

EDITORIAL

THIS term we welcome Miss Charlton B. Litt as French Master in place of Mr. Hamill, who resigned his appointment some time ago. We also welcome Mr. Perceval, who has replaced Mr. Newstead.

Our best wishes to Bastow (a), (b) and (c), Chesterman, Clarke, Gardiner (a), Godsland, Harris, Hill, Karn, Malins, Marshallsay, Ogbourne, Pitt, Shore, Stroud, Whetman, who left at the end of last Term.

We welcome in their places Allen, Callingham, Cox, Edwards, Field, Hirst (a), Hirst (b), Knox-Leet, Martin, Salmund, Spiers.

It has been a strange Summer Term; both work and games have felt the pinch of the war very seriously. In examinations we have had a leaner year than for some time past; but at least we have the satisfaction that all the Masters and boys who could by any chance be doing "their bit" are out and doing it. At the beginning of the Term productive exercise was the cry, and this may have accounted for the fact that hardly any boys turned up to Cricket Practice. It is to be hoped that the able-bodied were engaged in something productive instead of Cricket. Still Ross managed to raise teams to play the wounded from Waverley, the Highlands and the Hill, and to let our old opponents at Odiham and Aldershot have some measure of revenge for the defeats of past years.

Visits from Old Boys.

Many old boys have come in to see us this Term.

LIEUT. GRANGE, R.F.A., who was present at Vimy Ridge, gave us some idea of the magnitude of the gun power there.

LIEUT. S. MITCHELL, R.N., was home after a very exciting voyage from Halifax.

PTE. H. DOMAN, a famous campaigner at School, has been having a hard and rough time at Transport Work in France.

2ND LIEUT. PARK and 2ND LIEUT. ROBINS, both R.F.C., had some modest stories to tell of their first experiences in the air. Park is stationed at Folkestone, Robins at Netheravon.

SERGT. STRATFORD, the famous outside right of four or five seasons ago, was as placid as ever, in spite of his experiences in France.

PTE. MALLARD, one of the most delicate youths we have ever had, has trained into a hardy bronzed soldier, and is just off to Egypt.

2nd LIEUT. FARRIER, R.F.C., who left us to go to Tiffins, was home on short leave after many exciting months in France.

RILEY (i), home on leave, spent a long time with us, and told us many things. But we could get no particulars from him about the Military Cross.

Finally LIEUT. ADAMS, R.F.C., interned in Holland since Nov., 1914, and home for a month on parole. He was full of his experiences of the Dutch, also of the advances in aviation since he had been out of it. Looking at him, one could not help feeling it was good to be interned in Holland.

We have heard of a certain number of Old Boys who have been wounded or invalided home, and we offer them our best wishes for a complete recovery.

JACK DUTTON, who is now slowly recovering at Netley. A. S. GUNN, badly wounded in the leg, hobbled down to see us all on the boys' allotment, and insisted on giving some money to the War Fund. [We sent a special parcel to Stanley Warren, who is recovering from wounds in Hospital at Rouen]—CAPT. JACK MARKS, whose major was killed next to him, has recovered from his wounds at Salonika, and is back in the fighting line—LIEUT. HARLAND, home with typhoid and nerve shock—2ND LIEUT. LOVELESS and 2ND LIEUT. MAIDMENT, after some time in Hospital in France, were both present at the Memorial Service on July 26th, though they looked far from complete recovery. LEONARD SALTER (late Lieut.) has been invalided out with the loss of a leg—WILFRED HUNT, one of the most sporting captains the school has known, after passing through all the Somme offensive scatheless, got a terrible wound some miles behind the lines. He came over to see us several times a perfect example of modest

cheerful patience. He is now in the special hospital at Chislehurst for facial cases.

Mr. WOOD, who had been in Hospital in London for a year, was at last let out at the beginning of this term, and had a short holiday at Torquay before going into training again at Winchester. We hoped he might have been able to come over and see us this Term, but leave has been difficult to get.

In Memoriam.

We have to announce the death of some more brave Old Boys this Term.

GORDON MASON, 2nd Lieut. King's Royal Rifles, was killed in action in France on June 6th. We have no particulars of his death. Those of his generation will remember him as a bright energetic boy. He gave up a good appointment in London to join at the beginning of the war. Those who only knew him by his manly bearing in the streets here make no doubt that he died a manly death.

ALFRED GREENWOOD was officially reported missing after the engagement at Gaza on April 19th. The Commanding Officer has since written stating that a high explosive shell fell near where he and two others were advancing, and that none of the party were seen subsequently.

All will remember Greenwood as a sterling sportsman. In his first season he fully replaced the almost perfect Todman as goal-keeper, and he was subsequently a popular and untiring captain of Cricket and Football.

He joined up at the beginning of the war, and we are confident that he bore himself worthily there.

WALTER NASH, a brother of the Chairman of our Governing Board, passed peacefully away at his little house in the Bourne.

Under the verdict of the specialist he had been given a year to live last August. Those who met him about the town or in the office during the last eight months will recall his patient, cheerful bearing as something of an inspiration, when they know that he was "certified how long he had to live."

We tender our respectful sympathy with the relatives and friends of all these brave Old Boys.

O blest communion! fellowship Divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia!

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Letters from Old Boys.

WE are pleased to be able to print some more letters from Old Boys in this number of the Magazine.

R. B. POLLARD writes as follows:

At Malta, 20/1/17.

Dear Mr. Priestley,

You will be surprised to see the above address, no doubt, and, in fact, the departure of our long-warned draft was quite unexpected by us. We left the shores of Old England on Jan. 12th and

arrived here to-day. Up to the present we have had a very pleasant voyage, the conditions being better than on my first trip. There are several canteens aboard, so we can buy any little delicacy we fancy.

On the boat there are N.C.O.'s and men of various regiments, Scotch and English, but no Irish.

The different brogues one hears are naturally very opposite and rather amusing.

My brother arrived in England on Jan 6th, and is in a hospital at Stockport. I hope he will remain in Blighty till the end of the war. He certainly deserves to do so.

H. L. COOKE writes as follows :

6th April.

Dear Sir,

Will you please excuse me for, or, rather, forgive me for the scurvy way in which I have treated you, especially when you did good for evil by sending me that exceedingly welcome and useful present. It was quite a surprise to me.

At the time of receiving the parcel I was on trek, and there was no outward post, and so I did not acknowledge the receipt as quickly as I should. Since then I have not had courage to write you before.

There is nothing more I can tell you with a green envelope, except that we have been out of the mud for a few days, and had quite a good time.

With best wishes and kind regards to yourself, Mrs. Priestley and the Masters.

I am, Yours sincerely,

H. L. COOKE.

R. B. POLLARD writes as follows :

Sunday, 8/4/17.

Dear Mr. Priestley,

Since I last saw you in England quite a lot has taken place, and I must apologize for not keeping you better informed as to my whereabouts.

To make a start—We landed in Egypt on Jan. 27th, and joined the battalion on Feb. 2nd. The regiment is wholly $\frac{2}{4}$ West Kent now, and my new number is 6674, my company is B, and No. 8 is the platoon of which I am the Sergeant. We are still in the 160th

Brigade and 53rd Division. We are not allowed to put our address at the top of a letter, and therefore I am giving you full particulars now. The boys in my platoon are jolly fine, a large number having seen service at the Dardanelles, and we get on very well together. The dress we wear is, serge tunics and drill shorts; consequently my face, arms, and knees are quite brown. A newcomer is easily spotted with his white skin, and rather despised until a brown shade makes its appearance.

We were in the last scrap, but had very few casualties. Next time we expect to be in the thick of it.

Our C.O. is absolutely the best and most efficient officer that ever stood on earth; he is simply idolised by us all.

The transport system, both camel and railway, is magnificent, and the campaign is a veritable picnic compared with Suvla Bay. The food is good and plentiful, fresh meat, bacon, bread, porridge, jam tea and cheese, compose the usual menu. Of course, when there is any scrapping, biscuits, bully beef and water, are all we get; but it is all made up to us afterwards. The cigarette and tobacco issue is not sufficient for my needs; and whenever there is an opportunity of visiting a Y.M.C.A. I always replenish my supply. Strawberry jam also contributes to my comfort in that and other respects. Matches are rather scarce and one always lights two or three "fags." I picked up a pipe near Rafa, some time ago, and it is proving extremely useful. The country we are situated in now reminds one of home. The trenches in the meadows and cultivated fields seem out of place. We were able to regale ourselves with oranges and fresh eggs a week or two ago, both articles being purchased at the rate of eight for one shilling; they *were* good!

