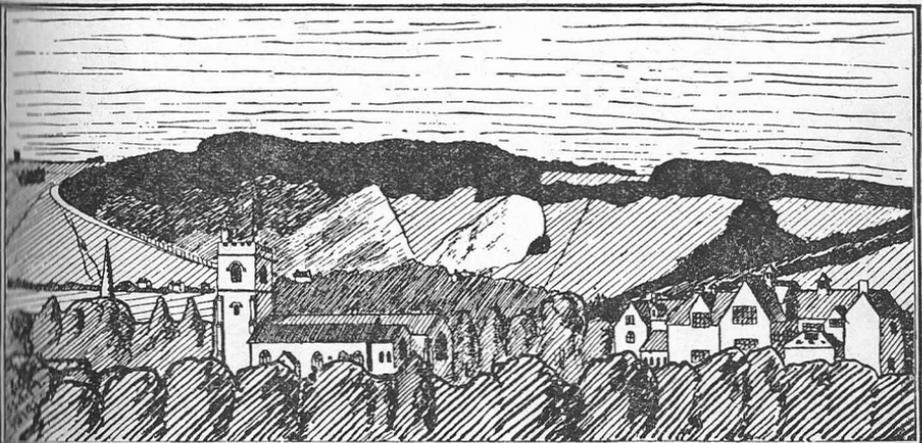


THE PILGRIM.



The Magazine of Reigate Grammar School



Pilgrim's Way

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Editorial.

There can have been few years in the existence of "The Pilgrim" when it has had so many editors as in the present. It ought not to lack freshness or variety, although it may not appeal to the taste of all its readers. The time-honoured "we" has covered a different individual each term. Why do editors always use the first person plural? Is it a hint of superior numbers to awe rejected contributors or furious gentlemen who imagine they have been libelled and wish to seek the editor with a gun? A School Magazine is unfortunate if it is run wholly by the Masters, who, being engaged in a perpetual struggle with the boy to find something that he can learn, while the latter dimly gropes for something that the Masters can teach, are unwilling to lay themselves open to the accusation of being "a funny ass" if they write something cheerful and jocose, or of being "dull dogs" if they produce something instructive or literary. We are glad on this occasion to welcome one or two articles from boys, and we hope that others will be encouraged to offer contributions and enjoy a glow of pride in seeing themselves in print. Patriotism, combined with a desire for practical experience, have given us most interesting articles on farming and service with Territorials.

We also welcome accounts of life in India from our old friend, C. H. Rayner, and hope that further letters will roll in from other Old Boys, as we can assure them that we feel an affectionate interest in their welfare and success.

The post brought to the Editor one bulky package, marked with the now familiar mark of the Field Post Office in France, but his feeling of joy at getting stirring news from the Front was a little dashed on finding that his correspondent had furnished a journal with a most erudite article on graphs.

The increased size and activities of British Armies in the various fields of action lead to increased casualties, and we must resign ourselves to bearing with fortitude the blows to our affection which will fall from time to time. We have the great sorrow of lamenting the death of G. E. Cragg, the joint Honorary Secretary of the Old Boys' Club, a Past Chairman, and one of its most able members, who was loved and honoured by all. Every member of the School, past or present, has sustained in his death an irreparable loss. Our hearts can swell with pride, and we can draw uplifting inspiration from the memory of his amiable and upright character and sterling devotion to duty.

Another blow is the death of G. E. Garton, who has been a member of the School within the memory of some of the present boys. One of a family with great military traditions, he gave up his training as a Missionary to serve his Country.

The third name is that of B. L. Bilcliffe, another thoroughly good fellow, whose loss we can ill spare.

The sacrifice is great, but it is no mean thing to know that they have done their duty to the full.



School Notes.

The numbers of the School now stand at 154. A large number of boys left us for other spheres of usefulness. Some to other schools, others to business. Just at the present time, in many walks of life, it is possible to get employment more easily than before. Banks and offices are accepting candidates who would not have stood a chance. An influx of forty-two new boys, a record number for the School, prevented us from seriously feeling the draught. (For shame, Editor! What about slang?)

NOT AHBANT

We were all very pleased to welcome Sergeant English home from "somewhere in France" for a few days' leave. He quite blossomed out as a lecturer in a crescendo from the "awkward squad," through the Corps, to the culminating point of the "frosty tops." Mrs. English expressed her joy, or he his contempt, for the Zeppelins by leaving the outside light on all night, the result being that the Head Master was knocked up at three o'clock in the morning and heavily censured for this reckless audacity.

