

# THE FARNHAMIAN.

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## In Memoriam.

By the death of the Headmaster of the Grammar School the town and neighbourhood of Farnham has suffered a great loss. The Rev. Samuel Priestley was educated at King's College School, and Queen's College, Cambridge, where he was Senior Mathematical Scholar. On taking his B.A. degree he was an assistant master at Manchester Grammar School, and later was appointed second master of Maidstone Grammar School. In 1893 he took Holy Orders, and joined the staff of All Saints', Maidstone, where he did good work in the district of which he had charge.

When in 1897 the Headmastership of Farnham Grammar School became vacant, Mr. Priestley was appointed, and at once threw himself heart and soul into the work, which for twenty-one years he carried on with such marked success. The number of boys rapidly increased, rendering necessary the provision of the present school in its own playing field. Both in the class-room and on the cricket or football field, the Headmaster brought his kindly and stimulating influence to bear on his boys. "Press on, gentlemen, press on," he would say, urging them to put forth their best endeavours, whatever they had in hand. It may be truly said that Mr. Priestley lived for the school, striving with all his power to give his pupils all the scholastic advantages at his disposal, and, as he put it, "to turn them out as Christian gentlemen."

In the careers of his old boys he took the deepest interest, and welcomed them warmly whenever they paid him a visit. There are many who will mourn him as the kindest and best of friends. The affectionate esteem in which Mr. Priestley was held by friends and neighbours was shown by the large gathering at his burial. The Lord Bishop of the Diocese took the service in the Church of St. Andrew, Farnham, the Rural Dean and the Vicar of The Bourne saying the committal and prayers at the grave in Green Lane Cemetery. To quote the words of the Vicar of The Bourne, spoken from his pulpit, "We thank God for his example, and for all that he has shown us of what in life is best and noblest and most true."—R.I.P.

## Editorial.

The Governors granted us a day and a half's holiday when the Armistice was signed. What a relief the cessation of hostilities has been to us all.

We gladly welcome back to our teaching staff Mrs. Woollard and Mr. Ridout.

Miss Wilson has left us, much to our regret, but Miss Crawhall-Wilson has proved a very able successor.

The Farnham Gymnasium Committee have kindly lent us a good deal of their apparatus, and Mr. Perceval has been taking classes in the dark evenings, after 4 o'clock, when it was impossible to play footer.

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## Letters from Old Boys.

France,  
September 5th, 1918.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Priestley,—

The arrival to-day of the "Farnhamian" reminds me that it is more than high time that I wrote you. The Magazine always comes as a breath of the old happy school days, and, like letters from home, helps to smooth out the little difficulties that daily confront one.

I did not land in France until January 3rd of this year, but was not kept long at the Base; in fact, after two days there was sent up the line with some dozen more fellows to join this Unit.

Shortly after coming up I was engaged on Salvage Work, which consisted of wallowing about in mud, picking up and carrying to a dump 18 pounder and 4.5 inch shells. It was on a part of the Front which for shell holes and general desolation has only one equal on the Western Front, so you will gather that, as it was winter time, the scene was not prone to suggest the Garden of Eden to one's mind. However, what with the excitement of dodging Jerry's occasional shells, combined with splendid health, we managed to get some fun out of the job.

We were moved off from there to another part in time to get full experience of the retreat last March. (I suppose I ought to use the word retirement). Being in an ammunition column, we did not of course have to withstand the fury of the Bosche attack as the Infantry did, but nevertheless, we had some narrow escapes—one night avoiding capture by a few minutes only. What, however, impressed itself most on my mind was the sight of the French people leaving their homes, and fleeing for safety with what they could carry in their arms or trundle along in wheelbarrows. Never shall I forget the sight of the old women and young children trudging along the country roads. It made one's heart bleed. How thankful I was that it was not my wife and children in such a plight. Many of our fellows, who could do so dismounted from the waggons and did all that was possible for the poor creatures.

For some time past now we have been having quite an easy life, but we hope to move eastwards again soon.

By this time my letter will have begun to weary you, so I will

bring it to a close. Will you please remember me kindly to any of the Form Masters who knew me.

With kindest regards to you and your family, and with best wishes for the continued prosperity of the School,

I am,

Yours very sincerely,

STANLEY BARROW.

P.S.—You will perhaps remember that I was in for a commission, but my age proved a bar, and so it did when I tried to transfer to another unit. I am enclosing a subscription for the Magazine Fund.—S.B.

No. 202252, Gunner S. Barrow,

No. 2 Section,

20th D.A.C., R.F.A.,

B.E.F., France.

11th The Queen's, R.W.S. Regt.,

B.E.F.,

Marching to the Rhine,

November 18th, 1918.

Dear Mr. Stroud,—

The other day I received a parcel of very useful things from the Old School. Please thank all those concerned with sending it to me.

Please excuse the Bosche letter-card, but we have to be very mobile now that we are "nomads."

Kindly remember me to Dr. Brown and Mr. Ridout. I hope you are keeping well.

Yours sincerely,

E. NEAVE.

201 Siege Battery,

B.E.F., France,

30th October, 1918.

