

Editorial.

It is but a year since Mr. Withinshaw resigned the Editorship of the Magazine in order to devote his leisure to the Cadet Corps, and now he has temporarily given up his Mastership that he may go and "do his bit" in the Army. A few weeks ago he was gazetted to the 1/10 Royal Scots which is at present engaged in guarding the coast in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen.

We owe Mr. Withinshaw a great debt for the work he did here both in and out of School. The "French Room" and the Cadet Corps are two visible results of some of his efforts.

We send him our best wishes on his cold beat in Scotland, and can assure him that a warm welcome always awaits him here in Farnham.

Mr. Wood has completed his preliminary training in the Inns of Court O.T.C., and has taken a Commission in a London Regiment.

We welcome the following New Masters this Term: Mr. M. Hamill in place of Mr. Withinshaw; Mr. J. R. Joseph in place of Mr. Wood.

Mr. Hamill has been invalided out of King Edward's Horse, at the same time he is full of energy for all departments of School life, but particularly for the Cadet Corps.

At the end of this term we are losing Mr. Kingcome, who is joining the A.S.C. for the duration of the War.

During the four years he has been here Mr. Kingcome has always given us of his best. He has never spared himself either in School or out of it. Many boys at the top of the School owe Mr. Kingcome more than they can understand for the excellent grounding he gave them; while the Cricket and Football have never been at such a high level as during the time that he has been Games Master. Our best wishes go with him and may he soon return.

As we go to press we hear that Mr. Joseph has joined the London Rifle Brigade, and will begin his training at least by Christmas. We wish him all good luck and a safe return.

Since our last issue the following Old Boys have joined up: W. Judd, R.A.M.C.; Rupert Loveless, Artists' O.T.C.; W. F. Alderton (i); H. Dawes; Ralph Loveless, Artists' O.T.C.; Lieut. F. Everitt (i) Australians, J. D. Griss (not the slim one); E. J. Harding; Harold Harding; A. Heaps, R.F.C.; A. Steele, Scots Guards; W. Stratford, 3rd Hants; C. Wells (the well-known outside right—his brother James is driving a Caterpillar in France); Mallard.

C. Griss—the untiring half back—and Folkard the robust forward of two years ago are at the Army College reading for Woolwich and Sandhurst respectively.

We have received visits from three or four Old Boys home on leave—S. Tomlin (ii) who is on the Head-

quarters, Signallers; Bertie Hine whose Battery 458 has fired as many shots as most M. O'Connor from the Canadian R.A.M.C., for whom, as far as I can hear, all our boys at the front seem to be on the look out; Lieut. Croxford, saved from the Royal Edward, in Hospital at Alexandria, Lemnos, Osborne, and finally invalided home for two months, came up to a full parade of the Cadets and spoke some quiet encouraging words to them.

L. Mitchell (i) of the R.F.C. came up with Lieut. S. Mitchell (ii) of R.N.R.

Mitchell i brought us news of Cody and Horrocks, R.F.C. Mitchell ii was none the worse for his ducking in the Baltic. His ship was torpedoed at 5 o'clock in the evening just as he was about to have a bath. As he said, he was quite ready for it, but glad to get out of it. All on board were fortunately saved.

Of those training at home, Frank Hendrey, R.E. came over from Blackdown, his one ambition (to have a hot bath) we were fortunately able to gratify.

Harding ii, promoted to be Sergeant after three months' training, came over from Aldershot where he was taking a course in bomb-throwing. He had a narrow escape during the training, the man next to him being blown up by gun-cotton at an experimental demonstration.

Lieut. Langford of the Notts and Derby Regiment came over from Witley Camp where he has been enjoying the training immensely.

Maidment who has joined the Artists O.T.C. came down just before going into training. We have also been pleased to have even short visits from Robins i, O'Donnell and Chennell ii who are at Tidworth.

Chennell i has joined the Indo-European Cable Co. and is stationed at Madeira.

J. P. Wilkinson is (D.V.) being ordained in Carlisle Cathedral on Dec. 21, and will take up a Curacy at Dacre, Penrith.

LOVELESS—HAWGOOD—On Saturday, Nov. 20, at The Parish Church, Farnham, by the Headmaster, Ralph E. Loveless to Olive Hawgood.

School News.

THE Football Team with one member of last year's team, the Captain, Corner, has not succeeded in retaining the Surrey Cup, but they have worked very hard and unselfishly. Had they played all the games as well as they played the last against Reigate here where they were victorious by 4 - 2, they would have doubtless been in the Final.

We have great hopes of the 2nd XI.

We welcome the following New Boys: Allan, Bide ii, Blackmore, Barnard, Bradshaw, Chesterman, Duck, Demblon i, ii and iii, Follett, Harvey, Hose, Jenner,

Keates, Knight, Lance, Lock, Lowry, Molay ii, Naulet, Randell i, ii, iii, Norris, Read, Roe, Shere, Stace, Stapley, Viggers, Wilson.

Of the twenty odd who left at the end of last Term we have not much information.

Bessant is following—at a long interval—in the steps of Mansell i at Batttersea Polytechnic.

Redman has been preparing for Woolwich; Judd has joined the R.A.M.C.; Lathey is in the Pearl Assurance Office; Aldridge and Moore ii are in the Audit Office at Aldershot.

Barling i, who left in the middle of last Term, came up to see us on his return from his first voyage. He left us a mere boy and has come back a quiet alert young man full of his profession and his experiences.

Some 15 boys of the Cadet Corps went with Mr. Withinshaw to Camp at Shaw in the holidays, and we hoped Heath would have sent us an account of their enjoyable time. We did hear of rain, rabbits, Young, cooking, hoeing, milking, and we are sorry not to have some account of Young in the midst of all these items.

In Memoriam.

THE terrible War is still taking sad toll of our Old Boys. Since our last issue we have heard of the following deaths :

A Reynolds, of the 12th Hants Regiment; G. Copeland

of the Civil Service Rifles; Lieut. E. Birkbeck of the Indian Army, who went from here to St. Lawrence's, Ramsgate, and Lieut. H. Keable who spent eight or nine happy years here. Of the death of Keable alone have we any particulars, and those who knew him will be proud to hear them, as will also those to whom he is only a name. The short details are doubtless typical of the others and indeed of all who have given their lives for us.

On the morning of September 25, the 8th Berks. took part in the great advance, when he and eleven brother officers out of twenty were killed. His Commanding Officer in a letter of condolence, wrote thus: "Not only has my Regiment lost a charming companion, but a fine hard-working Officer, whom it will be difficult to replace. He met his death during the assault on the German lines on September 25, and his body was found in the third line of the German trenches; but exactly how he died I am unable to say, as no one is left alive who was near him."

In the case of Keable and in the case of those other brave Old Boys, it is this confirmation of their early promise which is the truest human comfort for their sorrowing friends and relatives.

