

THE FARNHAMIAN.

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Editorial: Old Boys' News.

The most memorable thing about this Summer Term is the weather. Whatever gardeners and farmers may say of it, *we* have willingly borne the heat of the class-room for the sake of the unbroken series of games and matches, which the fine weather has allowed.

In spite of the heat, Sports Day was a great success. A short account and results will be found below. The keenness of the competition, especially between the bigger boys and in "House" events, was more marked than ever.

The Sports Committee proposes to introduce as sports' prizes medals, engraved with the School Arms, the name of the winner, and the event won. This change, we feel sure, will be popular; the medals will make most desirable watch chain pendants, motor cycle mascots—or, perhaps brooches!

Something will be done, too, to lift class work from the position of inferiority, in the matter of prizes, in comparison with athletics, which it has so far "enjoyed." It is surely not fair—not really very "sporting"—that the obtaining of good places in the results of the year's real work should receive a recognition so "modest" and even dull, compared with an afternoon's running and jumping; and that such good work should have no value for a boy's "House." Moreover, we are all instinctively pretty keen on sport, whereas our keenness on class work can do with all the encouragement we can give it.

There is nothing of special interest to report about the Cadet Corps. It flourishes, and is a credit to the School, as Col. R. H. Mangles, C.M.G., D.S.O., Commanding Surrey Territorial Brigade, said at his inspection of it.

Our team will shoot for the Surrey T.F.A. Challenge Shield after the Magazine has gone to press. And when they have shot for the Shield, the Masters will give them a match.

Our best wishes for prosperous work, and plenty of it, to Falkner, K. Barling, Whetman, Spreadbridge, Conduit (a), Cleave, Chatt, Arnall (a), Pearce (a), Pearce (b), Norris (a), Worries, Davis, White (a) Mansbridge, and Price, who are leaving the School this term.

We extend a welcome to Miss Brown, who has taken the place of the lady we knew as Miss Williams; and to Mr. S. J. Lock, B.Sc., who has succeeded Mr. Pendlebury.

There are well-founded rumours of another Hut next term, with further class-room accommodation, library, museum, etc. Let us adopt Mr. Asquith's proverbial advice.

Those of you who remember Mr. Perceval (Mr. Owen's predecessor) have often wondered how he was getting on out West. You will be glad to read in this number his description of a typical day's work. With the article, Mr. Perceval sent a subscription to the Magazine and an interesting letter. He says in this: "It is certainly a great life in most ways. The general feeling is one of a delightful freedom from conventional ties. But this pleasure is somewhat counteracted by the total lack of leisure time, until you become your own master. We work ten hours a day, from 7 o'clock to 12 o'clock, and 1 o'clock to 6 o'clock (and there's no ca'canny here!); and there are always 'chores' to be done before breakfast and after supper. So we have not much time to get into mischief."

I hope all our Old Boy readers will be sportsmen and enter for Competition I. in this number. Theirs by now is the wisdom of Experience ripened by Reflection! We give ourselves the pleasure of offering a special Old Boys' Prize in this competition.

I said in the last number that H. P. Joyce was all alive and enjoying life, and you will agree that is so after reading his description of life aboard the "Conway."

A long letter from G. R. B. Brown last month. "Life in the day-time," he says, "is usually quiet; it is not till Curfew that the Terror creeps out. In Dublin itself, of course, it is ever lurking. Saturday and Sunday are favourite days for a row. We may be chatting in the Common Room, when suddenly outside, and not always far enough away, a fusilade breaks out. We run up to a higher window to see, perhaps, the searchlight of an armoured car sweeping the hillside, and the occupants firing on men discovered by its glaring eye.

"Cycling in Ireland has an interest all its own nowadays. A friend and I, out on push-bicycles, were going full speed downhill, when a man jumped out at us, signalling and shouting to us to stop. We pulled up just on the edge of a deep trench dug across the road. The other day I found a trench dug across a bridge over a river, the bridge being just round a bend at the foot of a long hill.

"I went to Kingston Pier a short time ago to watch the departure of a boat. There was a guard of the hated Black and Tans there; and, as the boat was leaving, one of them marched up to me and fired off at me peremptorily: 'Have you been seeing somebody off?' Suppressing my natural inclination to be impertinent or mendacious, I said I was there out of curiosity. Thereupon I was subjected to a perfect bombardment of questions: 'Who are you?'—'How did you come here?'—'What are you?'—'Where do you live?'—etc., etc., one question after the other so rapidly, that, if I had not had a straight story to tell, I should have got hopelessly mixed up in my answers. This man wanted to see 'papers of identification,' so my pocketful of English letters came in useful."

From W. F. Alderton (Alderton a.) comes an interesting letter and a guinea for the Magazine. He writes from the Obras del Nuevo Puerto de la Capital, Retiro, Buenos Aires: "In November I was lucky enough to get a job on the building of the new Port out here, and now I have complete charge of one of the Docks, with 18 warehouses. The Dock is 600 metres long, and 150 metres wide, so it is a big job. The work is very interesting; and I am thoroughly enjoying myself at it. Of course, I had to learn Spanish, and I am getting on with it. I wish I had learned some at School."

Alderton is to be congratulated on becoming A.M.I.C.E. last year; I hope he will soon qualify to drop the A. His younger brother is in South Africa, and I hope to have news of him for next issue.

L. A. Lickfold, who was Organist at Hale in his school days, is now A.O. at St. Mary's, Portsmouth. He is making music his vocation. Last month, when I met him, he had just returned from Paris where he had attended a course of "appreciation lessons," given by some of the French Masters.

P. D. Robins, thanks to the revival of aviation in this country, is now flying for the Instone Line, and will take you to Paris between lunch and tea, and in a luxurious car. He evidently appreciates the Magazine, for he read our last number to the bitter end, and sent in the solution of one of the French conundrums.

I have not heard whether Frank Hendrey is now in Morocco. In a letter in April he wrote: "I can't help thinking that distinctive school colours for Old Boys would help to keep the "Old Boy" feeling and interest alive. At tennis parties and other social and sporting functions, one

meets fellows using their Old School colours, distinct from the present Boy colours. Of course, we are a Grammar School, not a "Public" School; but some of the City Schools already do this, and I don't see why we should not."

Neither do I; and I hope some of the more "alive" Old Boys will adopt the suggestion, write to the Headmaster and get it done.

Two letters from R. S. Park were welcome, especially one with a promise that "if I can manage to write up something interesting for the Mag., I really will." He is in London, and would like to meet other London Farnhamians of his time.

G. Godsland sends a newsy letter, with a subscription, from a village near Basingstoke, where he is farming, and enjoying the work. He has met several of the Boarders of his time in the neighbourhood.

"Wanted!" An Old Boy wishes to buy Vol. III., No. 2, of the Magazine. Will any reader who has a copy to spare kindly let me know.

A day's work in Western Canada.

About an hour after dawn, two inmates of a Bunk-house are rudely awakened from their sleep by a shout from the Boss on the threshold. Vaguely realising that the dreadful hour has come round again, one of them groans out a reply which is—fortunately!—somewhat inarticulate. The door is slammed to again by the Boss; the sleepers are expected to roll out at once and get their "chores" (small odd jobs, which must be done regularly) finished before breakfast.

Joe is, as usual, the first man out. He is an old-timer with over thirty years experience of ranch-life in Western Canada, and familiar with all the tools and machinery used as season lapses into season.

Jack, his companion, is rather a contrast to Joe. Jack is a young fellow, comparatively a new-comer to the country, and there are still many things for him to learn.

Having got themselves awake, and slipped into their clothes, the two now make their way across the yard to the stable, where horses must be attended to with brush and comb, cows must be milked, stalls must be cleaned, and so forth.

These things done, all ways meet at the breakfast table, where the conversation frequently turns upon the events

of yesterday and the probable events of to-day. The Boss is bringing a ditch down to his ranch from the creek up the valley, for purposes of irrigation, and ditching operations are now in full swing. A level has been struck about four miles up, and the grade runs through all kinds of country, mostly unfavourable, as is the nature of things. Steep side-hills share equal honours with large mounds and hollows, in ignominious endeavours to daunt man's enterprise; very seldom does a straight level stretch open to his attack. Through all of these a grade, some eight or ten feet wide, and more or less level, must be made by the science of man and the sweat of his brow, before his ditch can be constructed. It must also, of course, be brought down to ditch level (i.e., the level at which the water is to be taken from the river), for water will not run up-hill.