Dear Mr. Priestley,—

It is such a terribly long time since I wrote to you, that I feel almost ashamed to write now. They say, however, "Better late than never," so I will first request your forgiveness, and secondly, wire ahead with what news I have.

Perhaps a brief account of what has happened to me since leaving Farnham on July 15th will interest you. As you will perhaps remember, on leaving Farnham I went home to Woolwich, intending to study for the entrance exam. for the Royal Military Academy—the "Shop." As soon as I was old enough I sat for Woolwich, managed to secure a moderate place, and entered the institution in June, 1916. I need not enlarge on the details of the course there. The Guards' drill-sergeants "took it out of us" very well indeed, and when they finished the Riding-Masters and "Pip Toc" or "Jerks" instructors began. The course was an exceedingly strenuous one in many ways, but made us wonderfully fit and healthy, and taken all round, I have never spent a more enjoyable 9 months in all my life. Perhaps you will remember Connell, who left Farnham about 1913. He was at the Shop with me for 3 months. Strange to say, I met him this afternoon out here in France for the first time since then.

Eventually, in February, 1917, I was duly gazetted, and was very proud to put up one star, and three weeks later found myself posted to Bournemouth Cadet School as an Instructor, since, being 17½, I was not old enough to go out to France. The C.O. and all the senior officers of Bournemouth were so delightfully unconventional and pleasant as to treat us just like children entered into the family of the instructional staff, and made us wonderfully happy and con-

tented throughout. While at Bournemouth it was one of my pleasant duties to have to instruct Fitch, "A" I think his initial was, in different subjects. It seems funny that I should have had to teach people like Fitch—almost old enough to be my father many of the Cadets were—still it had to be done, and the more one smiled at such "irony of fate," the better everyone got on.

After 3 months of this life, our C.O. got two of us a second pip each, which we held then until our posting overseas.

At the end of October, 1917, Bournemouth Cadet School having closed down, we were posted to a similar school for R.G.A. aspirants to commissions at Maresfield. During my seven months at this delightful country place in Sussex, I saw no-one from the Old School until the end, when one of the Stedmans who live just above the School, came along from Cranleigh as a Cadet. I recognised him at once, but at first I think he found a difficulty in recognising me in such strange surroundings. Before I left the School I was glad to see him turning out a very smart young fellow.

In June of this year, after repeated applications had been refused, I succeeded in "wangling" a posting to France, though still months under 19. You may be surprised at my eagerness to get overseas, but you see that my job lies in the Army for the future, and consequently practical experience overseas was for me absolutely essential. Hence my eagerness. Honestly I have never regretted coming out, and am very proud to have had the chance of doing my little bit, however little, in this great push. One naturally has all sorts of wonderfully interesting experiences out here, among which the sight of the delight of the French inhabitants at being delivered after four years of Hun oppression, is perhaps the most touching.

Before closing, I would ask to be very kindly remembered to Mrs. Priestley, to Lance, and to Clem; also to Mr. Stroud and to Dr. Brown, and to anyone else who may perhaps remember me.

Thanking you very much indeed for the kind way in which you always treated me at Farnham—I often thought you kept rather a close eye on your "sleek Indian," for fear he should break out with some of his "budmash" tricks,

I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

H. REDMAN.

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c/o the Principal Chaplain,  
1st Echelon,  
E.E.F.,  
25-10-18.

Dear Mr. Priestley,—

It has suddenly struck me that I owe you some money for the "Farnhamian." I don't know how much, but in any case I enclose 5s. cheque. Kindly let me know how my account stands.

I am in Palestine again, after 4½ months in the Nile Valley area, i.e., Western Desert. I had a rare old time exploring Upper Egypt this summer. Of course it was too hot for it to be even suggestive of comfort, but I saw practically every thing and place of importance, and it was rather nice to have that part as a parish temporarily. You know of course that I left the I.C.C. last April, and now I am with the famous old 4th Brigade, R.F.A., of Colenso fame. They are mostly Regular Army men and from India, although new drafts are now duration men. We are with the 3rd (Indian) Division. The war both here and in Mesopotamia is now over, and only the Western Front remains; that too is nearing the end.

The Chaplains' busy time is now coming, and it should be possible to do a good lot of work.

News is exceedingly scarce, and as we are roughing it, writing is difficult.

With kind regards,  
Sincerely yours,  
J. P. WILKINSON, C.F.

H.M. W/T. Station,  
Linney Head,  
Pembroke,  
21-10-18.

Dear Mr. Priestley,—

The Magazine came as a welcome surprise a week or two ago. I must say I am sorry I had not told you of my removal from Ireland. These things are not in our hands, but I was ordered away just as the Sinn Feiners were looking like giving trouble. This station is similar to, but more up-to-date, than the last, but I may not say what we do here. There seems little prospect of my going to sea, as I have been found unfit by the doctor.

I enclose the local Post Office's best effort in the way of an order for two shillings, which I hope will keep me in touch with the School for another year.