We tender them our respectful sympathy.

One across the foam Wife,
As I speak may fall.
But this one at home, Wife,
Cannot die at all.

They both are only one, and how thankful should we be
We *cannot* lose the darling son who sits upon your knee.

Letters from Old Boys.

THE Headmaster will gladly supply addresses of writers to those who wish for them; they are too long to be printed here.

Eric Wheatley writes as follows :—

Dear Mr. Priestley,

Just a line to tell you that I have managed to pass into Woolwich with 8'168 marks in the second list and am joining in October.

I have had a very interesting time these holidays, going backward and forward to France as my father's soldier-servant and bugler.

We usually go up the Seine to Rouen; stay a couple of days there, and then go by train to Havre, catching the mail boat for Southampton there. It is absolutely lovely up the Seine in the early morning on a bright day. I can't tell you how much my early training with you has helped me all through my School career, and I feel I owe you a very big debt.

Please give my regards to Mrs. Priestley.

Yours sincerely, —

Maurice O'Connor writes :—

Dear Mr. Priestley,

Your surprise parcel was surely a welcome reminder of the "Old School," and I certainly appreciate the spirit in which the boys have sent it.

Thank them heartily for me. It would be very hard to suggest a better 'collect' of comforts. Just one suggestion would I dare to make. Don't put "soap" next to Chocolate. Nothing spoils the flavour of chocolate quicker than perfumed soap. However, in spite of this, that Chocolate was relished "some."

As to the application for a commission I have had a very kind offer from a friend in Canada, who wishes me to apply for the Artillery. Hence I am now awaiting another letter from him, and before actually filling my application.

On receiving your letter, I spoke to the Officer commanding the unit, and he said he would be only too glad to do all in his power, but would very much rather I delayed my application and thought it over. He thought my feeling of dissatisfaction and restlessness was due to our comparative inactivity, and hoped I would reconsider my decision.

This delayed me, and in the interim the offer I mentioned came.

I had hoped to be able to tell you of my success when thanking you for your help. I certainly appreciated your good words and they will certainly help me. I forwarded a copy to Ottawa. I hope to get down to see you and yours when on pass, which will be sometime towards the end of this month. I receive occasional letters and cards from Hopcroft, Vaughan, Bearne and Harding, but have not yet been able to shake the hand of an O.F. on active service.

I was within two or three miles of Bertie Hine and even sent him a note, but have not met him yet.

At Ypres I spoke to some fellows of Kessell's unit, but he had already been wounded and sent home; I would love to see Halfords and some of the other boys.

I have no news to write, I am keeping in the best of health and spirits, though the monotony of things is depressing at times. In fact this ennui is the hardest of our hardships to bear—the only one we feel.

With the best of good wishes to Mrs. Priestley, the boys, Mr. Stroud and Dr. Brown,

I must conclude, remaining your's in deep gratitude.

Lieutenant Miles writes as follows :—

9/9/15.

Dear Mr. Priestley,

When you get this I shall have been in France nearly three weeks. Part of it has been delightful and part very much the reverse. At present we are on short rations. I had raw onions and hard biscuit for tea, but better times are confidently looked forward to.

We are some miles behind the firing line, and I am attached to a Grenade School for a week. The war is very much an institution here, and everyone carries on in the most casual fashion. Of course no one troubles about when it will be over. We have had one or two long tiring marches over bad pavé roads, but the men are beginning to get broken in to it. Of course this weather is warm, but it will not last many weeks now. I understand we go into some very comfortable trenches this week.

kindest regards to you all.

In haste from ———

L. Mitchell writes as follows :—

27/8/15.

I have just received your letter, for which many thanks. I am so glad Mr. Adams is going on well; I am sure everyone here will like to see him back again, but that till "Après la guerre," will be impossible.

We are having glorious weather here, very hot. I suppose you are getting very much the same sort of weather at Brighton.

I have no news whatever to give you this time, only that I very often see Cody now; every day in fact he calls at our hut regularly having been transferred to the Flying Corps.

Hoping you and yours are quite well and kindest regards to Mrs. Priestley.

Yours, etc.

1925 Cpl. Pollard writes :—

Dear Mr. Priestley,

Many thanks for the Magazine and your welcome letter, which arrived this morning.

I was pleased to see that my old house "John Childe" had managed to pull off the Sports Cup. Please offer my congratulations to Capt. Browning.

At present we are close to Suvla Bay doing fatigue work, which is a grand change from life in the trenches.

On Sept, 20th the Warwicks (Kitchener's) relieved our battalion, and after a few days we came to this place where we are quite comfortable.

The food is also quite passable ; plenty of bread and fresh meat.

Yesterday morning we actually had one egg each, and the day previous to that I managed to obtain some sardines in tomato sauce and a few biscuits.

This was the result of the battalion's purchase from a "bum-boat," which arrived here from Greece or some island not far distant.

You can imagine with what relish I simply mopped such delicacies as sardines, they were absolutely topping.

Its awfully hot to-day, and a dip in the Farnham Baths would be very acceptable. Occasionally we bathe in Suvla Bay, but it is so rocky that swimming is practically impossible.

During the last few days there has been an almost incessant bombardment extending for miles around, and in which both our Navy and Army have participated.

The infantry have also been very active and judging from these facts I imagine that affairs are being pushed forward as rapidly as is possible.

I must draw this epistle to a close now, as dinner is ready.

With kind regards to Mrs. Priestley,

Yours sincerely,

R. B. POLLARD.

1925 Cpl. Pollard

Dear Mr. Priestley,

Your very welcome letter with lemonade powder reached me on the 19th, whilst in the trenches.

We soon got to work with the powder and the resultant lemonade was simply delightful. Most of our time has been spent in the trenches, with brief intervals of rest occasionally. The Division has been greatly reduced in numbers and now unfortunately is now not much over 5,000 strong.

Our Battalion has lost its Colonel and six or seven other officers. On the night of the 19th we were relieved by a division of Kitchener's Army, and according to very strong rumours, we may be leaving the Peninsula at any time to do Garrison duty somewhere or other.

We are not very far from Suvla Bay or Anaforta. At present we are in a rest camp, and are having quite a good time, and good food, for a wonder.

The only drawback is the persistent shelling by the Turks if they spot any of our fellows in groups. Yesterday three men in our Company were killed.

How is Capt. Withinshaw getting on with his Cadets?

Again thanking you with best wishes for the Old School,

Ever yours gratefully,

R. B. POLLARD.

P.S.—Please excuse P. C. as it is the only stationery I have. The only things plentiful here are Bully Beef and hard biscuits, not fancy varieties.

