

Editorial.

THIS Term we welcome our first Mistress on the regular staff of the School. Mrs. Woollard, B.A., of Melbourne University, whose husband, Major Woollard, is with the Australian Contingent in France, has come in the place of Mr. Colgrave. It should have been stated in our last number that Mr. Colgrave had the offer of an important post at Merchiston Castle School. We owe him a great debt for his vigorous Term's work, both with the Cadet Corps and with the History of the School. That all the Matriculation Candidates passed in History, although they had three different Masters in the course of the year, was very largely due to Mr. Colgrave. Our best wishes for his future.

Best luck to Banham, Bolt, Blake, Faulkner (a), Barling, Lofthouse, Roe, Warren, Brownjohn, Randell i, ii, iii, and Stapley, who left at the end of last Term.

We welcome in their places : Alison, Barling, Bartrop, Bastow (c), Hill, Spencer (b), Swain, Sydenham, White.

The Term has been outwardly a fairly normal Summer Term, though the shadow of the War has been over us all. The usual School Fixtures in Cricket have been played, but the other fixtures were replaced by matches with the wounded soldiers from Waverley and The Hill Hospitals.

After our experiences of the last two or three Terms we must congratulate ourselves on the absence of any sickness this Term. ———

Many Old Boys have been down to see us this Term from the front and from the Training Camps.

LIEUT. GALWAY, who left from the Prep. many years ago, was home on leave from Egypt—WILFRID MILES, of Bombay, recently promoted Captain, had just been made Bomb Instructor to his Battalion in France JIM WELLS, fresh from his "Caterpillar" in Flanders, C. WELLS, from his machine gun training at Bisley, JOHN WELLS, from H.M.S. "Crystal Palace," with many yarns of the work and monkey tricks on board. Then we had LIEUTS. LOVELESS and MAIDMENT, who had just got their Commissions from the O.T.C. at Romford — SERGT. TOVEY, transferred to a Machine Gun Section at Reading (I think), who ran off before we could give him any tea—LIEUT. EVETTS, R.G.A., who explained that to him the War in the West seemed just a business, and that he and the men with him in France went down to the day's work as they would go to the day's work at home—LIEUT. LANGFORD, home for a sad family reason (our sincerest sympathy with him) told, us that no one he had met minded in the least what risks they ran to gain some point, however trivial apparently, but waiting in the trenches for the shells was the most trying job.

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V. PAGE, time expired from the H.A.C., and home from Egypt, has a Commission in the R.F.A. and is training a Battery at Cowshott.

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Of the recent generations we have had Robins, Chennell ii, Stroud i, home for their final leave. Best luck to them when they get to the front.

ERIC HART, who was wounded at Gallipoli, has returned from hospital at Malta to his home at Southampton, and is much better, but he will not be able to do any more service.

SERGT. POLLARD has quite recovered from his dysentery brought from Suvla Bay, and is once more in full training at Crowborough.

C. YOUNG has received his "Wings" at Upavon.

CAPT. BIVAR is still convalescing—now at Penzance—and hopes to be fit again soon.

We had 500 copies printed of the Roll of Honour of Old Boys serving their Country, and have sent out some 300 copies, but there are many boys whose addresses we cannot discover.

The Editor will be glad to hear from boys or parents who have not yet had a copy.

In Memoriam.

SINCE the issue of the last number of the Magazine we have heard of seven more Old Boys who have given their lives for their Country.

SERGT. F. C. BUTLER, who joined up at the beginning of the War, was killed by a shell, when bringing up reinforcements on May 21. He was in Mr. Wood's platoon, and they had had many talks on Farnham since they found each other out.

Boys of his time will remember Butler as a good steady worker, who enjoyed a grumble, who played hard

for the Train Football Team, and was liked by everybody that knew him, ———

J. W. N. FITCH, H.M.S. "Hampshire," Wireless Operator, was drowned on England's saddest day since the War began. Those of his generation will remember him as a bright little boy with curly hair who tried to keep his younger brother, Joshua, out of as many scrapes (or "scraps") as he could. Now he is on the list of heroes. ———

2ND LIEUT. H. C. JAYE, West Yorkshire Regiment, was killed in a German counter attack on July 9th. He joined the London University O.T.C. at the beginning of the War, and after a long training went out to the front in the May of this year. He was a very good sportsman, and a valuable member of the Cricket and Football Teams. His Commanding Officer spoke of him in the very highest terms, and the men would follow him anywhere. ———

2ND LIEUT. OSGOOD, R.F.A., was killed on July 19. He returned from the East to join up in 1914. His experience as an engineer and his training at the beginning of the war at the London University O.T.C. soon procured him a commission in the R.F.A. His Officer writes:—"Although he was my junior in rank, he was older than the rest of us in the battery, and I think in difficult times we all rather turned to him. He always said or did the right thing and pulled us through. I cannot tell you how difficult it will be to carry on without him, or how very really we all, officers and men, feel his loss. He was with this battery ever since it was formed, and did more than anyone to make it a good show. I think he had accomplished that part of his work before he left us."

COMPY.-SERGT.-MAJOR E. J. HARDING was killed by a shell on July 20. Only last year he won the Old Boys' Race and saw his record of 19ft. for the Long Jump beaten by Banham. No one of recent years was more generally popular or had a greater number of friends among boys and masters. He was a most energetic and sporting Captain of both Cricket and Football. He was a lion with the big fellows, and a lamb with the little ones. We shall ne'er hear his voice again shouting "Come along, you chaps"—as he dribbled the ball down for a kick-about before a match. He was a smart keen soldier, and his officers had a high opinion of him. That he should have been made a Compy-Sergt.-Major after nine months speaks volumes for his energy.

2ND LIEUT. EVERITT, Australians, was killed in the trenches on July 22. His father wrote that he had that morning received the Holy Communion with his special friend who had joined up with him from Moore College, Australia, at the beginning of the year. Everyone will remember his patient work, his quiet wit, his excellent cricket, his plodding football; some will recall his unselfish nature and his kindness to the little ones. For some years after leaving he was in the Bank at Woking and gave up most of his spare time to help in the Church Lads' Brigade and other branches of Church Work. It had always been his wish to be ordained, and a year or more ago he went out to Moore College, Australia, for that purpose, where he did excellent work both as a student and as a preacher and visitor. But when the call of his Master and his country reached him he answered it at once.

2ND LIEUT. M. HEYWARD, 2nd Dorsets, attached Devons, was reported killed on July 30; we have no particulars. He was the younger of the two energetic brothers who used to walk in from Ewshot. Equally indefatigable at work and play, he was one of the best types we have had. If he were in the middle of a crowd you felt perfectly certain that it was alright. After leaving school he read for the London Degree, and held Masterships in some three or four Schools, where the work of both teaching and studying taxed even his abounding energy. But he obtained his Degree and had a prosperous future before him when he joined up at the beginning of the war.

We offer our respectful sympathy with all the relatives and friends of these brave sons of the School and of England.

By their original offer of themselves, by their training at home, by their experiences abroad, they had without doubt one and all learnt so to look at death that the terror of it was gone for them and the sting of it taken away. May God rest their souls and teach us the lesson they have learnt.

We have received many letters from Old Boys, and knowing the great interest they are, we print some twelve of them here.

The Headmaster much regrets that he may not have answered all the letters he has received, but he hopes to answer all in the holidays.

Letters from Old Boys.

April 27th, 1916.