By the time my next subscription is due I hope we shall all be at peace and at home again—and, for myself, I hope I shall be in a position to support the Magazine rather more lustily.

Will you please give my very kind regards to Mrs. Priestley, and remember me to Dr. Brown and Mr. Stroud and Miss Williams.

I trust all is going well with the School, and that you yourself are enjoying the best of health.

Much as I should like to re-visit the School, I am afraid I can hardly promise myself the pleasure, as leave is so infrequent and Farnham so far out of my way.

With my best regards and all good wishes,  
Yours sincerely,  
EDWIN G. ASHTON.

France.  
1-11-18.

Dear Mr. Priestley,—

It is a long time since I wrote to you, and I owe you my apologies for the delay. I received the School Magazine from you some time ago, and up to the present have not had the grace to acknowledge its receipt. I was very pleased to receive it, and must now give you my best thanks.

I sincerely hope that the present epidemic of influenza is not seriously affecting the School, and that none of your family have been victims. So far it has not reached us, and the health of the troops is as good as ever.

The Band is in fine form now, and has been in great demand lately, marching the battalion and playing in the different towns and villages which have just been liberated from the Huns. The people are overjoyed at their deliverance, and are never tired of telling us about their treatment at the hands of the "Sales Boches."

They hardly know how to thank "les Anglais" enough, and feel highly honoured to have an English Tommy in their houses. We made a triumphant march through one large town. All the streets were decorated, and were lined with civilians, shouting, dancing, singing, and many crying of joy.

Of course our lives are very unsettled now, but we are winning, and that is all that matters.

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

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

Yours very sincerely,  
H. A. ATTON.

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North Russian Expeditionary Force,  
c/o G.P.O., London,  
Tuesday, October 29th, 1918.

Dear Mr. Priestley,—

Expect you will be rather surprised when you see where I've landed this journey! Russia and its people is a very "outlandish" spot, or at any way the place I'm at is! The houses are all made of timber, and are usually between 6 and 8 feet from the ground—raised on banks and logs, etc.! This is to allow for the snow in winter, which is always very deep—anything from 6 feet. The summer months are from June to early September—it's very hot during this time, and then winter sets in very quickly. The thing I miss more than anything here is that the Russians do not as a rule have any open fires—the houses are heated by huge stoves built into the walls. These stoves are made of brick and cement, and are about 14 feet high; once they get hot the damper is closed, and they last for 24 hours or so. One thing the Russians never mean to be, and that's "cold." They have double windows and doors and walls, etc., and when these stoves are going you can guess what it's like in a room full of people! The atmosphere is simply awful! You can cut it with a knife! Up to now I've not felt the cold at all.

We are some few miles from a town. I went there some days ago—it was a funny sort of place, and a few decent brick houses were to be seen, there being a Post Office and a sort of Hall Place. The Churches here are built after the same style as they are out East, with huge gold domes, and are painted green and white. The service is R.C.

I should very much like to tell you something about the fighting here, but as you know, that's impossible, and will have to wait till I get home again.

Please remember me to Mrs. Priestley, and to those who were at the School in my time. Please excuse pencil, etc., but the conditions here are not of the best. And an oil lamp that quite refuses to burn doesn't help a great deal!

One thing I forgot to mention—that is that we get no daylight here to speak of. It's only light from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Cheery, isn't it?

Yours very sincerely,  
G. BROOKE LACEY,  
Lieut., R.G.A.

## Old Boys.

Lieut. Stewart Dudley, till quite lately, was quartered with his regiment, the 27th Native Cavalry, at Dera Ismail Khan, in Sinde, but he and three brother officers had the bad luck to be bitten by a mad dog, and they are now at the Pasteur Institute at Kasauli, near Simla, undergoing treatment. We wish them a speedy recovery.

Second Lieut. Edward Neave has won the M.C. Major-Gen. Lawford, commanding 41st Division, writes: "I wish to place on record my appreciation of the great dash, gallantry, and devotion to duty, which you displayed during the operations south of Gheluwe, on 1st-3rd October, 1918."

Lieut. Wm. Collier was badly wounded in the neck, while fighting in France; but we are glad to say he is making a good recovery.

Second Lieut. Harold Spencer is quartered with his battery in one of the most devastated districts in France, just east of Lens, but like all the boys he writes most cheerily.

Second Lieut. Philip Stroud is now attached to the Inniskillings. On their march to the town of Judoigne they passed over the field of Waterloo. One of the last letters Mr. Priestley had was a long and interesting one from "Phil" Stroud. Unfortunately, the letter cannot be found.

Stanley Warren and John Wells are both (as this goes to press) enjoying some leave. The former has had some rough times.

John Longhurst, 1st Lieutenant, has many interesting stories to tell of his voyages in the Eastern Seas.

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## In Memoriam.

BRIAN H. B. LETHBRIDGE. He enlisted at the outbreak of the war. After six months he was recommended for a commission. When Lieutenant of the Bedfordshire Regiment, he served as Transport Officer all through the Battle of the Somme. He was killed near Loos by a shell, when taking up the transport at night, on July 19th, 1917.