Mr. Calistri and Mr. Jones have left us to join the Army Ordnance Corps. United at first, they were soon torn asunder, the former now being at York and the latter at Aldershot. Mr. C., who has now reached the dignity of a Lance-Corporal, is understood to look very well in his uniform, in which by discreet blandishments and methods somewhat differential to those enjoyed by his French Sets, he induced the Regimental tailor to display his figure to advantage. Mr. J. says: "Life has been very strenuous; we work day and night, with no leisure, even for meals. When the weather has been wet and cold we know what it is to tramp about in mud, to sleep in wet clothes, to have a

tent come down in a gale of wind and rain, even what it is to be really hungry." He seems to be enjoying and feeling the benefit of the experience.

We have been glad to welcome several Old Boys from the Colonies, including Weekes, Vowell, and Steane, from Canada; and Wisden from South Africa. The last is quite a seasoned campaigner, and has already seen service under General Botha.

Burtenshaw writes, from Bristol, that he likes the place, and is in a very fine new Office, which is responsible for wringing 90 million pounds from the unfortunate taxpayers. He has heard from Pastor, who is disappointed because the O.T.C. to which he belongs was not allowed to accompany its parent Regiment to the Front. Pastor has, however, been promoted. Another Old Boy, L. Green, was, he says, in hospital at Bristol, invalided home from Gallipoli, where he was in the Suvla Bay landing, and held Hill 52 with the 4th Queen's.

Another Old Boy whom we all know, but who shall be nameless, writes: "I have got over the first week's work and I find it rather different to being at School. School is the best place, I think, after all." He naturally wishes to join the Old Boys' Club, as all good fellows should.

We welcome among us Mr. Wiltshire, who already had many ties with the School—amongst others, as Scoutmaster, and, as grandson of Mr. Waterlow, who helped to enlarge our Playground. We are grateful to him for trying to fill the gap left by Mr. Calistri. Our Art work will also benefit by the advice of Mr. Cannell, who, although an exhibitor himself, will hardly find us up to R.A. form!



Obituary.

G. E. CRAGG.

Corporal G. E. CRAGG was educated at the Hoe Preparatory School, Plymouth, before entering this School in 1899. He left in 1904, having been Senior Prefect and Captain of Cricket, and obtaining Second-Class Honours in the Oxford Senior Local Examination. He was articled to Messrs. Morrisons & Nightingale, Solicitors, Reigate, and was admitted as a Solicitor in 1910. He at once began to practise at the local Courts, making rapid strides as he gained experience. Possessed of unflagging industry and no little ability, he promised to make a name for himself as a reliable advocate, and one whose counsel was increasingly valued. In May, 1912, following upon the appointment of Mr. F. J. Nightingale as a County Coroner, Mr. Cragg was appointed Deputy-Coroner. He was then only 23 years of age, and was probably one of the youngest Deputy-Coroners in the country. In the course of a recruiting campaign in Reigate, with a number of other old Grammar School boys, Cragg joined "A" Company of the 5th Queen's. It was a patriotic response to an earnest call. He applied himself with characteristic industry to his duties as a Territorial, and was eventually promoted to the rank of Sergeant, winning golden opinions from everybody. He proceeded to India with the Battalion, and when, last August, a call was made for volunteers to transfer to the 2nd Norfolk Regiment for service in the Persian Gulf, he was one who offered himself. It is a further proof of his patriotism that he reverted to the rank of Corporal in order to serve his country to the full extent of his power. He was carried off by disease on October 17th.

He had been for years on the Committee of

the Old Boys' Club, was Chairman about three years ago, and just before the outbreak of the War consented to act as joint Honorary Secretary with Dr. Mitchiner. Under this powerful influence the Club was making great strides.

Quiet but firm, able and tactful, loved and respected, Cragg was such an Old Boy as any School in the country would be proud of. He loved Reigate Grammar School, and those who knew him can only hope that his example will inspire the younger generation to live such a useful and blameless life. Our greatest sympathy is extended to his Mother in her terrible misfortune.

G. E. GARTON.

G. E. GARTON entered the School in 1904, at the age of 11½, from St. Mark's. He obtained a County Scholarship and worked his way steadily up the School until he had passed the London Junior and Matriculation Examinations, leaving in 1911. He determined to start as a Teacher in the Elementary Schools, but he had always been anxious to take Orders, and with that object, after a few years of teaching, he entered St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, to be trained as a Missionary. His Father and other members of the family having had distinguished careers in the Army, it was natural that he should wish to serve his Country in the great crisis, so he joined the Buffs (East Kent Regiment), 6th Battalion, where he was quickly promoted to be a Sergeant. He was killed in action, on October 13th, in France. A thoroughly good fellow, of sterling worth, he was always quiet, reliable, and painstaking. At School he took an interest in all parts of the life, particularly in the O.T.C., where he did good service. It is said that he showed great promise as a

Clergyman. Our heartfelt condolences must be extended to his Father and the other members of his family.