2nd Lieut Adams, R.F.C., writes from Zuidlaand, I A, Aerdenhout, Haarlem, Holland:—

Many thanks for the "Roll of Honour," which arrived alright the other day. It is a fine record, but I fear it must be far from complete, as so many names seem to belong to my time.

I had of course intended to write before this to tell you of my change of address. We all left the fort (Wierickerschans) early in January, as we had been forced to give our parole, by our own people. This was a terrible blow to some of us, as it meant the end of all our hopes of escape, just as our plans, which had taken months to arrange, were completed. It is not too much to say that had we been able to delay the parole question for one week only, I, at anyrate, should have certainly reached England together with another fellow.

Throughout, in all our plans, our diplomatic people worked *against* us, and in every way helped the Dutch to keep us in this country.

I suppose there were reasons but we

Four of us are living together in this part of the world, and but for the war, life would be ideal. We are in the centre of the bulb country, and there are thousands of acres of all sorts of bulbs round here. A marvellous sight; and of course the whole country is scented.

We are not allowed to take any position of employment in Holland, but there is always plenty to do. Life under these conditions is of course very expensive. Our freedom is practically the same as that enjoyed by ticket-of-leave prisoners in England. We report every week, and must apply for permission (often refused) to leave our very restricted area (some three miles radius). The Dutch people in this neighbourhood, are kindness itself to us. They are intensely pro-ally (and increasingly so) and load us with invitations, etc.

Practically everyone speaks English; which makes our progress with Dutch rather slow. There is a good Cricket Club in Haarlem, perhaps the best in Holland, and we have all been made Hon. Members. All cricket is with matting pitches in this country, and all tennis is on hard courts. The ground seems to be too soft and sandy for good grass. Four of us live in rooms together—quite in the country, and we all keep quite fit by running, swimming (the sea is only three miles away), tennis, cricket, and rowing. With the exception of the first named, all these forms of sport are greatly increasing in popularity in Holland.

Did you have the Easter Steeplechase this year at School?

With kindest regards to Mrs. Priestley and everyone I know, and best wishes for the School.

Yours very sincerely,

FRANK P. ADAMS.

Pte. H. Atton writes:—

Many thanks for the Magazine, received in the trenches last week. We had a very exciting time owing to the explosion of several mines, but I came out in the best of health. While I was among a party of bombers in the crater of a mine, the Germans came over twice during the night and bombed us but we easily drove them back. One of the times I flung over a dozen bombs; it was just like bowling in a cricket match.

Another exciting time we had was when the Bosches enfiladed us with minen-werfers. These are huge shells which are fired from the trenches out of guns, the barrels of which are not rifled. Consequently they don't come over nose first, and they can be seen in the air. It is very difficult to judge where they are going to land but by keeping cool and dodging judiciously there is a sporting chance of getting away from them. They kill by concussion at 30 yards so you have to run fast if one is going to fall where you are.

It is a very fine sight to see the explosion of a mine. One day we were sitting in a front line trench when the whole earth shook and seemed to move several feet forward and then back again.

We all jumped up, and about 200 yards away we saw a great mass of ground high in the air, and then the flames leapt up several hundred feet. Instantly the artillery started furiously on both sides and the crack of machine guns and rifles was incessant, and viewed in the dusk it was the finest and most terrible sight that it is possible to see. After 1½ hours bombardment they calmed down, and we were not a bit sorry to be relieved by B Coy. that evening.

I am pleased to hear the Cadet Corps is getting on so well.

I completed twelve months' service yesterday.

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

Hoping you are quite well,

Yours very sincerely,

H. A. ATTON.

Lieutenant Leonard C. Rideal writes from H.M.S. "Orion,"
Second Battle Squadron:—

Dear Mrs. Priestley,

I have been prompted to write to you—having just received the School Roll of Honour. Although I do not think you sent it, I think you would be the most interested to hear from me. It is hard to believe that about fifteen years have elapsed since I went to school at Farnham.

I was indeed interested in the list, as I remembered the names of a number of the old boys, but where is that admirable fellow *R. R. Tomlinson? The thing I remember better than anything is your administering to me cod-liver oil and orange wine! Something distinctly homely about that fellow Hine who always had his fingers covered with ink, and never lost his temper.

That wonderful soccer forward—a small youth—was his name Swallow? [Since joined.—Ed.]

The Harts I see are in the list—"Boxhead" what of him, did he ever design locomotives? [Badly wounded in Dardanelles.—Ed.]

[* Long ago married, and since joined up.—Ed.]

The Sunday walks? The Sunday reading in the afternoon on rugs on the lawn? *Johnson of Stella? Marsh, is he now in the R.A.M.C.? The Brothers James?

However one might go on for ever; one has time to think of our early youth. I see you have me down for the "Natal"; alas, that most wonderful ship has gone, but more wonderful vessels have taken her place, and so it will always be. We in the Grand Fleet—I've been here a year—find plenty to do and entertain ourselves, and it might be a great deal worse; but during the winter gales it is rather appalling.

I hope you are all still cheerful in spite of this bitter war. Soon perhaps we may see the end. I had not dreamt that we should have to wait so long for "der Tag." I hesitate to say whether it will ever be.

Yours sincerely,

LEONARD C. RIDEAL.

[* Munition Works in America.]

June 25th, 1916.

Lieut. S. Dudley writes as follows:—

A.S.C., Lembet Supply Depôt, Salonica.

Very many thanks for your letter dated December 9th. I am awfully sorry to have been so rude in not answering it before. It is a case of the Spirit being only too willing, but the Flesh much too weak and lazy. I can hear you saying, "more laziness than weakness, I am sure."

Please thank the boys for sending me the ripping parcel and tell Pitt I will answer his letter soon. It is much too hot to write two letters straight off the reel. The heat is pretty bad here (thermometer registered 108° in the shade the other day), but the flies—Oh! ? . . ! ! ? ! !

I heard from Mr. Withinshaw shortly after he joined his Battalion. He seems to like his new life very well indeed. I hope that, the Batt. complete and training finished, he may come out here.

I must say I think you do me an injustice in thinking I should have liked lady teachers. It is a great "stunt" here to get into the Canadian Hospital here, if you go sick, as nurses look after you. I, however, preferred to go to a Casualty Clearing Station and have a good solid six-foot orderly attend me.

As you have read, we—with dear old Sarrail at the wheel—have properly put the "Kybosh" on the Greeks. They gave us a rotten time at first, several of our men being murdered at night, but now they have to behave.

The Russians seem to be doing well again, don't they? I only hope they are able to hang on to the ground they have won this time.

Hope to hear you pull off both Cups during the coming Football Season.

I am sure it will interest you to know that I have taken to studying French Verbs of my own free will.

Yours sincerely,

S. DUDLEY.

F. Hendrey writes:—

Thanks very much for your card. What is the great event shown upon it?

I see the corps, fire brigade and the scouts in full war paint, also Mr. Borelli, Dr. Brown and the Bishop. What's it all about?*

Yes, thanks, I got my magazine a few days ago, and was very sorry indeed to learn for the first time of the death of poor old Varndell. I don't think you told me before did you? Strangely enough, as I read where he was buried, I was under 400 yards from that cemetery and on a former occasion in the line I had actually been up to the cemetery and looked round, as I had heard there were a good many of the —th Queen's there. Needless to say directly I was off duty I went up again and had a thorough search for Varndell's grave. I found it after about twenty minutes' search.

[* Official reception of the new Bishop by the Town.—Ed.]

It has been very well looked after and needed none of the attention which I thought possibly I might have the honour of giving it.