Mr. WOOD, after recovering from the severe wound which he received early in the war, rejoined his regiment—

20th City of London—and while gallantly leading his platoon at the assault on Peronne was killed instantaneously. The members of his old form will read this with great regret.

JOHN PATRICK O'DONNELL, at first posted as missing, was officially reported to have been killed at Kemmel Hill on September 4th. His kindly ways, his bright cheerfulness, his splendid courage, made him generally beloved. We offer our deepest sympathy to each member of his family.

SIGNALLER ROBERT HAWARD, R.G.A., was killed in France on September 6th. He was on duty in a dug-out with a comrade, when a gas shell exploded on the top of it, and they were both killed instantaneously. He had posted that morning letters to his wife and to his father, written in his usual cheerful style. His record at the School was a splendid one. He was head boy, a good athlete, and liked by all. Several of his short methods for working out geometrical problems are still used in the School.

LIEUT. CHRIS. YOUNG, R.A.F., was reported missing on July 1st, 1918, but intelligence has now reached his friends of his death. When flying he was attacked by the Huns in superior numbers, and, though he made a gallant fight, he was shot dead, and his machine brought down in the German lines. He was buried with full military honours. He was a favourite among his comrades at school on account of his unfailing good nature and his thorough sportsmanship. We all miss him greatly.

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## Form Notes.

### VI.

A never-to-be-forgotten term—the Armistice Term.

Some have compared 1918 with the Annus Mirabilis, 1759.

We lost two pillars of the football team, Chaffey and Lance, at the beginning of the term.

Our geographical expert informs us that the tides cause land and sea breezes.

Use "cumber" in a sentence, said the English master.

"We grow cucumbers," replied the Member for Fairfield.

Things we want to know :

1. Which boy in the Form puts odiclone on his handkerchief?

2. What<sup>1</sup> the Queen of Spain did on hearing of the Partition Treaty?

3. Which of our Class-Rooms is not a resting-place for the books of J——s?

#### V.

War without our Tank was very tame.

Another addition has been made to our V. Form Zoo.

Who spells stayshion, magizane, Saskatyouann.

#### IV.

The mud on the Aldershot Road was so deep that Tom Thumb nearly disappeared one morning, when on his way to school.

“Bring me that brush, Jones,” “That’s not a brush, Sir, it’s C——’s head, sir; he’s just been to the barber’s.”

#### IIIA.

Our Form thinks football—it talks football—it plays football—and, it is believed, it dreams football.

“May I go to catch my train, Sir?” “But, boy, you are in detention this evening.” “But, Sir, it’s my Grandmother’s birthday.” (Smothered giggles from the Form).

#### IIIB.

One of the masters having complimented us on the improvement in our behaviour, the rest of the school promptly dubbed us “the Angels.”

We supplied both the winner and the “runner-up” in the Recruits’ Competition.

Parade-Day.—Sergeant, meeting three boys of our Form in “civies”: “Why don’t you fellows join the Cadets?”

A.: “Mother doesn’t want me to go to France, Sergeant.”

B.: “The drills interfere with my mid-day meal.”

C.: “Sergeant, shall I have a ‘Separation allowance?’ ”

#### II.

Nature Study Lessons:

Subject, Thunderstorms: “Sir, we were sitting at supper, and a ball of fire came in at one of our top windows, and went bump, bump, bump, down the stairs, and rolled into our kitchen.”

Query: What did they have for supper?

This Form is full of coming airmen.

## Cadet Corps.

During the August holidays several Cadets went into camp at Bisley, where they earned great praise from Col. Crosse and his officers for the excellence of their drill, their work and firing with the Hotchkiss and Lewis Machine guns, and their good conduct.

On September 7th the War Office cancelled the order about the age for enlistment, so that now Cadets can join at 12.

On September 23rd the Company formed a Guard of Honour to the Duke of Connaught when he visited the Waverley Abbey Hospital, on the occasion of the 4th Anniversary Service. He inspected the Guard, and expressed himself exceedingly pleased at the smart soldierly appearance of the Cadets. The Lord Lieutenant of the County, the Commandant of the Hospital, and Major Anderson also passed down the ranks.

Early in October Sergt.-Major Middleton, from the Depot at Guildford, was sent to us as Instructor. We have derived great benefit from his teaching. His lectures on the care of the rifle, the platoon in attack, and the relay system, were particularly interesting.

On October 11th Lieut. Hendrey, M.C., D.C.M., visited his old school, and gave us some idea of the working of Brigade Signals. We much appreciated what he told us.

The Company took part in a very sad ceremony on October 25th, when it paraded 110 strong for the Headmaster's funeral. The coffin was placed on a bier, which was wheeled by the sergeants, who also lowered the body into the grave.

Twelve more rifles were sent to us by the War Office on October 29th.

The Battalion Field Day, after several postponements, took place on Merrow Downs, on October 30th. Four of the schools taking part in the defence of the convoy withdrew, owing to influenza, and so we had to occupy the centre and right of the line, for which our Company was quite inadequate—in fact, there were two miles of country on our right without any defenders. Consequently, we were hopelessly outnumbered and outflanked, but we fell back steadily, lost no prisoners, and made a successful counter-attack.