B. L. BILCLIFFE.

B. L. BILCLIFFE was 27 years of age. From St. Matthew's, Redhill, he entered the Grammar School as a Pupil Teacher, in 1905, and left in 1907. He completed his education at St. Mark's College, Chelsea, and became a Teacher under the London County Council. At school he was a reliable member of the football team, being a very capable full-back. In September, 1914, he joined the Civil Service Rifles, and was killed in action on October 14th of this year. He was an only son.



Valete.

Williams, W. ; Briggs, M. ; Fippard, De Ville, Wells, Bailey, Payne, Dowson, Lockhart, Thornton, Smith, King, Morriss, Poli, Hurditch, Sykes, Dare, Gooda, McGlennon, T. ; Potter, F. ; Everitt, Burtenshaw, Outen, Jones, Sutton, Gosden, Marsh, Younger, Evans, Cripps ii., Miller, Whiting, Beeckmans, Van Hove, Fache, A. ; Fache, F ; Louveaux. (37)



Salvete.

Arminson, Bidlake, Burton, Colton, Cotton, Cowan, Fowler, McDonald, Metcalf, Mulder, Ongley, Reeves, A. ; Sewell, Sissons, Stockford, Teasdale, Tomsett, Watkins, H. ; Watkins, E. ; Winn, Mazdon, Wadey, B. ; Davidson, R. S. ; Wakefield, S. ; Wakefield, E. ; Wakefield, G. ; Spence, J. H. ; Nicholls, Scott, Ward, Dale, Garner, Heatt, MacGregor, Quinlan, Quinton, Sleet, Tickner, Watson, Williams, H. ; Ahrendt. (42)

Cricket.

By no possible stretch of imagination is it possible to describe last cricket season as a satisfactory one. On paper we appeared to have a "useful," if not a strong team, yet we did not succeed in winning a match! It is to be hoped that a good many seasons will pass before another such result has to be chronicled. For such dismal and consistent failure it is not easy to find an explanation, and it is ill work trying. Certainly, the bowling, though varied enough, seemed to lack just that little extra sting which means so much; and the batting, also, though not weak, was hardly consistent. Sutton's batting, in particular, apart from one glorious exception, of which more anon, was a great disappointment. He was as sound as ever, but never could get away from that oppressive sense of responsibility which always (again with the one exception aforementioned) prevented him from giving of his real self.

The other colour (at the commencement of the season), Risbridger, showed great improvement with the bat, but his bowling was hardly as brilliant as in the previous season. One does not feel it fair to criticise him, for he did very well, and it is a great deal to expect of a boy who has been looked to for runs to expect him to go on bowling at the commencement of the innings. We must not expect everyone to be another Lillywhite. Risbridger is to be congratulated, among other performances, on his 52 against Battersea.

Colours were given during the season to Spearing, C. and Charlwood, S., and the former captained the team after Sutton had left. He performed brilliantly at times with the bat, but was not consistent, and never takes full advantage of his splendid natural gifts of reach and strength. Charlwood disputes with Risbridger the position of chief all-round player. He has taken many wickets—speaking from memory, we believe he heads the bowling averages, if one excludes Hurditch, who only bowled once—and is head of the batting averages. He also performed gloriously against Battersea, collecting 64, at a time when matters were not going too well for us.

Jordan was our most consistent bowler, and showed any amount of dogged pluck against a good deal of ill-fortune. He was, however, distinctly over-bowled at times, notably against Caterham, when he took six wickets, indeed, but at a very heavy cost. Our other bowlers were Hammond, Bishop (who did very well on occasion), Sutton, and Hurditch.

We were unfortunate with our wicket keepers. Dare was doing very well, when he left to survey taxes or something of that sort; then we pressed Potter into the service, and he was

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getting along nicely, when he followed Dare, so that we fell back upon Spearing, K. When one remembers what experience means, to a stumper particularly, one appreciates that these changes were a serious handicap.

The number of matches played was only seven, of which we drew two and lost five. The return matches with Caterham and Horsham had to be scratched. Caterham beat us easily in our first match; in our third, against Battersea, away, we put together a (comparatively) huge score—a hundred and seventy or so for four, but we never looked like getting our opponents out, and at the close they had scored 71 for 2. The fourth match was against the Old Boys. They batted first, and though we had a little mild excitement while our tail tried to wag, we never really looked like getting the runs. Then came Horsham. We put up 69 against them, and expected that they would get the runs for two or three wickets. They didn't, however, but lost several wickets cheaply, and ultimately a stand for the seventh wicket pulled them out of the fire amid breathless excitement. The return match with Earlswood Asylum we lost easily; but our final match, with Alleyn's, although very much against us, provided enormous excitement. On a wet, easy wicket, our visitors batted first, and when they had made a good score, old Sol appeared and baked up the wicket, already dreadfully cut about, for the edification of our batsmen. The Alleyn's bowlers did remarkable things indeed with the ball, and we lost six wickets for 14. Then, however, Bishop and Hurditch, looking very tiny and youthful, played out time, a matter of three-quarters of an hour or so, and deserved the applause they got from both sides for one of the pluckiest exhibitions of defensive batting we have ever seen.