Lieut. G. E. Sparvell writes:—

Seeing my name is in the Roll of Honour in the School Magazine I thought perhaps you would like to hear of my experiences as a soldier. Little did I think when I played in the Old Boys' Cricket Match in July, 1914, that I should so soon be soldiering. On August 5th, 1914, I was called up as a member of the local Territorial Company of the Queen's. I joined them on the 10th at Maidstone where I was immediately placed on the Brigade Staff in

charge of three men to attend to the Telephone and postal duties of that unit. It was here that I met Tomlin, an old F.G.S. Boy, and he was attached there on police duty. Strange to say he is the only Old Boy that I have met up to the present.

Just before leaving I received my second star. We arrived out here on the first of this month, and went into a rest camp for two nights. We then entrained at 5 a.m. on the 3rd, and after travelling for 1½ hours we got off the train and finished to our billets by marching 14 miles. The men are all billeted in outhouses of farm buildings and are all extremely happy. We are in reserve, being some thirty miles behind the firing line. We are having rather an easy time, but are going to have a very hot time shortly by what our Army Corps Commander tells us. Should there be any old boys out here of my time (1900—1902) I should be glad if you would let me know their names and battalions. Must close now as past time is near at hand. Please give my kindest regards to Mrs. Priestley, Mr. Stroud and Dr. Brown.

Yours sincerely:—

From W. B. Collier.

Dear Mr. Stroud,

I hear from home that you would like a letter from here to put in the School Magazine, but knowing your old opinion of my writing and spelling, I hope you will very carefully edit it before it is published.

I have been out here nearly two months now. We sailed from Egypt leaving our horses there with a few men to look after them. On arriving at Lemnos we changed to a small cruiser and, packed like sardines, arrived at the Peninsula. Directly we landed we had some shells fired at us but none of our brigade were hurt.

After a few days rest, we marched out one night and formed up behind a hill where we were to advance as supports to some other troops.

The next day (21st Aug.) we started to march across a dry lake in broad daylight and were heavily shelled by the enemy and lost a lot of men. Of our signal troop we lost five men whom we have since heard were taken straight back to England. We were under heavy rifle fire all that night and finally returned to our original position. We returned the next evening but only lost one man who was hit by a stray bullet. Since that time we have been in the trenches and have lost a good many men from shrapnel and rifle fire. I have been in charge of a telephone station nearly all the time, and several times our wires have been cut by shells, but we arrange matters so that there is always a spare wire to connect, so communication can be kept going.

Several times we have had heavy firing suddenly break out from the enemy's trenches and stood by expecting an attack—but so far nothing has happened. Once the Turks started firing furiously because some of our chaps started cheering at some good news received from France. A few days after a Scotch regiment thought they would give the Turks another scare, so they paraded their pipers and started playing and cheering like mad. To our great delight, the Turks took absolutely no notice and since then the Scots have had to put up with a lot of chaff and very rude remarks have been made about the pipers. We all declare that the Turks laughed so much that they could not shoot. At present we are in the rest trenches about a mile in the rear.

I have no more news, so with kindest regards to all,

I remain, yours sincerely,

W. B. COLLIER.

Bombardier Hine writes as follows :—

8/11/15,

Flanders.

Dear Mr. Priestley,

Having seen you recently I have nothing much to say, but I have yet to thank you for the package which you had sent just before I came home. I found it awaiting me when I returned.

I have also to thank you for the "Bacey" which you sent down the morning I came back to this land flowing with—not milk and honey—but mud and water, which though lacking none of the stickiness of the former is far less palatable.

I few days after I got back here, the water attacked us in a manner which almost made one think that Jupiter Pluvius must have allied himself to the Bosches.

We had frustrated any attempts from above by means of a corrugated iron roof to our dug-out. We awoke one morning, however to find that we were lying in about nine inches of water, which had soaked through the earth. We refused to acknowledge defeat and by digging a new line of trenches (drainage) we regained our old position, which is now fortified more strongly than ever.

At the same time we "re-furnished," building berths so that even should we spring a leak again, we are raised above high water mark. We have also "scrapped" our old tin stove, which smoked horribly (in fact we almost had to wear our gas helmets, when it was going), and built a brick fire-place and chimney which is far more satisfactory. In addition the furniture includes a table, a form, two stools, a cupboard and bookshelf. The latter is my own and is well filled with all kinds of literature, from Shakespeare to Barry Pain and Omar Khayam to Dickens. So on the whole you see we are pretty comfortable when we are at home. But when we go out on duty—well it is not so cheerful, in fact I might be able to describe it with the vocabulary I have gathered recently, but out of respect to you and anyone else who may see this, I will refrain.

One point that cheers us up is the fact that the Germans are also suffering the same torments, and we (or some of us) rejoice and don't "grouse" too much, in hopes that the Huns are worse off perhaps than we. Still it requires all the available stock of Mark Tapleyism to keep one's spirits when you are getting wet through twice a day and have wet blankets to go to at night. I have managed rather better than that lately, having dry bedding again and not being soaked more than once a day. I close myself with

quinine tablets, and, except for aches and stiffness have not felt any ill effects from it.

With all best wishes to all old friends,

Yours,

(Signed) HUBERT B. HINE.

L. H. Liming writes as follows:—

Nov. 4th. 1915,

(Abridged.—Ed.)

Revd. Sir.

After due consideration of some months, I write to give my experiences of life in the army which may prove interesting to yourself, and also be considered worthy of a place in that magazine run by the School, the name of which I have forgotten how to spell, because I was never able to master its pronunciation.

I joined the London Rifle Brigade, which you will have read about in the Press as being "the finest Battalion God ever made," and was immediately told to "carry on" with Physical Training. I spent some six months in London, returning to my "digs" in the evening, and working for some five hours a day at Physical Training. This proved to be too much for my throat and I had a breakdown and was obliged to rest for a fortnight.

During this period in London practically the whole of the Third Battalion of the above Regiment passed through my hands and I could tell of some wonderful settings up in health and nerve from that Regiment alone. I claim to have cured a wry neck, weak lungs, curved spine and many other ills that flesh is heir to. This sounds quite like a quack doctor, but I am perfectly serious, and I believe in my work with all my might, because I have proved it.

In April last we moved to camp at Tidworth and I carried on with the same work there until I was sent to Aldershot on a course of Physical Training and Bayonet Fighting. This course

lasts about a month, and it was during this time that I last visited you.

The Gym. Staff at Aldershot are wonderful fellows. They remind one of circus men, and in themselves are a living advertisement for Physical Training. They are quick in mind and body. Some of the Headquarters Gym. Staff are well over fifty years of age and are very nippy still,

Upon returning to Aldershot I was sent here to Woking to take charge of the Physical Training and Bayonet Fighting of the 8th Inniskilling Fusiliers. Irishmen are splendid fellows to teach if you lead them. They will not be driven. They are from all parts of Ireland, so that they are a very mixed lot. I like them because they are so much in earnest.