I am enjoying the life immensely—good living, plenty of work, and sufficient excitement (too much sometimes) to prevent one from getting bored, coupled with a change of camp every week or so, makes this campaign awfully interesting. Well, I must close now with kind regards to Mrs. Priestley and with all good wishes for the welfare of the Old School.

I remain, Yours sincerely,

R. B. POLLARD.

J. OVER writes as follows :

France, April 21st.

Dear Sir,

Please accept the enclosed £2 (two pounds) for the Magazine Fund.

The cheque was present at the capture of a village and other more or less exciting events, but unfortunately that doesn't increase its value.

Trusting that yourself and Mrs. Priestley are quite well,

Yours sincerely,

J. OVER.

N.B.—My regimental number is now 240644.

BOMB. F. W. NEVILLE writes as follows :

April 30th.

Dear Sir,

It is a very risky venture to start a letter when unable to think of much news, but I'll hope that the mere exercise of writing will bring something in its train. At any rate in the intervals between 'phone business it will relieve the monotony of regarding brickish-coloured sun-baked knees. That's hardly fair on the sun though, for washing water is so scarce up here that most of us could, without difficulty, pose for Pears' famous advertisement. All of which helps to lead me away from the primary purpose of this letter, which is to thank you for your postcard and fine little parcel. The cigs. came at a time when we had been without an issue cigarette for a fortnight; and when canteens existed only in dreams; so that they were trebly welcome. Again, to compare a Blighty cigarette with a govt. issue—made specially for the troops—is nothing short of a sin. Not that the latter aren't welcome [I don't mean sins], for they are very much so, especially since the schoolboys' substitute of dried leaves is unavailable, for the surrounding country is flat, and partially cultivated grasslands. I have been told by one who should know, that it is somewhat like the S. African veldt, tho' somewhat greener. Poor old S. Africa.

As a matter of fact I really believe the desert of Sinai beats these plains of Southern Palestine. It did at least make no pretence—it was

desert pure and simple. And there one's horizon always had a certain quality of beauty; for sand and wind combine to produce many graceful curves. Add to these many beautiful sunrise effects when with the oblique light of the sun and a gentle mist the sand forgot how to be yellow, and you may perhaps realize that tho' we are once more amidst cultivation, there is yet a feeling of fellowship for our last year's home.

With regard to the qualities of the two lands for military digging purposes, we are also in a quandary; being unable to decide whether it is better to dig a hole 10 feet by 10 feet with the aid of pick, shovel, and much muscular energy, or to merely empty sand from the ground into sand bags, but from an area at least twice as large as is really necessary, owing to the sand having a natural angle of somewhere about 45 degrees. It is, you will admit, a very nice problem—and seems full of proportional possibilities.

Our change of position has brought us one undoubted blessing. We are almost entirely free from flies. Whether the reason for this is that flies breed easily in the hot sand, I do not know, for usually one expects to find more insects where there is more vegetation. Apparently it is not always the case.

The authorities have not entirely disappointed us, however, and our other summer ration—marmalade—is coming along once more, with unfailing regularity. This latter feature, when one considers all the difficulties in the way of feeding a large force in the field, in such circumstances as we are placed, shows fine organizing on the part of some red tab. I expect our ration is larger than the home supply now, in some of the foodstuffs at any rate. For instance when not on biscuit ration we get a pound of bread a day. Its condition, of course, depends on sundry circumstances: as to whether Trooper Brown slept on the vegetables or the bread while entrained en route for — or whether that particular camel tick, whose antics my friend and myself watched on the march up and which we failed to kill, decided to annoy one of our camels, while loaded, and so caused him to twist himself into such shapes that bags of bread could not adhere piously to his saddle. On such things does the feeding of an army depend. Seriously, tho', the rations are, under the circumstances, dished out to us in remarkably good condition. Our main complaint about bread is that it is occasionally sun-dried.

Seeing your P.C. brought to mind old times, for when the School was opened I was no member of it—tho' hearing of its doings with much awe from my brother—especially of the wild and wicked "Train Boys." And all that was only eleven years ago, well!

I hope the school is still doing well in the field—both cadets and others. Am looking forward to the next number of the Magazine.

Am enclosing a tiny piece of Alabaster. It is a portion of the inner lining of the King's Chamber of the Pyramids. When there found one small place chipped about and naturally enough took a remembrance, of which this is a portion; which I thought you might like.

All best wishes to Mrs. Priestley and yourself, Dr. Brown and Mr. Stroud, and hoping that you are still in the best of health.

I remain, etc.

F. H. TOMLIN writes as follows:

Dear Sir,

Have just received the April number of THE FARNHAMIAN, which reminds me that I owe you a few notes.

I have not had a deal of opportunity for letter writing of late. We left our winter quarters about two months ago, since when I have been knocking about here and there, never at rest for long in one place.

No doubt you have seen from the papers an account of the cavalry's recent action.

During that attack I was working an exchange for dear life, buried in the depths of a sewer. It sounds rather bad, but still one needs to be rather deep these days to avoid Fritz's efforts.

I spent about a week in that sewer and was not sorry to leave it and see something of the fine weather which we have reached at last.

Of course it is impossible to say when our next spell will be although with the signals one has always something to do. I spent another week with one of the Infantry Corps, being loaned to them

owing to their shortage of men. After a hard week's work I was relieved in turn and rejoined our own Headquarters.

I did not see Hendrey this time; in fact I dont think his divisions were on this front. My brother was up, but as his battery were in action the whole time I could not see him either. It is hardly advisable to search for batteries in action.

Had I known Evett's address it is quite possible I could have found him, as I believe he was quite near me.

I must practice paper economy now as this is all my paper.

It was with the greatest regret I read of poor Hopcraft's death, also Bradford. Two of the most popular fellows of their day without doubt, and pillars of the old "Town" Team.

When I read the Mag: and see what interesting letters all the fellows in Egypt, Mesopotamia and Salonika can write I often think how flat our efforts from France must be. The censorship here, though, is of the strictest, which apparently it is not in the East.

Of course old Neville would hardly expect to find spies in the desert.

Being under canvas at present, life is really not too bad for us at present.

Almost like a summer camp in England with variations.

Well, I really must pack up now, as things are beginning to get busy.

I will send along a little towards the "funds" in a day or so. Financial difficulties at present.

Yours very sincerely,

LIEUT. G. E. SPARVELL writes as follows:

Dr. Mr. Priestley,

B.E.F.,
12/5/17.

Many thanks for the School Magazine which I received whilst I was at home on leave.

I am now in the A.S.C. (M.T.), having transferred in December last. I transferred because the Medical Authorities would not pass me fit for infantry on account of my leg. I must say that I like A.S.C. work very much. I am now in No. 8 G.H.Q. Ammunition Park.

Our work is now very varied, and my last duty was to take food to the French refugees in the villages which the Germans had evacuated in their retreat. The way in which the Hun destroyed everything is beyond description, and he left the people practically in a starving condition.

Although on Active Service we get plenty of sport in this unit, including Football, Cricket, Hockey and Tennis. Besides this we have a Cinema, which relieves the monotony of our existence. Whilst I was at Dover I continued to play football and got my place in the Battalion Eleven. I also played in the trial game for the Army and Navy in the Dover Garrison.

I shall be glad when the time comes when I may once again play for the Old Boys *v.* The School.

I notice one mistake in the Magazine. It is stated that Thomas got the D.C.M. That is not quite correct, as he received the Military Cross. Strange to say he and I were in the same Battalion at Dover, and for a long time neither of us knew that we had both been to the old school.

I expect you will be surprized to hear that I am now married.

All good wishes to Mrs. Priestley and yourself.

Yours sincerely,

SERGT. OVER writes as follows:

France, May 8th.

Dear Sir,

Many thanks for your card and *The Farnhamian*.

In the latter, the letters from Old Boys are extremely interesting, and I envy those, the censorship of whose letters doesn't seem so strict as ours.

I am very sorry to hear of the deaths of Bradford, Hopcraft and Cody.

We have been enjoying grand weather, and more football has been played recently than for a good many months on end. I am now a rigger man, although I play soccer when called upon, and even scored a goal last night in an Officers and Sergeants *versus* the rest of the Company game.

Since writing last I have been promoted to Sergeant, but the promotion dates back into last year.