The whole grave is planted with lilies of the valley which are not yet in bloom, and a cross of daisies has been planted in the centre,

The cross is of wood, painted white, with the inscription: "Lt. C. H. E. Varndell, - th Queen's, Killed 13/3/16," painted in black. Didn't the Magazine say it was the 18th of March he was killed? I wonder if this is a mistake in painting the inscription, or whether the Magazine has it wrong.

The Battalion of the Queen's is given of course, but I have left it out as it might possibly be censored.

From the place he was buried I think I can fix the crater which they were defending and I think I can say without exaggeration, that it is one of the most troublesome ones we've got on the whole front; also its in a very warm corner indeed, where Fritz seldom rests for more than two minutes at a time.

I hope I've not bored you too much, but I thought possibly you might like to hear a little more of his resting place, in case none of his generation or of the School at all have been to the cemetery.

I don't know whether you saw anything of the gas attack we had, in the papers. The early hours of April 27th were exceedingly exciting, and also, in a lesser degree those of the 29th.

The Signal Office was a hive of industry for several hours on both mornings, and I was Signal Clerk both times. No more, thanks! Gas is bad enough but weeping gas shells are the limit. You cry and sneeze and cough, while you feel all the time that somebody has thrown handfuls of pepper into your face.

I'm writing this during a slack moment in the Signal Office—my only time for letters, almost, so I must shut up shop now.

Yours sincerely,

FRANK HENDREY.

2nd Lieut. H. Heyward writes as follows:—

In the Field. 3-7-16.

I think it is some while since I wrote and the indications of business ahead make it necessary to write while one can.

In my last letter I was able to speak of such difficulties as water, mud, and all the other accompaniments of winter. All that has long been an affair of the past. Under excellent weather conditions amazing improvements have happened. As the water disappeared floor-boards, marking the original level of the trenches have sprung again into view and ammunition, bombs and equipment have appeared from no-where. That curious article at the end of the bay there, which is now serving as a seat, only requires a little mud-scraping and behold a coil of barbed wire which has probably done more trench service than any one of us. In that old shell-hole from which the water has all drained away you may now see an old bayonet scabbard, reminiscent of some former tenant of this particular trench, whose regiment has been nowhere near here for a year past.

The old dug-out in the traverse which served as a bath in the winter is now once more a refuge from the rain, and here you may recover a time-honoured bully beef tin, still a serviceable article, and proud of its reputation as a campaigner.

As the crops spring up spasmodically in front you may look in vain for barbed wire, but, if I were, to ask you to accompany us on patrol, you would retain no illusions on the subject. Even the all barren tree stumps that you will know as well as we do from their constant appearance in war pictures, even they, jealous of their honour, are sprouting out wherever they can find an outlet.

It is immeasurably easier now to strengthen the lines; dry earth is no longer scarce and the sand-bag has far greater durability—so much is this the case that a weak line has been converted into one of the strongest I have yet seen with all the latest improvements.

Tommy is still the wonderful fellow I have always described to you,—always grousing, always cheerful (this is only an apparent paradox), always witty and a great worker.

As proof of one of my statements; at this moment "John Brown's Body" is going with a swing from forty throats although we have just got to the end of two days' hard marching in the sun.

Bairnsfather's pictures leave no room for a Tommy's artist but we still require a man of letters to reproduce his witticisms. With such a pair in partnership "Punch" would have to cease publication.

We organised some Sports for the Company a week ago and I enclose a programme so that you may judge their character. We had to have two days of preliminary heats, and they went off very well on the day itself, in the presence of the Commanding Officer. In the Platoon Competition two platoons ran away with the other two. just as once the Train and, may I say, the District Boys used to run away with the other two. I can hear you protesting, however. Our prizes covered a sum of two hundred francs.

There is an atmosphere of optimism about in these days of offensives here and in Russia and in Italy. Verdun too has claimed our admiration and sympathy.

I had hoped to have seen you this month, but, alas, it has been otherwise ordained and it remains to wish well to all the boys, to yourself and Mrs. Priestley, and to Dr. Brown and Mr. Stroud.

Bertie Hine writes, at the end of June, as follows:—

In fulfilment of the half promise in my last letter, here is another, though I have not decided on its subject.

First let me ask your indulgence for this paper— it is beastly stuff, but at the moment it is all I have to hand.

Of general news you probably know as much as I do, and I hope it is to your taste. All that I could tell you, you have either heard or else it is such that an all-wise Censor would refuse to pass it on to the

public. Therefore you must be content with a few paragraphs descriptive of life out here.

I'll try to give you a slight idea of the work of an artillery telephonist (you will notice that I said 'telephonist' and not signaller, as under present conditions practically all work is done with portable telephones, signalling proper being rarely used now). I will start with the work at the battery itself.

The telephonists usually work in pairs, and the two who are coming on duty this evening have just reported at the telephone office. In spite of this somewhat fine-sounding name, it appears, from the outside, to be merely a mound of earth with an overgrown rat-hole in one side. On going down a short ladder leading from the rat-hole, one comes into a more civilized room than might have been expected. It is dry, and the sides, floor and ceiling are boarded. At one side is a rough bed, and against the opposite wall is a table upon which rests a fearsome looking contrivance bristling with electric wires.

The telephonists who are being relieved have just reported all correct and one of the newcomers is just strapping on to his head the 'watch receiver' of one of the telephones, which are connected with the maze of wires.

After the relief and relieved have exchanged all the latest gossip and rumours (and rumours out here are almost innumerable) the old telephonists gather up their personal belongings and go off to their own dug-out.

To the uninitiated, the happenings in that dug-out almost savour of magic. The tingling bells one usually associates with a 'phone are absent, and all that reaches the ear is a faint humming, as though a bee-hive in the neighbourhood was working overtime.

The explanation of this buzzing is that every telephone station has a call consisting of a combination of letters, such as XZ, or BCD, or some such group. When one station wishes to communicate with another it sends the 'call' of the required station in the Morse Code on what is known as the 'buzzer,' an instrument which emits a sound like an irritated mosquito. As our station may have a dozen or twenty lines to different stations, most of which will have somewhere about the same number of wires, the noise at busy hours, though not loud is confusing and the operator has to be on the alert to pick

out his own call from amongst the many others which he will overhear.

Our call has just sounded and the man wearing the receiver acknowledges it with the same call, and the sender has said who it is calling by sending his own call.

"Just take the lines on the other instrument, Headquarters has a message for me," he says to his partner, at the same time manipulating various plugs and switches on the fearsome looking switch-board, thereby putting all lines except the Headquarters on to the other 'phone.

The second man picks up a receiver and listens for calls, whilst the first takes down a message enquiring how many Mormons there are in the Battery; "Also number of wives of each in receipt of separation allowance."

Having checked this message by reading it over to the sender, who, satisfied that it has been received correctly, replies "R Don." (That is a peculiarity of signallers and telephonists. They persistently maltreat certain inoffensive letters of the alphabet with the object of preventing them being mistaken for other letters with more or less similar sounding names. Thus "A" becomes "Ack" to prevent its sounding like "J" or "K," "B" is "Beer" so that there is no confusion with "D" (Don) "P" (Pip) or "V" (Vick) and so on. R.D. (R Don) itself is an official code signal meaning Message read correctly).

This message having been communicated to the proper authority to deal with it, and various others having been sent and received, and the O.C. having been "plugged through" to the Adjutant (i.e. given a direct line, free from interruptions) to discuss affairs of state, things settle down to a comparatively quiet state. The buzzes are now only intermittent and the snatches of conversation, heard over the wires, are fewer.