It will be noticed that we have made no allusion to the second match. We think that it deserves a special paragraph. On June 12th we played our first match with Earlswood Asylum. They batted first, and we actually got them out for 100, which must be near a record since Wells has been playing for them. We didn't get the runs, but we got 75 of them, thanks mainly to Sutton, who carried his bat right through the innings (35, not out), receiving useful assistance from Charlwood, who made 10. Such a defeat is, indeed, a victory; and a season which holds an achievement such as this is not altogether a failure, however badly the team may have done otherwise.



The Sports.

The Sports were held on Thursday, July 15th, on the Reigate Priory cricket ground. St. Swithin was only moderately kind, as may be remembered, and we had one or two sharp showers, but we managed to get all the events satisfactorily run off. As a function, the day was shorn of much of its magnificence, for there had been no subscription list, owing to the War, and consequently there were no prizes and no band. But for this we made up in enthusiasm. Every boy knew that he ought to run, for the sake of his house and school, and the response was excellent. We believe, though we write subject to correction, but we hope we are right, that every boy who was not absolutely prevented by doctor's orders, competed in *something*. This is, emphatically, as it should be.

No remarkable results were achieved, though in the Junior Steeplechase Lockhart's time beats all previous times except Brewer's exceptional performance of 1913. Hammond secured the "Sir John Watney" challenge cup, a performance especially creditable to one so young. In this connection it was a pity that Burtenshaw was unfit. He was not able to compete in the Steeplechase nor in the long distance races on the day, and as he would certainly have done well, and did secure the High Jump, there would have been a closer competition for the cup, whether he had won it or not. As it was, Risbridger was runner-up.

The handicapping was unfortunate in two instances. Sandiford proved himself a very dark horse indeed, and won all his races extremely easily with the considerable start he had been given. The 220 Junior was another instance. All those "placed" were from the 15 yards mark, and had never been overtaken. But with these exceptions it worked very well, it being remembered that in the "distances" in which scratch men did not win and only one got a place, Burtenshaw was allowed for and was not running. The results are given below:—

	LIST OF PRIZE WINNERS.			OPEN EVENTS.	
	1st.	2nd.	3rd.	Time or distance	
Steeplechase ...	Turner ...	Hammond ...	Risbridger	14 m. 4 4-5th s.	
Mile ...	Sandiford	Hurditch ...	Garton ...	5 m. 42 4-5th s.	
Half-mile ...	Bennett ...	Marsh, G. ...	Turner ...	2 m. 27 3-5th s.	
Quarter-mile ...	Sandiford	Jones ...	Hammond	1 m. 3-5th s.	
220 yards ...	Sandiford	Hayllar ...	Spearing, C.	27 2-5th s.	
100 yards ...	Hammond,	Farrington ...	Hayllar ...	12 s.	
Hurdles ...	Risbridger,	Williams ...	Hammond	21 3-5 s.	
High Jump ...	Burtenshaw,	Risbridger ...	Reeves ...	4 ft. 9½ in.	
Broad Jump ...	Hammond,	Wetherfield ...	Risbridger	16 ft. 0 in.	
Cricket Ball ...	Spearing, C.,	Northover ...	Hammond	78 yds. 0 ft. 7½ in.	

UNDER 16 EVENTS:—

Hurdles ...	Williams	Risbridger ...	Blunden	19 3-5th s.
Broad Jump ...	Hammond,	Risbridger ...	Farrington	16 ft. 0 ins.

UNDER 15 EVENTS:—

Steeplechase ...	Lockhart	Hurditch ...	Wright	14 m. 32 4-5th s.
Quarter-mile ...	Lockhart	Tobitt ii. ...	Verrells	1 m. 7 s.
100 yards ...	Lockhart	Verrells ...	Farrington	11 4-5th s.
High Jump ...	Farrington.	Bailey & Lockhart	dead heat	4 ft. 5 in.
Cricket Ball ...	Farrington,	Foreman ...	Spearing, K.	66yds. 2ft. 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

UNDER 14 EVENTS:—

220 yards ...	Hodge ...	Morris ...	Tobitt ii. ...	27 3-5th s.
100 yards ...	Hodge ...	Dyson ...	King ...	13 2-5th s.