"Well, I guess it's time," says one of the party, when the hasty meal is finished; and we all leave the table and make final preparation for departure.

The Boss has harnessed his team and hitched up to the waggon. The men run out of the bunk-house door, pulling on their woollen jumpers (for the temperature has been very near zero in the night, although we are in the second week in April), and jump aboard the waggon as it passes, making themselves as comfortable as they may.

After a short halt at the house to take on lunch, we have soon passed up the lane and turned the corner into the road leading up the valley.

Here are the buildings of a ranch, stretching half a mile to our left, and bounded by the lane up which we have just come. There is a man ploughing with a three-horse team in the field just below the orchard, and, away down in the corner, a tractor can be both seen and heard, drawing a disc-harrow and a set of drags in its wake.

A few minutes later we pass above the adjoining ranch, where we are hailed by the owner, who appears suddenly round the corner of his granary.

"How's the chance to get a sack of wheat from you?" he shouts at the pitch of his voice.

"Pretty good," replies the Boss. "I'll bring it along with me to-morrow, if you like, and drop it down here for you."

"All right. Good enough. How's ditching?"

"O-Oh! Not too bad. Pretty slow, though."

"Rocky, eh?"

"You bet! Well, we must keep a-going. Be good."

"So long! Don't work too hard."

Continuing on our way, we pass two or three more small ranches, where barking dogs are greeted with missiles often directed with some effect, and eventually we arrive at the scene of our activities. We are on a side-hill to-day, steep and rocky, and some fifty yards in length.

The larger part of the gang sets to work with pick-axes, to scratch out a narrow shelf, where the horses may get a footing. Then the Boss takes off his team to pull with block and tackle a few stumps, and two or three trees, which are right on the line where the ditch must go. Another team is put on to the plough. Joe grasps the handles; the teamster gathers the lines in his hands, and calls to his horses; a rough, jolty trip, along the stretch, and the first furrow is turned outwards, away from the slope.

The plough is turned here, not without some difficulty. With straining tugs and jingling traces, the horses rear up the steep bank, slipping and stamping. "Gee* there! Gee-ee-ee! Belle, you ——!" cries the teamster, tugging vigorously upon the lines in his right hand. They throw their heads into the air as they feel the sharp draw of the bits in their mouths, then, always turning, slipping and bustling arrive with a rush in the furrow they have just thrown, coming there to a dead stop.

The plough is fitted with a sliding mould board and shear (or share), which may be moved over at will, so that all furrows may be turned on to the same side, irrespective of direction. This change is now made, and a second furrow is thrown alongside the first, and just inside it, laying bare hundreds of rocks, which are hacked out and thrown down by the men with their picks.

The work continues in this way for some time, and at length there is some semblance of a grade to be seen, with much loose earth and rock on the surface.

The team is unhitched, and put on to the scraper—a large, flat-bottomed scoop, provided with a pair of handles, to be held by a man walking beside the teamster. This scrapes up all that has been loosened by the plough, with the exception of the very large rocks, and deposits it all along the lower side of the grade, to form a bank. Nature has already made the other bank for us on this stretch.

Plough and scraper are worked alternately in this manner, or at the same time, if there are enough horses; and there is little shovelling to be done in making a ditch of this kind. Small ditches are made with plough and shovel.

But the sun is near its zenith. Jack throws down his

pick, and lights a fire. Then he seizes an empty syrup can, which has been left hanging on a branch the day before, and hastens to the nearest point of the river to fetch water. He returns and places the can on the fire, which is now burning brightly. Presently the water is boiling, and he gives the call for lunch, while he puts in the tea. The horses are led to the spot, and hay, which has been brought up in sacks, is placed at their feet.

The men sit down together to enjoy an hour's respite from their labours.

The work of the afternoon progresses in much the same way, and by six o'clock the ditch is nearly finished on this section. There is still a high spot in the middle, but that will come down with a little more ploughing in the morning.

Six o'clock, however, is quitting time; it will be after seven before we are home. We therefore don our woollen jumpers again, for the thermometer will go down to zero again to-night, and it is getting cold already.

The journey home is uneventful; we arrive cold and hungry, just before dark. Joe makes a fire in the stove, while Jack draws water from the well for the horses.

After supper, the two men, whose acquaintance we made so early this morning, are again to be found in the bunk-house, making themselves as comfortable as possible during the short leisure they may allow themselves, before going to bed.

The one is smoking his pipe, and lazily shaping a tooth-pick, with the aid of a gigantic jack-knife and a match-stick.

The other is also smoking his pipe; but his chief occupation must surely be an uncongenial one, after the day's work, for he is writing an article for a school magazine; an extraordinary thing for a man in this part of the world to be doing!

Yet his task is not altogether as uncongenial as it might seem, for he is reviving a link with the past; and, as he writes, he has many happy recollections of his association with those for whom his article is intended. You must excuse him, if his article should seem at all abrupt or slipshod; for his mind is prone to dwell too much upon pleasant recollections, and too little upon the task in hand.

"Another day," says one presently.

"Another day, another dollar," is the reply.

J.C.R.P.

**Gee*—for an inclination to the right.

Haw—for an inclination to the left.

Latin and Lingo.

Two fathers in a railway carriage were exchanging family news. It was when they commenced to talk of their school-boy sons that I began to make mental notes. Said one :

"When our Jim won the scholarship for the Grammar School, he wasn't long before he began to learn Latin."

"Latin? What's the good of Latin in your trade?" inquired the other.

"Not much. But, you see, Jim has big ideas, and is fond of showing off his learning."

"Well, did he pick up much Latin?"

"He did that, and brought some of it home to upset the house."

"How's that?"

"Well, he began by calling me Pater!"

"What? Why that's how the Irish say 'Peter.' Why doesn't he go on calling you 'Dad'?"

"Cause Pater is Latin for Dad."

"And you didn't like it?"

"Well, how would you like to be an Irish Peter in your own house? Then he called his ma' Mater, and the dear old girl wasn't pleased. But the real trouble began when he dubbed his brother Joe 'Frater Josephus'!"

"What did Joe say to that?"

"Nothing! But he caught Jim by the scruff of the neck, and vowed to thrash all the Latin out of him if he called him anything but Joe."

"Had he got a Latin name for his sister too?"

"Yes, and that was the worst, for he called her his 'Sorrow,' and she won't speak to him; and he won't have anything to say to Joe or to her; and their mother is quite upset. Ay! And I must tell you about Uncle George. One evening when he called, Master Jim opened the door for him, and cried out, 'Pater, here's Uncle Gorgeous!'"

"My word, what a name for the quiet old chap."

"Quiet? He turned on Jim and give him a smart slap on the side of his head, and stalked out of the house, and we haven't seen him since."

"But that didn't cure Jim. I have tried to stop him saying Latin words at home, but he says that his teacher insists on his declining. Another way Jim has of showing off his knowledge. Only last night he burst forth with, 'Pater, there isn't a Latin word for potato!' 'Thank the Lord for that mercy!' said I. 'But didn't the Romans eat potatoes?' 'No, Pater, they didn't know anything about

them.' 'Who are you getting at?' I says. 'Wasn't Julius Cæsar here in England? Couldn't he see the allotments for himself, with the potatoes growing? Don't tell me the Romans didn't know a spud when they saw it!' 'Yes, but Pater, they couldn't see one, because it was hundreds of years after the Romans left England that the first potato came over to this country.' 'Anyhow,' I said, 'I'm very glad the Latin language is that much short.' 'But, Pater' — 'Oh, stop it, don't Pater me, I'm sick of the word; and if I hear you mention another Latin word it will be work, and no more school for you.' "

Then the train stopped, and the conversation ceased.

Another conversation in a railway carriage, in Yorkshire, a couple of years before the war, has a place in my notes. At Huddersfield a workman entered the compartment, and was greeted by another workman, who had come from Manchester.