One of the telephonists unrolls the blankets on the bed and prepares for a few hours' sleep. The one who is taking duty for the first part of the night settles himself down more comfortably (and in one telephone dug-out I know of, one can make oneself comfortable in what was once, a Louis the something arm-chair, saved from the wreck of a neighbouring chateau) either with a book or writing letters.

Every half-hour or so it is his duty to ring up (or rather buzz up) each office with which he has communication and "O.K.," the wires.

that is, assure himself that they are "O.K.," and that they have not been broken by traffic or shell fire.

Just about the time that he is thinking of waking his partner, the F.O.O. (Forward Observing Officer, the Battery's representative in the trenches) calls up and reports that a slight bombardment is being started by the Germans on our front. The O.C. is at once communicated with, and within a few moments the guns are replying to the enemy's "strafe."

About an hour later, having nipped the attack in the bud, we cease firing and retire to the peaceful state we were in before the "Hun" did murder sleep. This time Telephonist Number One sleeps and Number Two takes his place at the table. Even though no message may have come during the night watches for a week previous, there must always be at least one man awake and at the 'phone. To-night's was an example. Had no one been at the 'phone, or had the wires not been tested continually, the Infantry might have called for retaliation in vain, and we might have known nothing of the attack until too late to save the situation.

When morning comes and a shout from the cook-house announces that breakfast is ready, the man on duty rouses the sleeper, and one or the other fetches the morning's ration of bread, fried bacon and hot tea.

During the morning various reports will probably come and go through this office. There will probably be one giving details of the frustrated attacks of last night, and possibly some telling of the activities on other portions of the front.

About dinner time the F.O.O. announces that he has seen an enemy working party at such and such a spot. The guns are laid on the right line and the correct range put on (in this war you must understand that practically never do the gunners see their target—it is almost invariably aimed at by laying the gun with the sights set at an angle to some known land mark. This angle is sometimes obtained from the map with a protractor, sometimes calculated from known angles and distances by means of geometrical and trigometrical formulæ).

The guns being laid, the F.O.O. gives the order for one gun to fire, and he observes and reports where the shell lands. He then gives the order to increase (or decrease) the angle by so much to correct the

line of fire, and lengthen (or shorten) the range, as he thinks necessary. Another round is fired and if it is satisfactory the order is given to continue firing at some given interval, say five seconds, until such time as the working party be dispersed in fragments.

After that, things become comparatively quiet again, the telephonists dealing simply with routine messages until one message comes through "Please submit names and addresses of two men for leave next Friday." Then until the answer has been sent, and the best or worst is known, speculation is rife as to individual hopes and chances.

After tea, at about the same time as they went on duty the previous evening, the two telephonists are relieved, and retire to their "homes" for a good night's rest.

I fear I have written too much on the one sphere of a telephonist's work to touch on the other and more active side in this letter.

Therefore with all best wishes to all (though not mentioned individually),

Yours, etc.

P.S.—I have no time to re-read so please make any necessary corrections in spelling, etc., yourself. (My spelling's getting awful).

P.S.S.—This is a description of a typical day, not any actual one nor are the incidents verities but such as might occur.

E. J. Harding writes:—

I have nothing to do this evening but write letters, and I have not written to you for a very long while. We are having a very good time out here—we have about a week in the trenches, then a little "rest," so called, which means that instead of going to sleep in a comfortable dug-out, you have to look after working parties.

If I were to tell you a few of the things I have seen and some of the conditions we live in, you might think we were having a bad time. Although our beds are in disused pig-styes, and we wash in water about the colour of beer, I think we enjoy life as well as anybody who has a feather bed and a hot bath to jump into.

Everything is done to make us comfortable; we get fed jolly well and are issued with cigarettes, tobacco and daily papers. We have a dry and wet canteen near by, so we cannot grumble. The only thing

that has upset me, in fact everyone rather, is in seeing our fellows knocked out. It is not up to much hearing that poor old so-and-so is killed, especially if you have had to go for him on parade.

When we were marching to our second billet I feel sure I saw Wells i on a motor bicycle, and my brother, who was at the head of the column, thought the same thing. My brother met Wright at one little village we were at, but unfortunately, I could'n't get a look at him. Things are fairly quiet here, but quite noisy enough for me. I believe if we stopped for a month the Huns would be only too pleased to do likewise.

I hope you, Mrs. Priestley and family, are keeping well, and that the mumps have departed.

Yours very sincerely.

Corporal J. Over writes:—

Many thanks for the two copies of the *Farnhamian* and also the "Roll of Honour." The old School seems to be represented in every part of the Empire. I was very sorry to see that Varndell had been killed and also some of the others whom I remember well. Looking through the "Roll of Honour" I find that there are over 80 names of Old Boys who I distinctly remember as being at Farnham in my time, besides others who were there before. That is a splendid record I think,

It is good to see that the war doesn't cause any depression amongst those at School now, as is evident by the humour of the "Form Notes," the brightness of which has been sustained throughout every issue of of the magazine.

Hearty congratulations to the Cadet Corps upon its affiliation to the "Queen's." It shows at once with what keenness the Corps carries out its work,

We are beginning to get sunburnt again, a state which is more popular than being frost-bitten.

Trusting that yourself and Mrs. Priestley are in the best of health and with kind remembrances to Dr. Brown and Mr. Stroud.

Lieut. Maurice Heyward, attached to 8th Devons, writes as follows: -

It is indeed a very long time since I last wrote to you, but I was awfully pleased to find that you and the school had not forgotten me, because I always keep a warm corner in my heart for the dear old school where I was for five years. It is just a week yesterday since I came home from my second leave to England, and when I arrived at our dug-out, my servant presented me with fourteen letters, and among them were the *Farnhamian*, and the little Roll of Honour booklet. What a splendidly long list we have of men fighting or training: it is really a fine record for the old boys . . . and some of them have gone too, they are mostly boys I know. There's Keable, Fear, Todman, Croft, Patterson, and Varndell—I saw about the last in the *Daily Mirror* I think. He had done so splendidly, too, and it seemed very hard. With reference to myself, I see I have been put down as a lieutenant in the London University O.T.C. I was trained with them but on March 13th, 1915, I was gazetted to the 3rd Dorsets, which is my regiment, I was the first of the reinforcements to reach them after the Battle of Loos, where they lost so very heavily. None of the officers who went into action were left—ten killed and nine wounded. Half-a-dozen officers had been kept out of the battle, and had gone up when all the others had been killed to bring the battalion out of action. The battalion went in about 800 strong and came out 200. I joined them six days after the battle, and now I have been with them almost as long as any officer in the Battalion. It is really entirely a new unit. I shall never forget those long weary marches to and from the trench, along the banks of the canal through water and thick black mud and slosh. But now the summer is upon us, and activity has already commenced on both sides. Every day there is much shelling. It is a most gorgeous day to-day, and I am sitting out on a green hill-side writing this to you. I look down into the valley where our little dug-out camp is, where we are out for a short rest, and see all the signs of activity or inactivity that a camp shows in such very hot weather. Yes, it is really very hot, and I have had to put my handkerchief inside my hat, so that it may act as a curtain to keep the sun off the back of my neck. There is much aeroplane activity too, and this morning, only about an hour ago, a shell fired at an aeroplane, fell to the ground quite close to us but fortunately failed to explode . . . I have been out here nine months now, and during the whole of that time have not had a day's illness, or received a scratch. I have kept most

amazingly fit under all conditions—though sometimes I have sat in or wallowed about in mud and water for days at a time. During this time I have been home on leave twice and oh the joy of it! The war at any rate teaches one to appreciate home and to set a high value upon things, which we scarcely thought about or regarded as privileges at all in the old days I have had one really exciting experience and that was when I had to go out on a reconnoitring patrol to find out if the Germans occupied a certain crater. I found that they had a small trench leading from their own into it. The Colonel had promised me the D.S.O. if I brought back any prisoners, but unfortunately I found none to bring back, so I shall have to try again for that order. I was out from about one till about half past three in the morning and snow was on the ground, and on the way back we were fired on by the Gordon Highlanders who said they thought we were a German raiding party, though they had been warned that we were sending out a patrol. We scuttled under cover very quickly, and our officers came dashing down to the line, and explained the situation to the Gordons, who immediately ceased firing, and let us in. They were very apologetic, and were rather frightened lest they had caused us any casualties, but their shooting was very bad, and we arrived safe and sound.