Trusting that Mrs. Priestley and yourself are quite well, and with kind remembrances to Mr. Stroud and Dr. Brown.

Yours sincerely,

J. OVER.

TROOPER A. CHENNELL writes as follows:

12th May, 1917.

Dear Mr. Priestley,

Thanks awfully for the School Mag. and also the postcard which I received yesterday. You will be pleased to hear that I have met Frank Hendrey out here: he is stationed quite close to us, and so we are living in hopes of seeing one another fairly often.

The one thing that grieves me more than anything is to hear of all, or should I say most, of my old school chums going under. There is hardly a week passes but we hear of another one who has sacrificed himself for the country.

I am still in the same place but we never know when the day will come to move.

The weather now is absolutely glorious, in fact I think it rather too warm for this job.

Please remember me to Mr. Stroud and Dr. Brown.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Priestley and yourself,

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

A. CHENNELL.

DRUMMER H. A. ATTON writes as follows :

B.E.F.,

28/5/17.

Dear Mr. Priestley,

Many thanks indeed for the School Mag., and the postcard photo of the high jump. I cannot recognise anyone in the photo this time. No doubt the great majority of the boys of my time have left School now.

The weather has been simply splendid for some time past, and after the very severe winter it came as a welcome change. So far my long stay out here seems to have had no ill effects on my health and I have never felt fitter all my life.

I have played in several football matches this year, but the weather has now got too warm, and consequently cricket has taken the winter game's place.

The life is much the same as when I first came to France, but shells, etc., are far more abundant, particularly on our side. It is a very marvellous sight and tremendous noise nowadays, when our guns set up a barrage, and this is practically an everyday occurrence owing to the frequency of trench raids, etc.

I am enclosing a photograph I had taken at Christmas time, as I thought you might like to have any photos of old boys.

Our numbers have been altered, and my address should read,

531,320, Drummer H. A. Atton,
Headquarters Company,
115th Bn. London Regiment,
B.E.F.

Please remember me to Mr. Stroud and Dr. Brown.

Hoping that Mrs. Priestley, yourself and family, are in the best of health.

I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

H. A. ATTON.

With the British Expeditionary Force,
11/5/17.

Rev. S. Priestley, Farnham Grammar School.

Dear Friend and Master,

Thanks so much for THE FARNHAMIAN just received. I read it through with great interest. Reading the letters from the Old Boys, nearly all of whom by the way, are of a younger generation than myself, it is interesting to note that they come from all quarters of the globe. A School Magazine is indeed a great institution, inasmuch that it helps boys, who have been friends and comrades during School days, to keep in touch with one another, though many miles apart, and in many instances cements friendships in after life.

It is to be regretted that such a Magazine did not exist when I was at the Old School from /97 to /01.

When I went to Canada in the Spring of that year I got out of touch with all my old Schoolfellows, which, I will admit, was largely my own fault, but which friendships a Magazine like *The Farnhamian* would have helped to keep alive.

I congratulate you on your paper, and hope it will continue to flourish. Please let me know the subscription price, as I should like to receive it regularly.

I notice Robert E. Curtis, writing from Australia, says that his sister is jumping from the frying pan into the fire, by changing Australia's climate for that of dear old Canada. I may be bigoted, very likely you will say I am, but I feel assured that of the two she will enjoy our invigorating climate the most. We certainly do have it cold out there, very cold sometimes, but it is dry and frosty, and such cold is not noticeable.

The snow in the Winter will sift through your fingers like sand, so full is it of frost, and the weather does not cut you to the bone like the English climate. Then look at the beautiful Summers we have, as good as any part of the world. I am speaking, of course, of the West (Man. and Sask.); in the East the climate is very similar to that of England.

I cannot tell you much about my life out here, as the Censor is very strict. It will be sufficient to say that you hit the nail right on the head.

I am keeping well and fit, and am just plodding along, one atom among millions, doing my small share towards the freedom of our future generations and the Christianity of the world.

May God, in His great goodness, grant the speedy arrival of that day, when—

“Love and Peace Eternal, shall end this Battle hour,
Till all who prayed and struggled
To set their brethren free,
In Triumph meet to praise Thee,
Most Holy Trinity.”

We have been experiencing a spell of beautiful weather, and the whole countryside is fast donning its Summer garments, Very different to the last time I was down to see you, eh!

I have not run across Gordon yet, and cannot get any information as to his whereabouts. I haven't seen him for over 16 years, so you can imagine how anxious I am to locate him.

Another letter which greatly interested me was from C. S. White, with the Salonica Forces.

The mention of Kendall, Chris Young, and the Laceys, brings back many happy memories, and when I think of Mack, the elder, I also see beside him the smiling face of “Fatty” Mack, and I think of the days when we won many a hard-fought battle on the football and cricket fields. I heartily second the motion to have an Old Boys' Rally at the School after the War. I should like to see this accomplished, and feel sure that you would be just as pleased to welcome and entertain us, as we would be to congregate beneath the old School roof once more.

I well remember the old Easter Steeplechase, and ran in it in 1898, the year it was originated. Gordon, if I remember rightly, won it that year. It does not seem nearly 20 years ago. Time does fly to be sure!

My address out here is—No. 204,365, Pte. P. L. Burke,

4th Platoon, No, 1 Compy., 15th Battalion Canadians, B.E.F. France.

All N.C.O.'s from the Canadian Forces are reduced when coming out. The reason being that altho' a man may be a competent N.C.O. under peace conditions, he may not turn out so well in active service, and then it wouldn't be fair to the men who have been out here to have an N.C.O. over them who had never been under shell fire.

Please forgive me this long letter. I am afraid it has not been very interesting and newsy, being, as it is, mostly reminiscences.

It has done me a world of good conjuring up these old memories, and if I have tired you, that must be my excuse.

Kindest regards to Mrs. Priestley and family, and also to Dr Brown and Mr. Stroud.

From one of your old pupils,

PERCY L. BURKE.

Corpl. H. B. HINE writes as follows :

Dear Mr. Priestley,

22 23/5/17

I feel I really owe you untold apologies. First, whilst I was home on my last leave I never came up to see any of you. I don't quite remember how it was that I failed to, but whatever the cause, it was almost inexcusable. Then whilst I was at Aldershot for two or three weeks afterwards I again neglected you. There perhaps, I had a little excuse, as whilst there I was employed on office work, which occupied so much of my time that I rarely managed to get home even, and then only for a few hours at a time, and so unless I happened to meet them in the town I saw few of my friends. All the same, I feel that I have been decidedly lax and ungrateful in coming out here again without having been to see you. Please accept my sackcloth and ashes apologies.

As I say I am out here again in a favourite old place of mine (that is to say, a place with which I am well acquainted, or perhaps some of my happiest moments out here have been spent in this neighbourhood).

The work of an ammunition column is not vastly thrilling, in fact it is inclined to be monotonous; but the past two years have given me all the excitement I need for some time to come, so I am pretty well content to do a spell of unobtrusive horse-work. That's what it really amounts to at present.

2nd-Lieut. R. O. H. FOLKARD writes as follows :

Dear Sir,

4-7-17.

I am writing to thank you very much for the many familiar P.c.'s you have sent to me, each one bringing back one of the jolly old pre-war incidents. Would you mind thanking, on my behalf, the boys who send out those very welcome and useful parcels, and assure them that I fully appreciate their good wishes. I am glad to say that my leave is very close, and when I do get it I hope to visit you and have a look round the old School and on the notice board to see what we have got tomorrow.

Yours, etc.

Dear Mr. Priestley,

29/5/17.

Very many thanks for the most useful parcel you sent me out some little time back. I would have written before, but have been working at night recently and sleeping at day. The water purifiers came in useful at once, as we had a long way to go for good water. I can now help the old School along with another decoration, as they have given me a Military Cross ; I am not quite certain what it is for, but have an idea its something to do with a fire in a gun-pit. I don't know that I can give you any more news except that we are very busy indeed and likely to be for some time. I have recently been on the move, but am now fixed in again in a different part of the line. With kindest regards to all,

Yours very sincerely,

VERNON PAGE.

Dear Mr. Priestley,

Same address, 4th May, 1917.

I've two things to thank you for — the latest Magazine and the parcel the School very kindly sent to me. Will you please thank them for me. The person who thought of those compound peppermint tablets is a genius. They are a most excellent thing to have on a cold day—and it managed to be pretty cold out there last winter. Just at present, however, its very warm. I'm sitting in an old Boche dug-out with my shirt-sleeves rolled up, and I'm quite warm enough. These Boches do make good dug-outs. The amount of wood they use is enormous. Still, I suppose, they chop down the French forests without hesitation, whereas we seem to use as little as possible.