UNDER 12 EVENT:—

100 yards ...	Morris ...	Heyes i. ...	Tobitt ii. ...	13 4-5th s.
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Half-mile Relay Race ... 1—Wray. 2—Doods ... 1 m. 55 2-5th s.

Tug-of-War Wray beat Redstone.

Tug-of-War (Junior) Doods beat Redstone.

“Sir John Watney” Challenge Cup ... Hammond.

“Kenneth Powell” Challenge Cup ... Risbridger.

Champion House—Wray.



Football Prospects.

It is a matter of common observation that frequently when a school team has lost practically the whole of its last season's players and an entirely new one has to be constructed, the result is a better team than has been seen for years. Certainly, the first-mentioned is the case with us this year. We have only Spearing, Charlwood, and Hayllar remaining. Whether the result is to be as we have hinted frequently follows remains to be seen; but at the time of writing we have high hopes. We have played two matches and have won them both. The first, against Caterham, was ours by the very comfortable margin of eight goals to one; and on Saturday last (as we write) we visited Guildford in search of League points and beat our friendly rivals, who (we hear) are quite good this year, having already beaten Farnham decisively by seven goals to four. May the cup team fulfil its early promise! It's really about time we had that cup again—isn't it, now?

In goal we have no difficulty, of course, for Spearing is still with us, and it goes without saying that he will serve us well. We are, unfortunately, without a capable under-study, which should be remedied as soon as possible. At back Farrington seems likely to partner Charlwood (whence the deficiency in a good-class under-study goalkeeper), and with his rare turn of speed and safe kick should do well in double harness with last season's “find.”

At half, as usual, we have our difficulties. However, here also we seem to have secured a "find," though it is early days yet to speak with confidence, in Sewell. Jordan is, of course, excellent, but he is not available in cup matches. Wetherfield seems likely to find a permanent place, but the third place in the (cup) half-back line is very open. Against Guildford our excellent head prefect played, and we hear that he performed very well. He is a glutton for work and is never beaten. It only remains to see whether he can prove himself class enough. It goes without saying that his inclusion would be very popular.

At forward we are better served than for some time past. There is little individual brilliancy, but as a line we seem to have found a good thing. Hayllar, so successful last year, is being tried, and very successfully, as pivot, and Bishop and Risbridger with him make an excellent inside trio. The last-named has been in great form, and has got seven goals already this season. We hope, not without reason, that last season's weakness is a thing of the past, and that he is now going to live up to his early promise. As wingers, Hammond and Norris have been tried. Both are of tried worth, though the former has off-days. They should keep out well on the touch line, but the inside forwards should not fail to feed them while they keep this position. Hammond's rare turn of speed should be very useful, if, as we have said, he will keep well out on the wing, and if his inside man will feed him well.

From what has been said it will appear that football prospects are decidedly rosy. Let us throw nothing away for want of keenness or practice. There are fewer matches this year, in order that more time may be found for the more serious business of field-training for the O.T.C.—all the more reason why we should make a great effort to win all these if possible.



O.T.C. Notes.

On June 26th, at the invitation of Sir B. V. S. Brodie, field operations were arranged on Headley Heath. The Company paraded at 11 o'clock and carried out a tactical march to Pebblecombe Hill, where we fell out for an hour for lunch. At 1.45 No. 1 platoon marched to the western side of Headley Heath to take up an outpost position, where it was attacked by No. 2 platoon, moving from Tot Hill. Stand-fast sounded at 4 o'clock, and the Company then marched to Brockham Warren, where Sir Benjamin Brodie had provided tea, to which everyone did justice.

The Annual Inspection took place on July 19th, on Earlswood Common. The Inspecting Officer was Lieut.-Colonel E. Morgan, Commanding the Queen's Depôt, who was accompanied by Captain Clarke, the Adjutant. The contingent paraded 80 strong, a record, for the Inspection. Although the proportion of recruits was very large, the march-past was quite good, and the drill satisfactory, if not quite up to our usual standard. After the ceremonial inspection the Company carried out an attack, which was done very creditably. Owing to the kindness of Colonel Mortimer and the Equipment Committee of the 4th Batt. Surrey V.T.C., we were able to turn out complete with rifles. Sergt.-Inst. English was greatly missed. The report was very complimentary, especially as regards the field work.

The Competitions for the Brodie, Hall, and Smith Challenge Cups were carried through at the end of last term, and the results are appended.

Congratulations to J. O. Whiting, A. L. Pash, and G. E. Scollick, who have been gazetted to the 9th Queen's; to R. G. Thompson, 8th Wilts; E. G. Francis, 8th County of London; C. F. Ashdown, 19th County of London; and F. H. Pratt, 13th Royal Warwickshire. C. M. Smith has also obtained a Commission; and R. C. Smith, who is a Second-Lieut. in the R. E. Balloon Section, has been in France for some weeks.