Since I have been with the battalion only six officers have been knocked out. Three have been killed, and three wounded, and I don't think any of the wounded will be out here again. We had two of our officer casualties only the other day when we were coming out of the trenches. They rather unwisely went over the open instead of through the trenches—there were several parties of men wandering about too, and the Germans must have sighted them, for they sent over four high-bursting explosive shrapnel shells. One of our officers had his foot blown off, and the other leg badly smashed up and he died 24 hours after. The other got a piece of shell through his hand and is now home in England. His people will be awfully glad to see him for he is only nineteen, and holds a Classical Scholarship for Exeter College, Oxford, which he has not yet taken up. He will now be able to do so, and to go on his preparation for Holy Orders, which is his object. His father is Rector of St. James', Exeter. We shall miss him, for we liked him very much, and he is a dear, solid, philosophical old thing. I am now going into — for a bath, so must end up. I read all the letters in the *Farnhamian* with great interest

including the one from my brother. I am glad he has got over his slight wound, and is now back in the line.

Good-bye. I hope Mrs. Priestley and you and the children are quite well. Please give them my kind regards, and remember me to Dr. Brown and Mr. Stroud.

Yours very sincerely, etc.

Lieutenant A. H. Langford writes:—

I received the F.G.S. Magazine quite safely the other day, but this is the first opportunity I have had of writing since then.

I have had a day with a battery of the R.F.A.; it was very interesting and gives the Infantry Officer some idea of what the Artillery have to surmount to score direct hits. I had a very interesting time, too, as an observing officer.

The observation post had been rigged up by the R.E. in a shell-destroyed building.

The smashed walls and roof gave enough cover to disguise the O.P. from the Bosche, and it was most interesting up there. Although the O.P. is a little way behind own lines, one can distinguish with ease the Bosches first, second and third lines, their wire, etc.

It is great fun too, to pick out Bosche working parties and get the battery to shell them.

Through the powerful telescopes it is possible to distinguish Germans on the roads in the distance and on very clear days one can distinguish the colour of their hats and uniform.

Where we are now was the scene of a British advance some little time ago. My platoon are in an old Bosche trench which was captured then.

We find various Bosche relics, such as rifles and bayonets, boots, equipment, helmets, etc., though most of them are not in a very good state of repair.

Of course, we can find plenty of whiz-bangs and pip-squeaks in quite good condition, but one has to be wary with unexploded shells. I picked up an old Bosche hair-brush grenade yesterday, and we often find jam-tin bombs.

I enclose cheque (10/6) to go towards my subscription, which I am afraid must be very low.

Must close now, dinner is coming, and I feel very like what I used to at Farnham after the dinner-hour football. Does "goal-getter" still flourish? Unfortunately our cooks can't make it.

Kindest regards to Mrs. Priestley and yourself.

F. W. Neville writes as follows:—

Egypt,
15.5/16.

Whoever is responsible for the despatch of the Magazines is to be congratulated on his choice of envelopes, for yesterday I received the April number. It had followed me round from Polegate and Salisbury to Leicester — from there to two wrong addresses— B.E.F. presumably France, and finally reached me. The envelope scarcely looked fresh it is true, but still it had nobly done its duty.

It has been many years since the weather has been so rotten for the football season. We missed all but the very beginning of the snow—but thoughts of snow seem slightly misplaced when sitting about with the shade temperature at 110°.

One blessing is that the air is dry here, so, that, comparatively speaking, we notice the heat very little. Knowing this one can appreciate the life of the poor beggars in Mesopotamia, where there is a terrible moist heat I believe. Army life out here is very similar to that led in England. We get some variations of course.

For instance the kind of joke we frequently experienced in England was being told to prepare for an inspection, on the result of which depended our prospects of early Foreign Service. I firmly believe that they were mere routine inspections wrapped round with a fiction prepared by the Battery or Brigade Officers—with the object of keeping the men cheerful and so getting work well done. If on the other hand they were genuine affairs then some of the rumoured reports must have been flagrantly untruthful, for according to these latter the inspecting general almost invariably expressed himself as being well satisfied, and if that was the case why were we kept in England so long?

Even while in England we began to realize that the army does not always shout aloud what it intends to do. So that naturally

when the rumour flew round at Christmastime that we were destined for Egypt no one believed it, and just as naturally the rumour happened to be true.

Out here, apparently, the people above realize that we have "rumbled" (that is the Army term) the inspections effect, and so take them more or less as a matter of course—so they prepare other little diversions for us. They tell us, perhaps, that we are going to meet the Turk in a few days' time. We prepare generally, and on the day named strike camp, pack kits, get the guns ready for entrainment, and send the horses off in the morning with the drivers and other mounted men. Then when everything is in complete readiness—everyone at the station waiting for the train—down comes the order "Stand by," and a little later, "Return to Camp."

Two days later and we have drivers back from possibly a forced march in the desert, while the men who had been looking forward to a ride behind a puff-puff have re-pitched tents, put down the horse line, built up stableman's shelter and everything is as it was.

Yet we are not told the point of the joke, though we hear rumours that the Turks have shifted right away from where we were going, or again that the water supply was not adequate, but nothing is known definitely, and I expect we shall meet the Turks or some other enemy, when we have absolutely given up hope of doing anything of the sort.

And still people complain of ennui, or rather they are "jolly well fed up," when all the time the various staffs are planning these little excursions for our amusement.

I was very pleased to hear that the Cadets have at last been recognised—I remember how disappointed we all were before, when we failed to be affiliated. Will they have a camp this summer? I'm sure you agree that there's nothing like it for an enjoyable holiday—quite apart from other points of view.

There appears to be a slight sandstorm blowing up, so that we shall have to help close up the tent to a certain extent, and will close here as well, with best wishes to Mrs. Priestley, yourself, and all I knew at Farnham.

2nd Lieut. F. E. Everitt writes:—

I received the Roll of Honour of Members of Farnham Grammar School, a few days ago, and am very grateful for it.

The idea is characteristic of the desire of present Farnhamians to keep those who have gone before in touch with all events connected with the School. I am sure that for my part, at any rate, I greatly appreciate it.

The words on the opening page could not have been more wisely chosen, and I am sure they will be of help to those of us who are at present living amid circumstances where religion is rather apt to be left out of consideration—or perhaps, I should say, where anything but practical religion is left out of the question.

I am now in France. We had rather a dangerous passage across from Egypt, but I am glad to say that we were not spotted by a German submarine. We practically lived in our life-belts the whole time.

We are now at the base, awaiting orders to move up, as the Australians are already in action, and will require reinforcements.

I am not in the R.A.M.C., as I got a transfer soon after I enlisted and went to a school, taking my commission in the infantry last November.

