident, and where we were getting our 'taster' with some of the finest crack regiments in the Army, it made one proud to think there was such a dauntless spirit in our men, and that we, so recently from school, were fighting shoulder to shoulder with them in this glorious mission of crushing our country's foes before they gathered their strength to attack our shores.

Well I must close now, with kind regards to all at the old school, and trusting you and yours are well.

Yours sincerely, N. C. RAFFIN.

P.S.—I have received my first stripe, having been promoted last night."

From Bertie Hine, May 7th, 1915.

"Please thank the boarders from me for the cigarettes. I can't quite think of a word to describe what I felt about their giving up their 'feed' to send 'smokes' to the Old Boys. If I were a lady I should say it was sweet of them but such an expression hardly seems fitting from lips which now support a ferocious moustache. (Well,—more or less ferocious).

We are at present having such grand weather that I already think regretfully of the baths. Still such thrills as going down the 'chute' with your feet round your neck and your head in a bag are tame, compared to having a shell burst within twenty feet of you, the flying fragments ripping your tunic; or being in a barn (used as an observation post) when half the wall and roof are blown in on top of you, and shells burst inside. In future the baths will have to provide something more thrilling if they wish to attract me. Still perhaps if I am wounded, and come home to convalesce, the chute will supply all the excitement my medical advisor may think fit. So possibly yet you may see me this season, hobble into the baths on crutches.

We see the newspapers (a few days old) pretty regularly out here, and really they seem almost as amusing as *Punch*. They give beautiful picturesque accounts of incidents which never occurred, and omit entirely happenings which would form subjects worthy of the masters of literature. Not that, by any means, all you read is untrustworthy, but when you are here you realise how utterly incompetent all the newspaper men are to do anything like justice to the tragedies and comedies (because there is comedy also mixed up with war) that surround you.

My French has come in very handy (or rather, interesting, as it is perfectly possible to be here without knowing a word of the 'bat' as Tommy calls it [Bat (*Hindu*) language, dialect] though I'm afraid the grammar is such as would bring tears to your eyes, and at times I am liable, if at all flurried, to mix French and English. This morning a woman refugee returned to ask our Commanding Officer if she might go to her farm, a little way in front of our position, to gather a few cherished possessions together. I was sent up to the farm with her, and, as they periodically shell that place, I was anxious to get her out as quickly as possible and was helping her. I remember remarking about some article, 'Je WILL apporterai IT à vous!' which, taken all round is hardly good French but she got the meaning of it.

If we were allowed to send parcels or if I had room to carry them I could get innumerable things for the school museum, but as it is, I am afraid one or two small things will be all I shall be able to bring home.

Best wishes and thanks to all, and especially to those who sent the cigarettes and the notes enclosed with them.

Yours"

Lieut. S. Dudley, writing from 216 Depot Unit of Supply, St. Martin's Camp, Boulogne, May 11th, 1915:—

"Many thanks for the box of cigarettes which I received quite safely. Am very sorry I could not write before, but as you will see by the new address, things have altered.

They have brought me down from the front to Boulogne, and put me, *i/e.*, the above unit. It is a very funny job, you sometimes don't have a moment to spare for weeks and at other times (as during the last three days) have nothing to do whatsoever. During a 'busy run' I frequently do 48 hours straight off, so you will see I am not altogether to blame for keeping you so long without a word.

I need not tell you how pleased I was to hear you had managed to get the other cup. But, how was it we were beaten by Aldershot? I had numerous letters from Sec. Sch. supporters 'rubbing it in,' to all of which I replied that they had waited until everybody had gone to the front, and so attacked us in a weak moment.

As you say, it undoubtedly is a hard fight we are in for, and in my humble opinion the Germans are not done yet. I am afraid people at home don't realize anything like the smash-up there will be before the year is over.

Once more thanking you, and hoping Mrs. Priestley and yourself are enjoying the best of health.

Lc.-Cpl. J. Ower, D. Coy, 5th Gloster Regt., 8th Midland Brigade, B.E.F., writing on 15th May, says:—

"DEAR SIR,

Thanks very much for your letter and the Magazine. I see that Bertie Hine and O'Connor are stationed very near us although their work probably takes them far afield.

We are having quite a good time really, although at times it is a little unpleasant in the trenches, when the enemy decides to liven things up a bit. At present we do four days in the firing line, and then four days' rest when we are billeted mostly in barns.

I find 'trench life' altogether different from what I had imagined it to be.

Fortunately the weather is now, on the whole, warm and fine, but one or two rainy days give one some shadowy idea of what our troops had to go through in the winter.

Sport is catered for behind the lines fairly well. Our division played the IV Div. at Rigger a short time back, and beat them by 19 points to nil. Out of the fifteen our battalion had eleven representatives, a number of whom are in the group that I sent you. Sad to say that two of those have been killed since.

The attempts at conversation between our men and the people are very amusing, but a lot of the French can speak fairly good English, and at any rate they are quicker at understanding our language than we, theirs.

Our men are quite confirmed coffee drinkers now; in fact I think that we drink more than the natives themselves.

Well I must now close this somewhat rambling letter. I am afraid that it is hardly written up to the standard of the essays that I used to compose for Mr. Stroud, when in the Vth form, but one's pen, or rather pencil, is apt to get rusty on this job.

With kind remembrances to all."

From L. J. Mitchell, No. 7 Squadron, R.F.C., B.E.F., writing on May 16th, 1915 :—

"I thought that perhaps you would like to know a little about what we are doing out here. For myself, I am a dispatch rider, and am having quite a good time of it compared to the poor fellows in the trenches. Its really glorious riding this weather, with just an occasional spurt of danger, just enough to make it interesting.