There are now 36 ex-Cadets serving as Officers, besides 15 old boys who were not members of the Contingent. About 150 old boys are serving in the ranks, of whom about 110 are ex-Cadets. We should be glad to hear from any old boys who are serving, as we know our list is incomplete, and in some cases incorrect.

Sergeants Wade, Miller, Spearing, and Spence put in several weeks in August and September as Drill-Instructors with third-line Territorial Battalions at Windsor, and seem to have had a very good time. We have no doubt that the recruits profited by their instruction.

At the end of last term there were 96 of all ranks on the Company roll, but this number included a dozen non-effectives. We have now an effective strength of 89, as compared with 66 at this time last year, so that there seems to be a good prospect of reaching a strength of 100 by the end of July. Our establishment is 122 of all ranks. In past issues of this Magazine it has generally been necessary to appeal for recruits, but now we have to apologise for the delay in equipping those who have come forward. The budget of the Contingent is based on an average strength of about 70, and any considerable increase in numbers means a shortage of funds. Moreover, new clothing and equipment are now difficult to obtain and very costly, some

items having doubled in price during the last year. It is, therefore, hoped that those recruits who have not yet been fitted out will realise our difficulties and exercise patience.

Competition Results:—

Old Boys' Shield ..	Section 4 ..	Sergt. Burtenshaw.
Brodie Cup ..	Sergt. Spearing,	C.E.
Hall Cup ..	Sergt. Wade.	
Smith Cup ..	Private Kerr.	
Gill Prize ..	Sergt. Wade.	



List of Old Boys and Masters

Serving in H.M. Forces, October 31st, 1915.

O.T.C.

- Captain E. W. Dann, 8th Essex.
 Lieut. A. M. Dawson, 5th Hants.
 Second-Lieut. G. T. Mackay, 7th Liverpool.
 Do. D. Ive, 2nd Queen's.
 Do. H. Willoughby, 1st S. Staffs.
 Do. H. G. Davies, 2nd R.W.F.
 Captain P. H. Mitchiner, R.A.M.C. (T.)
 Second-Lieut. J. Figg, 2/24 County of London.
 Do. H. C. Saunders, 8th Queen's.
 Do. C. M. Duncan, R.F.A.
 Do. K. Bidlake, 13th Wors.
 Do. A. J. Malcomson, R.F.A.
 Lieut. R. Atchley, 12th Yorks.
 Second-Lieut. H. Thrower, A. & S. Hdrs.
 Do. J. H. Mitchiner, West Yorks.
 Do. W. R. D. Robertson, R.F.A.
 Do. H. W. Budden, 12th Lanc. Fus.
 Lieut. E. W. Taylerson, A.O.C.
 Second-Lieut. E. L. Higgins.
 Lieut. J. H. Lillywhite, R.N.D. ("Hawke").
 Second-Lieut. G. M. Mew.
 Sub-Lieut. F. N. Halsted, R.N.A.S.
 Second-Lieut. R. Headley, R.F.A.
 Do. E. G. Francis, 8th County of London.
 Do. W. A. Peary, New Zealand Div.
 Do. R. G. Thompson, 8th Wilts.
 Do. J. O. Whiting, 9th Queen's.
 Do. A. L. Pash, 9th Queen's.
 Do. G. E. Scollick, 9th Queen's.

Second-Lieut. C. F. Ashdown, 19th County of London.
 Do. F. H. Pratt, 13th Royal Warwick.
 Do. R. C. M. Smith, R.E. Balloon Section.
 Do. F. J. Martin.
 Do. P. L. Mott.
 Do. C. M. Smith.

The following Old Boys did not serve in the School O.T.C.:

Captain F. G. Gill, 2/24th County of London.
 Second-Lieut. G. H. Ince, 2/5 Yorks.
 Captain F. M. Gill, 1/24 County of London.
 Do. D. Figg, D.S.O., 1/24th County of London.
 Do. J. Harley, 1/24th County of London.
 Do. S. T. Malcomson, R.F.A.
 Lieut. W. Morrison, 1/24th County of London.
 Second-Lieut. J. Willoughby, 3rd S. Staffs.
 Lieut. W. R. Green, A.O.C.
 Do. S. Steane, R.F.A.
 Do. F. C. Apted, R.E.
 Second-Lieut. P. F. Apted, R.E.
 Do. G. J. Davies, B.C.V.A.
 Do. E. J. E. Tunmer, Shropshire L.I.
 Do. H. W. Beckhuson, The Queen's.
 Do. W. A. Bell, The Queen's.
 Lieut. A. E. Huxtable, R.A.M.C.
 Lieut. H. W. Hardy, R.N.

RANK AND FILE.