I was O.C. 14th Reinforcements, 1st Battalion, bringing them over to their Battalion in Egypt. I am hoping to join the same Battalion myself soon.

We are encamped near a very pretty French village.

There is very little news here that one is allowed to send in a letter. Our training is similar to that in England, with the exception that the work is somewhat more practical.

Thanking you again for the book,

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

—

F. E. EVERITT.

Sergt. R. B. Pollard writes as follows:—

Here I am once again in good old England. I arrived a week ago to-morrow, having come from Naples in the Hospital ship *Acquintania*. We left Malta on a small Hospital Ship, “*The Formosa*,” and transhipped at Naples.

The voyage was very pleasant and did me a world of good. Whilst in Southampton Water we passed the *Britannic* and *Mauretania*, both magnificent Hospital Ships.

It is indeed grand to be in the "Old Country" once more, and I truly appreciate my good fortune in being sent home. This Hospital is very comfortable and I am having a good time. My strength is rapidly returning, and I soon hope to be discharged and thus able to rejoin the Regiment. The old battery, or rather what is left of it, is in Egypt, and my brother is now on his way there. I heard that my old chum, Allan Langford, had got a commission in the 17th Sherwood Foresters. Can you give me his present address please? Any news of old F.G.S. Boys of my time would also be welcome.

How is the School Cadet Corps progressing. I hope the members are now efficient in the drill, etc.

When I get my sick furlough—10 days I think—I hope to pay you a visit. I hope to see my parents on Sunday, which is one of the visiting days. This ward is very cosy, a fire burning all day and night. The Sisters, Doctors and R.A.M.C. Orderlies can hardly do enough for us; in short nothing more can be desired.

This building is only about 400 yards from Southampton Sound, and thus we can while away the time by watching the various vessels which come and go.

Well, I must stop now with my kind regards to Mrs. Priestley.

Cricket.

FARNHAM G.S. *v.* ALDERSHOT S.S.

Home.

WE batted first, Giles and Priestley starting some careful play. Giles began to hit more than usual, and remained a long time to score 19. Clarke got out by an unlucky l.b.w. After some hard hitting, Briant was dismissed by a lucky catch with 11, and the rest of the batting was poor. Our total amounted to 48.

Best scores : Giles 19; Briant 11.

Our fielding was greatly handicapped by a very strong sun and a clear sky, which got worse during the afternoon, and some apparently easy catches were lost.

Things began fairly, the first two batsmen playing a careful game. One wicket fell for 17 and two for 23, but after this things improved. With the score at 30 for 6 wickets, the hard hitter Garside arrived. The match now got exciting, and the score reached 43 for 9 wickets. Four more runs followed, and the winning hit was being looked for every moment, when Garside was clean bowled by Priestley (a), and the match was won by one run.

Bowling: Clarke 4 for 15; Giles 3 for 7.

FARNHAM G.S. *v.* ALDERSHOT S.S.

Away.

Aldershot batted first, and our fielding was weak. Two wickets fell for 2, but afterwards Aldershot improved.

Two catches were missed from Harborne, the first man; for these we paid dearly, as he finally got out with 33. The total for ten wickets was 55.

Bowling: Clarke 6 for 25; Priestley (a) 2 for 2.

Our batting started better, one wicket falling for 10. After this the scoring was slack. Briant and Clarke had bad luck, but Priestley (a) contributed eleven to our score, which resulted in 29.

But for one or two dropped catches, we might even then have won.

Best scores : Priestley (a) 11; Giles 8.

FARNHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL *v.* MR. GILES' XI.

Mr. Giles' XI batted first, but owing to the very fine bowling of Mr. Joyce and Clarke, their first six wickets fell very cheaply. Mr. Giles however saved his side by scoring nineteen runs out of their total of forty-nine.

F.G.S. Bowling: Clarke 5 for 20; Mr. Joyce 4 for 22.

Our innings started well, Clarke and Briant hitting in fine style. Two wickets fell for 29. But a "rot" set in, and owing to the fine bowling of Reed and Smith, our innings closed at 44.

F.G.S. Batting: Clarke 15; Briant 13.

FARNHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL *v.* MR. GILES' XI.

The return match was played on the School ground on June 27th. Mr. Giles' Team again batted first. Two wickets fell for 21 whilst next five wickets fell with an addition of only 17 runs. The bowling on our side was very good, Clarke taking 5 for 23 and Mr. Ridout 3 for 11.

Batting: Molton 11; Harrison 11; Smith 11.

Our innings started disastrously, three wickets falling for 18. But Priestley (b) came in and settled down to a good steady game. Priestley (a) also played well, just failing to score double figures. When stumps were drawn our score was 80 for 8 wickets down.

F.G.S. Batting: Priestley (b) 23 not out.

THE SCHOOL *v.* ODIHAM G.S.

The return match against Odiham G.S. was played on July 5th. It again resulted in a victory for Odiham although it was played at home.

Odiham batted first. Chipchase batted very well and we were unable to get him out until he had scored 20 runs. Later Bellinger batted nicely. Their innings ended with a total of 77 runs.

Farnham then went in, but on account of their two good bowlers, Chipchase and Bellinger, our wickets began to fall quickly, without many runs being made. Our best score, eight, was made by Briant. We retired with only 25 runs, which gave Odiham a victory of 52 runs.

Giles took 4 for 20. Clarke took 5 for 12.

THE SCHOOL *v.* WAVERLEY HOSPITAL.

On June 24th we played the return game against the wounded soldiers from Waverley on our own ground. Waverley batted first, and at once began some big hitting. Sutcliffe and Gibbs batted fairly well, and after them Waller did fairly. We got them all out for 75 runs.

Their best score was Waller 19.

Farnham then went in but we were unable to hit their very good bowling. Wickets began to fall very quickly with no runs in proportion.

Our whole total was only 30 runs, which gave the soldiers a very good victory.

Mrs. Priestley entertained the teams and the Nurses to tea, and the boys provided the wounded and their friends with cigarettes.

It was a very enjoyable afternoon.

THE SCHOOL *v.* WAVERLEY HOSPITAL.

A very pleasant game was played against the wounded soldiers at Waverley Hospital.

They were found to be too good for us.

The soldiers batted first, and through some good hitting by Fisher and Florence they soon put the score up. They finished their innings with 54 runs.

There best scores were Fisher 13, Florence 13.

Clarke 7 for 21.

Farnham then batted. At first it seemed as though the School would win, as Corner and Clarke made a very good stand. When Corner came out the wickets began to fall very rapidly, and the School ended its innings with only 33 runs.

Clarke made 23 and took seven wickets for 21.

Mrs. Anderson kindly entertained the teams to tea.

The jokes were as good as the tea.

THE SCHOOL *v.* ODIHAM G.S.

This was our first Match of the Season. As it was on the Odiham ground the order was hit high, hard, and often—but especially high. They batted first and made an excellent start, Chipchase and Phillips putting on 19 before the latter was bowled.

Excellent bowling by Clark and Giles dismissed the next six men for the addition of ten runs; but the last three wickets put on 30 more. Barnwell played very well for his 17 not out. We made a good start with Briant and Clarke, who compiled 19 between them; the rest of the team could do little with the bowler Chipchase, and our innings closed for 42.

Clarke made 16, and took two wickets for 8; Giles took five for 14.

THE SCHOOL *v.* GUILDFORD G.S.

Played at Guildford on June 7.