As you may guess, we have been fairly busy during the last month, and shall be for some time yet I presume. You may be surprised to hear that I have been promoted to the exalted rank of Major, and am now commanding my battery. The work is rather strenuous, though I swear that the rest of the battery think that the Battery Commander has a very soft time. Still I must confess I like the position. I've always cherished the hope of having a battery of my own, but did not expect it quite so soon. Its particularly nice getting your old battery. I've been with this one about a year and nine months now, and started as the junior sub.

I'm very sorry to read of the death of five more Old Boys. All of them I remember quite well. I noticed Cody's death in the paper. The last thing I remember of him was when we swopped footer shirts—when the poor old "District" played the all powerful "Boarders." I think we lost 22-3.

I havn't managed to meet any of the "Old Boys" out here yet, tho' I must have been very near to poor old Spencer when he was wounded. I remember his battalion when they went into the attack at Posières. Perhaps I may be luckier and meet some of the others later on.

Will you please thank Mrs. Priestley for the letter she wrote to me some little time ago. My sister told me that she had met you in Farnham. It is rather hard luck on her, isn't it? She sticks it pretty well tho'. I heard from my father the other day, and he was just going home on leave. I don't know how he managed it. Its closed for us all up here.

I'm ashamed to admit that I havn't paid any subscription to the Magazine for ages. I am enclosing a cheque which will bring it up to date. If there is anything over will you please put it to one of the funds.

Well, I must close. We have had a very quiet day to-day. Its been so quiet that the sky has thought it better to thunder just to keep things going. Best wishes to Mrs. Priestley and all.

Yours very sincerely,

W. G. EVETTS.

P.S.—I have made the cheque payable to you. I don't know whether that is right.

Dear Mr. Priestley,

B.E.F. 7th July, 1917.

Many thanks for the last School Magazine—it is about the only link I have with the old School. I'm ashamed to think I've not yet subscribed to the Sports fund since I left—by the way do the youngsters still get prizes. I've often thought it an awful shame that the poor unfortunate generation whose bad luck it had been to be doing their Schooling during the last few years should have had to be contented with a ticket of some sort instead of the usual book or other prizes usually given for studies or sports respectively.

Well, after all that, I have much pleasure in enclosing a cheque for two guineas for the Prize List.

The last occasion on which I wrote was, I believe, just after we went up Ploegsteert way after the Somme. I have a faint recollection of seeing the letter in the Magazine. We did about eight months in that neighbourhood. Of course there's the usual in and out of the line, combined with rests, training and taking over different sectors to relieve the monotony a little. The winter in Belgium was something fearful. I went all to pieces, and finished up eventually with a fortnight in hospital with measles, followed by a fortnight's sick leave, and again I am *ashamed*—because I didn't give you a call.

A fearful lot happens in eight or nine months, and so I am passing over the period with but brief reference to our doings—thence we come very quickly to the Battle of Messines. We were in it—and as I said, we had come up in the locality when hardly a shot was to be heard—seen it gradually grow livelier, and livelier till it became quite an uncomfortable quarter. Then we watched and helped to carry out the gigantic preparation, and finally took a great part in the glorious show.

I'm on regimental transport, as, I believe, you knew—and I can tell you old Fritz gave us a warm reception when we tried to get up for a few nights previous to the battle.

We did most of our advance work on pack animals, and within a few hours of Messines falling we were trekking across the newly-won ground with munitions and water, &c.

Our battalion had another very successful stand, and we had a very trying time—night after night for days on end we would be

up in the battle zone dodging about among shell-holes till it grew light again. We used to get quite a good whack of the shelling too. Really, unless I write regularly and go into details, I am a very bad letter writer. These big shows are very wonderful and very terrible at the time, but somehow, on trying to give an expression of what happens, I think we all fail miserably.

Now again after several nights of marching we're enjoying a nice quiet rest, right out in the wilds, practically where we were in February last year.

Its quickly growing dark, so I'll wish you and Mrs. Priestley the very best of luck.

Yours sincerely,

J. FRANKS.

P.S. I thought perhaps you might like this snap of my horse, "Punch" and myself taken a few days ago. The wee dagger is not there, worse luck.

4/7/17.

Dear Sir,

July 4th and, for a change, not scratching away in a final flourish—it is 4.50—before some gentle mistress from West Street can tell us to stop work. But I feel almost as anxious writing down here in my little dark dug-out as I should feel if I were writing the last page of an Exam. Paper—the French one, say—hoping to score just enough marks to pull me through. You see I have two very delicate duties to perform: the first to offer apologies for failing to thank you long ago for the Easter Term Magazine—the second to suggest to you that it was a pity you should have wasted two or three pages of that Magazine by publishing the whole of my long letter to you. I am still very conscious of that old fault of "long windedness," of which you tried so hard to cure me in composition lessons.

It is wonderfully good to receive a School Mag. and be able to be back in the old place for an hour or so once again, hearing the old jokes and familiar phrases as they are dished up for us in Form Notes—watching the football matches and sports.

It is good, too, to hear of the work being done by the boys that one knew there—though very sad to learn each time that

another two or three—always of the very best—have been taken.

Since my last letter, all sections of our service have been attached to Army, instead of Division, for administrative purposes. This change also had the effect of making each section responsible for a much larger area—as corps and army back areas behind the old Divisional Areas which we had previously worked, also came under our inspection. I had the good fortune to be chosen to work for six weeks a district some 12 or 13 miles behind the line.

This was quite a lot to be done—a rough survey of the area to be made, all civilian premises and military stations to be inspected, and a report to be drawn up on all water sources in the area: streams, ponds and pumps—after the same had been tested for bacteria.

Three of us were billeted together in a very nice house with a very kind lot of people, who made us absolutely at home. The billet was in a fair-sized little country town. You can be sure that we enjoyed the experience immensely.

We were recalled about 15 days ago, and, after a night at section headquarters, I was chosen to go on another detachment—this time forward. I took the opportunity of going to see a performance by the “Crumps”—the official concert party of our old division—the evening I was at headquarters. Two fellows in our section have done a lot of work in this party—and all their first rehearsals were held in our camp until the little Divisional Theatre, with its reading room and prettily decorated tea room, where you can buy afternoon tea off French waitresses, had been built.

I sent you a photo souvenir book of this Concert Party a few days ago—thinking perhaps you might be interested. I think it is the souvenir of a very ambitious scheme thoroughly carried out. Who would have thought of afternoon tea rooms and a theatre with first rate concert party performing regularly, well within reach of the enemy's long range guns? What do you think of the “lady”?

I am looking forward to the next number of *The Farnhamian*. How have the cadets done in the competition? I hope the Sports will be as big a success as usual, and that there will be good news of cricket and examination successes to read when the Mag. arrives.

You must all miss Mr. Ridout very much. Please remember me to Dr. Brown and Mr. Stroud.

With kind regards to Mrs. Priestley and yourself.

Believe me, Sir,

Yours sincerely,

11/7/17.

C. WILFRED JUDD.

P.S. Please excuse my delay in posting this letter, but just after I had finished it we had to clear out of our dug-outs to make room for some signals who claimed to be the rightful owners of the premises. In the move to new quarters I put this letter away, and have forgotten to post it until now.

Dear Mr. Priestley,

B.E.F., 18/7/17.

I've very little to say, and not much time to say it in if there was more, so please excuse a wee note just to wish you many happy returns of to-morrow.

We have been having what the authorities call a "rest" now, since the battle of Wyttschaete (wrongly called the battle of Messines, probably because the name of Messines is familiar to all at home who studied the fortunes of the "Contemptible little Army" in the dark days of October, '14—and also possibly because "Messines" doesn't need the careful spelling which *is* needed to produce "Wyttschaete"!)

The idea of the aforementioned "rest" is, apparently, to make everybody so fed up that they want to be back in action again. In this it succeeds admirably—everybody gets so hopelessly bored at the incessant polishing up of brass and cleaning of equipment and waggons in back billets.

I'm afraid I've no news now, so I'll close with kindest regards to you and Mrs. Priestley.

Yours very sincerely,
48 Bde. Signals, B.E.F.

FRANK HENDREY.

July 9th,

Dear Mr. Priestley,

Address as before.

I am so sorry I have not written before to thank you for the School Magazine and those many post cards you sent me; but really during the recent offensive there was but little time for letter-writing.