You will doubtless be pleased to hear that Mr. Adams, whilst on a reconnaissance a few days ago, encountered three Taubes, he succeeded, with the aid of his observer and a machine gun, in bringing down two, killing the occupants; whilst the third, also hit, managed to escape. Our machine was hit in many places, but neither Adams nor his observer was hit, they were forced to descend, but in our own lines.

Things like this happen every day, but it just stands to show that the F.G.S. pluck is not lacking.

I suppose you will soon be holding the Annual Sports, at which I was present last year, with many other old boys. This year its all different, we're scattered about on the different battle-fields trying to do our bit for the old country.

From 2nd Lieut. Adams, R.F.C., writing May 26th, 1915 :—

“ I was very pleased to get your letter and the Magazine some time ago. In the latter, I notice that I am given the rank of ‘ Captain.’ This is, I fear, some years ahead of things. I am at present only a 2nd Lieut., but should get my second star in a week or two. What a splendidly long list of old boys serving! To this list could be added the name of Capt. Lithgow, R.A.M.C., attached to the R.F.C. He was at Upavon when I took the C.F.S. course there and he is now with us here.

I noticed in the casualty lists the other day, the name of Flight Sub-Lieut. Harold James Batchelor, R.N.A.S. (killed) and wondered whether this could have been the younger of the two Batchelors at School in my time.

In spite of our Squadron having been out here now for two months—the Allies seem to have made but little progress! However signs are not wanting that the Huns are well past the top of their form and I think that there should be a big advance soon. Everyone is quite cheerful about things here. We unfortunately lost two of our fellows on Sunday last. Apparently the bombs which they were carrying exploded and the machine collapsed at a height of 5000 ft.—8 miles inside our lines. These are our first fatal casualties—although one of our fellows was wounded some time ago. There have been a great number of very narrow escapes of course.

One day I saw a Zeppelin when about 50 miles behind the German lines. We were both making for the same town (she was returning from the Southend raid).

We only had a rifle and a revolver and so could not have damaged her. However having a camera on board we went for her to take a photo (this did not come out very well). We got within five miles of her and she turned tail and ran when she saw us.

According to the staff this is the first time that a Zep. has been seen by the R.F.C. in flight.

We are all hoping that most of the war will be over before next winter—but there's no 'peace at any price' party yet!

Except for shells and bullets this would be an ideal existence! I still keep up cross-country running—as I have ever since school days and we get many soccer and rigger matches—which all help to keep one fit

It was a splendid performance of the School to get both of those footer cups last season—I hope that they are doing as well at cricket.

We are all wondering what it will seem like to fly after the war—without any shells to dodge it will be a splendidly tame game.

By-the-bye I don't think that my brother's name is in the School Magazine list. His initials are N. C. and he is a Lance-Corporal in the 1st. King Edward's Horse (King's Overseas Dominions Regt.) He had awful luck in getting double pneumonia the week before his squadron came out here.

He was scarcely expected to live I believe at one time but has made a most remarkable recovery and rejoined his regiment.

Many thanks for your kind offer to send out anything—really however there is nothing that we require—we live in comparative luxury and even always get London daily papers on the evening of their day of issue!

I am enclosing a cheque for £2 2s. for any School Fund to which you might like to add it—such as Magazine, Sports or Cadet Corps.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Priestley and trusting that you are all well,

Yours very sincerely,

From Rifleman Dawe, No. 1979, c/o Stretcher-Bearers, 12th. Battalion, London Regt. B.E.F., May 28.

Many thanks for the Westminsters, which continue to arrive regularly. We have had glorious weather for a long while now,

and the countryside is looking a treat, even when you look at it from those unhealthy places known as trenches. Kitchener is reported to have said that the war would start in May, and he was right, but unfortunately it didn't start in the way that most of us thought it would. Like a good many other battalions, both Regular and Territorial, we went through the mill in the heavy fighting that has taken place during the last four or five weeks round Y—, and after twenty-five days in the trenches straight off what is left of us has come back for a long rest.

After a very enjoyable period in a fairly quiet part of the line, our Brigade—in which there were four regular battalions and two territorial, returned to the above mentioned town towards the end of April. Things were fairly quiet then and though both Germans and British did a lot of damage to the place last October and November, people had regained their courage, and things were getting quite jolly. During the winter the Germans only sent over an occasional souvenir, and wherever we were billeted there we thought it as safe as dug-outs—I was going to say houses. The night we passed through the town on our way to the trenches there were thousands of civilians living there, in fact two miles the other side of it, within less than forty minutes walk from the trenches the farms were still inhabited by people, who little knew of the danger they were very shortly going through.

We spent six days in those trenches, and witnessed from a long distance the bombardment and burning of the town. Perhaps it was a good thing from a sanitary point of view that some of the shells were incendiary. We had quite a lively time in those trenches. We had hardly got into them before we had the order to stand to and give supporting fire, as the battalion on our left were going to make a charge. My hat, there wasn't half a shindy! After six days we were relieved and went about two miles back to some dug-outs in a field by the roadside. Of course we ought to have gone back to billets but that was impossible as every available farm or house for miles was rendered unsafe by the shell fire. In the morning we awoke to find ourselves the centre of a pretty hot

stream of shells. A few hundred yards away there was a row of cottages converted into a dressing station, and previously no shell had dropped within half a mile of the place. It stood right at the crossroads, and regularly all that day with short intervals they landed a huge shell right on that spot. The object of course was to prevent our ammunition limbers etc. from coming along the road. They were rather unlucky as all the time we were there they did no damage except making some huge holes. One shell however went right through the roof of the dressing station, which I believe contained many wounded. A short time afterwards we saw the nurses come out of the place and walk away. I think they got away unhurt, still, although the Germans didn't do much damage it speaks wonders for the accuracy of their guns as the shells must have come at least a mile and a half. You ought to have seen the way our drivers galloped past that fatal spot.