I am sorry that I cannot write funny stuff like Bertie Hine does, but I append a description, from a friend of mine, of a camp of huts.

"Shoreham Camp is a 'wash-out.' It mainly consists of mud, which is divided into symmetrical shapes by a number of huts, in which the soldiers live. Each hut is covered with a structure called a 'roof.' This consists of holes surrounded with wood. Why the builders did not use wire netting is not known.

There is also a "floor" which, when visible (that is to say, when the mud is scraped away), is seen to consist of long cracks bordered with pieces of wood. The air enters by means of the cracks. This is obvious to anyone lying in bed. When the door is opened the smell of the Regimental goat spreads through the hut and inspires some heroic soul to stagger to the door and shut it. When he has been brought to, he is publicly thanked and given four days sick leave. When we go to France we shall look upon the trenches as luxurious, as the draught does not come through the bottom of the trench and there are no regimental goats out there. (Some of this humour is distinctly coarse, but I didn't like to spoil the description. I am afraid army life coarsens us all.

Please remember me to all the old boys you come across, and to the present boys give my best wishes for as happy a time at School as I had myself. One last thing for the present boys,

inspire them to learn and like physical culture so that it becomes a habit. You used to say to the sixth, "Learn to control that great body of yours," or words to that effect. Those are the words always on the lips of a Physical Culturist. Learn control, and development follows naturally.

Please forgive any apparent familiarity in this letter. I have let my enthusiasm run away with me.

I remain,

Your faithful pupil.

Lieut. Heyward writes as follows:—

27/10/15.

B.E.F.

Having now been out here for exactly seventeen days, I find myself in a position to give you an idea of how I am getting on here I left England the day following that on which I sent my short message to you, and arrived at one of the Bases in a very few hours. Here I was kept two days, which were spent in practising scaling walls and throwing bombs. We had to find our meals in a Brasserie, where the demand was for 250, and the accommodation for 50. On the following Monday I entrained to join a certain battalion of my regiment. The journey occupied several hours, and was taken partly in comfortable railway carriages and partly in goods trucks. Here for the first time I saw air duels and anti-aircraft Artillery at work. It was most fascinating to watch the rings of smoke suddenly appearing in the sky forming groups round the machine. On both sides we saw flash lights going up and the crack of rifle bullets. On arrival at a certain town I had reason to bless Mr. Broadbent, for I found myself in the midst of a group of officers, none of whom professed to know French, and I had to get hold of a citizen who knew no English and get directions from him. He walked with me, and we made a bold attempt at conversation. The result was good, for my party reached its destination very soon. We had a hearty welcome from what was left of a much-battered Battalion Staff, and were soon got to work. I was getting comfortably settled down when I received orders to move to another Battalion, as I had been wrongly posted. The move, as you will see, was a good one for me. I had a rough journey to the station in a jolting limber waggon, by a very

facetious mule. I was glad when it was over. Now I am settled down in the new battalion, and have experienced the trenches and billets. Different sorts of dug-outs have come to my way, constructed of sandbags, earth and wood; rats and mice at first my enemies, are now my acquaintances. The food in trenches is not at all bad, but the life lacks variety. We expect to have some fun next time, however, as we propose to buy a gramophone, and an exhibition of it on the parapet should help to discover the identity of the Boches opposite. These, of course, vary; sometimes they are quite spiteful, and at other times are very docile and gentle, I have had cause to remember Tom Hood's lines out here quite often—

“ Never go to France
Unless you know the lingo;
If you do like me
You will repent by jingo.”

I must stop now.

Please remember me kindly to Dr. Brown and Mr. Stroud, and with best wishes to yourself and your family.

I am,
Yours very sincerely,

HARRY HEYWARD.

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Lee.-Corpl. J. Over writes as follows:—

Dear Sir,

Ever so many thanks for your letter, and please tell the boys how greatly I appreciate their useful parcel. I had arrived at the borrowing stage as regards soap, which is most unsatisfactory now that the trenches have taken on the appearance of a slough

This state of affairs, however, does provide sport for our snipers, as occasionally a daring German will get out of the trench and run a few yards on top of the parapet, rather than wade through the moss in their lines.

We are about as comfortable as one could wish for on active service.

At our rest place there is a reading and recreation room, and an extensive dry canteen.

Our "rigger" and "soccer" matches are most hotly contested, and now our full band has arrived out here to help brighten things up on our marches.

In a few days I hope to send you the latest copy of our Regimental Monthly Gazette, which you will find very interesting.

Hoping you are in the best of health, and with kind remembrances to all,

Yours sincerely, etc.

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3.7.15.

Dear Sir,

Many thanks to yourself and the boys for the parcel.

Some day I hope that I shall be able to thank you in person, as I feel that I cannot express my feelings properly on paper.

Besides affording a pleasant drink, the lemonade takes away the flavour of the chemicals in our water, which sometimes is very pronounced.

Am glad to hear of Adams's success in knocking over those Taubes, for as a rule the German 'planes don't wait to fight. Have you noticed that Frank Verran, who was at one time at Farnham at one time, has been wounded? He was an Officer in the 2nd Wilts Regiment.

Am feeling very fit and well.

I trust that yourself and Mrs. Priestley are well also, with kind regards,

Yours sincerely, etc.

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Lieut. Harland writes as follows:—

13th Batt. 1st Hampshires.

Dear Head,

I have been going to write to you ever since I have been soldiering, but now I really am while things are a little quiet for a while.

I am trying to write this in a very dirty "Bivi," with the light of a candle, while outside there is our busy machine gun and occasional German trench mortars introducing themselves.

Our battalion is now in the trenches for another nine days, but next week we go back to a comfortable but deserted French village, for a rest and a wash and brush up (and perhaps for a little foot drill).

The affectionate boches are about 150 yards away from our trench, so that we are able to look after each other quite nicely.

Their snipers waste their ammunition all day long but at the same time they are very cunning and courageous; last week we discovered two of these snipers dressed in white suits and sniping from the top of the chalk parapets they were laying full length on the top of the parapet.

These trenches are chalk and are splendid if the weather is dry, but if it is damp or wet they are dangerously slippery and you can imagine how filthy to live in. They were once occupied by the French, all the communicating trenches and dug outs have French names.

In my dug-out or "Bivi" I have a large old French box spring bed, a chair, and a table, with quite an elegant table cloth. This furniture was undoubtedly brought up from the neighbouring villages last winter by the French.

I have just finished censoring my platoon's letters for this day each has a *very great* desire to be home for Christmas, and quite a number of them really think they will be, but I am very much afraid they will not.

I think the Hampshire soldier requires a lot of beating. He is exceptionally willing, gives no trouble—and how he does love those Germans—Boches have few hopes if the Hampshires are opposing them.