N. Rayner, R.F.A.
 C. H. Rayner, 1/5th Queen's.
 C. Rayner, 7th Queen's.
 W. D. Malcomson, London Scottish.
 R. J. Martin, London Scottish.
 H. McN. Fraser, London Scottish.
 W. E. Keasley, 1/5th The Queen's.
 E. W. Hedges, do.
 M. H. Wood, do.
 J. Learner, do.
 N. Chapple, do.
 S. Bartlett, do.
 G. James, do.
 G. S. Faulkner, do.
 C. Ward, 1/7th Essex.
 L. Green, 1/4th The Queen's.
 R. A. J. Porter, 1/4th The Queen's.
 O. H. Apted, 10th K. F.
 L. P. Cleather, 6th Queen's.

- E. N. Penfold, 6th Queen's.
 B. Boswell, 7th Queen's.
 J. Knapman, Mdx Yeomanry.
 G. E. Garton, 6th Buffs.
 L. Ware, 6th Royal Sussex.
 T. Brace, 18th County of London.
 O. R. Hoyle, 16th County of London.
 R. Worley, New Zealand Div.
 J. Dare, R.F.A.
 J. F. Bargman, R.F.C.
 A. Hood, 16th County of London.
 R. Lee, Q.V.R.
 H. M. Jones, Q.V.R.
 P. Sanders, Inns of Court O.T.C.
 H. J. Hayes, 19th County of London.
 B. Bilcliffe, 15th County of London.
 N. Nightingale, Middlesex Yeomanry.
 M. Meeten, Sussex Yeomanry.
 C. Apperly, London Yeomanry.
 J. Innes, Royal Fusiliers.
 W. Woollett, Sussex Yeomanry.
 H. J. Hunter, 4th Seaforth.
 F. Pepper, Northants Yeomanry.
 A. E. Macloghlin, 3rd South Lancs.
 L. Gibbs, 23rd County of London.
 G. H. M. Thompson, R.N.D.
 H. Molyneux, 10th R.F.
 F. E. Faulkner, 20th County of London.
 G. Wisden, S. African Force.
 W. J. Mills, R.N.
 W. Hewett, 5th West Kent.
 J. N. Walker, 6th Essex.
 C. J. Ryall, 3/5 Queen's.
 C. J. Newman, 15th County of London.
 F. Holt, N. Lancs. Regt.
 P. Pym, A. and S. Hdrs.
 A. G. Smith, R.A.M.C.
 L. Kendrick, 21st County of London.
 F. M. Panzetta, L.A. O.T.C.
 J. L. Shapland, Surrey Yeomanry.
 D. L. Davies, Royal Engineers.
 F. M. Steane, Canadian Div.
 R. Lone, R.A.M.C.
 V. M. Colton, 9th Bedford.
 G. Gilbert, The Queen's.
 G. Duncan, R.E.
 C. Wavell, R.E.

J. G. Martin, R.E.
 C. H. Bates, 2/5 Queen's.
 R. W. Hood, 3rd London Scottish.
 C. J. Morris, L.R.B.
 N. W. Osborn, L.R.B.
 R. J. Dempster, H.A.C.
 C. Pakeman, R.F.A.
 A. E. Vowell, 48th Batt. Canadian Div.
 B. A. Morrison, Inns of Court O.T.C.
 C. G. Silcock, R.F.C.

The following Old Boys did not serve in the School O.T.C. :—

H. H. White, 10th R.F.
 S. W. Sanders, 11th R.F.
 Harold Willoughby, R.E.
 E. Budgen, Australian Div.
 R. K. Woodhouse, R.N.D. (R.E.).
 G. Cragg, 1/5 The Queen's.
 H. Dawson, 1/5 The Queen's.
 T. Hammond, 1/5th The Queen's.
 A. L. Jones, Q.V.R.
 S. Weeks, R.E.
 H. L. Marsh, Surrey Yeomanry.
 J. Hammond, Herts Yeomanry.
 C. S. Peerless, H.A.C.
 G. Keeler, 1/15th County of London.
 H. H. Richardson, 1/15th County of London.
 P. F. Drew, R.F.
 A. Mollison, London Scottish.
 L. Kennard, R.A.M.C.
 O. P. Quinton, R.A.M.C.
 H. L. Dawson, 23rd County of London.
 J. Nash, Canadian Div.
 W. P. Farrington, 2/5th The Queen's.
 E. Farrington, 7th R.F.
 A. Farrington, 9th R.F.
 T. B. Lees, R.E.
 T. Jenkins, R.E.
 J. Holm, New Zealand Div.
 P. N. Hasluck, 17th R.F.
 W. C. Kendrick, R.A.M.C.
 H. Leslie, H.A.C.
 R. H. Burrage, 3/5 The Queen's.
 P. Connett.
 F. I. Newton.
 V. Gardiner.
 G. H. Lyle.