"Hilloh, William, so you're back fro' France?"

"Ay! Tom lad, an' you've gotten back fro' Germany, 'ow bes ta?"

"Gradely, William, an' you look a' reët yourself."

"Oh, 'am fine; nowt to bother about."

"An' hoo did you like workin' in Lille an' the French folk?"

"Fairish, Tom, fairish. T' folk were none so bad, an' t' brass was a' reët."

"What about the langwidge? Did ye learn ony French?"

"Nay! A' niver bothered wi't. A' was ower throng wi' other things. But a'll tell ye 'ow A' managed. There was a workin' chap like mysen, in t' hoose where A' lodged, an' he ken'd some French. Weel, A' got howd o' a paper box, an' A' coot t' lid into some sma' cards, like, an' got t' chap to write some English questions on one side o' t' cards, an' the French on t' other side, an' so whenever A' was stuck i' t' street for t' reët road, A' looked ower my cards, an' when A' found the reët English question, A' shooved the French side oonder t' noase o' t' foost man A' met, an' soa got on a' reët. An' A' suppose you learnt to talk German ower i' Saxony, Tom?"

"Noa, William, A' hadn't the chance. You see, the German chaps were a' so keen to learn English fro' me, that first one an' then another o' them would take me out every evening an' stand me as much beer an' baccy as A' liked getting me to teach them English, an' a very good

time they gave me, but A' niver learned a blessed word o' their lingo."

I once met school-boy Jim with an open book in his hand, and I asked him what he was doing, "Delectal Jacobulum studere Latinum," was his reply.

Presentation Day, May 5th, 1921.

To the successful student Presentation Day is one of the proudest days of his life. The goal, for which he has striven for so long, has at last been reached, and he can look back upon years and months of monotonous labour, and frequent burning of the midnight oil, with the knowledge that, after all, it was worth while.

Close on fifteen hundred students of the University of London had the satisfaction of graduating last year. Henceforth, in the battle of life, they will reap the fruits of their industry during the years of study.

The Royal Albert Hall was packed to its utmost limit long before the proceedings began, and presented a perfect kaleidoscope of colour, the scarlet and gold of Doctors of Science mingling with the violets and browns and blues of the faculties of Medicine, Arts, and Law, with the sombre black gowns of the Undergraduates for a background. It was an inspiring spectacle, such as will live in the minds of the spectators for many years.

The orchestra rendered Elgar and Greig and Mendelssohn, while the Procession of the Deans of the Faculties made its dignified way up the central aisle. There followed a never-ending stream of the distinguished guests of the Senate, including Members of Parliament and Mayors in robes and chains of office. After them came the dignitaries of the University.

A burst of cheering announced the arrival of the Prince of Wales, at the end of the procession, followed by the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Russell Wells (now Sir Russell Wells, he having been honoured by the King in the Birthday List).

The proceedings commenced with the singing of the National Anthem, to signify that the University is of Royal foundation, and derives its powers from the King.

After the Principal Officer had given his recitation of facts and figures, relative to the work of the University during the past year, the real ceremony of presentation began. Each of us Graduates in turn knelt before the

Chancellor, and was invested with the hood of his faculty; then he rose, put on the cap, and passed to the Registrar's table to receive the Diploma. With a great feeling of relief, but not without a certain pride, we reached our seats again, to watch our friends go through it.

Then came the Prince's turn. He knelt before the Chancellor in the ordinary way, to receive the orange-lined hood of a Master of Commerce, and amidst the tumult of cheering donned his gold-tasselled mortar-board at that particularly charming angle that he alone affects. As a London newspaper remarked, "every mortar-board was immediately tilted at a similar angle over the fair brows of the young lady B.A.'s," of whom there were a goodly number present.

There followed a long line of super-men to be invested with Doctor's hoods, a brilliant group in both senses of the word. Last of all the Prince discarded his black robe and donned a Doctor's scarlet gown. Kneeling once more before the Chancellor, he was invested with the hood. The Chancellor, shaking hands with him, said: "By the authority of the Senate, you have been admitted a Doctor in our University." A crash of chords from the organ and more resounding cheers, and the Prince's ordeal was over.

Then the Chancellor (he must have been rather tired by this time) delivered his charge to the graduates, concluding with the exhortation "always to remember that loyalty had ever been the characteristic of the University, and that, as it derived its power from the King, loyalty should be practised as part and parcel of their University duties." (Cheers).

The proceedings concluded with the singing of "Land of Hope and Glory," and further cheers as the Prince left the Hall, this time at the head of the Vice-Chancellor's procession.

A curious custom of the University, very conspicuous at such great gatherings, is that, when the Chancellor rises, all graduates put on their caps, and take them off when he sits down. This is to indicate that all graduates recognise him as their chief, and are ready to follow him.

The cap is raised, by the way, at the mention of the Deity or of the Sovereign.

Later in the evening came the Reception by the Prince in the Guildhall of graduates and members of the University. One object of this ceremony was the presentation to the Prince of an old manuscript written in French verse by Sir John Chandos about the end of the 14th century, giving an

account of the life history of the Black Prince, and his mighty deeds in war.

After a brief speech by Mr. Fisher, President of the Board of Education, Sir Israel Gollancz made the presentation in the following words, which may be of interest, as they clear up the mystery of the origin of the motto of the Prince of Wales :

“The minstrel poet, inspired by the greatness of his theme, narrates the ever-memorable achievements of your Royal Highness’s renowned predecessor, who had won the unbounded affection and admiration of his contemporaries, as embodying the knightly ideals of heroic courage in warfare, reverence, and devotion to national duty and service. The manuscript, which belongs to the end of the fourteenth or the early years of the fifteenth century, was once the treasured possession of a famous contemporary of the Prince, John Shirley, traveller, man of letters, and book-lover, who in his ‘great and last age’—he attained four score years and ten—proudly recorded that he lived “at the full, noble, honourable, and renowned Cite of London.’

“The importance of the manuscript is greatly enhanced by a richly illuminated frontispiece, strikingly depicting the life-long piety of the Prince in his devotion to the Trinity—an aspect of his character that, conjoined with his valour, touched the hearts of his contemporaries.

“The main points of interest appertaining to the manuscript are set forth in the accompanying ‘Observations,’ which I have the honour to present to your Royal Highness. One important feature of the frontispiece I would beg your gracious permission to emphasise. On each side of the kneeling Prince is an ostrich feather, bearing the earliest instance discovered of the Prince’s far-famed motto, other than his own writing of it, on a warrant, in the Record Office, where in lieu of his sign-manual, he subscribes his two mottoes—his only extant writing—namely, ‘Homout,’ that is ‘Courage,’ the motto of his badge of war, and ‘Ich Dene,’ ‘I serve,’ the motto of his badge of peace. The former, ‘Homout,’ we know was adjoined to the Royal Arms, and the latter to the ostrich feather or feathers, which device, since his day, has been specially associated with the successive Princes of Wales.

“The form of the motto, as written by the Prince himself, ‘Ich Dene,’ is correctly given in the present manuscript, which thus affords the long-sought evidence, that not only did the Prince himself attest the correct form of his chosen motto as ‘Ich Dene,’ but that his contemporaries

recognised it as the authentic spelling. The significance of the form is noteworthy, as pointing to the dialect of the Principality of old Gelderland, where the reigning Princess was sister of King Edward III., who, through alliances and treaties, linked to England the powerful principalities of the Low Countries. Indeed, the alliance with Gelderland and other of these States marked the beginning of the Anglo-Belgian alliance, so triumphantly vindicated in the great war through which we have passed. The Prince's motto, 'Ich Dene,' was, as it were, a symbol of this alliance, fraught with such far-reaching consequence to the world

"Your Royal Highness, in our choice of a gift worthy of your acceptance, we have been inspired by a joyous recognition that the ideals of courage, reverence, and service, acclaimed in the life of Edward Prince of Wales, the Black Prince, are so nobly exemplified in your Royal Highness yourself; and we fervently pray that for long years to come it may be vouchsafed to you, by the side of His Majesty the King, to bear the Badge of Peace, and to continue your high offices and graceful service for England, for the Empire, and humanity."