They started batting, and tho' the first wicket fell at 6, the next two men brought the score to 55, in spite of the excellent fielding and bowling of our fellows. The rest of the wickets fell at regular intervals of five or six runs and the innings closed for 90. Clarke and Briant opened for us, and the first two wickets put on 28. But after that the rest could do very little and the score only reached 47.

Clarke made 15.

Giles took seven wickets for 12.

THE SCHOOL *v.* GUILDFORD G.S.

This return match was played in beautiful weather on July 15. We opened—five wickets were down for 9, and we were all out for 29, the only one to score being Priestley (a) with 13 not out.

Guildford commenced their innings almost as badly as we had done, and had five wickets down for 11. Then unfortunately several catches were dropped, and 20 more runs were added before the next man was out. Only one other batsman gave any trouble and the last wicket fell at 56.

For them Milden made 33, and Wolsterholme 12. For us Clarke took three wickets for 2.

THE SCHOOL v. ALTON G.S.

Alton had to scratch our first fixture with them and the return was played at Farnham on July 12. We opened badly, losing Clarke, Priestley (b) and Giles for 14. Meanwhile Priestley (a) was playing a good game, but could get no one to stay with him, still, with the aid of byes, the score amounted to 67.

They started feebly, but we only managed to get three of their fellows out for 107, of which Dounes made 64.

It is some years since Alton played our 1st XI. and we congratulate them on their victory.

Priestley (a) made 30.

The Cadet Corps.

FIELD DAY.

OUR Cadet Corps has had many hard days, but I doubt if it ever had a harder one than when it took part in the Field Day with the other Surrey Schools, at Blackheath, on July 21st.

At 9.30 a.m. the Corps, about 80 strong, left the School Parade for the Railway Station. The march down and the entraining were very smartly done, and reflected great credit on the Platoon Commanders and Sergt.-Major Mansell.

On arrival at Guildford we had to wait half-an-hour, but we reached Chilworth at about 11 o'clock, and were drawn up in a shady lane outside the Station, and were halted. Here we lost our O.C., Capt. Hamill, for a while, for he was summoned to a meeting of the O.C's. to receive his instructions for the day, but an officer of

the Wonersh V.T.C. kindly acted as a guide, and led us up a very beautiful typical Surrey lane to Blackheath Cross.

Turning to the left, we crossed the Common, and moved down to our allotted position in a belt of fir trees.

Here the O.C. joined us once more, and explained the scheme of the day. The general idea governing the operations was that Eastland was at war with Westland. A Westland ammunition column, with escort, proceeding from Chilworth to Wonersh, had broken down near the cross-roads at Blackheath. An Eastland force had set out to destroy the column. Reigate, Richmond, Sutton, Kingston and Purley formed this force under Lieut. Eade.

Capt. Tudor Jones, who directed the Western Force, had Woking, Dorking, Guildford and Farnham to defend the convoy.

We were placed on the extreme left of the line, in most difficult country. Capt. Hamill threw out No. 1 Platoon, under Knotts, to feel for the enemy; No. 2 Platoon formed the right of our line, under Clarke; Putnam, with No. 3, was in the centre, and No. 4, under Corner, was right out on the left wing.

It was very evident that the enemy was massing behind the hill, opposite No. 4, so Corner sent Briant forward with two sections to get into touch with them.

This he did very quickly; but the enemy came on so fast, and in such numbers, that we had to retire through the copses up the hill.

Their outflanking movement still continued, so Capt. Hamill sent for re-inforcements, but as the supports did not arrive, we had to fall back, contesting every step

Just when all seemed lost, the enemy halted, and then began to retire. In their eagerness to get round our left wing they had exposed their own flank to our centre, which, swinging forward, promptly outflanked their flanking party.

Then the "cease fire" sounded, much to our delight, for by this time most of us were thoroughly baked.

We marched down to the road, and had just begun to get some refreshment, when suddenly orders came to parade at once on the Cricket Ground.

There Gen. Elles, as chief umpire, held a pow-wow, pointing out our mistakes and praising our good work. He decided that the Western Force, though it had been hard pressed on one flank, had successfully defended its convoy.

The Cadets then gave the salute, after which the General inspected us. We all admired the smart way the Reigate bayonets flashed in the sun, and we hoped that the authorities would soon see their way to provide us with arms too.

Gen. Elles then made a short and telling speech exhorting the Cadets above all things to stand by one another, whether they held commissions or were in the ranks, for it was that mutual trust that made the British troops unconquerable.

After being dismissed we were able to obtain some refreshment, and to get the dust off our faces, for some of us were like niggers, in fact, the General might have fancied we had some black troops in our ranks.

Chilworth Station was reached at 5.10. We had a long wait for the train, and finally reached home at 6.30.

Nothing could have been better than the march back to the School—the cadets stepped out briskly, despite the gruelling they had had.

The Field Day proved very instructive, though many mistakes were made. We have yet to learn not to “bunch,” and to skirmish with less noise.

Of course there were comic incidents. Two privates of No. 1 captured an umpire, and kept him prisoner for a time; a cadet in No. 4 used his fist on the enemy; one of the Supply Column left his lunch in the train, but,

“ Things like that you know must be
With every famous victory.”

The Sports.

THE School Sports were held on Wednesday, July 19th. We have always been fortunate in having excellent weather for the occasion, and this year was no exception. Prizes, as before, took the form of patriotic cards. Although the attendance of visitors was smaller than usual, there was present a good number of wounded soldiers; for them three events had been provided, a Potato Race, a Cigarette Race, and Throwing the Cricket Ball. The first was especially amusing, and the “Tommyes” entered heartily into the fun of the thing. To each winner a carved matchbox and some cigarettes were given in addition to the patriotic card.

Though no records were beaten, many finishes were exceedingly good, and rivalry between the two strongest houses was keen. Morley’s won the Cup, with a bare

margin of points. The Senior Victor Ludorum went to Corner, the Junior to Joyce.

The Prizes were distributed by Mr. Borelli, and the proceedings closed with the playing of the Last Post, as a tribute to the memory of those Old Boys who had fallen in the service of their Country, or (as the issue proved) were at that moment making the last sacrifice.

Throwing the Cricket Ball (Under 14):—1 Keates, 2 Faulkner (b), 3 Fassnidge (b), 58yds. 1ft.

Throwing the Cricket Ball (Open):—1 Mackay, 2 Putnam, 3 Smith (a), 76yds. 1ft. 5in.

Long Jump (Open):—1 Giles, 2 Corner, 3 Mackay, 19ft.

High Jump (Under 14):—1 Shore, 2 Faulkner (b) and Keates, 4ft.

220 Yards (Open):—1 Corner, 2 Giles, 3 Fassnidge (a), 25-4/5 secs.

220 Yards (Under 14):—1 Joyce, 2 Faulkner, 3 Bastow, 30-3/5 secs.

House Team Race:—1 Morley, 2 Childe.

220 Yards Preparatory:—1 Bastow, 2 Demblon, 3 Bond, 36-2/5 secs.

Quarter Mile:—1 Corner, 2 Giles, 3 Whetman, 60-1/5 secs.

Sack Race (Under 14):—1 Shore.

100 Yards (Open):—1 Corner, 2 Mackay, 3 Fassnidge (a), 11-3/5 secs.

100 Yards (Under 12):—1 Joyce, 2 Bastow, 3 Adamson, 13-4/5 secs.

220 Yards (Under 12):—1 Joyce, 2 Bastow, 3 Spencer, 3-1/5 secs.

Sisters' Race:—1 Marjorie Hutchens, 2 Margaret Elphick, 3 Lorna Blackmore.