This all occurred on the morning the Canadian affair took place, and from our dug-outs we saw streams of wounded coming back. About 1 o'clock mid-day we turned out, formed up in Artillery formation and took part in a flank counter-attack. We were in support of a regular battalion and advanced about a mile and half, in which advance naturally enough we lost a good few. By the time we had got to our intended destination it was dark. All day long both sides had been blazing away with their Artillery for all their worth, and it was just pandemonium, but when darkness came they both ceased. It seemed as though they had both used up all their ammunition, but I don't think that was the reason. All that night our R.A.M.C. and our stretcher-bearers were taking back the wounded, and it was several days before the ground had been cleared of it's dead. And the enemy probably lost more than we did. We spent the night entrenching ourselves, and stopped in those trenches two days before we were relieved. We had plenty of fun in sniping the various Germans, whom we could see dodging about on the opposite ridge about seven hundred yards away. On one occasion they could be seen moving about in the grounds of a house on the crest of a hill. The Artillery were informed, and

ere long the house and the troops in it were in a very, very bad way. What gets over me is the marvellous way we were over-fed, actually over-fed during all those twenty-five days.

Although more than once our transport did not know exactly where we were, and though the road for three or four miles back was distinctly unhealthy, we got our daily bacon, jam, bread, tinned stew, letters, etc., as regularly as you get your morning post at home. The method is this—about a mile behind each section of trenches there is what we call the dump. This is usually a farmhouse or barn, and very often the cellar is used as a dressing station. The transport limbers bring up the rations, neatly packed by companies into sacks and labelled A or B, etc., etc. From the dump the rations are conveyed to the trenches by fatigue parties from the resting battalions, or if the men can be spared, by special parties sent back from the trenches. Water is brought up either by the water carts, or in large tins. Many is the fatigue party we have been in. Of course there are other things required in the trenches besides food, such as barbed wire entanglements, sandbags, wood for propping up a bad trench, spades and other tools, etc., etc.

We had several other experiences during this last trip, but I'm afraid I've said a lot too much already. We are back in a pretty little village having a jolly good rest now and feel as if we'd just come fresh from England as far as health goes.

I suppose the School is trying to do better on the cricket field than what it did in the end of footer last season. Jolly good luck to it, and lets hope we win this War before the Old Boys' Match comes off. Trusting you are quite well.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

H. C. DAWE.

From Sapper F. H. Tomlin, Signals Car Corps, B.E.F.,
May 29th, '15.

Again I write to thank you for another of your most useful parcels, also the enclosed Magazine. I had been literally dying for

a smoke when I received the parcel. The fact is that while the Cavalry are doing trench work we have to move up with them. This has meant for us three officers going.

Owing to this, the operators here had to do 24 hours on, and 24 off duty, or only every other night in bed for a fortnight. The work is quite a change after being so long away from it, but the working is not so good, owing to the frequency of faults. The position of a linesman out here is not a happy one.

Our most advanced office is about at the limit of the gas fumes when used. In fact the other day the men could not work for a time as it made their eyes water so.

From this office of course the lines run into the dugouts.

Later on, when I am more experienced, I shall have to assist in laying these lines, which is rather a ticklish job. I heard from home this week saying my brother has landed in France, so I hope to see something of him if he comes to this part of the front.

I am very pleased to hear the Cadet Corps is doing so well which only emphasises the mistake made in not sanctioning the O.T.C. movement earlier. There would be many more men trained and fit for commissions now if it had been.

I heard from Hendrey this week, who is also in the R.E. Signals at Dunstable.

Please congratulate "Childs" on their football success. I am also very glad to see the School again so successful.

I enclose sub. for Magazine, which I should like sent out regularly.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Priestley.

From Rifleman H. E. Dawe, No. 1979., c/o Stretcher Bearers 12th, Battalion, London Regt., B.E.F. June 17th, 1915.

"Just a few lines to thank you and the fellows for the parcel, also for your interesting letter.

I'm sorry to hear that measles is doing damage in the school but trust it's not German measles at any rate. From what the

papers say the Italians are making the Austrians hop, but otherwise the Germans seem to be holding their own at present. There's no doubt but what they are a wonderful nation, from a military point of view. Still it will be all the more credit to England when she comes out on top, as of course she will do some day. Out here we have a sort of impression that Kitchener and the rest of them have a good deal up their sleeves, and that at any rate the War Office isn't quite as soft as some papers make out it is.

In the recent fight our battalion was very much reduced in strength and we are now back on base fatigues for a while. We are under canvas almost on top of the sea, and are getting grand weather, so you may imagine we all feel as fit as fiddles and look as brown as Indians. Though the work is a bit rough in parts, we could do it on our heads, so to speak, and we get plenty of time for bathing, cricket etc. We are getting leave at present, and I hope to be home before many weeks are over, for a day or two at any rate. Altogether its like a young heaven after the trenches and I think myself jolly lucky to have come through without a scratch.

Regarding the advice about the *Westminster* cartoons, I fancy the old Kaiser would boil the *Punch* and other witty London Cartoonists in oil if ever he got to London.

Trainloads of troops, English, French and Belgian pass through here, and the last make three times as much noise cheering, singing and shouting as the other two. Our lot seem to take everything pretty coolly.