I was very sorry to see that J. Day had been killed. Chennell and I saw him when at Tidworth, and met him, quite accidentally, on the evening previous to his sailing for France.

We were on observation duties during the "Push" and consequently saw it all. It was terrible—and yet we watched fascinated by the grim spectacle. I will not attempt to describe the events of

that day, for you will, no doubt, have read the vivid accounts of correspondents in the daily papers, which convey a slight, though often incorrect, idea of what actually happened.

His old lines are hardly recognisable—it looks as if a gigantic plough, heedless of all obstructions, had hastily churned up the soil. As we had been watching this ground for months past it was interesting for us to go over it and incidentally to see some of the results of our work. It was a ghastly sight: the craters, one of which would almost hold the School; the remains of dug-outs, emplacements, etc., around which dead Boches lay scattered just as they had fallen. It made one think that truly the world had gone mad, and yet it gave one unbounded confidence in the power of the Allies to win. With such vast resources at our disposal ultimate victory must surely rest with us.

Just before this "stunt" I met Hendrey. He was looking very fit and as cheerful as ever.

Well, I mustn't weary you with any more. Kindest regards to Mrs. Priestley, Dr. Brown and Mr. Stroud.

Yours very sincerely,

H. A. ROBINS.

240648, A Coy., 1/5th Queen's, R.W.S. Rgt., M.E.F.,

12/6/17.

Dear Sir,

Very many thanks for the School Magazine you kindly sent in April. I was most interested in the letters from the old boys which had been inserted. Everything is very quiet in this warm country just now; its too hot for scrapping now, and no doubt a big move will be made as soon as cooler weather sets in. Its now over 120 degrees in the shade, so one is always glad to get in the shade. Many of our fellows have been granted leave this year, and had a month in India. this makes a most welcome change, after so long in this country. Everything has been greatly altered out here of late, and there will be no further Kut disasters—of this I am sure. I was very sorry to hear of Hopcraft's death, as he was a fine fellow. I was hoping to have got near him, but could not manage to do so.

With all good wishes to Mrs. Priestley and yourself,

Yours sincerely,

J. VAUGHAN BEARNE.

Thuggee.

TIME : 6 p.m. of an October evening last year.

Scene : the cosy, lamplit parlour of Seabridge Cottage, half-way between Newcastle-under-Lyme and the village of Keele.

Therein sat old Mrs. Fleetwood and Zulu, her cat ; the one at work on a new Troop flag for the Keele and Silverdale Boy Scouts, of whom her son, a Newcastle stationer, was Scoutmaster ; and the other contentedly purring forth its praises of log-fires.

The position was somewhat isolated and, but for Zulu's company, Mrs. Fleetwood generally awaited alone the arrival about 8 o'clock of her son and suppertime—the happiest hour of the day in Seabridge Cottage.

But this evening Mrs. Fleetwood had not long been settled before she fire, when she heard the click of the garden gate and then a familiar rapping—"iddy-umpty-umpty"—on the door. In response to her "Come in, Wallis," the senior Patrol leader of the Troop, a youth of fifteen, stepped in, greeting the old lady with the smile and salute which the Scoutmaster said roused his jealousy. Wallis carried a coil of light rope over his shoulder.

"I've brought this back," he said ; "Mr. Fleetwood lent it us on Wednesday. We had a fine bit of fun, putting a rope bridge across Long Lane, from bank to bank. It wasn't so easy as you'd think to walk over. Jack Read fell off ; if he'd been crossing a giddy abyss in the Rockies he'd have been done for, wouldn't he ? Two or three hundred feet and then smack on to hard

rock! Fenton nearly fell off too. By the way, have Fenton and young Winford brought the other ropes back, Mrs. Fleetwood? This light one was only for binding with; the gangway was made with the heavy ones, of course."

"Yes, they brought them this morning on their way to town. Push that rope under the table, Wallis, make yourself comfortable in this chair and tell me how the new shirts are progressing."

"Oh, we've bought the serge from old Bateman—1/10 a yard; was it too much? We want you to come and show us how to cut 'em out, would you?"

"Very well; when would you like a lesson?"

"Would Wednesday night do? We shall be back fairly early from scouting, because Mr. Fleetwood says he's got a meeting at Newcastle."

"Yes, all right; Mr. Fleetwood can call for me at the Room on his way home from his meeting."

So the talk went on for an hour. Then Wallis said he'd better be off. As a matter of fact he meant to run over to the Newcastle Cinema Theatre, where he knew he should find a friend or two.

"Won't you stay and read me a chapter of my book there, 'The Peril Seekers,'"? said Mrs. Fleetwood.

Wallis felt the old lady wanted him to stay; he knew how she liked one to read to her. So he said he should like to stay longer and took up the book.

"It a fine tale," said Mrs. Fleetwood; I shall lend it you, if you like it. We've about half an hour before supper-time."

Wallis had just begun a second chapter when he noticed Zulu suddenly cease purring, turn her head and fix a wide-eyed, intent gaze on the door. Then he heard stealthy steps outside. "Mrs. Fleetwood," he said quietly, "there's someone creeping about outside; I'd better see who it is, or perhaps I'd better lock the door. Don't look round; go on sewing, as if you had noticed nothing. Where's the key? it wasn't in the lock when I came in."

"I left it on the table in the kitchen; I was going to oil it," whispered Mrs. Fleetwood.

Wallis slipped into the kitchen, but before he had found the key, the parlour-door was suddenly opened, a tramp stepped in and instantly reclosed it.

"Na old lady," he said truculently, "if yer don't want ter be laid out on yer rarthrug wi' a tap over the 'ed wi' this 'ere stick, yer'll jist sit quiet w'ere yer har and no 'ollerin nor screamin', see? Yer'll jist tell me sensible-like w'ere ter find the money, 'an there'll be no trouble: 'an no 'eds bashed in. I'm a man wot sticks at nothin' ter gain 'is ends, so don't waste no time. W'ere's the key o' this box, now—byoorow, yer calls it, I bilieve"?

Wallis had turned to run to the door as he heard the latch lifted. Seeing the tramp inside, he stopped short and a sick, chilly feeling came over him. He was, as he confessed afterwards, badly scared by the brutish face and burly form of the intruder. But, having stopped, he at once perceived that the tramp was as yet unaware of his presence. He pulled himself together, thinking hard, as he listened to the foregoing threats.

What on earth must he do? Go for the man? He would be flung aside at once and knocked senseless. Should he make a dash for the door and get help? The nearest neighbour was half a mile distant; the man would get away with his pockets full in the interval, and, besides, Mrs. Fleetwood must not be left alone for a moment—that was out of the question. No; he must just walk in and stand by Mrs. Fleetwood, not interfering, if the thief offered no violence, and, if he did, putting up the best fight he could. But suddenly another plan occurred to him. It depended on Mrs. Fleetwood not revealing his presence and on his own alertness and courage. He wished he felt as sure of himself as he did of the old lady. But he set his teeth with determination to keep cool and get the attempt made at once.

These thoughts of course had flashed into the boy's mind in half-a-dozen seconds, so that by the time the tramp had demanded the key of the "byoorow," he had got his boots off, crawled noiselessly round on hands and knees into the parlour and was lying under the table, trying to silence his breathing. His heart thumped against his ribs, as it seemed to him, with the noise of a tilt-hammer.

"D'yer 'ear? w'ere's the key?" the tramp went on. "If yer — no yer don't," he hissed, as Mrs. Fleetwood rose and turned towards the door, and he shoved her roughly back upon the chair. "Look 'ere," he said, savagely thrusting his dirty face at her; "I didn't come in 'ere to take no foolin'. I chose my time and I've got yer alone; that scoutin' son o' yourn won't be 'ere for a good 'alf 'our yet, as I know. So jist 'and over that key, d'yer 'ear? I'm not anxious ter make murder o' this job, but I'm not leavin' emph-'anded. So —"

“I’ve not got the key ; my son has it. And if I had it, I _____

“Oh, orl right, then ; we’ll get in without it,” said the fellow, turning to the desk. “Na mind,” he growled, “any nonsense an’ I puts yer straight out ’o haction” !