The Prince, having made a happily-worded reply to this address, the new graduates were presented to him. He had a smile and a handshake for each of us, making for us a fine ending to a "red-letter" day in our lives.

A.E.M.

Life aboard H.M.S. Conway.

Most people will tell you that they have heard of the "Conway," but only those who have gone through that ship, and who are intimate with it, know much about life on board it. From the beginning of her career as a Training Ship for boys entering the Merchant Service as officers, she has trained hundreds of our best Merchant seamen, and it does not matter where you are—north or south, east or west of her resting place—you will find a "Conway" boy.

The ship now bearing this name was originally the "Nile," and commenced her career as a Training Ship about forty to fifty years ago. She is a three-decker, and was one of the first ships to be fitted with a screw. Thus with her full spread of canvas, plus her screw, she was able to travel at the then good speed of five to six knots. Owing to her age, many parts have been added, such as the three masts (which are old Cunard masts), and many other parts

essential to the training of her 200 odd cadets; but the actual hull is the original, and is as firm to-day as it was 50 years ago. She is anchored about three miles up the mouth of the Mersey, just off Rock Ferry, within easy reach of Liverpool.

The very first thing that strikes a "new chum" (as the new boys are called during their first term) is the cleanness of the boat in every respect; and the second thing that strikes him is that the ship is a place of work, and not of rest; for everything seems at first one long rush and tumble. Your course of training aboard the "Conway" is two years, and this is divided into six terms, thus resembling a public school (which it really is). The training to a certain extent is the same as that of a school, general school work being done, with the addition of seamanship and navigation—that is, practical training in rowing, the hoisting of boats, deck work, and all the other arts of those who must go down to the sea in ships.

The ship is divided into what are known as Tops, and each Top has on an average thirty boys in it. There is the Fore Top, the Main Top, the Mizen Top, and the Fore-castle. Now each of these is again divided into two parts, namely, Port and Starboard. Thus, for example, we get Port Main, or Starboard Fore, or Port Fo'cs'le. All new boys, on joining the ship, are put into the Fo'cs'le, and they stay there for their first term, and then they are drafted into one of the other Tops, where they spend their remaining five terms. It was my lot to be placed in Starboard Fo'cs'le for my first term, and I am now in Port Main.

My first few days were some of the strangest I have ever spent. Everything seemed to be rushed, and, of course, all seemed strange to me after life at home. At every bugle call or pipe, I would start up in order to "fall in"; and, of course, nine out of ten of the calls did not concern me in the least!

Over each Top there are two boys, known as Cadet Captains, a senior and a junior. These boys are absolutely in charge of, and responsible for, the welfare and discipline of those placed under them. Their duties are many. They see to everything concerning the Top, and they superintend the work done on deck. As in everything else in life, there are good and bad Cadet Captains. I must own that I was lucky in having two decent Cadet Captains to knock me into shape! Not every boy has this good fortune on joining a Training Ship.

I soon settled down to the new life before me. I came in for the usual "ragging," of course, by the older hands during my first month or so. But as long as you answer the never-ceasing string of questions, take all jest in good part, and show no "neck," you get along very well. As I have said before, you are a "new chum" for your first term, and are consequently at the beck and call of everyone who is your senior; in short, you are a "fag"—and it does you a power of good! In your second and third terms you are a junior hand; in the fourth, fifth, and sixth a senior hand; and then, if you have the luck to become a Cadet Captain, your last two terms prove to be worth the waiting for!

School is held on the Main Deck in the morning, from 9 to 12.15, and from 1.45 to 3.45. There is a full staff of fully qualified masters and instructors to take the classes. Of these classes there are six, and in your course of training you spend one term in each class, eventually finishing in the sixth in your sixth term. A "Dartmouth Class" is also held, with the object of passing boys into Dartmouth College.

Messing is also held on the Main Deck. There are eighteen messes, with twelve boys at each, and a Cadet Captain presiding at the head. These tables are secured by means of hooks to the beams, and consequently have to be put up and got down at every meal; forms having to be placed also. But all this is done with a surprising speed, as one does not take long to become very quick at it. The food is fetched by certain boys told off for the duty, from the Galley. For supper, at eight bells, hard ship's biscuits have to suffice.

For the sleeping of the two hundred odd boys, the Lower Deck is used, as well as the Orlop Deck. Hammocks are used, and very comfy they are too. On the Orlop Deck these are slung by means of a hook in the ship's side, and a crank let down amidships. On the Lower Deck bays are placed athwartships, and the hammocks then slung from bar to bar. Everyone is turned in by 9.0 p.m. "Reveille" is blown at 6.30 a.m., half an hour being given for washing. Breakfast follows, and after this comes the dreaded "Lash up and Stow Hammocks." You are given just about a minute and a half to lash up your hammock, and it is now that the Cadet Captain makes most use of his deadly weapon—the rope's end, or, as it is known on board, the "teaser"! If you do not get lashed up in time then (to use the service term—

which is doubtless good old English) you receive a bumming!

After this, until 8.30 a.m., deck work is done. By this I mean the cleaning of every cleanable thing on the decks. Hatches are scrubbed, decks swept and mopped, and a dozen other things, all done by the boys, and supervised by the Cadet Captains. On Saturday the morning is given up entirely to deck work, the decks having a thorough scrubbing and cleaning. The ship is kept always in a spotless condition.

The cutter is rowed into Rock Ferry every morning, by a crew of twelve boys, selected every four days, from each Top, thus ensuring to every one a full share of rowing. Two motor boats also are used for divers purposes. These three boats have to be hoisted every night. The whole ship turns out and mans the falls, and the boats are hoisted at no small speed. The lowering of them is a small matter, two boys, one on each fall, being sufficient.

Church is rigged on the Main Deck on Sundays, and the ship's Chaplain conducts the service. The Chaplain, by the way, is responsible for all games ashore, especially Rugby and cricket and the money affairs of the boys are also in his hands.

It is not, however, all work and no play on the "Conway." Besides the games ashore on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, there are ample amusements on board. The favourite of these is the picture show. This is rigged up in the Hold every Friday night. There is a full-sized screen and an up-to-date cinematographic machine, which shows the latest films. The show lasts about two hours, and is most popular with all of us. You may wonder where the funds come from to run this. Well, there is a canteen on board where all sorts of "tuck" and other things are sold; and it is the profits made from this which keep the cinema going. Of course, the seating is none too grand, the majority having to sit on the floor, and see as best they can. But such a small detail has no effect on a "Conway" boy.

There is a shooting range in the Hold, which is opened certain times during the week. There is also a library open once a week, but I am afraid this is not patronised like the other attractions I have mentioned. Of the various deck games, the most popular is deck quoits. The Games Room, also in the Hold, is a kind of lounge, where one can read, play billiards, chess, and other games. A voluntary dancing class is held once a week, for those who feel so disposed to cultivate that elegant art.

Liverpool leave is granted on Sundays, and Rock Ferry leave may be obtained on a week day.

Coaling is one of the evil things in our life. Each Top coals once a month; thus, with four Tops, we get a coaling every week. Fifteen boys are told off, six of these to the coal-hole, and the rest to various other parts of the ship. The sacks are filled by those in the coal-hole (right at the bottom of the ship); thence they are taken up by a steam winch to the Upper Deck, and then into the boiler-house bunkers. Naturally, those in the coal-hole do not have an over enjoyable time, as their condition clearly shows, when they emerge after two hours below, black from head to foot.

There is one thing which I must not forget to mention, for it comes each term as a very pleasant surprise to the "new chums." This is the Captain's Tea. Every new boy, some time during his first term, goes to tea with the Captain, sits down to an excellent and most welcome spread, and spends a very enjoyable time. In your last term you go to dinner with the Captain, so that you have a very pleasant coming to, and parting from, the old ship.