Not long ago a party of our stretcher-bearers was out one night to pick up the wounded. There had been a pretty big fight on during the day and the position had somewhat changed. They went walking casually up the road (more shell-holes than road) when suddenly a gruff voice shouted out something indistinct. Naturally enough, they took this to be one of our own sentries challenging them. "Stretcher-Bearers, 12th London" they replied and were going on again. Again the gruff voice bawled out. They

stopped and replied as before. All of a sudden one of them made a funny noise in his throat and bolted for dear life down the road. Then they tumbled to it. Our own patrol had let them right through our own lines and they had walked blindly into the Germans. Not stopping to discuss Wagner, Goethe or Neuve Chappelle with the German sentry, who was probably more frightened than they were, they fled, and though they were fired on they weren't hit. Being Stretcher-Bearers they were of course unarmed.

You ask me for a list of things to send out here. Although I don't smoke myself, I think cigarettes are welcomed more than anything. When you are near or in the trenches, lemonade powder, health salt, writing pads, boracic powder, and a tin of Keatings aren't to be refused. Please give all preference with regard to parcels to any of our old boys who may be out in the Dardanelles, for we out here get lot of little luxuries that they don't get. I don't suppose they are able to buy anything out there, either, like we can. Last, but *not* least, please send out the *Farnhamian*.

The English workmen engaged on war work out here are giving a concert in our Y.M.C.A. to-night. After our five months 'up yonder' it was a strange sight to see an English civilian. You sort of wanted to pinch him (or her) to see if they were real. There are any amount of English nurses out here of course.

Well, I must close now. Thanking you all for your kindness, and hoping you are quite well,

I remain, Yours sincerely "

From Lieut. Dudley, 216 Depôt Unit of Supply, A.S.C., B.E.F., writing, says:—

"Many thanks for your short note, cigarettes and lemonade powder which I have received quite safely. I find the drinking problem a very hard nut to crack out here, I have practically lived on tea since I came out here last November, and I give you my word a little variety is a great thing,

The war seems as if it had come to stay, does it not? Personally I think we ought to have seven weeks mid-summer, and then go at it again after, a change would buck both sides up.

P.S.—It's fearfully hot here to-day, wish I could have an hour in the Farnham Baths,"

From Lieut. Adams, R.F.C., Wierickerschans Bij Bodegraven, Holland.

"As you may have seen in a minute paragraph in last Tuesday's papers, a terrible misfortune has befallen two of us, and yet things were very nearly much worse.

On Saturday, July 3rd, I set sail from St. Omer with one, Meakin, as observer, for a long distance reconnaissance to Ghent—one of the journeys I have often carried out. Nothing unusual happened going out, except that the Hun shooting at us was unusually bad, and at mid-day I was just making for the southern part of the city, at 7,400ft., in order to take a photograph, when suddenly the engine slowed down. In one second—knowing the symptoms only too well—I had swung round in the direction of the nearest front in Holland, rather more than 15 miles away. A horrible grinding noise proceeded from the engine as we ran for it, rapidly losing height and leaving behind a thick trail of black smoke and steam. The Huns must have noticed our predicament, for they started shelling us. We were not thinking of "Archies" though, and anyhow their shooting was'n't good.

It seemed an utterly hopeless task to clear the frontier, a row of trees in the distance, which was painfully distinct as were all the landmarks shown on the map. The fifteen minutes occupied in gliding down seemed like a lifetime. The sharp crack of bullets was a very welcome sound. It showed that we were very near the frontier. We cleared that frontier by about 150 ft. and landed only 600 yards in Holland. Nor could we have made another inch. Of course the frontier guards had hit our machine—even Landsturmern could scarcely miss at 150 feet—but they missed us although they fired until we had almost landed. There was no

chance of escape, and so we burnt our machine (as we are ordered to do even on neutral soil) much to the annoyance of the Dutch. As we refused our parole we are now in an old fort together with six of our fellows, two of the R.N.A.S., and about forty of the R.N.B. (from the Antwerp affair last October).

The thought of being left out of the rest of the war is at present unthinkable, and I would cheerfully change places with *anyone* in the Army. We are surrounded by a moat (which provides excellent swimming on parole), lots of barbed wire, 200 soldiers (some on both sides of the moat) and brilliant lights at night.

The food is excellent and we get tennis, billiards, a piano, a pianola and a gramophone, and as much leave as we like to go anywhere in Holland—on parole.

Very many thanks for the parcel which arrived a day or two before our ill-fated expedition, the contents were very much appreciated. I had no idea that Mitchell, one of the motor-cyclists in our Squadron, was an O.F. Unfortunately I didn't get an opportunity of talking to him after getting your note. The affair which he described is a fairly common occurrence, only some people are more fortunate than others. Things seem to be going rather better for the Allies now I'm glad to see. I certainly do not think that the war is a matter of years, and the result cannot for one moment be doubted, even by the better informed Germans themselves. The Dutch officers are kindness itself, they all speak English, some very well, and of course German and French as well. The heads of their army are, I believe, pro-German, but the majority of other officers and the majority of the people themselves are pro-Allies. The Dutch attitude is one of strict neutrality. This attitude is governed by fear of the Hun—although they don't know it and to do them justice perhaps they don't really know it.

It is very hard to be shut up here when obviously the Allies are fighting as much for Holland as for their own countries. For should the Huns win, that would be the end of Holland.

Only two days before coming here I was in Ypres. It was extremely interesting. I had managed to make several trips to the front on a motor-cycle to see friends in the trenches. We were only about 30 miles from the trenches but the roads in places were terrible.

I hear that my brother (N. C.) is now a Sergeant in King Edward's Horse and will I suppose be out by now. I hope that the School is going strong and that the Cadet Corps is flourishing.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Priestley,
Yours very sincerely.

P.S.—Letters sent out here need not be stamped. They should have 'Interned Officer' on top of the envelope and 'Militaire' at the bottom."

Form Notes

FORM VI.