Our Machine Gun Section, under Sergt. Searle, did great things, and proved an object of interest to Sir Mal-

colm Grover, Sir Edmund Elles, and the O.C.'s of the other Corps.

The march of the various Schools back to Guildford was quite a big thing.

The Surrey Schools have now been formed into Battalions, and we are to be known henceforth as C. Company 2nd Cadet Battalion of the Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment, Major L. R. Davison being C.O.

On Friday, December 6th, the Recruits competed for a medal, presented by the Company, and, after a keen struggle, this was won by Cadet Alec Fisher, No. 3 Platoon, Cadet Sims being second, Cadet Harold Swain third.

Acting on Gen. Macbean's orders, we have been replacing the shorts by knickers. This has proved rather expensive.

A rather interesting Field Day had been arranged for November 30th, when Sergt. Brown was to have attempted the capture of Sergt. Bartrop's party of Cyclist Scouts at the Wrecclesham Bridges, but early in the day the weather was so unsuitable that a route march was substituted.

Second Lieut. Neave and Second Lieut. Palmer came and helped us at some of our drills.

The Lucas-Tooth Medals have not yet reached us.

Lieut. J. W. Withinshaw hopes soon to be released from Active Service with the Royal Scots, and to be back with his old Cadet Company again.

Through the kindness of Lieut. Robins, our drummer has been allowed to attend the band practices of the Cadets of the 4th Hants.

Donations have been received this term from Mrs. Stroud, Lieut. Folkard (10s.), Second Lieut. C. P. W. Stroud (£1), Sergt. Lance, Sergt. Barnard, Corpl. K. Smith, Lance-Corpl. Callingham, Lance-Corpl. Knight, Lance-Corpl. Heath, Cadets Metcalfe, Young, Cook, Gardner, and Joyce.

I have to thank most sincerely Company-Sergt.-Major Fisher, Sergeants Simmonds, Withers, Bartrop, Brown, Read, Keates, Falkner, Evemy, Lance, and Barnard, as well as the other N.C.O.'s, for the very great assistance which they have given me during the term.

WM. STROUD, Capt., O.C.

## Before Wytshaete.

### A GLIMPSE OF "SIGNALS, R.E."

"Come on, Jerry, out of it, you lazy old blighter"—muffled rumbles from the depths of an untidy roll of army blankets greeted this cheerful reveille.

"Jump to it, show a leg, my son"—further subterranean rumbles emanated from the pile of blankets, followed by a towlsed head, and one outstretched arm. An audible yawn.

"Ish my breakfus ready?" "Yes, and jolly nearly eaten too; get a move on. One of Crab's companies in the line was relieved last night, and their people at F.G. 9 report that both jammers are dis." ("Out of order," in Signalese). The effect of this apparently meaningless statement was to bring the towlsed headed one to the full possession of his senses with a start. Hastily rolling out, he slipped on his breeches, trench boots and tunic, seized a much battered tin mug, an even more battered tin plate, and sallied forth from the splinter proof shack in the direction of a sound in which all hungry Tommies delight—the sizzle and pop of juicy rashers being done to a turn.

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An explanation is necessary of the cryptic utterance which brought Jerry from his "kip" with such alacrity. Each unit in the British Army now has a "code" name—one of the many little things we had to wait, alas! for the Huns to teach us. "Crab" was, in reality, the —th Battn. Royal Irish Rifles.

Each telephone post in the battle zone has a code call, which is simply an arrangement of letters and figures known only to the Infantry and R.E. Signallers concerned.

These necessary precautions have been taken, owing to the leakage of information which went on previous to their adoption. By means of an ingenious apparatus which may be described to the uninitiated as a wireless set receiving signals through the ground, the Huns managed to pick up most of our conversations over the 'phone, together with some interesting tips upon reliefs, etc. To counter this, an instrument was devised which by sending a strong electric current to earth, along wires laid in the firing line, jammed the Hun apparatus, and rendered it practically useless.

It is to do with the maintenance of these "jammers" by the forward party of the Brigade R.E. Signals (a thankless task) that our little story is concerned.

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Having bolted his breakfast, seized his respirator and purloined the Sergeant's pliers, Jerry set off for the entrance to "Rossignol Road," a main communication trench which would take him to the part of the line in which the offending "jammers" lay.

"Hullo, Jerry; going up to F.G. 9?" said a blue-eyed corporal of "Crabs" Signallers: "Take my tip and don't, old boy, it's not healthy up there for self-respecting linemen just now. Old Fritz has started a bit of a rifle grenade strafe, so Capt. —, of B Co., has just told the Adjutant over the 'phone."

"Case of have-to, Frank; jammers dis.; see you on my way back."

Similar cheerful remarks greeted Jerry as he wended his way from Rossignol Road to Oak Trench and Ash Lane.

"Whiz-pong! pong! wheeeizz, pong!" "Mind up, another shower of 'em, keep down."