There is just one incident that I must tell you of. Half the boys who go through the ship, generally in the first term, go into "The Ditch." This means falling into the water between the ship's side and a boat alongside. While it is taking place you feel none too happy, but once out you see the funny side of it. It happened to me soon after I joined. I was stepping from off the ship's side into the cutter alongside, and had got one foot on the gunwhale of the boat; suddenly a wave took it outboards just when I was least expecting it. I was suspended in mid-air for a moment, and then dropped into the "ditch" between the boat and the ship's side. Fortunately for me, I managed to catch hold of a life-line hanging overboard, and pull myself out just before the boat came back with a bang against the ship's side! If I had been caught between the two, I am afraid I should not be making this screed for your Editor, and advising all boys in the old School, who want to go to sea, to join the "Conway," where they can have a jolly good time and get a fine training for seamanship.

H.P.J.

Commercial Flying.

When commercial flying first started in 1919, between Hounslow and Paris, it was a crude affair. Comfort for passengers was practically non-existent, so that the service had only its speed and novelty to recommend it. The only aeroplanes available were converted war machines, with few commercial qualities; for, while they had abundant power, they lacked accommodation, and were consequently extravagant to run. To give one instance of this: In 1919 we used a type of machine known as the De Havilland 98, which, fitted with a 240 h.p. Siddely Puma, carried a pilot and two passengers. The same engine, fitted to a Fokker monoplane, now carries a pilot and five passengers. This is but one instance of the progress that has been made. From the 2 and 4 passenger machines of 1919, we have advanced to 8 and 12 seaters to-day. British aviation is now recovering from the set back it received last winter, when all its services were suspended, owing to lack of funds, leaving the French in undisputed possession.

Croydon became London's Air Terminus in March, 1920, and is now resplendent with white railings, and complete with uniformed officials. This may appear unnecessary, but it gives an air of organisation which inspires confidence in passengers who are not yet used to the fact that flying is an ordinary method of transport—not an adventure. There is an hotel on the aerodrome, waiting-rooms for passengers, and an enclosure from which the public may view the departures and arrivals. In this there is generally a good attendance of spectators, but I am convinced that most of them still come hoping for the excitement of an accident, rather than to appreciate the smooth efficiency of the service.

The most important services are those operating between London and Paris. There are four companies on this line, two British and two French. The journey from Croydon to Le Bourget, the Paris aerodrome, averages 2 hrs. 20 minutes, varying according to the strength and direction of the wind. The route is from Croydon to Lympne, the coastal aerodrome, near Folkstone, across the channel to Boulogne, and then south to Paris, via Etaples, Abbeville, and Beauvais. From Paris French services fly, one to Strasburg, and Prague, and thence on another service to Varsovie; another to Geneva; and another to Le Havre.

A Dutch Company, with a name which defies pronunciation, operates between London, Rotterdam, and Amsterdam, and there connects with the German service to Hamburg. A Belgian line runs between Brussels and London,

and both French and Belgian machines fly between Brussels and Paris, the French machines continuing to Amsterdam.

There are no inland services in Great Britain, as the distances are too short, and the railway system too efficient. An attempt was made last year to open up a Glasgow-London service, in conjunction with the London-Paris machines, so that goods despatched in Glasgow one morning would be delivered in Paris in the afternoon of the following day. It was not long enough in existence to prove whether the proposition was commercially sound.

Of course, many inland flights are made from Croydon, but they are specially chartered machines, and are usually newspaper "stunts."

P.D.R.

Cricket Report.

"The youth at cricks did play
Throughout the merry day,"

(as wrote one, Joseph of Exeter, in the 12th century.)

But the past season can hardly be looked upon as a successful one, as far as the School cricket is concerned. Most of our encounters with our old opponents have this year ended in defeat for us. There are two outstanding reasons that will account for this—the first being the altered time of the trains, which have interfered with evening practice, and the second the very hard wickets, due to drought, and the fact that the ball has come off too quickly for most boys to play properly. Then, again, as we feared, our bowling has been very weak; we have had no real reliable bowler this year. Norris (a) started in promising fashion, but did not maintain his form, and the bulk of the attack has fallen on Elmslie, Husted, and Snelgrove. Towards the end of the season we made what we hope will be a great discovery, in Disney, as a bowler. I hope he will help us next season to win back some of our lost glory in the cricket field.

The batting has not been so consistent this season, though on occasions some of it has been very promising.

The fielding, although now much better than at the start, has been much below our previous standards, and as a result, in some cases our opponents' score has been greater than they really earned.

In reviewing the whole season, one feels rather disappointed, for it must be remembered that never has there been so much time given to cricket as during the past term. However, we can take heart from the knowledge

that amongst the younger boys there are many who are shaping extremely well, and showing form that should be of great use to the School in a year or two.

The open games have been more in our favour, the masters making a very big difference to the strength of the team. Mr. Hunt is an acquisition, and Boyes has been consistently good.

The House games have shown a big improvement on past years, and the cricket has been of a more enterprising character. These games are still proving their value to the School sport, for it was in one of them that Disney's ability as a bowler was revealed. At the time of writing these notes the Competition for the House Cup is not ended, but the name of the winning House will be found at the end of Cricket Results.

H.C.K.



Cricket Results.

F.G.S. v. WOKING C.S.S.

At Home, 21st May—lost by 4 runs.

WOKING C.S.		F.G.S.	
Daborn, b Norris (a)	0	Russell (a), b Sadler	1
Rahmatullah, b Norris (a)	9	Price, lbw, b Reid	1
Threadgold, b Snelgrove	2	Norris (a), b Sadler	13
Sadler, b Elmslie	9	Husted, c Moore, b Sadler	2
Blaxland, c Russell (a), b Norris (a)	2	Turk, run out	0
Noakes, lbw, b Norris (a)	3	Simmonds, b Sadler	0
Jenner, b Husted	3	Elmslie, b Grant	9
Moore, run out	5	Whetman, c Rahmatullah, b Sadler	0
Knight, b Snelgrove	1	Webb, b Sadler	0
Reid, c Webb, b Snelgrove	0	Snelgrove, not out	3
Grant, not out	0	Young, run out	4
Extras	6	Extras	3
Total	40	Total	36
Second Innings: 50 for 8 wickets (declared).		Second Innings: 20 for 5 wickets.	

F.G.S. v. ROWLEDGE.

At Home, 25th May—won by 2 wickets and 11 runs.

ROWLEDGE.		F.G.S.	
Wilkinson, c Price, b Norris (a)	17	Russell (a), c F. Remnant, b	
Lintott, c Russell (a), b Rev. Owen	5	Rev. Godefroy	7
Rev. Godefroy, b Rev. Owen	1	Price, c Raggett, b Thompson	4
Thompson, b Mr. Kingcome	20	Norris (a), b Rev. Godefroy	0
Parratt, c Snelgrove, b Mr. Kingcome	4	Husted, c Raggett, b Thompson	4
Raggett, b Elmslie	3	Elmslie, lbw, b Thompson	2
Avery, not out	11	Rev. Owen, b Parratt	14
F. Remnant, c Rev. Owen, b Elmslie	5	Mr. Kingcome, c Lintott, b Avery	30
A. Remnant, c Rev. Owen, b Snelgrove	0	Young, b Parratt	1
Boxall, run out	3	Mr. Bacon, not out	14
Pritchard, c Husted, b Rev. Owen	0	Snelgrove, not out	2
Extras	2	Whetman, did not bat	
Total	71	Extras	4
Total		Total (for 8 wickets)	

F.G.S. v. SALESIAN SCHOOL.

At Home, 29th May—drawn.

SALESIANS.		F.G.S.	
Lees, b Elmslie	0	Russell (a), b Hine	0
Fox, run out	30	Norris (a), b Hine	0
Dennehy, c Price, b Elmslie	16	Price, c Fox, b Hine	0
Hine, c Russell (a), b Norris (a)	19	Husted, c Dowle, b Hine	35
Thompson, c Turk, b Norris (a)	5	Elmslie, b Dennehy	0
Lyons, b Elmslie	1	Snelgrove, b Dennehy	2
Simpson, b Elmslie	2	Young, not out	5
Dowle, c Simmonds, b Elmslie	0	Turk, b Hine	1
Makey, not out	3	Leeming (a), not out	2
Broadhurst, c Russell (a), b Elmslie	1	Whetman } did not bat.	
Buller, c and b Elmslie	3	Simmonds }	
Extras	3	Extras	4
Total	83	(Total (for 7 wickets)	

F.G.S. v. FARNHAM POST OFFICE.