There is a lot of patrol work to be carried out every night in this part; the reconnoitring patrols are not so tedious as the excitement and movement keeps one warm, but the listening patrol is a very unthankful job these very cold nights.

The Germans seem to have the "wind up" all night, as they provide all the lights. It is very awkward sometimes: perhaps you might be leading a reconnoitring patrol through your own entanglements, suddenly up will go a "flare," and of course down you go, perhaps to find a few nasty barbed wire points insulting you, then you

keep still and wonder "shall I get one?" No, of course not, and the light goes out, and you are able to carry on through the maze of entanglements.

We have a reinforcement with us who are having their first day in the trenches; they get used to the rifle fire very quickly, but the shells require a little getting use to, I assure you.

The men are always bright, and if one does start grumbling the others soon set on him.

I was patrolling the trench at mid-day to-day, and a humourous fellow said, "Had a fine dinner to-day, sir?" "Oh," I said, "what was it." "The old Russian curry, sir." "What is that then?" "Curry rushed through water, sir,"

There is always one in the family to keep them smiling.

Now I must not spend any more time in here (Bivi), and my candle will soon be no more:

I am enclosing a small cheque for the Boys' Cadet Corps, and I wish them luck, and hope it will continue to be the success that it is. I also hope that their help and experience will not be needed or necessary in this awful war.

Kindly remember me to my Form Master (Mr. Stroud); also to Dr. Brown. Hoping this note will find you in as good health as ever.

I remain, Sir,

Yours sincerely,

LEONARD S. HARLAND.

I should be delighted, sir, if you would send me a copy of the *Farnhamian Journal*.

Somewhere in France,

From G. E. Peacock.

November 3rd, 1915.

Thinking you might be pleased to hear from yet another "Old Boy" serving out here, I am venturing on a short letter.

I have now been in France some three months, my arrival being considerably delayed through my badly smashing my right wrist in a fall from a horse. This has, I am sorry to say, turned out a permanent injury, but I've been able to pass as a telegraphist, and am now serving in the 19th Divisional Signal Company.

Naturally, I have not had any very exciting experiences yet, but on the other hand telegraphy and active service conditions are not exactly suited, and of course I have felt the difference between the life here and in "dear old England."

However, I venture to think, the black war clouds are bound to be lifted before long, economic and financial crisis being unavoidable in Germany.

I should very much like to hear from you, and trust you will be able to give me good news and a record of good health for Mrs. Priestley, yourself and family.

Also perhaps you would be so kind as to give any available news of contemporary schoolfellows serving in our different campaigns.

With the kindest remembrances to Mrs. Priestley and yourself.

I am,
Yours obediently,

GEOFFREY E. PEACOCK.

Belginm, 19.7.15.

Herbert B. Hine writes as follows:—

Dear Mr. Priestley,

I don't believe I ever properly acknowledged the last parcel you sent me. I sent one of the printed post cards, but that is a very cold and formal affair.

We have been in several different positions since I last wrote to you. Some of them have been decidedly lively; others however have been comparatively quiet.

Its rather curious, how, whilst one is in a warm place one gets hardened to shells that one hardly looks up when shells fall on the other side of the hedge. When one has been in a quiet position for a few days, however, should a shell burst within half-a-mile you at once begin to think about taking cover.

Of course it is quite possible to be hit by a shell bursting half-a-mile away; in fact I have known splinters of shell to fall over a mile from the spot where it exploded. Still the chances against being "put out of mess" are enormous under those circumstances.

I hope someone has been found to fill my place at the baths. I should not like to think of them becoming too sedate and serious. Comic relief is essential in some form.

You told me that you were going to have the Sports, but no prizes. I suppose Speech Day will not be interfered with, though perhaps the atmosphere may be different.

I think I had better stop now. Now-a-days I find it is becoming more and more difficult to keep up a consecutive train of thought, there are too many distracting elements.

All best wishes,

HERBERT HINE.

Lance-Cpl. J. Over.

"D" Coy. 1/5th Gloster Reg. B.E.F., writes as follows:—
18-9-15.

Many thanks for the "Farnhamian" also apologies for not having written before. We are still enjoying a state of calm, the only excitement being when our patrols encounter any of the Germans. One particularly venturesome party of ours had a good hand to hand tussle in the good old fashion, completely routing the enemy and killing three of them.

For this and other work done two of our chaps got the D.C.M. and were decorated with the ribbon last Sunday.

There is a terrible time waiting for the Germans some day; at any rate the sight of us charging their trenches wearing the newest pattern of Gas Helmet should be sufficient to frighten them to death.

We are making the most of the fine weather now. Yesterday our platoon had as exciting a cricket match as could be wished for on any "county" ground; the chief difference being that the pitch was in an orchard only three thousand yards from the firing trench. The Germans may have heard our shouts as they bumped over a few shells but if they were intended for us they were all "wides." I am glad to see that the Cadet Corps is going so strong, and that the Sports were so good. The "long jump" record just beaten is that put up by Harding five years ago I suppose?

Hoping for a successful "footer" season for the School and with best wishes for the welfare of Mrs. Priestley and yourself I must now close.

Yours sincerely.

H. E. Dawe, writes as follows:—

Sept. 18th, 1915.

Just a few lines to thank you for your letter and enclosure, also for sending me the "Mag," which I fear has been mislaid, for it hasn't arrived yet. I hope you enjoyed your holidays and I'm sure you could hardly have chosen a nicer spot for a rest. Let's hope the Continent will be open again for holiday purposes by next summer.

Our regiment is still on base duties, but we are expecting to be made up to strength and go up to the line again soon. Things are fairly quiet and comfortable down here, and those of us, who aren't on special duties, police work, etc; are busy keeping ourselves fit with route marches, trench digging, practising bomb throwing, etc. After several months of the real thing this sham fighting is rather funny.

We are jolly pleased to read of the new Russian successes, and its fine to know they're getting some of their own back. I had four or five days leave at home recently and noticed that the people seemed to take the "Zeps" very coolly, although they're in much more danger than we are out here at the base. We are at present about 50 odd miles from the firing line, but can hear the guns plainly at night-time.

I think if we were to bombard some of the German frontier towns, the "Zeps." would soon stop their little games. I have very little news to give you at present, but perhaps we shall soon have some exciting things to write about,

I remain, etc,

H. E. DAWE,

Football.

FOR two seasons, on sitting down to write the footer notes, the fate of the Senior Cup had been uncertain. Such an uncertainty, as far as we are concerned, no longer exists; for to our sorrow we have to bid it "Au Revoir." We will not say "Farewell," for we hope to see it in our midst again ere long. It has looked so well in its place of honour, that we shall not rest content until it once more occupies its old position.