"Wheeeizz-pong! pong! whee-pong! pong! pong!"—a shower and no mistake.

With eyes towards the parapet and mouths agape, the little group of two Lewis gunners, a stretcher-bearer, and Jerry, waited for that slight rustling whistle and wee black shape which announced the immediate arrival of that deadly little missile, the rifle grenade.

"I'm getting out of this," said Jerry, "they don't seem to be strafing round by F.G. 9."

Suiting the action to the word, he stumbled over broken trench boards, and, turning to the left, walked quickly down the front line. That horrid deserted look, aided by suspiciously new earth on the trench boards warned him that he was by no means out of the excitement, when—wuffle, wuffle, wuffle, WUFFLE, PLONK!!—an ear-spitting crash, acrid fumes of high explosive—and Jerry was hugging the bottom of the trench for dear life, wishing he was rather less human and more mouse-like, in size at least, while pieces of broken revetment, trench boards, torn sandbags and huge clods of earth rumbled and thudded about him to the accompaniment of a continuous patter of small pieces of stone and turf.

"No place for me," said Jerry to himself, "started with Rum Jars, have they? D— 'em!"

Diving for the next traverse, he tripped over a broken sheet of corrugated iron sticking out of the once revetted side of the trench. Wuffle, wuffle, wuffle, plonk!—an agonising twenty seconds which seemed like twenty hours—and no sound.

A dud, by George, that's a narrow squeak. You hurt, chum?"

"Hullo, Bill, that you? No thanks, only fell over this blanky iron of yours and barked my shins dodging that last lot."

"Why, it's old Jerry—coming up to see to the Jammers?" The speaker was the young lance-corporal in charge of F.G. 9.

"Yes, and I'd better get on with it. Things aren't healthy up here this morning; gimme a hand, will you? Two's better than one with this trench mortar stunt on."

Together the two moved down the trench, and, rounding another traverse, came upon the place where once a "jammer" had fulfilled its useful task. Now a gaping crater twelve feet across yawned in the firebay. Gone was the jammer for ever; likewise the parapet on the Boche side of the trench—a fact further impressed upon the two linemen by the crack of a rifle in the Boche lines, followed instantaneously by the angry zip of a sniper's bullet as it embedded itself in the sandbags not a foot from Jerry's steel helmet.

Ducking and crawling, they passed down the battered trench, now and then greeted by its garrison, who were chiefly occupied in dodging the stray trench mortars which from time to time came sailing with their peculiar wobbly motion from the Boche lines.

Passing F.G. 9, a low elephant sheet shelter, they reached the second "jammer," and finding it only required adjustment, Jerry soon had it in working order once again.

Returning down the trench to F.G. 9, they were repairing a break in the "jammer" wire, when the Captain commanding B Company greeted them. "Morning, Woods, looking after your precious old machines? I believe you cause half this morning hate we get nowadays; we never got it before you put 'em in my bit of line, anyhow."

Jerry grinned. He was used to this sort of chaff, and he was well-known and liked by "Crabs" officers, to whom he was a familiar figure, since he was promoted to the proud appointment of "O.C. Jammers."

The "woof" and thud of trench mortars was still going on intermittently when Jerry, his work done, proceeded once more in the direction of the top of Ash Lane, leaving Bill at F.G. 9 as he passed. Dodging the broken parapet by falling into the rum jar crater and crawling out the other side, he came to the spot at which he had left the Lewis gunners and the stretcher bearer.

The sight which met his eyes is, unfortunately, all too common in the once flourishing countryside of Flanders. A confused mass of smashed trench boards, iron sheeting, wire, and newly-disturbed earth blocked the communication trench, and from below the pile a sinister stain trickled, forming an ever increasing pool at the bottom of the trench. Rendered callous to such sights by two years of

active service, Jerry climbed the pile of wreckage, and slipped into the gigantic crater he found on the other side.

A groan sounded from somewhere behind him.

"Gee, who's that?" exclaimed Jerry spinning round.

"Gimme a hand, old man, my foot's bashed up, I think."

From under a smashed sheet of corrugated iron crept one of the Lewis gunners, a pal of Jerry's since the days in September, 1916, when both had sat in a shell hole between Trones Wood and Ginchy, on the Somme, patiently awaiting a chance to reach Battalion Headquarters, their mutual objective.

Tenderly, very tenderly, Jerry raised the stricken gunner, and hastily fishing for an extra shell dressing, which he kept in that useful, but forbidden, receptacle for odds and ends of this sort—his respirator satchel—he bound up the red mess which had, shortly before, been the gunner's right foot.

Then commenced a nightmare journey back down the communication trench, to the reserve lines, where Jerry knew he would be able to hand his precious burden to the R.A.M.C. at the advanced Dressing Station.

Jerry doesn't remember to this day the details of that journey—a seemingly never ending stream of trench mortars burst right and left, in front and behind him, but a young lieutenant of the R.A.M.C. is able to testify that a weary, blood-stained R.E. lineman staggered into his dressing station and handed over an insensible Lewis gunner before gently subsiding on the dug-out floor with a shrapnel splinter through his left arm.