He went down on one knee, keeping Mrs. Fleetwood on his right-hand side and so putting the table behind him. This was the chance for Wallis. He had already got the rope in hand, with a large, slipping noose at one end. Now he crept with panther-like movements towards the tramp. As he emerged from beneath the table, he saw Mrs. Fleetwood glance towards the door and grip the arm-rests of her chair. A moment later she was on her feet and dashing for the door. With an oath, the tramp jumped up to drag her back or knock her down. But Wallis sprang at him, dropped the noose neatly over his head and pulled as hard as he could. The man reeled backwards and fell across the parlour table, both hands clutching at the rope which was strangling him. Wallis ran his hand up to the slip-knot and gripped tight, determined to hold on there at all costs. But the struggle had hardly begun when Mrs. Fleetwood, who had already snatched the lamp out of danger, came to the rescue, flinging her arms round the tramp’s legs and pluckily holding on, in spite of bruising kicks.

“Stick to him, can you” ? gasped Wallis, darting under the table and pulling the rope taut. In two ticks he had hitched his rope round the man’s ankles, which protruded over the other side, and fastened it firmly to a table leg. A few more turns and knots and the thief lay helplessly lashed on his back !

And there he stayed, Wallis sitting on one end of

the table and whistling "to keep the beggar's spirits up," until Mr. Fleetwood arrived. When her son cycled up, Mrs. Fleetwood, who was waiting for him in the open doorway, called to him :

"Well, Harry, I've got a dish on the table to-night that will surprise you."

Somehow, Mr. Fleetwood did not see the amusing side of the matter.

"Thanks, Wallis," he said simply, gripping the boy's hand and glancing at his mother ; "for this night's G.T., I owe you more, perhaps, than I am likely ever to be able to repay."

"Yes," added Mrs. Fleetwood, "I don't like to think what would have happened if this young Thug had not called to-night. But do take that man off my table and straighten the place up, while I get supper ready."

Records.

The Reverend J. P. Wilkinson, Curate of Dacre, Penrith, has been accepted as Chaplain to the Forces ; but as his Vicar has also been accepted, Wilkinson has not gone out yet.

Lieut. Dudley, who transferred to the King's Dragoon Guards after two years' service with the A.S.C. in France and Salonika, has joined the Indian Army.

Of more recent recruits, Adams, Starling and Lacey have joined the London Scottish, and Corner, who gave such valuable assistance with the Cadets, has joined the K.R.R.

We have a record of a few Military honours awarded to Old Boys.

The Military Cross has been awarded to Vernon Page, 2nd Lieut., R.F.A., for bravery and devotion to duty in the field.

The Military Medal has been awarded to Sergt. L. G. Baylis, Royal Berks Regiment, for conspicuous gallantry on April 5th.

The official record is as follows: "An attack was made by the — Infantry Brigade on the village of — on the morning of the 5th April, 1917. After advancing across difficult country the village was entered, and during the street fighting which followed, the platoons were somewhat disorganised. This non-commissioned officer rallied his men, and showing good leadership led them on, helping the attack in killing, capturing and driving the enemy out. He showed great coolness and decision in dealing with the situation. The latter part of the fighting was under heavy shell fire."

Sergeant Baylis was on the reporting staff of the *Maidenhead Advertiser* prior to joining the army about two years ago. He served in the 2/4 Berkshire Yeomanry until towards the end of last year, when he and many others of the Yeomanry were transferred to the Berkshire Infantry, and were posted to the various battalions at the Front.

We have just heard that Sergt. Frank Hendrey has been awarded the Military Medal for gallant conduct during the recent operations at Wytschaete.

We learn that besides keeping the line in constant

repair while it was being shelled, he tended the wounded lying out under shell-fire, and the General said he was a fine example to all ranks.

Hendrey was such a fine scout and leader of scouts, that all his old patrol and their successors will be gratified and inspired by this good news. And we are also honoured.

Cricket.

THERE has not been much Cricket this season. Mr.

Perceval did his best by playing practically every evening with the boys to stir up some enthusiasm ; but apart from Ross, Evemy and Kemp (in spite of his lameness), none of the bigger fellows took much interest, and the Boarders (mostly under 14), were called upon to make up the XI when there were matches.

Ross proved himself a patient Captain under trying circumstances, and was a useful bowler. Evemy got the batting average—figures not for publication. Fassnidge made an excellent wicket-keeper. Jarvis for a youngster bowled uncommonly well, and was very successful against the big Aldershot fellows on their own ground. Joyce and Dawson fielded smartly, and should be quite useful next season. Kemp's efforts and sporting spirit were beyond all praise.

Brown very unselfishly turned out to umpire in most games.

The matches against the wounded soldiers from Waverley, The Hill and the Highlands, were in every way merry and bright. The wounded seemed to enjoy the boys so much, and the boys the wounded. Even Hearne who assisted in handing round the cigarettes,

—— who pretended to smoke them, and the amateur scorers on both sides showed many new aspects of the game.

In all the 'Wounded' matches Mr. Perceval played a great game, and he, with Lance Priestley, bore the brunt of the bowling.

The Cricket all through might be called War Cricket. Let us hope that we shall have School Cricket by this time next year.

Sports.

THE Sports were fixed for Wednesday, July 18th; and for the first time during twenty-one years the weather proved so wet that they had to be abandoned after the first half-hour. A large and enthusiastic party of wounded arrived from Waverley, but the other hospitals were not represented. There was an improvised freak show in the pavilion while we were awaiting the decision as to the postponement of the Sports, and after that decision had been announced, there was a rush to the School-room for an impromptu Concert before the authorities could intervene. Fisher (i) and Mr. Durrant gave us some good songs, Simmonds sat on the piano very sweetly, and the soldiers joined vigorously in the choruses. Unfortunately we could not get any soldiers to sing; they explained that they had brought out their Sports Party and not their Concert Party. But most important of all (in these days of rations), they had brought their tea, and thus were able to stay with us till about 6 o'clock. Three or four rather had cot cases among the wounded were the merriest of all: they were certainly amused at the long faces of the boys who carried them up-stairs.

Tea was provided for the visitors from a distance, and it was announced that the Sports would be resumed on the first available fine afternoon.

This proved to be the following Monday, July 23rd, an ideal day. Many members of IIIa were heard to say that they hoped it would rain every Sports Day, so that they might get an extra half, but these were not the sporting members of the Form.

The wounded soldiers mustered in large numbers from all the hospitals ; there must have been more than a hundred present, representing most branches of the service, and most parts of the Empire.

By the generosity of Mr. Follett, West Street, two Old Boys, Lieut. Franks and Sergt. F. Cook, at the front, prizes were provided for the Wounded Soldier events, while according to the custom since the beginning of the war, the boys received illuminated cards instead of prizes.

There were many entries for the Wounded Events, which were greatly enjoyed by everybody—to judge by their shouts—most of all by those wounded who were unable to compete.

In the ordinary events there were some very keen contests, and the Sports were as sporting as ever they have been.

Morley's won the Doman Cup with 88·8 points, the other Houses' scores were as follows : Harding 80·5, Childe 64·8, Massingberd 38·2.

The Senior Victor Ludorum was won by Ross, the Junior by Chaffey.

Special mention must be made of the finishes of the

Mile (open), and Half-mile Handicap—events which call to mind many old sportsmen now in the front line.

In the Mile, Fisher (i) raced up in the last 150 yards, and after a hard struggle beat Dawson (who had run gamely all through), on the post; in the Half-mile Handicap, Joyce equally pluckily overhauled Young, the limit man, in the last 100 yards.

Both these finishes brought a rush of wounded on foot, on crutches, and in their bath chairs to the winning post, where they enthusiastically cheered the boys.

The following is the list of the results :—

Throwing the Cricket Ball (open)—Kemp, 70 yds.
2 ft. $8\frac{7}{8}$ in.

Throwing the Cricket Ball (under 14)—Chaffey,
61 yds. 1 ft.

Long Jump (open)—Ross, 16 ft. 2 in.

High Jump (under 14)—Deathe, 3 ft. 8 in.

220 Yards (open)—1, Ross ; 2, Fisher (a) ; 3, Read (a).

220 Yards (under 14)—1, Joyce ; 2, Chaffey ; 3, Cox.

Egg and Spoon (wounded soldiers)—1, Williamson ;
2, Mattison ; 3, Sanderson.

220 Yards (preparatory)—1, Demblon ; 2, Hearne.

100 Yards (under 12)—1, Brindley ; 2, Fleming.

Quarter-mile—1, Fisher (a) ; 2, Read (a) ; 3, Cooper.

Sack Race (under 14)—1, Demblon (b).

Throwing (wounded soldiers)—1, Sergt. Adams ; 2,
Mattison.