TO be shot to-morrow." This sinister notice, followed by the names of six cadets adorned our notice-board one day this term. A huge crowd of excited cadets gathered round. Six of them staggered silently away with haggard faces, and were not seen for some time. Later, however, on returning to look once more at the sentence, they saw "To shoot to-morrow." Their relief may be imagined; and yet one of the reprieved was not satisfied. "And I thought I was going to escape the exams," he grumbled.

It is whispered that a Matric. candidate had quite a shock in the French oral exam. He was told by the French master to ask the examiner the following question: "Voulez-vous nous examiner deux à la fois?"

He did so in his best French, and imagine his surprise, when the answer came back "Shut up, and speak English. We have'nt started yet."

Some innocent little joker has been asking us, why the "kill that fly" campaign didn't reach the laboratory, for, as he said: "It is full of blue bottles."

On returning at the beginning of this term we found that Robins had left us to join the Hants Carbineers. O'Donnell joined him a few weeks later.

Our sincere sympathies with Park on the sad death of his father.

FORM V.

The Government want munitions of war. Why not send some peas from this form?

Often in our class a loud rumbling is heard, and we look anxiously up at the sky, or at the floor beneath. But the real cause of the noise soon becomes evident; it is Mackay giving tongue.

The following dialogue took place in an Arithmetic class:

Master:—How do you find the area of any four walls?

Boy:—Take the length, add to it the height, and-er-divide by two. Then-er-take—

Master:—What about the number you first thought of?

Our best wishes to Smither and O'Donnell who are now serving their country.

FORM IV.

We were sorry to miss Belton and Moseley at the beginning of the Term; we believe they are both doing their bit on the farm. ———

Barling left a few weeks ago and is now on the high seas; Aldridge has gone into the Audit office, Aldershot ———

The rest of our "Notes" have got under the head of Examinations, I hear.

FORM IIIa.

Pitt was very sorry (?) that his health would not allow him to be present at the Exams. ———

Illness has greatly decreased the attendance in our Form during the Term. Ogbourne has been particularly unfortunate. ———

Why should not the pads be distributed once a fortnight instead of once a month, considering the essays we have had just lately. ———

Puzzle: Find the duster in our Form room. ———

A nut we cannot crack: "Why the train-boys come to school earlier on rainy days." ———

We are sorry that Mr. Wood has left us and hope he will be back soon. ———

Most of us will probably join the Air Service, as we already do everything "like a bird." ———

Our friends Scott and Wiltshire left us last term. ———

The vast Porter managed to return for the Exams. after being absent all the term.

Farnham Grammar School War Fund.

Since the commencement of hostilities in the August of last year a War Fund has been in existence. Every week practically each boy has given his mite—once one individual gave a shilling, while on another occasion we acknowledged the receipt of a farthing.

During the Christmas Term of 1914 all the money collected went to the Prince of Wales's Fund. Some of that subscribed during the Easter Term was expended upon comforts for Old Boys at the Front. Socks, gloves, and sleeping helmets, a great boon during the Winter, were sent with sweets, tobacco and pipes, so indispensable to our men, both in the firing line and on the bridge; the balance was given to the Prince of Wales's Fund.

From Easter till the time of writing all the donations have been devoted to the purchase of things which we thought would be acceptable to Old Farnhamians now under arms.

Tobacco and cigarettes are appreciated the most. Our men in France and Belgium do not want eatables. Included with the "smokes" have been lemonade powders, chocolate, and even a football. They are also very grateful for writing paper, envelopes and pencils. To many parcels tins of insect powder have been added. One Old Boy has written that after a time of terrible irritation he fell asleep thinking of us at School, and wondering what we might have done for him were we aware of the state he was in. Imagine his surprise to find one of our parcels awaiting him next morning, containing a tin of "Keatings." He added that he was now a confirmed believer in telepathy.

More than ever are our parcels acceptable as the supplies of cigarettes and tobacco, sent through various papers, are decreasing week by week.

The heavy rate of postage to the Front for small parcels is most deplorable. Often the cost of postage almost equals the value of the contents. It would be to the general advantage of the public if some would-be patriot with the due authority could call the attention of those responsible for such neglect to it.

The following are the year's subscriptions :—

FORM.	3RD TERM, 1914.			1ST TERM, 1915.			2ND TERM, 1915 (till 17th July).		
VI.	1	2	8½	15	9		9	11	
V.		12	5	2	6		7	1¼	
IV.		11	1½	5	8		8	1	
IIIa.		14	2½	9	7½		8	7	
IIIb.			9 2½	2	2		4	7½	
II. & I.	1	4	7	6	10½		10	6½	
Prep.		8	10	7	8		4	9½	
Total ...	£5	3	1	£2	10	3	£2	2	9¼

EDWARD NEAVE, Treasurer.

Examination Results.

Geography (mainly from Form IV.)

Our Geography Specialist may be shocked to hear that the Sierra Nevada is a town:

“The silk-worm is ‘bread’ in Lombardy” says someone.

(Should not this be under the “War Notes.”)

The Arctic Regions were the home of Mammon. (A different latitude surely!)

Vasco da Gama was marooned in India!

It is rumoured that a handkerchief map of the world assisted one examinee in the Geography.

(This reminds us of the use of cuffs in the Vivâ Voce Examinations.)

English :

(Donalbain : What is amiss ?

Macbeth : You are and do not know it.)

Wolfe recited "Grave's Energy" while going down the St. Lawrence in a boat.

"A bolt from the blue" was interpreted by one as "A flight from a policeman," and by another as "running away from the sea."

"Postpone" means "to scratch" or, "say it is off" as a match, because something else was arranged before (Latin, post: before)! ('Post hoc' non 'propter hoc').