\* \* \* \* \*

Six months later Jerry stepped into a Paddington train on the District at Victoria, bound home for 14 days leave.

He took his seat next a severe-looking female, who eyed him thoroughly as though about to enter into conversation.

Suddenly she spied his blue and white armlet, the badge of the Signals.

"What is that band?" she inquired.

"The Signal Service Badge," said Jerry politely.

"What work do you do?"

"Maintain telephonic communication."

The severe one sniffed.

"Oh, I understand; lines of communication. That's at the Base, isn't it?" Then, proudly, "My boy is in the trenches."

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## War Fund.

Parcels have been sent during the term to several Old Boys at the Front. When the Armistice was declared, the subscriptions to the Fund were discontinued, and the balance in hand was divided between the Y.M.C.A. and the Waverley Abbey Hospital.

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## Finance.

We thankfully acknowledge the following subscriptions to the Magazine Fund: Mrs. Pollard, 10s.; Lieut. Collier, 10s. 6d.; Stanley Barrow, 10s.; Second Lieut. Neave, 10s.; Edwin Ashton, 2s.; Henry Atton, 2s. 6d.

## Football.

Though in our matches with outside teams we have not been very successful, yet there has been a good deal of keen football.

Among the new boys there are several good players.

There is much promise for the future, for though the members of the second team took some time to learn to keep their places, when once that was mastered, they made rapid improvement, and it was a great misfortune that no outside matches were fixed for them.

We are looking forward next term to the Under Fifteen Challenge Cup Competition for Surrey Schools, and it also has been suggested that we should have an inter-platoon tournament.

The following have played in the team: K. Smith, Jenner, goal; Hirst, Furlonger, full backs; Brown (a.), Husted, Keates (capt.), Withers, half-backs; Vanner, Salmond, Deathe, Norris, Russell, Brooks (c), forwards.

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### HARDING v. MORLEY (Final).

This game was a very keen one indeed. For a long time the play was in mid-field, then Harding fiercely attacked three times, but each time their forwards muffed an excellent chance. Then they had to stand several attacks of Morley, one of which resulted in a goal. Soon after Harding scored. During the next half Morley scored again, but Harding soon equalised. For a long time the play was in mid-field, but about fifteen minutes from time Morley scored. Harding failed to equalise, and the game ended 3—2 for Morley. The cause of their victory was the superiority of their forwards, Deathe and Salmond playing with great dash. Harding's defence was the stronger, but the continual rushes of these two inevitably wore it down.

### HARDING v. MASSINGBERD.

About half way through the first half Harding scored, but soon after Massingberd equalised; at half-time the score was 1—1. In the second 45 minutes, however, Harding kept the play in Massingberd's half, and got five more goals, making the final score 6—1.

## HARDING v. CHILDE.

This game opened with the wind with Childe's, and soon they scored by a corner. Shortly after they found the net again. But now the tide turned, and Harding scored. Next half Harding added three more goals, making the result 4—2.

## MORLEY v. CHILDE.

It was evident from the commencement of the game that Morley was much the superior team, and the whole game was very one-sided. The first goal was scored in about ten minutes, and at half-time the game stood at 5—0. In the second half Childe improved their defence, and Morley only scored three more goals, making the final result 8—0.

## MASSINGBERD v. CHILDE.

This game was very equal, and though Massingberd were playing ten men, they scored the first goal about ten minutes before half-time. Afterwards Childe pressed hard, but the defence was good, and they only managed to equalise by a very good corner, so the game ended 1—1.

## MASSINGBERD v. MORLEY.

The first part of the game was very equal, and neither side appeared to be the better, but just before half-time Massingberd goalkeeper slipped in the mud, and Morley scored. During the second half Morley pressed hard, and towards the end scored four goals in quick succession, making the total 5—0.

## F.G.S. v. PILGRIMS (I.).

This match promised to be a good one, but we soon saw that it was not the sort of game we like to play. Mr. Perceval and Stedman assisted us. It was a very equal contest, however, one goal each being scored in the first half. In the second half we pressed the Pilgrims, and would have scored, but for the wilful handling of the ball by their back. Unfortunately, the penalty failed. Before time the Pilgrims scored twice, the game ending 3—1 against us.

## MARGATE v. F.G.S.

The game was very even at first, and after about half an hour Margate scored, and again shortly afterwards. The first part of the next half was much the same, but

towards the end the goals came quickly, the game ending 7—0 against us. Their attack was much superior to ours, while the defence on both sides was pretty equal.

#### F.G.S. v. PILGRIMS (II.).

As in the first game the two teams were pretty evenly matched. We had, as before, the advantage of playing D. Stedman. During the first five minutes their right back scored for us. The Pilgrims then pressed hard, and just before half-time managed to equalise. In the second half we made it 2—1 for us, but the Pilgrims soon found the net again. We then attacked with vigour, and should have scored two or three times, but some very questionable play on their part prevented us.