Half-Mile (Handicap):—1 Whetman, 2 Bastow (b), 3 Joyce.

Bicycle Bottle Race:—Hill.

100 Yards (Under 14):—1 Joyce, 2 Priestley (b), 3 Marshallsay, Time, 13-2/5 secs.

100 Yards (Preparatory):—1 Priestley (c), 2 Bastow (c) 3 Bond.

Long Jump:—1 Chaffey, 2 Brooker and Keates (equal). Distance, 14ft. 7½ins.

High Jump:—1 Giles, 2 Corner, 3 Ross. Height 4ft. 9ins.

Sack Race (Open):—Jamieson.

One Mile:—1 Whetman, 2 Giles, 3 Ross. Time, 5 mins. 36 secs.

220 Yards (Old Boys' Race):—1 Bodkin, 2 Ball, 3 Smither. Time 31-1/5 secs.

Soldiers events—

Potato Race:—1 Reed, 2 Gore and Stone.

Cigarette Race:—1 Noble, 2 Ward.

Throwing Cricket Ball: Goold (78 yards).

Form Notes.

FORM VI.

What we want to know:

How many birds are daily seen from our windows?
Who is always the first to discover them? HARDING

Who is the self-conscious member?
———

How to account for the marvellously correct results obtained by us in the Lab.?
———

What we all did in the French Exam.? [Seven out of eight passed.—Ed.]
———

Who danced a fandango over our heads while we were at Maths.?
———

Our congratulations to 'Merry' who was placed twelfth on the list out of 800 Candidates in the Naval Artificer Examination.
———

Occasionally we get inspiring glimpses of the departed great ones. Clarke dashes about and banks on his motor cycle; Jerry has appeared once or twice; of Singer we have heard nothing.
———

Even Scorcher has had enough exercise lately, "walking round the triangle 47 times."
———

Many results in Maths. have been wrong lately owing to the silent and speedy (but alas! untimely) return of the Master, before the answers have had time to get properly "in the air."

FORM V.

E——— is often seen chewing grass. Is it that he is some relation to the ass, or is it (in nesting season) to attract "birds" ?
———

Why in the Form so inattentive at times in Geography? Well, we can't do lessons when dazzling colours are waved in front of us.

Extract from essay:—"Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth, and educated at his native town of Penrith."

New Beatitude:—"Blessed is he that bloweth his own trumpet." Invented to benefit its inventor, Mr. Justice L—h.

"Beer" drowns us.

The chief phrase in French (save concentration) is "When *T* went to School," etc.

Master: If I speak to you again, I'll put you in detention.

Boy: Oh, please Sir, don't speak to me then.

B—r's swank was very boring while we were studying Wales in Geography.

We must congratulate our captain on obtaining a good sum for the war fund.

Ques.: What's the last thing in Science?

Ans.: Clearing up.

Fassnidge is the model of our form (I should shay sho).

We were sorry to lose Mr. Colgrave, but we welcome Mrs. Woollard.

FORM IV.

We welcome Bartrop, who certainly fills our vacant desk.

Full of the call to economy, our Form, in order to save the waste-paper basket, put all their waste paper into the nearest radiator.

How soon will our Aldershot members learn that passive resistance is no good? F—— has been trying to stop the roller with his toe; C—— tried to stop a runaway horse with his "little hand."

Master: What is an optimist?

Boy: A doctor who sees to your eyes, Sir.

We are proud of Lickfold and Withers, both of whom have lowered the Form Records for hard Dictation passages.

Led by our captains, Smith and Robins, the Form has toiled nobly in the School Allotment with fork, with shovel and (tell it not in Gath) with pick also. Fancy gardening with a pick-axe! (What says the U.D.C.?)

But the crops we shall raise for the Fleet and the Hospitals will be worth the toil!

What a happy thought it was of Putnam's at the Breaking-up to call for three cheers for the Old Boys at the Front.

Six of our Form who played in the Junior Football Final, *v.* Sutton, have received the County Medal—Bastow, Faulkner, Pitt, Read, Robins, Smith.

The gas from the Lab. was so strong that it blew the black-board over.

We deeply regret to announce that the Museum has lost a valuable specimen which broke the glass and escaped.

Marriage.

MURRELL-ROBINS.—On June 12 at the Parish Church, Farnham, by the Rector and the Headmaster, Pte. Lewis S. Murrell, 1st Glamorgans, to Helena Susie Robins.

Murrell was through the Dublin Riots, and has just started for the front.

As we are going to press we hear that Lieut. T. C. Hine is missing. We hope to have news of him soon, and that he will return to us once more. Meanwhile we tender our sincerest sympathy with his father and mother and Hubert in their great trial and anxiety.

Breaking Up.

THE proceedings were private and informal, and there were no prizes distributed. The winners of Form prizes and subject prizes were presented with illuminated cards, according to the following list:—

Preparatory: 1, Bastow (c); 2, Bond. Form I.: 1, Bide (b); 2, Stroud (b). Form II.: 1, Fleming; 2, Fernie. Form IIIb.: 1, Follett (b); 2, Harris. Form IIIa.: 1, Keates; 2, Viggers. Form IV.: 1, Falkner (b); 2, Simmonds. Form V.: 1, Every (a); 2, Cooper. Form VIb.: 1, Clarke; 2, Williams.

Prizes for Special Subjects.—Drawing : Junior, Smith (b); Senior, Giles. History : Mason. Geography : Whetman. English : Putnam. French : Putnam. Mathematics : Putnam. Science : Putnam. Scripture : Whetman. Head of the School : Putnam.

The following prize-winners in cricket also received illuminated cards : Fielding : Priestley (b). Batting : Clarke ; Bowling : Clarke.

In the recent examinations for the London University seven boys passed the Junior Examination (one in honours), and gained between them 14 marks of distinction in the subjects of English, history, geography, arithmetic, mathematics, and drawing. Their names were : Briant, Clarke, Cooper, Evemy (honours), Giles, Priestley, and Williams.

Ross passed the senior school examination, Corner, Mackay, Mason and Whetman passed the matriculation examination, and obtained marks of distinction in mathematics, science and history. Putnam, the head of the school, passed the same examination, with special distinction in science, and qualified for a major scholarship.

The honours list of old boys was not presented. There is another and more noble list—a list of those (both known and unknown) who have given their lives for their country.

The proceedings closed with the usual cheers. The School will re-assemble on Thursday, September 14th, at 10 a.m.

WE have just heard the sad news of the death of Allan Langford, 2nd Lieut. in the Sherwood Foresters.

How doubly sad to us seems the death of the young, and of those who have left us but a year or so.

Many of the present generation will remember him—good at his work, a member of the Cricket and Football Teams (in the victorious Cup Team of 1913), and always an upholder of the best things.

In a very recent letter he wrote: "All our men are very keen, and we are only waiting for the word to go over—then we will pay our debts to the Bosche in sterling British coin."

He was lent to another Company for a special night attack on Aug. 1. He was very seriously wounded and died the next morning at 9.15.

The Chaplain wrote that they all felt his death as a personal loss, he had become so dear to them all. He found him in the front line trench, and characteristically brave though so badly wounded.

May God comfort his sorrowing mother and sister, and help us to remember his noble example.

Finance.

SINCE our last issue we have received the following donations from Old Boys—Capt. Miles £1, R. E. Curtis 10s., and from present boys, Harvey 1s.

Everyone must feel the importance of keeping the Magazine going, and we shall be very grateful to Old Boys and others if they will send along some fresh subscribers. We still have some back numbers that we can supply at 8d. each, post free.