On one examination paper: "He even jumped up and got the sun for them and then they were not satisfied."

(We wonder if the North Pole would have pleased them.)

Swimming.

The baths have not been patronised so well this year as in previous years, partly owing to the scarcity of money and partly owing to the cold weather. Some have

stopped away because "Bertie" is not there, for the bathers like nothing better than a good game with him.

We had our annual surprise at the beginning of the term, more than half the boys of the School being unable to swim.

Bathers, in the habit of having a bathe in very clean water, on Monday nights, have been disappointed this year, as they have found only about three feet of water at the deep end of the bath. Some under-water swimmers have been copying the Germans, for they have been torpedoeing peaceful, innocent non-swimmers. The victim of a torpedo attack finds his feet suddenly drawn away from him and he rapidly becomes "the submerged." The chute has now been declared unsafe; this has stopped some of Clarke's looping feats, though he makes up for it on the spring-board. One of the chief forms of amusement at the baths this year, is diving for plates. This is very pleasant, until two boys dive for the same plate, from opposite sides of the bath. When this occurs, the divers find that even water will not extinguish stars.

There have been two new caretakers this year. One a representative of the Navy, the other, of the Army. It seems, at present, rather doubtful whether there will be any Swimming Sports. I think that, although there would be no prizes, many boys would enter for the races, as they have done for the Athletic Sports. Besides it would be a pity not to have the Sports, after they have been held for so many years.

S. MANSELL,

The Marching Song of the Train Boys.

It's a long way to Farnham Station,
 It's a long way to go,
 It's a long way to Farnham Station
 By the earliest train I know.
 Goodbye, good old science,
 Farewell, French, so fair;
 It's a long, long way to Farnham Station,
 But I'm due down there.

Phrases of the Term.

- "Like a bird"
 "I smell treachery."
 "Trickiness"
 "Down the Dog."
 "Please Sir, I can't find it." (Detention Book).
 "It's in my other pad" (Home work).
 "Section Tew! Shun!

Cricket.

NOTES ON MATCHES.

SCHOOL *v.* ALDERSHOT (29/5/15).

A good game. At first it looked as if Aldershot were going to put up a big score, for 30 went up without loss; but a change of bowling soon altered this, and after the first two men nobody did much.

For us Besant and Redman batted splendidly. They took some time to get going; but when they did they soon brought up the score.

Redman, after one or two narrow escapes, batted well, and was unfortunate in receiving a nasty blow

which compelled him to retire with 58 to his credit. Unfortunately, in these days of retrenchment, he could only have a patriotic card and not a bat for his 50.

Best scores—Redman 58. Bessant 31.

Bowling—Clarke 6 for 26. Redman 4 for 13.

Result—Aldershot S.S. 49. F.G.S. 120.

THE SCHOOL v. ODIHAM G.S. (2/6/15).

Our journey to Odiham again proved fruitless, the pitch and ground being too much for us, as often in former years and we were beaten. Still, we take this consolation to ourselves that our boys tried to play cricket even though the nature of things was against anything like good play; a little lofty hitting would have saved the game.

Bessant took five wickets for fifteen and Redman five for eleven, in the first innings. In the second innings Bessant took one wicket for seven and Redman two for eight.

The totals were:—F.G.S. 21 runs, Odiham G.S. 26 runs.

Our team was:—Bessant, Giles, Redman, Heath, Pitt, Browning, Priestley (a), Lee, Ross, Priestley (b), and Rogers,

F.G.S. v. GUILDFORD (9/6/15). Away.

Rain delayed the start until about 4 o'clock. We batted first on a slippery pitch and put up 89; Bessant batted very nicely for 38, and was unluckily to pull a wide ball on to his wicket. Browning hit out well and got 22. Before our innings closed it came on to rain

again, and continued all through the Guildford innings. This handicapped our bowlers, who found it difficult to control the wet ball. Our fielding, too, suffered in consequence, and several catches were missed owing to the inability of our boys to hold the slippery ball. As it was Guildford compiled 108 for 8 wickets.

It ought to be mentioned that we were without our fast bowler Cookson, who was ill.

The best scores for them were Mildon 15, Watson 16, Kemp 25, Walters 16.

Bowling: Redman 5 for 30, Mackay 1 for 6.

Team: Bessant, Redman, Heath, Giles, Pitt, Browning, Priestley (a), Rogers, Ross, Priestley (b), Mackay.

THE SCHOOL v. ALTON G.S. AT ALTON. (16/6/15).

On arriving on the ground it was found necessary to alter the pitch, and they decided to play across the old one. The cut part was very confined, and surrounded by long grass which accounted for the low scores. For us Pitt took 5 wickets for 4, and Giles 5 for 13.

Team:—Heath, Putnam, Giles, Pitt, Priestley (a), Priestley (b), Lee, Lathey, Rogers, Stedman, Jamieson.

Scores: Farnham, 17; Alton, 19.

THE SCHOOL v. ALDERSHOT S.S. (June 26th).

The game opened badly for us, for Bessant got his leg in front in the first over: but Giles and Clarke taking matters quietly began to settle down. Then Redman again came to the rescue and made the score look brighter, and Cookson and Priestley (a) following with some vigorous hitting the innings closed with quite a

respectable score. The Aldershot innings opened sensationally, Cookson's first ball clean bowling No. 1, and his 3rd ball dismissed No. 2. He was bowling splendidly fast with a fine length, and the batsmen were at a total loss what to do against him; in about four overs he had collected as many wickets and was almost entirely responsible for the whole team being dismissed for so small a score. He was ably backed up by the rest, whose fielding on this occasion was very good.

Redman was top scorer with 27; Priestley (a) came next with 14 not out.