100 Yards (open)—1, Ross ; 2, Read ; 3, Fisher.

100 Yards (preparatory)—1, Demblon ; 2, Hirst ; 3,
Hearne.

100 Yards (under 14)—1, Joyce ; 2, Chaffey ; 3,
Morris.

Sisters' Race—A. Demblon.

Half-mile Handicap—1, Joyce ; 2, Young.

Bicycle Tortoise Race—Fleming.

High Jump (open)—Ross, 4 ft. 4 in.

Long Jump (under 14)—Morris and Deathe, 14 ft. 10 in.

Sack Race (open)—Fisher.

Freak Race (open)—Fisher.

One Mile—1, Fisher ; 2, Dawson ; 3, Read.

Cigarette Race (wounded soldiers)—1, Myzack ; 2, Small ; 3, Alders.

Consolation Race (under 12)—Follett.

Victor Ludorum (open)—1, Ross (19) ; 2, Chaffey (12).

Consolation Race (under 14)—Harding.

Consolation Race (open)—Brooker.

The prizes and cards were presented to the winners by Mrs. Mackenzie, Commandant of the Hill Hospital, Lower Bourne.

The proceedings closed with the usual cheers—with special rounds for the Wounded Soldiers and for the Old Boys at the front.

Breaking Up.

On the last morning of the Term the Prize Winners were presented with illuminated cards according to the following list:—

Preparatory. 1, Hearne ; 2, Elphick.

Form II. 1, Woodroffe ; 2, Cleeve.

Form IIIB. 1, Holloway ; 2, Whitmore.

Form IIIA. 1, Mansbridge ; 2, Harding.

Form IV. 1, Viggers ; 2, Read (*b*).

Form V. 1, Simmonds ; 2, Lock.

PRIZE WINNERS IN SPECIAL SUBJECTS—

Drawing : Juniors, Loughlin.

Seniors, Ross. *History* : Evemy (*a*).

Geography : Evemy (a). *English* : Ross.
French : Ross. *Mathematics* : Evemy (a).
Science : Ross. *Scripture* : Ross.
Head of School : Ross.

The following also received illuminated cards—

Batting : Evemy (a). *Bowling* : Ross.

In the recent Examinations of the London University five boys passed the Junior Examination, and gained between them seven marks of distinction in the Subjects—English, History, Arithmetic, Drawing. Their names were Brooker, Evemy, Lock, Simmonds, Withers.

In the Matriculation Examination distinctions were obtained in Mathematics and French, Ross passed the Matriculation Examination, Cooper the Senior Schools.

The boys separated with the usual cheers, and the School will re-assemble on Friday, September 14th, at 10 a.m.

The Cadet Corps.

THIS has been a very busy Term for the Corps.

Shooting—Owing to the sights of the rifles requiring repairs, we were unable to get through the shooting course as quickly as we had hoped. However, thanks to the coaching of Mr. Charles and Mr. Harold Falkner, the cadets came on rapidly, and some good scores were made. The Competitions resulted as follows:—

The Withinshaw Medal for Non-Coms.: Corp. C. Fisher.

The Withinshaw Medal for Cadets : Cadet Heath.

The Donegal Badge : Sergt. Simmonds, 53 points,
Sergt. Ross, 52 points.

General Elles' Cup: No. I Platoon under Sergt. Chaffey.

In this last competition, Corp. Withers made a highest possible.

The following also shot well:—Sergt.-Major Fisher, Sergt. Every, Sergt. Cooper, Sergt. Kemp, Corpl. Brown, Corpl. C. Falkner, Corpl. G. Read, Lance-Corpl. Lock, Lance-Corpl. Brooker, Cadets Callingham, Brooks, Erben, Keates, Russell, Jenner, Searle, Viggers.

Signalling—Under the direction of Sergt. Ross the Company did a good deal of semaphore work, and we were fortunate to secure in this competition the services of Mr. Gunn as a judge. He selected Corpl. C. Fisher as the best signaller, with G. Read a good second.

Squad Drill—With very few exceptions the Cadets took great pains with this usually "dry" subject. Hester and Mansbridge did exceedingly well at their inspection, and won the Withinshaw Medals. The O.C. wishes to express his thanks to the Non-Commissioned Officers for the trouble they took with their squads.

Bombing—The O.C. the Bombing School at Aldershot very kindly sent us a set of Mills' Bombs. Mr. Cecil Crosby and Mr. Chas. Falkner took the Non-Commissioned Officers in hand, and gave them some very useful instruction in bomb-throwing. We owe them many thanks.

Company Drill—Lieut. Crow, 7th Queen's V.B., spent more than hour on Tuesday, July 17th, in testing the four platoons, and he found them practically equal, placing No. 2 Platoon slightly—but very slightly—in front. In consequence of this equality in Company Drill, the shooting proved the deciding factor in the

competition for the Cup presented by General Elles, which therefore went to No. 1 Platoon, Sergt. Chaffey.

Field Days—Three have been held during the Term—one at Frensham on May 19th, the second at Yagdon on June 30th, and the third, in conjunction with the Surrey Schools, at Epsom on Friday, July 20th. In this last we supported Guildford in the attack on the right wing of the Invading Force, and General Beatson, Umpire-in-chief, thought that the Farnham Company was mainly responsible for the defeat of the enemy. Our success was due to excellent attack formation which our experiences at Frensham and Yagdon had taught us.

Prize-giving—On Tuesday, July 24th, in spite of the intense heat, Mrs. Priestley most kindly presented the medals and the General Elles Cup to the various winners, and the Head Master in a short speech dwelt particularly on two points—the usefulness of the training in the Corps. and the unflagging energy and unselfishness of the Non-Commissioned Officers.

Memorial Service—On July 26th, the Company attended the Memorial Service for the Old Boys who have fallen at the front. Such a grand and touching service will long be remembered by those who took part in it. The conduct and bearing of the Cadets on the occasion were worthy of the best traditions of the Corps

Various—Sergt-Major Corner left us in the beginning of June to join the K.R.R. at Wimbledon. He writes very cheerfully and says he hopes we have obtained "our highest wish." I think he means, that the rifles

which the War Office promised us, have reached us. Unfortunately they have not yet arrived.

Sergt.-Major Fisher bids fair to follow in Corner's footsteps.

We were glad to see several old cadets at our field days—Sergt.-Major Knotts, Corpl. Young, Stagg and others.

Corpl. Bartrop has devoted much time and care to the rifles, and Quarter-Master-Sergts. Cooper and Kemp have been most helpful in their department.

We owe many thanks to Mr. Gerald Ede for his valuable criticisms of our mistakes at the field days.

Donations of various kinds have been made to the Company by Mr. A. Thorp, Mr. Robins, Mrs. Stroud, Mr. Myers, Quarter-Master-Sergt. Cooper, Sergt. Chaffey and Corpl. G. Read.

The Company will be glad to hear that their former O.C., Mr. Hamill, is working hard under Sir Eric Geddes at the Admiralty.

WM. STROUD, Capt.,
O.C. Farnham Company.

The Memorial Service.

“ FORTY years on, when afar and asunder,
Parted are those who are singing to-day,”

have we sung at successive Speech Days for years past. But none of those who have sung the words can have conceived how in far less than forty years they would be parted to fight for England amid the swampy lowlands of Flanders, in fair France, in the arid deserts and plains of the East, and on many a cruiser or destroyer.

Much less could they have conceived how many would have gone far, far away to the beyond, where they are at rest, their sacrifice completed. It was in their memory that their successors at the Old School with Masters, their friends, and a few of their comrades gathered at the Parish Church on Thursday afternoon, July 26th, for a service that was singularly beautiful, impressive and comforting.

The names of 35 Old Boys, some of whom had led in the fight, some of whom had followed, were on the Roll of Honour printed on the service paper ; and unfortunately the list was perforce an incomplete one. Good fellows all.

As one waited for the opening of the Service while the organ played Tchaichovsky's March, "O Rest in the Lord," and other sympathetic music, one could not help recalling the faces and the ways of those who had gone. Representatives of many generations of boys ; some long since passed from School and taught in the harder lessons of life ; some merely youngsters, but yesterday in sports and games in the field. Representatives, too, of all ranks from the Senior Officer with his D.S.O. to the Private—all equal in the rest which comes at length to the faithful warrior. Amid the peace of the old Church, one thought of the shell-torn lands where our fellows had paid the fullest price for their citizenship ; one felt proud of their valour and of the honour they had brought to their School.