But although the Senior Cup will not be in our midst next year, we still hold the Junior, and as far as we can judge of our chances, there is an excellent possibility of its remaining with us; for about six out of our 1st XI will be eligible for the Junior XI, and the other five members are most promising material. We shall do our utmost to retain this Cup at any rate, but it rests with those boys who will form the XI to see that our hopes are realised.

Of course as before our thoughts at the beginning of the season centred round our chances for the Cup. After having held it for two seasons, our great ambition was to hold it for the third. Still our position at the outset was dubious; for several of our bigger boys, realising the greater call of King and Country and attracted by the glory of the Hants Carabineers, enlisted in the latter regiment and left us the weaker by their departure. However we looked round us and eventually got together a team that looked good enough to uphold the high record of the past two years. Their first game with Guildford revealed the great weakness—a want of understanding among the forwards and poor shooting ability. Individually our forwards were good, and as a wing, very little fault could be found with either the

right or left, but there it ended for there was no connection between them. Banham, our centre-forward, and we never had a harder worker, was unable to link them up and so the line worked disjointedly. In defence we were good, until a heavy pressure was kept up and then the old fault of miskicking showed itself. The halves finally settled upon proved quite satisfactory and it was pleasing to notice how well Clarke adapted himself to his new position. At back, beyond the weakness mentioned above, very little fault could be found, excepting that Faulkner still prefers knocking his man over to clearing the ball, a failing that has let us down before now. Robins in goal after starting in a weak and uncertain fashion, proved himself as steady as ever,

Guildford G.S. v. Farnham G.S.

Played at Guildford on Oct. 9th.

Guildford won the toss and played up the slope first. They soon got together and entered our territory, but found our defence sound. But we soon found our game and then the ball travelled from end to end, without giving either side any advantage. We forced a corner, which was well placed by Whetman but Guildford cleared and soon after they went away with a rush, but Robins cleared their shot splendidly. For a time Guildford pressed heavily, but Robins was quite safe. However, we relieved the pressure and worked towards the other end, where Clarke got away but was 'fouled.' The 'free' was cleared by Guildford and play for a while remained even. Banham suddenly became prominent and receiving the ball, ran right through and scored. From the kick-off Guildford forced a corner which came to nothing. A corner to Farnham a few minutes later was carried away by the Guildford forwards but they

missed an open goal. Again we we went off and Clarke b who was doing good work, gave to Banham who went through and forced another corner, from which nothing came. We were now getting more of the game, and play became even, each goal experiencing some anxious moments. Suddenly Guildford broke away and forced a corner, but this was cleared; they kept up the pressure for a while, but Robins proved quite safe, finally during one of their attacks Robins cleared badly and Guildford scored. This woke our boys up, but their attacks came to nothing and half-time arrived with honours easy (1-1)

On resuming Guildford went off with a great rush and a shot from 30 yards was badly muffed by Robins and Guildford were 2. Following this Guildford had all the game and penned our team in their own half, but for some time nothing happened. Then a big kick by one of their halves saw Guildford with their 3rd goal. Our forwards made strenuous attempts to get away; but they overdid it and got in one another's way, and seemed to have no sort of understanding with one another. A good opportunity was lost through Clarke (a) handling. Banham made very great efforts to get through, but his opponents were always too many for him. Our boys were now trying to pull themselves together and attacked for a short time; but Guildford soon came away again and almost scored, Corner just running back in time to kick away. Robins was next prominent with a clean save from a corner, and away went our forwards, Clarke and Banham combining well, with the result that Banham went through and scored our 2nd goal. Enheartened by this success, the game became much more even and Banham tried hard to level matters up and almost succeeded. Guildford next attacked and in trying to clear a shot, Putnam unsighted Robins, who even then

made a splendid attempt to save it; but only managed to push it on to one of the opposing forwards who easily scored. Soon after this Corner was winded. Guildford continued to attack; but their shooting was weak, Farnham now and again made an attack but Guildford were having the better of the exchanges. During a rush on our goal, one of their forwards shot at goal and the ball rebounding from the post struck another of their forwards who was on the goal-line and went into the net, and to our surprise what was a most conspicuous case of "off-side" was allowed and Guildford were another goal up. Even play followed until the end which came soon after and Guildford retired winners by 5 goals to 2.

F.G.S. v. Reigate G.S.

Played at Reigate on Wednesday, Oct. 27th.

From the very start Reigate showed how well they played together and settling down at once gave us many anxious moments. During one of their attacks they scored with a shot which gave Robins no chance. At a time, however, we got going and then had a greater share of the play; Banham getting possession made a fine run, ably backed up by Lush, who scored. Even play followed, and Knotts and Lush were doing good service, whilst Clarke was feeding Fassnidge splendidly. Then Reigate went away again and a well-placed shot struck the cross-bar, from the rebound the ball was sent out to our forwards who took it right to the other end. After this each end was visited almost in turn. A well-placed corner kick by Fassnidge was well saved by Reigate goalie. Then it was Reigate's turn for the corner, and the ball coming out to a forward who was unmarked, he had no difficulty in scoring. Reigate

were now pressing us hard and giving our defence no rest and they soon scored a 3rd. Still keeping up the pressure they nearly added to their score from a corner. For some time we were penned in our own half, having all we could do to keep Reigate out. However, we did manage to raise the siege and then paid a visit to the other end, where Banham made a good attempt to get through and forced a corner. This was well placed and for a minute or so play was exciting round the Reigate goal. Eventually they cleared and attacked, but were kept out. Half-time came with score 3-1 in Reigate's favour.

On resuming, play was very even; Reigate were the first to attack but nothing resulted. Then we attacked but were driven back, and play was transferred to our end, where after some good passing Reigate scored. Although the odds seemed against them, our boys did not lose heart, and Clarke on several occasions sent Fassnidge off, by means of well-judged passing. The latter's centres, however, were weak. Just then Corner got badly knocked in a collision and went to outside left, Knotts going left-half. Reigate then attacked strongly, but we managed to keep them out, thanks to some excellent saves by Robins. Suddenly Corner got away on the left and going right through shot, and had the mortification of seeing his shot strike the upright, after having the goalie quite beaten. Next Robins was again prominent in keeping Reigate out, and then Corner went off again, but received little support. Banham, too, tried hard to get through and almost succeeded. Reigate, however, held the upper hand and play was for the most part around our goal, and soon they scored No 5. They nearly scored again soon after, but Robins was again brilliant.

Once again we got away and for a time transferred play to the Reigate end, where we should have scored on several occasions but for their goal-keeper, who was very safe, though a little more care on the part of our forwards might have seen their efforts rewarded. Next Reigate forced a corner from which they scored No. 6; and continuing to attack was again almost through, but Robins saved. It was not long though before they scored the 7th, the ball rebounding into the net, off the upright. From now to the end, which soon came, Reigate dominated the game, and won by 7 goals to 1.