Cookson took 8 wickets for 4 in the first innings, and in the second, Priestley (a) took 3 for 1.

SCORES: Farnham 82; Aldershot 21 and 21 for 4.

TEAM: Bessant, Redman, Giles, Cookson, Clarke (b), Browning, Pitt, Heath, Putnam, Priestley(a), Priestley (b).

THE SCHOOL v. GUILDFORD G.S. (3/7/15).

We opened the batting quietly, and with Bessant and Redman together offered a very stubborn resistance to some very good bowling. For some time the game was exceedingly slow, due to the fact that the bowling required so much watching and neither batsman took any risks. Still the score would have mounted further but for the keen fielding of Guildford. Redman again batted well and with Heath (a), brought the score up more quickly. Guildford lost three wickets quite quickly but then came a big stand, Watson and Wood completely "collaring" the bowling and hitting out strongly soon increased the score. For a time things looked bad for us, but Priestley (a) was put on to bowl and he quite changed the course of events. In his first over he took

both the troublesome wickets, and continuing to bowl slow, good length balls, he collected two more wickets and was in no small measure responsible for our victory by so comfortable a margin.

SCORES: Guildford 68. Farnham 98.

Priestley (a) took 4 wickets for 7 runs.

TEAM: Bessant, Redman, Cookson, Giles, Clarke, Pitt, Browning, Heath, Priestley (a), Putnam, Priestley (b).

Prize Winners.

THERE were no Speech Day proceedings this year, and no Prizes. On the last morning of the Term the Headmaster presented patriotic cards to the top boys in the different Forms and in the different Subjects, according to the following list:

FORM (Preparatory), H. Hester,	FORM IIIa, A. J. Lush, F. N. Allen.
FORM I, H. P. Joyce, F. Holloway.	FORM IV, H. Evemy (a), D. G. Pitt (a)
FORM II, L. C. Barling, L. J. Smith,(b). G. Corner, G. Radford.	FORM V,
FORM IIIb, C. R. Gibson, L. A. Lickfold. A. P. Mason, S. D. Whetman.	FORM VIb,

PRIZES FOR SPECIAL SUBJECTS.

CARPENTRY PRIZE: John Williams. DRAWING PRIZES: Upper Division, A. P. Mason i; Lower Divison, A. Copsy, GEOGRAPHY: S. J. Bessant. HISTORY: H. Redman. FRENCH: A. W. Putnam. MATHEMATICS: S. J. Bessant. SCIENCE: S. J. Bessant, ENGLISH LITERATURE: H. W.

Putnam, PRIZE FOR THE HEAD OF THE SCHOOL: S. J. Bessant, CRICKET PRIZES: Best Batting Average, Redman; Best Bowling Average, Cookson.

The following boys passed the London Junior Examination:

Certificates: Ball, Lathey, Mackay, Mansell, Merrington, Ross.

Honours: Corner, Mason, Radford, Whetman.

They gained twenty-eight marks of distinction between them in all the different subjects of the Examination.

In the London Matriculation Examination Bessant and Putnam repeated their pass of last year; Neave gained a Pass Certificate; Redman gained an Honours Certificate with distinction in Science, Geography and French.

Bessant failed to get his Major Scholarship, though he qualified for one.

Cadet Corps.

THIS Term has naturally been the busiest of the three for the Cadet Corps.

The delivery of the uniforms in May was a welcome consummation of the keenness which had carried us through the drudgery of the preceding months. Since then the Corps has regularly paraded in uniform.

A Field Day was held on July 10th, the object being instruction in protective scouting. Section 1, com-

manded by Neave, was sent to Hankley Common to play the part of a hostile force advancing on Farnham from Thursley; while the rest, under Bessant, advanced to meet and attack it. The very careful preparation of his task by each of these Commanders, and the keenness of their Cadets in carrying out their orders, resulted in a really useful practice. Lunch and tea were taken on the Common, and in the afternoon the boys joyfully availed themselves of the kind permission we had to bathe in Stockbridge pond.

A good deal of shooting has been done during the Term. Instruction in Aiming and Grouping was given at first to all Cadets. By Half-Term about 40 of them had passed a Grouping Standard (4 shots in a 4in. ring at 50 yds.), which allowed them to go on to Deliberate firing, and in this 20 had qualified (by a score of at least 70% on 3 successive shoots) for Snap Shooting (target exposed 4 secs.) at 50 yds.

A team was entered for the "Boys of Surrey" Shield Competition, but the results showed us fifth on the list. While our average shot may be better than in previous years, perhaps our best shots have not reached so high a standard, owing to the distribution of practice among considerably more boys than previously and the very limited time available.

On Monday, July 26th, we paraded at 9 o'clock for various competitions and tests and for inspection. We felt fortunate and proud to be inspected for the first time in our corporate existence by an officer returned wounded from the front. Colonel Cox, of Shortheath, most kindly consented to come to inspect the Corps and

to adjudicate in the Best Section and Smartest Cadets Competitions. After we had marched past and done some Platoon drill, the Sections were drilled in close and in extended order by their Commanders.

Colonel Cox expressed himself as most favourably impressed by the appearance of the Cadets and by their smartness and keenness in the drill. He urged them to look upon their work as their form of service for England, and reminded them that though not all of them at any rate would be able to do anything more in this war, they might find themselves needed for the next.

During the Term the Corps has had to lose its Second Officer, Mr. Wood; Section Commanders Robins, Park and O'Donnell; and Cadet Smither. Mr. Wood is in training for a Commission in the Army; Robins, O'Donnell and Smither are in the Hants Carbineers, with others of our Old Boys.

RESULTS OF CADETS' COMPETITIONS.