Happily, and with its message of comfort, the keynote of the service was the sense of "one-ness" which binds together those who have gone and those who

remain—all in the hands of God. The opening hymn 538,

“One in heart and one in love,
We below and they above.”

Then Psalms 23 and 15, “The Lord is my shepherd : therefore can I lack nothing . . . I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me,” and “Lord, who shall dwell in Thy tabernacle . . . Even he that leadeth an uncorrupt life, and speaketh the truth . . .” Followed the lesson selected from the Book of Wisdom, sympathetically read by the Rector, “But the souls of the righteous are in the hands of God, and no torment shall touch them. In the eyes of the foolish they seemed to have died . . . But they are in peace.” And so to the hymn “Let saints on earth in concert sing,”—with its reminder of those still fighting and dying

“E’en now to their eternal home
There pass some spirits blest.”

The Prayers for the departed, for the bereaved, for the comrades still fighting, feelingly intoned by the Rev. H. Durrant, who is working at the School under the National Service Scheme, brought the first part of the Service to a close.

Then the Headmaster recited from the pulpit the Bidding Prayer for the King and those set in authority under him ; for all Seminaries of Sound Learning and Religious Education ; for the Ancient Grammar School of Farnham, and all its Founders and Benefactors. Finally he bade us praise God for the noble examples of the sons of the School who had given their lives for their country.

Very silent was the congregation as the names of these sons were reverently read out, and very silent it

remained during the impressive *Marche Funébre* of Chopin that followed.

In a short address on the text "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors," the Headmaster spoke helpful words of comfort.

He said that at first he felt that the service itself (we have described it in detail), would be at once the best tribute to the departed, and the surest consolation to the bereaved—while no words of his should intrude on the sacredness of their grief, or the intimacy of their communion with their dear ones. Then remembering how well he had known them all, he ventured to give them the message of the text taken from the passage of scripture quoted in the booklet of the Roll of Honour, a message that their sons had in substance again and again sent to them from the Training Camps, the fighting lines, the hospitals, or even after death.

They were triumphing over, or had triumphed over all the hardships, the privations, the dangers, the sickness, the wounds, the fear of death—so they sent their message to us to win through, even though we might not be "more than conquerors" as they.

The preacher reminded us of the glory of a death such as theirs—showing the real measure of a man's worth. For to every one of them was given (with all heroes) a praise that never grows old, and the noblest of all sepulchres—not that in which their remains are laid—for many rest in nameless graves—but that in which their glory lives. For the whole earth for all time is the sepulchre of brave soldiers who die for their country, commemorated not by columns and inscriptions, but by memorials engraven on the hearts of men for many generations.

A comforting reminder of the happy years that had gone before, and a great assurance of the continual tender mercy of God, the Father of us all, closed the address.

The final hymn "For all the Saints who from their labours rest," in its many beautiful verses, summed up our best aspirations.

The Last Post, sounded by a bugler under the West tower, and the Cadets springing to attention at the National Anthem, reminded us again of the military aspect of the Service.

The whole congregation stood in silence while Beethoven's Funeral March on the death of a Hero, brought an impressive Service to a triumphant close.

Outside in the summer sunshine, the Cadets (successors to the soldiers whose memory had been honoured within), parade and dismiss with commendable smartness, and we separate to our different homes.

List of Old Boys known to have fallen.

Leslie Croft, 2nd Lieut., Sussex Regt., killed in Flanders, October 31st, 1914.

H. W. Paterson, D.S.O., Major, East Surrey Regt., killed at the first battle of Ypres, April 28th, 1915.

C. Fitzmaurice, Despatch Rider, killed in France, May 3rd, 1915.

H. C. Bown, 4th Hants Regt., died of enteric at Basra, June 20th, 1915.

A. C. Talbot, 2nd Lieut., Essex Regt., died of wounds received in action in Flanders.

E. Birkbeck, 2nd Lieut., Indian Army, killed at Gallipoli, August 29th, 1915.

H. C. Keable, 2nd Lieut., 8th Berkshire Regt., killed in an attack on the German trenches, September 25th, 1915.

G. Copeland, Civil Service Rifles, killed in France, November 11th, 1915.

A. Reynolds, 10th Hants Regt., killed in France, December 14th, 1915.

L. Renault, French Army, killed at Hartmannsweilerkopf, December 28th, 1915.

Frank Cody, R.F.C., killed in action in France, February 12th, 1916.

E. Fear, London Rifles, died in Hospital, March 2nd, 1916.

Charles Varndell, Lieut., 6th Queen's, killed in action at Vermelles, March 18th, 1916.

F. C. Butler, Sergt., 20th County of London Regt., killed in action in France, May 21st, 1916.

J. W. N. Fitch, went down in H.M.S. "Hampshire," June 8th, 1916.

H. C. Jaye, 2nd Lieut., West Yorkshire Regt., killed in a German counter-attack, July 9th, 1916.

T. Osgood, 2nd Lieut., R.F.A., killed in action, July 9th, 1916.

E. J. Harding, Sergt.-Major, killed by a shell in France, July 20th, 1916.

F. Everitt, 2nd Lieut., Australian Army, killed in the trenches in France, July 22nd, 1916.

M. Heyward, 2nd Lieut., 2nd Dorset Regt. (attach. Devons), killed in France, July 30th, 1916.

H. J. Heath, M.C., Lieut., 16th Middlesex Regt., Public Schools Battalion, reported missing July, 1916, since presumed killed.

Allan Langford, 2nd Lieut., Sherwood Foresters, killed in action in France, August 1st, 1916.

E. D. Saunders, H.M.S. "Achilles," died of septic poisoning, August 8th, 1916.

O. C. Poole, New Zealand Force, killed in action, October, 1916.

H. Heyward, 2nd Lieut., Durham Light Infantry, killed in the trenches, October 8th, 1916.

C. G. Lawes, 2nd Lieut., Royal Welsh Fusiliers, killed in action on the Somme, December, 1916.

Phil Bradford, 11th Queen's, killed in action in France, January 16th, 1917.

Jack Day, 23rd Royal Fusiliers, killed in action in France, January 28th, 1917.

Arthur Hopcraft, The Buffs, killed in action in Kut' February 15th, 1917.

S. Spencer, 2nd Batt. Royal Fusiliers, killed in action in France, February 28th, 1917.

G. Mason, 2nd Lieut., King's Royal Rifles, killed in action in France, June 6th, 1917.

H. E. Dawe, Rifleman, 12th Batt. London Regt.

O. Todman, drowned, 1915.

A. Greenwood.

War Fund.

This fund has not done its good work so well this Term; the most unpardonable slackers in this department have been IIIb with its 25 boys. Let us hope that they will make good all arrears in the new Forms they go to, and that their successors will do better.

Parcels have been sent to Evetts, Burke, Atton, Page, Chennell, Hendrey, Folkard, Tomlin ii, Warren ii, Wilkins, Wells i, Bearne ii, Neville ii, Warner, Crooks.

Ross has still pluckily collected, in spite of many obstacles, while Lock and Bartrop have bought the goods and packed up the parcels with much thought and care.

				£	s.	d.
VI. Form	11	8½	
V. "	15	3	
IV. "	8	11½	
III. a	11	10	
III. b	5	11	
II. "	6	10	
Prep. "	11	8	
				£3	12	2

Finance.

We acknowledge gratefully the following donations and new subscriptions to the Magazine:—Sergt. Over, £2; Sergt. Collier, 10/-; Mrs. Varndell, 2/6; Kenneth Christmas, 5/-; Mr. Wells, 10/-; Pte. Wilfred Judd, 7/6; Mr. Judd, 5/-; Corpl. Neave, 3/-; Major Evetts, £2; Lieut. Watson, 2/6.

Subscriptions for the new year are now due, and we are always glad to have subscriptions in good time. Annual Subscription 1/9 per annum; Life Members 21/-

As we go to press we hear that Moorei is again wounded and in hospital in Birmingham. He is going on very well.

Philip Smith, recently promoted Captain, R.F.C., is in hospital at Epping. He was attacked by five Hun planes; after putting up a good fight for some time his gun and his observer's jammed, and he was fortunate to manœuvre a good landing in our lines. He is going on well.

Corrections.

WE are enabled by the kindness of correspondents to make the following corrections :

In our last number it was stated that 2nd Lieut. L. K. Thomas had been awarded the D.C.M.—it should have been the Military Cross.

Cyril Kessell's rank was given as Lieut.—he is now a Captain. Our best congratulations to him.