Reigate were certainly the better team and deserved all seven goals. Their passing was delightful, and the team played as one. At the same time Farnham were better value than their one goal indicates, for had fortune been a little kinder to them, they would have had at least four, and this would have been, in my opinion, a fair representation of the play.

Cadet Corps.

AT the end of last term the Cadet Corps was unfortunate in losing its two former leaders — Mr Withinshaw and Mr. Wood. But this term Mr. Hamill, with the assistance of Mr. Joseph, has carried on the work of the corps. Much progress has been made this term, especially in marching, the usual routine of drill having been varied by route marches. Also, on wet days, there have been parades in the Gymnasium, when boxing, tug-o'-war, and other exercises have been enjoyed. A number of recruits have joined this term, and thus enabled a fifth section, under Corner, to be formed.

Early in the term the corps had the honour of being inspected first, by Bombardier Hine, who was on leave from the front, and later, by Lieut. Croxford. The Cadets took part in the Recruiting Rally held at Farnham and were present both for the afternoon and the evening parade.

Two or three of the Dress Parades arranged for this Term were interfered with by the bad weather. But next Term, when all the Corps have their uniforms, we shall look forward to one or two Field Days.

At the end of the Term some of the "Old Guard" collected a little money and sent Lieut. Withinshaw a pipe to cheer him in his loneliness at N. Berwick.

Many thanks to Lieut. Harland for his generous gift of £2 2s. to the Cadet Corps Funds.

H. MANSELL.

F.G.S. War Fund.

THE War Fund is being continued with uninterrupted vigour. As before, subscriptions are paid weekly by each boy to his Form Captain, his contribution varying with the state of his pocket at the time.

We continue to use the money in sending parcels to Old Boys on Active Service. These parcels, numbering just over twenty, contain condensed milk or milk tablets, cigarettes, chocolate, oxo, sweets and soap, etc. To some we have added insect powder, and to two of them flashlights.

We still lament the large cost of postage for the parcels. Our only consolation is that it is less to the B.E.F. than to the M.E.F.

On Monday, December 20th, when we entertained some wounded soldiers from Waverley and The Highlands Hospitals, cigarettes, bought by the Fund, were distributed.

Sincere thanks are due to J. Pitt, who has worked indefatigably in purchasing the goods, and in packing and posting the parcels; also to Miss Everitt for so carefully sewing them up.

The following are the term's subscriptions:—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Form VI.	1	10	5	Form II.	0	6	4
„ V.	1	0	0	„ Prep.	0	5	6
„ IV.		13	11				
„ IIIa.		9	4½		—————		
„ IIIb.		4	1½		£4	9	7½

Parcels have been sent to the following Old Farnhamians:—

Bomb. Hine, Corpl. Pollard, Rifleman Dawe, Corpl. Harris, Lieut. Croxford, Priv. Dutton, Rifleman Raffin, Corpl. O'Connor, Driv. Vanner, Priv. Bearne, — A. Mitchell, Lce. - Corpl. Over. Lieut. Heyward, Sap. Peacock, Bomb. Hine, Priv. Simmonds, Rifleman Dawe, Lieut. Dudley, Corpl. Harris, Corpl. Pollard.

21/12/15.

S. D. WHETMAN,

Treasurer.

Form Notes.

FORM VI.

HISTORY is developing into a hairdressing lesson. The words "Eyre Coote" and "Wandewash" constantly occur.

We had a merry interval in French one morning, when Antonio the (hired?) organist, complete with "Jacko," arrived under the window.

There was an uproar in Geography when two well-known members of our form came in late. "Why are you two late?" they were asked. "I didn't know I was, Sir!" one of them replied.

In English, when we read about Cyprus, and the "tall, graceful and bewitching Cypriote," there was much interest. It is rumoured that the present generation intends to organize an excursion there when the War is over.

We have taken up the "arm-chair" principle in preference to "horseing" it out in mathematics.

During the recent wet weather, although some boys have the disadvantage of getting wet, they also have the advantage of getting off half the first period for changing (or talking) in the cloak room. (Note—Never keep dry if there's any possible chance of getting wet. Good practice for the trenches, too!)

We offer prizes for the best Hymn of Hate to "Knees up" and "Double Knee Bend."

Our librarian, having such an arduous task in keeping the School Library in apple-pie order, finds no time to operate on his own private collection.

A French Translation:—"Like a high-spirited general, who rears under the haunches of an impudent cavalier,"

Phrases of the term:—"The station gates were shut, sir," "Couldn't get past the soldiers, sir."

Things we want to know :—

Did W———sell his flowing moustache when he first shaved? He ought to have raised a good sum on it in these “troublous times.”

How it was that the steam roller had got wedged right across the road, thus making C.R.C. late? Also how hard he tried to get by, and if there were any attractions along an adjacent road?

The exact time it takes to go round for “absentees,” and to read the gas and water meters at the end of the run-time?

Who is the King of the Coke Heap?

FORM V.

We welcome our new Form Master, Mr. Hamill.

The Black List in our room is a source of great curiosity to some persons for sundry reasons.

Drawing Class.

Enter a boy, late.

Master: “Have you seen the Chief?”

Boy: “Yes Sir.”

Master: “Ah, but has he seen you?”

“Gip Tom!” has been the password this term.

One of us has turned into a Burglar Bill or Arsène Lupin of late. Armed with a carving knife and a revolver or two he looks very fierce.

We offer our sympathies to IIIa on their great loss of glass.

We wish good-bye and good luck to the two Bishops and their Clarke; also to Finch, our captain, and Lee.

One day tombstones appeared on the board in memory of 'Two Bishops.' We wish to know who commemorated their departure.

Density, that awful plague of boys and masters, is not dead yet.

We sympathise with F—— who was attacked by Testaphobia before the Geography Examination and had to retire from school.

$BE = XY$ (by accident) says someone. We knew that all sorts of curious things happen in Geometry, but we did not know that proofs could be established by accident.

"The base treble of the fife" says one of our number in a paraphrase. We should like to hear that extraordinary instrument at the next performance of *The Merchant of Venice*.

FORM IV.

C—— and G—— of this Form are to sing solos in the concert. It is hoped that they rise to the reputation of the Form.

No mistletoe was brought for decoration at the Concert.

Why does P—— spend most of his History lessons outside?

The old enemy is worn out only to be replaced by a new one (Detention Book).

Another name for a Tiddler is Urchin.

Our Form Room is now known as the "City of Refuge."

C——, the champion singer who is singing in the concert, is taking a light diet of "Meloids."

FORM IIIA.

V——, our budding naturalist, says that people turn from monkeys into human people. We have been informed that he himself is rather backward in his transition. He has gone so far as to tell us that his head was greater in volume than all the rest of his body. Doubtless it is of the swollen variety.