<i>Best All-round Cadet</i>	- -	A. W. Putnam
<i>Best Section</i>	No. 3. (Sect. Commander J. Bessant)	
<i>The Gen. Elles Challenge Cup</i> , for shooting:		A. W. Putnam
<i>The Donegal Medal</i> , for shooting: -		A. W. Putnam
<i>Proficiency Medals</i> , for shooting: -		{ J. Bessant A. Heath A. W. Putnam
<i>Proficiency Medals</i> , for Army Signalling:		{ J. R. Mansell H. Redman

NOTES ON THE INSPECTION OF THE CADETS
OF THE FARNHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Turn out. Excellent. It is evident that the boys take a personal pride in their appearance, which without exception was extremely smart.

March Past. Well executed—particularly in view of the fact that it was carried out without any music. The line was well maintained, and the saluting was very smartly performed.

Close order drill. Well and smartly carried out. I noticed very few mistakes.

Extended order drill. Excellent. The boys worked well and keenly, and all the signals are evidently well understood. Intervals were for the most part correctly taken up, and well maintained. I particularly noticed the promptness with which the prone position was assumed.

General Remarks. I was particularly struck with the absence of any talking in the ranks, and there were very few occasions which called for any checking on the part of the Instructors. In spite of the fact that some of the Cadets were very small, I particularly observed that they appeared to be well up to the standard of their older and bigger comrades. The Instructors drilled their Squads well and intelligently, and without any apparent nervousness. Their word of command was good, and in one case exceptionally so. The N.C.O.'s struck me as having been well selected, and appeared to be well up in their work. I consider that very great praise is due to Mr. Withinshaw for the way in which

he has instructed the cadets. Results shew that he has manifestly taken the greatest pains in their instruction, and his methods have evidently secured the enthusiastic co-operation of every individual member of the corps.

St: J. A. COX, LT. COLONEL,

Shorth Heath, 2/8/15.

The Royal Irish Regiment.

The Governors have sanctioned a terminal Subscription of $\frac{3}{4}$ to help cover the working expenses of the Corps, and we have already received the following donations towards renewal of uniforms and other unavoidable expenses:—

Lieut. Dudley, A.S.C. £5; Lieut. Adams, R.F.C. £2 2s.; Headmaster, £2 2s.; Mr. Fassnidge, £1 1s.; Mrs. Whetman, £1 1s.; Mr. Moseley, 2s. 6d.

Doubtless many Old Boys will send along an encouraging mite as the days go by.

The list of Old Boys serving their Country is not printed in this number as we are preparing a booklet containing their names.

The Sports.

THE School Sports were held on Wednesday July 28, in their proverbial excellent weather. Owing to the war, no contributions to the prize fund had been invited, and there was no band in attendance. The prizes took the form of patriotic cards. There was a smaller attendance of visitors than usual, as no formal invitations had been issued to the general public. But the events were more keenly contested than usual, the finishes of the 220 yards (open), quarter-mile, half-mile handicap, and mile race being all exceedingly good. New records were established in the long

jump (19ft. 7¹/₂in.) and 220 yards (23secs.); the high jump 4ft. 10in.) was within one inch of record. The House Cup was won by Childe's (Captain Browning), and the Victor Ludorum medals by Bastow (juniors) and Corner (seniors).

The Old Boys' Race, as was to be expected, only furnished a field of two—the Winner, Jack Harding, a former captain, was off to enlist the next morning.

At the conclusion of the sports, Mr. Ernest Jackson spoke a few words to the boys and the public generally. He emphasised the need of training and self-denial for all of us in the great times in which we are so privileged to live, and he had a ready word or felicitous congratulation for every single prize-winner who came up for his certificate. The proceedings closed with the usual cheers.

Below is a list of the results:

Throwing the Cricket Ball (under 14).—1, Faulkner c (53 yards 2 in.); 2, Barling. Throwing the Cricket Ball (open).—1, Browning (89 yards 4 in.); 2, Corner. Long Jump (open).—1, Banham 19ft. 7¹/₂ins.; 2, Bessant. High Jump (under 14).—1, Bastow (4ft. 2ins.); 2, Knotts b. 220 Yards (open).—1, Corner (23 secs.); 2, Banham. 220 Yards (under 14)—1, Bastow a; 2, Joyce. House Team Race.—1, Childe's 2, Harding's. 220 Yards (preparatory).—1, Douglas; 2, Hutchins. 100 Yards (under 12).—1, Joyce; 2, Bastow b. Quarter-Mile.—1, Cornea; 2, Pitt a. Sack Race (under 14).—1, Faulkner; 2, Jamieson. 100 Yards (open).—1, Corner; 2, Banham. 100 Yards (preparatory).—1, Douglas; 2, Hutchins. Parents' Race.—1, Mr. Joyce; 2, Mr. Giles. 100 Yards (under 14).—1, Bastow a; 2, Read. 220 Yards (under 12).—1, Joyce; 2, Bastow b. Sisters' Race.—Marjorie Half-Mile Handicap.—1, Joyce; 2, Bastow b. Bicycle Tortoise Race.—1, Mansell. High Jump (open).—1, Banham (4ft. 10in.); 2, Giles. Long Jump (under 14).—1, Bastow a (13ft. 10in.); 2, Joyce. Sack Race (open).—1, Finch; 2, Pitt, a. Freak Race. 1, Fisher a; 2, Eveirey a. One Mile (open).—1, Clarke a; 2, Banham. Old Boys' Race.—1, Mr. Harding; 2, Mr. Hutton. Consolation Race (under 12).—1, Faulkner. Consolation Race (under 14).—1, Jamieson. Consolation Race (open).—1, Giles.

Glad of Sub (1/9) for 1916