#### ALDERSHOT SECONDARY SCHOOL v. F.G.S.

This match was played more because it has been our custom to do so every year than for the game itself. We undeniably received a severe beating. They commenced by scoring ten goals straight off, but till half-time we managed to keep them out. After the interval they fairly finished us off, by adding 17 goals to their score. We fancied, however, that the referee added about ten minutes extra time.

#### F.G.S. v. WOKING (League Match).

This game proved to be very equal, but the Woking attack, especially the right wing, was stronger than ours. Woking scored early in the game, but we soon equalised. Before half-time, however, Woking again scored, and at half-time the game was 2—1 against us. On resuming we put the ball through, but Woking made several fierce rushes, and scored three more goals before time. Unfortunately, our goalkeeper did not distinguish himself. This game was the last that Mr. Priestley watched.

#### VI.b v. IV.

This game was an example of how football should not be played. Firstly, there was a great deal too much noise, especially on the side of the IV.; secondly, there was a great lack of combination in both teams, which lost the VI.b many goals. In the first half the play was fairly even, but towards the end the Sixth scored. In the next half, however, the play was all in IV.'s half, and in spite of the terrible mud the VI. scored three times, the game ending 4—0 for VI.b.

## I. v. II.

In these matches the I. played seventeen, but in spite of this the II. managed to score 5 goals to 0 in the first game, and 10 to 0 in the second.

## IIIa. v. IIIb. (two games).

The first of these games was played in the dinner hour on a fairly decent day. The play was even at first, but gradually things settled down in IIIb.'s half. Though this continued all through the game, III., owing to the disorganised state of their attack, failed to score. Every sally on the part of IIIb. was stopped by Surrage and Brown (b).

The next game was a repetition of the first, except that IIIa. managed to score one goal. On IIIb.'s side Simmonds and Dashwood played a good game.

## V. v. IV.

This game was played on a fine day, at 3.30 p.m. It was an unequal fight for the V., as they had only one good player, Deathe, while the IV. had Salmond, Furlonger, Hirst, and Vanner. However, partly owing to bad play by the IV., and partly owing to Deathe's vigorous play, no score was made in the first half. After lemon-time exhaustion began to wear the V. down, and the IV. scored twice, the game ending 2—0 in their favour.

## V. v. IIIa.

This game proved very exciting; the V., however, depended chiefly on Deathe, while IIIa. had Brown (b), Brookes (c) and Surrage. For the first half the play was chiefly in the V.'s half, but only 1 goal, by IIIa., was scored. Several times the V. forwards broke away, but IIIa.'s defence was too strong, Surrage being very good, and Brown and Young also playing well. Next half IIIa. pressed the V. very hard, but failed to score. An unfortunate accident occurred to Brookes (c), who was temporarily disabled, by a kick on the knee. The score remained 1—0 for IIIa.



24 Nautet	17 Smith ( <i>h</i> )	17 Dadson
25 Allison	18 Taylor	18 Follett ( <i>c</i> )
26 Barnett	19 Parsons ( <i>b</i> )	19 Scott
27 Stroud ( <i>b</i> )	20 Fisher ( <i>b</i> )	20 Demblon ( <i>c</i> )
28 Watkins	21 Cook	21 Duffy
29 Cull	22 Giles	22 Bethell
30 Jonas	23 Conolly ( <i>a</i> )	
31 Arnall	24 Heath	
32 Evison	25 Blackmore	
33 Ingham	26 Godbolt	
34 Hamilton	27 Johns	

## FORM IIIB.

(MISS SPROULE, B.A.).

1 Chillingworth
2 Naylor
3 { Phillips ( <i>a</i> )
{ Phillips ( <i>b</i> )
4 Tracey
5 Simmonds
6 Parker
7 White ( <i>b</i> )
8 Boobier
9 { Bloxham
{ Thompson ( <i>b</i> )
10 Dashwood
11 Case
12 Glynn
13 Sims
14 Brooks ( <i>b</i> )
15 { Mounce
{ Gibbons
16 Pearson ( <i>b</i> )

28 Harris
29 Hose
30 Wright

## FORM II.

(MR. J. C. PERCEVAL).

1 Jefferies ( <i>a</i> )
2 Elphick
3 Knight
4 Hearne
5 Fox
6 Snelgrove
7 Mitchell
8 Eggar
9 Spencer ( <i>b</i> )
10 Hirst ( <i>b</i> )
11 Curtis
12 Brown ( <i>c</i> )
13 Sydenham
14 Palmer ( <i>b</i> )
15 Reeve
16 Hall ( <i>a</i> )

## FORM I.

(MISS V. WILLIAMS).

1 Wade
2 Pearson ( <i>c</i> )
3 Conolly ( <i>b</i> )
4 Elkington
5 Edwards ( <i>b</i> )
6 Layton
7 Jefferies ( <i>b</i> )
8 Godefroy
9 Warry
10 Wilkinson
11 Rowden
12 Roe
13 Bourdas
14 Jones
15 Chorley
16 Martin ( <i>b</i> )
17 Shepherd
18 Martin ( <i>a</i> )
19 Hall ( <i>b</i> )
20 Mountain
21 Retallack