F——'s mode of thinking is to gaze, with his head to one side, round the ceiling and walls of the room, whilst he vigorously scratches his ear. Another reminder of the monkey state.

One of our number informed us that Sicily was the largest island in the Baltic Sea.

This is not the same boy who enjoys his Geography book throughout Science.

G—— is not satisfied with walking peacefully about the school. He indulges in such exercises as putting his head through the glass panels of the doors.

All our amateur detectives were at work one morning when we found our window panes smashed. We were reminded of rumours of earthquakes about London, and of the vibration caused by the guns in France.

A remarkable fact about our Form Room is that it has a duster! (at the time of writing),

We are very glad to hear that Dudley is still safe and sound at the front, as well as those who lived in the old times before us.

THE BOARDERS.

Not long after the commencement of the term some of our number were smitten with chicken-pox and were accordingly isolated. The victims, however, seemed to take their misfortune in good part, so much that the rest of us were rather inclined to envy their lot, and wished that we also could for a time be free from the labours of school.

One Sunday morning one of our number informed us that Boyes was identical with John the Baptist. We hope he is flattered (for explanation of this apply to Godsland).

We still indulge in games of chess and draughts. Putnam has won the chess tournament. As to draughts there has been no competition this term. These games have been going on this term with something of the keenness of two years ago. During that interval they had been replaced by various forms of whist.

We welcome the following new Boarders this term:—Aston, Bradshaw, Lock, Nautet, Stace, Stapley; while Brown, Cookson, and Pitt a have left us.

Football (continued).

F.G.S. v. Guildford, November 13th.

It is some years since Guildford has beaten us on our own ground, and we quite expected to maintain the record unbroken this year. Unfortunately, that little

“terrier” Briant was absent, so we were considerably weak in the half-back line; still Whetman proved himself a very reliable support thereof Clarke and Mackay.

The game all through was very even; our forwards were well managed by Banham, and Lush was always “on the spot” in front of goal. Faulkner and Putnam at back worked splendidly together and had a complete understanding with Robins in goal. The Guildford forwards were very good individually, but our defence broke up their combination to a great extent. The score at half-time (1-1) quite represented the play of the teams. During the second half, although Guildford had their share of the game, we had hard lines in not scoring on three or four occasions through the excellent efforts of Banham, Clarke (*b*) and Fassnidge. A few minutes before the end the Guildford forwards raced away, and, finishing with a grand shot, were one up. Farnham made a few more efforts, but time came with Guildford victors by 2-1.

Farnham v. Reigate.

Saturday, December 4th.

We were particularly anxious to defeat Reigate—both that we might win even one game in the League, and that we might have the satisfaction of beating the best team in the Southern Division.

We were fortunate enough to turn out our full team, but the weather was very bad.

Our forwards soon got to work, and some clever play between Banham, Lush and Clarke gave us the first goal. The halves Whetman, Briant, Clarke (*a*) worked untiringly and fed the forwards well, the left wing

attacking again and again, but the Reigate goalie was too good.

Then the Reigate forwards got away and some good football by their centre and insides left our goal at their mercy (1-1). Shortly before half-time Corner came down the left wing at a great pace and scored our second goal.

We opened the second half very vigorously, but for a time could not get through till a very glaring "hands" just in front of goal gave us our chance: Corner kicked a characteristic goal. After this Reigate woke up and kept us very busy, only the most strenuous efforts on the part of Faulkner and Putnam enabled Robins to keep his goal intact. Still Reigate were not to be denied; their forwards came down in a line and scored (3-2). Give and take play followed till some excellent passing between Fassnidge and Clarke (b) resulted in the latter putting in a fine shot which made us winners of a very good game by 4 - 2.

Finance.

We subjoin the Balance Sheets for the last two years, which show sadly but plainly that we are not paying our way. The original deficit on the first year was largely due to the initial expense of circulars, block for cover, and other unavoidable expenses of that sort. If some kind friends would send donations to clear off the deficit, and others would send us new subscribers, the Magazine could be made self-supporting.

Surely there ought to be more than a hundred odd Old Boy Subscribers. We fail to get the boys just as they leave because that is often the moment when they have

Members of the School, 1915.

Head Master—Rev. S. PRIESTLEY, M.A.

Second Master—Mr. W. Stroud. **Science Master**—Dr. G. Brown.

Masters serving in H.M. Forces { Mr. J. W. Withinshaw, B.A.,
Mr. H. Wood, M.A.,
Mr. J. R. Joseph, B.A.

School List

(Names of Prefects in Capitals).

FORM VI.	Falkner (b)	Fassnidge (b)
HEADMASTER.	Faulkner (a)	Follet (b)
BANHAM	Fisher (b)	Harris
Briant	Fullbrook	Joyce
Clarke (a)	Gibson	Karn*
Clarke (b)	Heath	Marshallsay
CORNER	Lickfold	Molay
Dann	Ogbourn	Randell (a)
GILES	Pitt	Spencer
MANSELL	Read (a)	Stace
Mason	Robins	Warren
Mackay	Robinson	*Form Captain.
Merrington	Simmonds	FORMS II. and I.
Neave	Smith (b)	Mr. H. C. KINGCOME
Priestley (a)	Taachi	II.
Putnam	Withers	A iamson
Rogers	FORM IIIa.	Bastow (b)
Ross	Mr. RIDOUT.	Brock
Singer	Barling	Demblon (b)
Stroud	Barnard	Fornie
Williams	Bide	Fleming
WHETMAN	Clapham	Holloway
FORM V.	Dimes	Lawrence
Mr. HAMILL	Faulkner* (c)	Parratt
Adkinson	Follet (a)	Stace
Allen	Gardiner	Stone
Baker	Godsland	Usher
Bolt	Harvey	I.
Brown	Hulme	Bide
Clarke (c)	Jenner	Daix
Cooper	Knotts (b)	Hester
Evemy (a)	Kemp	Peers
Fassnidge	Knight	Randell
Finch*	Lofthouse	Smith (c)
Fisher (a)	Lance	Stroud (b)
Gaspar	Lowry	PREPARATORY
Jamieson	Norris	FORM.
Knotts (a)	Read	Miss V. WILLIAMS
Lee	Roe	Allen
Lush	Smith (b)	Blackmore
Matthews	Shore	Bradshaw
Priestley (b)	Thorp	Cole
Stagg	Viggers	Demblon (c)
Young	West	Duffy
*Form Captain.	Wilson	Hutchens
FORM IV.	*Form Captain.	Hose
Mr. W. STROUD	FORM IIIb.	Johnson
Attfield	Mr. J. R. JOSEPH,	Molay (b)
Bastow (a)	B.A.	Nautet
Blake	Aston	Palmer
Brooker	Brownjohn	Priestley (c)
Chaffey	Carter	Randell (c)
Copsey	Dawson	Stapley
Evemy (b)	Demblon (a)	