At Home, 1st June—won by 1 wicket and 73 runs.

FARNHAM P.O.		F.G.S.	
S. Davies, b Mr. Kingcome	... 0	Russell (a), c and b Fullbrook	... 1
Munfield, b Rev. Owen	... 2	Boyes, st Thompson, b Munfield	... 21
Buckell, lbw, b Rev. Owen	... 2	Rev. Owen, c Monk, b Tomlin	... 10
A. Davies, c Price, b Mr. Kingcome	1	Mr. Hunt, st Thompson, b Munfield	1
Tomlin, b Mr. Kingcome	... 0	Husted, c Fullbrook, b Buckell	... 8
Fullbrook, b Rev. Owen	... 6	Elmslie, run out	... 5
Smith, b Mr. Kingcome	... 1	Norris (a), lbw, b Buckell	... 4
Milton, b Rev. Owen	... 0	Price, c Davies, b Buckell	... 9
Taylor, c Price, b Mr. Kingcome	... 1	Mr. Kingcome, not out	... 30
Thompson, b Mr. Kingcome	... 3	Mr. Bacon, b Buckell	... 2
Monk, not out	... 2	Mr. Withinshaw, did not bat.	
Extras	... 5	Extras	... 5
Total	... 23	Total (for 9 wickets)	... 96

F.G.S. v. THE BOURNE.

At Home, 8th June—lost by 5 runs.

F.G.S.		THE BOURNE.	
Mr. Hunt, b Othen	... 5	Stevens, c Mr. Hunt, b Capt. Stickland	... 22
Boyes, b Thurston	... 33	Hack, lbw, b Rev. Owen	... 6
Mr. Lock, b Parsons	... 3	Tanner, c and b Mr. Kingcome	... 22
Mr. Withinshaw, b Hack	... 0	A. Arnold, c Mr. Hunt, b Mr. Kingcome	... 3
Price, not out	... 16	Parsons, b Capt. Stickland	... 3
Mr. Kingcome, not out	... 20	Thurston, b Capt. Stickland	... 0
Russell (a)		Othen, c Whetman, b Capt. Stickland	... 7
Rev. Owen		W. Arnold, c Mr. Hunt, b Capt. Stickland	... 9
Whetman	} did not bat	Prior, b Rev. Owen	... 5
Capt. Stickland		Aldridge, b Mr. Kingcome	... 4
Simmonds		Purchase, not out	... 3
Extras	... 6	Extras	... 4
*Total (for 4 wickets)	83	Total	... 83
* Innings declared closed.			

F.G.S. v. UNITED MOTORS.

At Home, 11th June—lost by 37 runs.

UNITED MOTORS.		F.G.S.	
Fosbury, run out	... 7	Husted, b Cook	... 8
Elkins, c Russell (a), b Elmslie	... 4	Young, c and b Fosbury	... 2
Cook, c Whetman, b Mr. Kingcome	31	Snelgrove, b Dawes	... 1
Dawes, b Husted	... 11	Mr. Bacon, run out	... 8
Ogbourne, c Russell (a), b Snelgrove	4	Price, b Cook	... 0
Barker, b Mr. Kingcome	... 8	Mr. Kingcome, lbw, b Dawes	... 5
Furlonger, c Whetman, b Simmonds	9	Russell (a), b Dawes	... 9
Vanner, b Mr. Kingcome	... 2	Elmslie, b Dawes	... 1
Brooks, b Simmonds	... 0	Simmonds, b Dawes	... 2
Freeman, b Mr. Kingcome	... 0	Whetman, c Dawes, b Cook	... 0
Rayson, not out	... 0	Tebbutt, not out	... 2
Extras	... 4	Extras	... 5
Total	... 80	Total	... 43

F.G.S. v. FARNHAM A.

At Home, 18th June—won by an innings and 8 runs.

FARNHAM "A."

1st Innings.	
Davies, b Mr. Kingcome	0
H. Gunstone, c Simmonds, b Elmslie	16
Hanks, c and b Mr. Kingcome	2
Aldershaw, b Mr. Kingcome	9
Petherick, b Mr. Kingcome	16
F. Gunstone, c and b Mr. Kingcome	9
Ball, c Mr. Ridout, b Mr. Kingcome	4
Neal, c and b Mr. Kingcome	2
Pomfret, b Boyes	4
Aldred, not out	5
E. Gunstone, c Mr. Kingcome, b Boyes	5
Extras	2

Total ... 74

F.G.S.

Mr. Hunt, b Hanks	21
Boyes, b Neal	9
Russell (a), c Pomfret, b Neal	0
Price, c Gunstone, b Aldershaw	3
Mr. Bacon, run out	13
Rev. Owen, b Hanks	0
Mr. Kingcome, c Aldershaw, b Aldred	89
Capt. Stickland, b Gunstone	0
Elmslie, c Aldred, b Pomfret	4
Mr. Ridout, b Gunstone	17
Simmonds, not out	0
Extras	5

Total ... 161

2nd Innings.

Davies, st Russell (a), b Rev. Owen	19
H. Gunstone, run out	6
Hanks, st Russell (a), b Rev. Owen	2
Aldershaw, c Mr. Kingcome, b Rev. Owen	12
Petherick, absent	0
F. Gunstone, st Russell (a), b Rev. Owen	9
Ball, c Russell (a), b Rev. Owen	5
Neal, b Simmonds	5
Pomfret, c and b Rev. Owen	3
Aldred, c Rev. Owen, b Mr. Hunt	0
E. Gunstone, not out	9
Extras	4

Total ... 79

F.G.S. v. THE BOURNE.

At Home, 22nd June—won by 2 wickets and 38 runs.

THE BOURNE.

Goodchild, b Mr. Kingcome	14
Hack, c Mr. Withinshaw, b Rev. Owen	1
Thurston, c Mr. Withinshaw, b Rev. Owen	2
Beresford, c Russell (a), b Mr. Kingcome	6
Purchase, b Capt. Stickland	2
G. Arnold, b Capt. Stickland	6
A. Arnold, c Rev. Owen, b Mr. Kingcome	8
W. Arnold, not out	8
Turner, b Capt. Stickland	3
Prior, c Mr. Bacon, b Mr. Kingcome	1
G. Beresford, b Mr. Kingcome	1
Extras	6

Total ... 64

F.G.S.

Mr. Hunt, run out	22
Boyes, b Hack	10
Mr. Bacon, b Thurston	3
Rev. Owen, b Prior	33
Mr. Kingcome, c Goodchild, b Beresford	9
Russell (a), c Purchase, b Prior	3
Price, b Prior	5
Elmslie, not out	5
Capt. Stickland, c Purchase, b Prior	3
Mr. Withinshaw	} did not bat.
Mr. Ridout	
Extras	9

Total (for 8 wickets) ... 102

F.G.S. v. ODIHAM G.S.

At Odiham, 25th June—lost by 21 runs.

ODIHAM G.S.			F.G.S.		
Simmons, lbw, b Husted	...	2	Young, lbw, b Bourne	...	5
James, b Elmslie	...	0	Snelgrove, c Cook, b Bourne	...	26
Edwards, b Elmslie	...	2	Husted, b Bourne	...	0
Wilmot, st Russell (a), b Simmonds	35		Price, b Wilmot	...	4
Knowles, c Whetman, b Elmslie	...	0	Russell (a), b Wilmot	...	3
Bourne, b Husted	...	4	Simmonds, b Wilmot	...	1
Barnwell, st Russell (a), b Simmonds	...	1	Elmslie, b Wilmot	...	0
Wilson, b Husted	...	14	Norris (a), b Wilmot	...	0
Cook, b Elmslie	...	6	Turk, b Bourne	...	0
Wright, not out	...	2	Whetman, not out	...	4
Saint, b Husted	...	1	Barnard (a), b Wilmot	...	3
Extras	...	15	Extras	...	15
Total	...	82	Total	...	61

F.G.S. v. UNITED MOTORS.

At Home, 29th June—won by 3 wickets.

UNITED MOTORS.			F.G.S.		
Fosbury, b Rev. Owen	...	9	Mr. Hunt, b Tanner	...	2
Elkins, b Capt. Stickland	...	15	Boyes, st West, b Hooker	...	24
Tanner, b Mr. Kingcome	...	9	Mr. Bacon, c Ogbourne, b Dawes	...	8
Dawes, b Mr. Kingcome	...	1	Russell (a), b Tanner	...	2
Cook, b Mr. Kingcome	...	0	Price, b Hooker	...	1
West, c Mr. Kingcome, b Capt. Stickland	...	1	Elmslie, b Tanner	...	27
Hooker, c Mr. Bacon, b Capt. Stickland	...	5	Mr. Kingcome, b Tanner	...	9
Furlonger, b Capt. Stickland	...	8	Mr. Withinshaw, not out	...	15
Ogbourne, not out	...	19	Rev. Owen	} did not bat	
Vigers, lbw, b Capt. Stickland	...	0	Capt. Stickland		
Vanner, lbw, b Capt. Stickland	14		Mr. Ridout		
Extras	...	11	Extras	...	5
Total	...	92	Total (for 7 wickets)	...	93

F.G.S. v. FARNHAM POST OFFICE.

At Home, 30th June—won by 6 wickets and 60 runs.

FARNHAM P.O.			F.G.S.		
L. Davies, lbw, b Capt. Stickland	...	18	Mr. Hunt, c Thompson, b Fullbrook	0	
Fullbrook, b Mr. Kingcome	...	4	Boyes, not out	...	75
Tomlin, b Mr. Kingcome	...	0	Mr. Bacon, c L. Davies, b Milton	8	
F. S. Davies, b Capt. Stickland	...	9	Russell (a), b Munfield	...	14
Munfield, b Capt. Stickland	...	3	Price, b Munfield	...	10
Milton, b Rev. Owen	...	1	Whetman, not out	...	14
Buckell, not out	...	4	Capt. Stickland	} did not bat.	
F. B. Davies, b Rev. Owen	...	0	Mr. Kingcome		
Smith, b Rev. Owen	...	2	Rev. Owen		
Taylor, b Rev. Owen	...	11	Mr. Withinshaw		
Thompson, lbw, b Rev. Owen	...	0	Mr. Ridout		
Extras	...	12	Extras	...	3
Total	...	64	Total (for 4 wickets)	...	124

F.G.S. v. SALESIAN SCHOOL.

At Farnborough, 2nd July—lost by 56 runs.

SALESIANS.

Lees, c Russell (a), b Simmonds	...	0
Fox, b Husted	...	29
Dennehy, lbw, b Elmslie	...	5
Lyons, c Price, b Simmonds	...	1
Thompson, c Snelgrove, b Husted	...	1
Hine, b Husted	...	27
Dowle, b Husted	...	11
Broadhurst, st Russell (a), b Norris (a)	...	3
Simpson, not out	...	5
Buller, run out	...	0
Makey, lbw, b Norris (a)	...	0
Extras	...	8
Total	...	90

F.G.S.

Norris (a), c Fox, b Dennehy	...	0
Young, b Hine	...	1
Barnard (a), b Dennehy	...	0
Husted, c and b Fox	...	6
Price, b Dennehy	...	0
Russell (a), c Simpson, b Fox	...	12
Elmslie, b Hine	...	5
Snelgrove, c Broadhurst, b Dennehy	...	2
Whetman, b Hine	...	0
Simmonds, not out	...	1
Leeming (a), b Simpson	...	1
Extras	...	6
Total	...	34

F.G.S. v. WOKING C.S.S.

At Woking, 6th July—lost by 67 runs.

WOKING C.S.

Jenner, m., c Russell (a), b Norris (a)	...	22
Threadgold, c Elmslie, b Husted	...	6
Rahmatullah, c Husted, b Disney	...	19
Blaxland, run out	...	15
Sadler, lbw, b Snelgrove	...	0
Noakes, c Russell (a), b Husted	...	10
Jenner, ma., not out	...	7
Grant, not out	...	8
Moore	} did not bat.	
Reid		
Daborn		
Extras	...	15
Total (for 6 wickets) (Declared).	...	102

F.G.S.

Young, c Blaxland, b Sadler	...	5
Snelgrove, c Noakes, b Reid	...	5
Price, b Reid	...	0
Husted, c Jenner, ma., b Reid	...	0
Russell (a), lbw, b Reid	...	0
Norris (a), c Rahmatullah, b Reid	...	0
Elmslie, b Sadler	...	15
Leeming (a), b Sadler	...	0
Whetman, not out	...	8
Simmonds, lbw, b Reid	...	2
Disney, c Noakes, b Reid	...	0
Extras	...	0
Total	...	35

F.G.S. v. EGGAR'S G.S., ALTON.

At Home, 9th July—won by 10 wickets.

F.G.S.

2nd Innings.

1st Innings.		
Young, b Watts	...	4
Snelgrove, b Basson	...	0
Price, b Basson	...	12
Elmslie, b Basson	...	8
Russell (a), b Basson	...	6
Whetman, not out	...	17
Barnard (a), b Watts	...	0
Simmonds, st Stretton, b Watts	...	1
Leeming (a), b King	...	1
Turk, b Basson	...	10
Webb, b Basson	...	1
Extras	...	3
Total	...	63

Elmslie, not out	...	8
Whetman, not out	...	3
Extras	...	1
Total (for 0 wickets)	...	12

EGGAR'S G.S.

1st Innings.			2nd Innings.		
Watts, b Snelgrove	...	3	Watts, b Disney	...	8
Knight i., run out	...	0	Knight i., b Disney	...	0
Knight ii., b Elmslie	...	0	Knight ii., b Elmslie	...	4
Stretton, c Russell (a), b Elmslie	...	9	Stretton, b Disney	...	19
Kersley, c Price, b Snelgrove	...	0	Kersley, b Disney	...	2
Basson, b Elmslie	...	2	Basson, b Disney	...	10
Sherfield, c Simmonds, b Elmslie	...	0	Sherfield, b Barnard (a)	...	0
Kimber, c Snelgrove, b Elmslie	...	0	Kimber, b Barnard (a)	...	0
King, c Elmslie, b Snelgrove	...	1	King, c Elmslie, b Barnard (a)	...	0
Crispe, not out	...	6	Crispe, run out	...	0
Wiltshire, b Elmslie	...	0	Wiltshire, not out	...	0
Extras	...	0	Extras	...	7
Total	...	21	Total	...	50

F.G.S. v. GUILDFORD R.G.S.

At Home, 16th July—lost by 85 runs.

GUILDFORD R.G.S.			F.G.S.		
Philpot, b Disney	...	23	Young, b Copes	...	4
Dyson, c Price, b Elmslie	...	5	Whetman, run out	...	3
Broach, b Disney	...	14	Elmslie, b Dyson	...	0
Nye, b Disney	...	0	Norris (a), b Dyson	...	0
Page, b Disney	...	4	Husted, c Dyson, b Nye	...	22
Elston, b Disney	...	2	Price, b Dyson	...	1
Matthews, b Disney	...	12	Russell (a), c Page, b Dyson	...	0
Copes, run out	...	23	Simmonds, c and b Dyson	...	12
Colebrook, not out	...	35	Snelgrove, b Dyson	...	0
Prescott, run out	...	11	Barnard (a), b Dyson	...	0
Ford, c Russell, b Disney	...	0	Disney, not out	...	6
Extras	...	11	Extras	...	7
Total	...	140	Total	...	55

Match still to be played as we go to press:—

F.G.S. v. Farnham (A) on July 23rd.

Winners of Inter-House Cricket Cup: Morley.

Sports Day, July 13th.

The Sports Results are reprinted below from the "Herald." The meeting was a thoroughly satisfactory one, in spite of the heat. The competition in the open events was exceedingly keen. In the inter-school Relay Race, won by Guildford Grammar School, Norris (*a*)'s finish for Farnham Grammar School was a fine effort.

New School records were set up as follows: Brindley *a*, 29 1-5 secs. for 220 yards, under 14; Swann *b*, 76 yards, throwing the cricket ball, under 14; White *a*, 5ft. high jump, open; Hunt *a*, 3ft. 5½ in., high jump, under 11; Norris *a*, 20ft. lin., long jump, open.

100 Yards, open (semi-final).—Heat 1: 1, Norris; 2, Sherrington *a*; 3, Shipley; 4, Jarvis *a*. Heat 2: 1, Leeming *a*; 2, Harding; 3, Turk; 4, Tebbutt. Final: 1, Norris; 2, Leeming; 3, Harding. Time, 11 1-5 secs.

100 Yards, under 14 (semi-final).—Heat 1: 1, Brindley *a*; 2, Abbott; 3, Leeming *b*; 4, Peters. Heat 2: 1, Tribe; 2, Feehally; 3, Purcell; 4, Miller. Final: 1, Brindley *a*; 2, Abbott; 3, Purcell. Time, 12 2-5 secs.

100 Yards, under 11.—Heat 1: 1, Ricketts *b*; 2, Poole *b*; 3, Boyes. Heat 2: 1, Hunt *a*; 2, Ryall; 3, Brindley *b*. Heat 3: 1, Stiff; 2, Hancock; 3, Rowden. Final: 1, Ricketts; 2, Stiff; 3, Hunt. Time, 14 4-5 secs.

220 Yards under 14.—Final: 1, Brindley *a*; 2, Tribe; 3, Leeming. Time, 29 1-5 secs.

220 Yards under 11.—Final: 1, Ricketts *b*; 2, Stiff; 3, Poole *b*. Time, 34 2-5 secs.

220 Yards open.—Final: 1, Norris *a*; 2, Leeming *a*; 3, Elmslie. Time, 25 2-5 secs.

Relay Race (inter-School).—1, Royal Grammar School, Guildford; 2, Grammar School, Farnham; 3, County Secondary School, Woking.

440 Yards under 11.—Final: 1, Poole *b*; 2, Ricketts *b*; 3, Stiff. Time, 80 2-5 secs.

100 Yards open.—Final: 1, Norris; 2, Leeming; 3, Harding. Time, 11 1-5 secs.

440 Yards under 14.—Final: 1, Brindley *a*; 2, Miller; 3, Phillips. Time, 68 3-5 secs.

440 Yards open.—Final (challenge cup presented by Mr. R. Preston): 1, Falkner; 2, Tebbutt; 3, Norris *a*. Time, 59 2-5 secs.

Old Boys' Race, 440 yards.—1, Jarvis; 2, Wells; 3, Clarke. Time, 59 1-5 secs.

Half-Mile open.—Final: 1, Falkner; 2, Tebbutt; 3, Price. Time, 2 mins. 18 2-5 secs.

Half-Mile under 14.—Final: 1, Miller; 2, Purcell; 3, Taylor *a*. Time 2 mins. 38 2-5 secs.

Relay Race (Inter-House).—1, Childe (Falkner, White *a*, Leeming *a*, Turk); 2, Harding, (Harding, Salmon, Elmslie and Bradley).

Sack Race. — Final: 1, Leeming *b*; 2, Ricketts *a*; 3, Hyde *b*.

Consolation Race (under 14).—1, Wolstenholme; 2, Cook; 3, Gidney.

Consolation Race, open.—1, Farrer; 2, Reeve; 3, Searle.

Tug-of-War.—Final: Morley beat Harding by two pulls to one.

The following events had been completed earlier in the week:—

One Mile.—1, Falkner; 2, Bradley; 3, Price; 4, Sherrington *a*. Time, 5 mins. 23 1-5 secs.

Throwing the Cricket Ball, open.—1, Harding; 2, Norris a. Distance, 79 yards.

Throwing the Cricket Ball (under 14).—1, Swann b; 2, Tribe. Distance, 76 yards.

Throwing the Cricket Ball, under 11.—1, Ricketts b; 2, Stiff. Distance, 49 yards.

High Jump, open.—1, White a; 2, Norris a; 3, Husted. Height, 5 ft.

High Jump (under 14).—1, Swann b; 2, Taylor a; 3, White c. Height, 4 ft.

High Jump, under 11.—1, Hunt a; 2, Ricketts b. Height, 3 ft. 5½ ins.

Long Jump, open.—1, Norris a; 2, White a; 3, Tebbutt. Distance, 20 ft. 1 in.

Long Jump, under 14.—1, Brindley a; 2, Leeming b; 3, Swan b. Distance, 16ft. 2 in.

Long Jump, under 11.—1, Hunt a; 2, Ricketts b. Distance, 12 ft.

Victor Ludorum, open (challenge cup presented by Mr. C. E. Borelli).—Norris a (holder), 25 points.

Victor Ludorum, under 14.—Brindley a (holder), 16 points.

The Inter-House sports cup was won by Childe with 61 points, the other houses standing as follows: Morley 39; Massingberd, 31; Harding, 24; School, 22.

Competitions.

Solutions and Results of Easter Term Competitions:

ACROSTICS.

- I.
CHILDE.
MORLEY.
(1) CharM.
(2) Horatio.
(3) IgituR.
(4) LabeL.
(5) DirE
(6) EYe.

- II.
HOLIDAY.
PACIFIC.
(1) HoP.
(2) OperA.
(3) LilaC.
(4) I.
(5) DeaF.
(6) AlibI.
(7) "Y"—"C"

Winners: 1st Prize: None (no correct solutions); 2nd Prize: G. E. G. Berry.

FRENCH CONUNDRUMS.

- I. Helen est nee au pays grec.
II. Willie! 'ello! Pa came 'ere to see a rose show. Ta-ta! so long!
May we part to meet again! Paddle your own canoe!
III. Sceau—seau—sot.

Winners:—Seniors: L. A. Gibson.
Juniors: T. E. King.

TESSELATED PAVEMENT.

The designs sent in were judged by Mr. Allen and four other ladies and gentlemen, with the result that a 1st prize is awarded to C. Falkner, and a 2nd prize to A. J. Mundy and to C. H. Caulfield.

CHESS PROBLEMS.

(No solutions were submitted).

Further Competitions.

I. A dozen "Don't's" for a schoolboy (— short, pithy, and humorous).

II. To bring to School next term *one* of the following :

- (a) A collection of perfect specimens of wild plants found in the neighbourhood where you spend the holidays (seaweed, ferns, etc.).
- (b) A collection of local minerals.
- (c) A collection of local fossils.

A few descriptive notes should be sent in with the collection.

III. A description of a course for a good Obstacle Race at F.G.S. Sports.

IV. In the passage following there are "hidden" 30 names of famous Cricketers. The letters forming each name run together : for instance, the name Mead would be "hidden" in the words "I saw the *same* advertisement." Make a list of the names you can find.

This Competition is limited to boys in or below Form

IVa. this term.

Here is the passage :—

The harvesters were resting comfortably. They had chiefly fruit (queer meal for a rustic!) raw for dinner and uncooked. From the barn established in the park, infirm but graceful, entered the farmer. "Ho! destructive rabbits," he cried, "you have each earned a harsh end, rendered necessary by your spoiling my crop of ryegrass. Let none escape elsewhere into the fen. Deride who will, I'll eye your ravages no longer. On you I declare war."

Nerved by his words, the men made an earnest and noble effort. The dogs tore round the field ere one could say 'Jack Robinson.' The rabbits rush by, few being unnoticed. Rake, boot, hard staff and wood stake are soon in the men's grasp. O! one rabbit is escaping! The farmer cries, "Now hit even if you yourselves are hit." Cheerfully the men obey, and soon the hubbub, row, noise and shouts cease.

Subscriptions and Donations.

The Editor acknowledges, with thanks, the following subscriptions to "The Farnhamian," received since last issue (21st March, 1921):—

			£	s.	d.
Mr. W. F. Alderton	1	1	0
Mr. H. K. Bentall		5	0
Mr. S. Chatt		2	6
Mr. P. Compton	10	0	
Mr. W. Dutton		5	0
Mr. F. Follett		5	0
Mr. G. Godsland		5	0
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Mr. L. A. Lickfold		5	0
Mr. A. J. Lush		7	6
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Mr. G. Pullinger		5	0
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