We regret to have to announce that several old boys have been killed in action :—

B. L. Bilcliffe (1905-08), 15th County of London.

G. E. Garton, 6th Batt. The Buffs.

R. Worley, New Zealand Div.

R. J. Dempster, Honourable Artillery Company.*

*(Reported missing in July.)



Old Boys' Notes.

The War continues, and the old boys remain scattered. But, even so, a little news filters back through the Censor, although, to our shame be it said, the news is nearly always indirect.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to Captain D. Figg on his D.S.O., and take this opportunity of expressing to him how proud we are to have him for an Old Boy.

Captain Donald Whitely Figg, 24th (County of London) Batt. London Regt. (The Queen's), T.F.:—For conspicuous and continuous gallantry on the night of May 25th-26th, 1915, and following day at Givenchy, when, after taking part in an assault on a trench, he led repeated rushes with bombs into a German work, and when, most of the bombers were killed, continued the attack single-handed. His extraordinary bravery and disregard of danger enabled the dangerous flank he commanded to hold its own against constant assaults by the German bombers and riflemen. On May 26th, when his line was infiltrated by rifle and very heavy shell fire, his determination held his men to their ground until relieved four hours later. For seventeen hours his conduct was a brilliant example to the hard-pressed men around him, and more than anyone in the battalion he contributed to the successful retention of the position won.

It is with deep regret that we announce the deaths of :—

Captain F. M. Gill, 1/24th County of London.

Lieut. W. S. Morrison, 1/24th County of London.

Sergt. R. Dempster, H.A.C.

Pte. G. Garton, 6th East Kent.

Pte. B. Bilcliffe, 1/15th County of London.

(All of whom were killed in France), and Sergt. G. E. Cragg, 1/5th Batt. The Queen's Royal West Surrey Regt., news of whose death in the Persian Gulf has just reached us.

In the death of Cragg the School has lost a good friend, and the Club an energetic and enthusiastic secretary, who will be very hard to replace. As one who has had the privilege to be his friend, both throughout our school-days and after, we would express the Club's deep sympathy with his people on the loss of so excellent a son and brother, and our sorrow at the untimely ending to a brilliant career.

Captain Gill and Lieut. Morrison were both old boys, who were well-known in the Borough for their keen interest in the Boys' Brigade, and their loss will be deeply felt by many.

Garton, who had only been back in France for a few weeks after short leave, was killed in the recent fighting, as also was Bilcliffe. To the parents of both we extend our deep sympathy.

Dempster has been reported wounded and missing for some weeks. His death is, unfortunately, officially confirmed.

Bombadier N. Rayner, who has been in France since August, 1914, has returned home for the first time; he is at Paignton, sick, with enteric, having been previously twice wounded.

Lieut. G. Mew, who was invalided home with a fractured thigh, is, we are glad to see, on the high road to recovery.

L. Edwards, an older Old Boy, is, we are glad to say, progressing well after his wounds.

Captain S. T. Malcomson is in hospital, at Malta, with dysentery.

Congratulations to R. Thompson, C. M. Smith, C. H. Rayner, G. Ince, Francis, Whiting, and Pash on their Commissions, and A. E. Huxtable and A. Malcomson on their promotions to Captain and Lieutenant respectively.

The football match, on October 23rd, resulted in a win for the Old Boys by five goals to four, after an extremely keenly contested game. W. D. Malcomson raked up a good team from odd corners of England, as follows:—Stedman, the Brothers Pooley, A. J. and W. Malcomson, Gilbert, Sutton, Silcock, Challis, Francis, and Potter.

A "sing-song" arranged for the evening was abandoned as a mark of respect for Cragg and Garton.

We have to thank Mr. Orme for extending his hospitality to the members after the match.

We have had a letter from a member telling us about himself. E. W. Kenyon is in the Norfolk Regiment, and about to leave Seaford for the Upper Nile. Good luck to him!

We have seen various other members in uniform, but our official eye has not yet seen any intimation from them of their having done their duty and set an excellent example, not only to sundry of their own school-fellows, but to the men of England generally.

Buck up, Old Reigateians, and join the Army to-day!

P. H. MITCHNER, Hon. Sec.



General Knowledge Paper.

We print the General Knowledge Paper which was given to the whole School last July as a pleasant relaxation after the arduous labours of the London University Examinations. Two marks were given for each question correctly answered, but only one mark if misspelt or nearly right.

- 1.—In what work do the following characters appear?
Charles Surface—Caliban—Dr. Watson—Sydney Carton—Danglars.
- 2.—What is made from
Beet—Poppy—Esparto Grass—Manioc—Jute?
- 3.—Mention the birth-place of
Shakespeare—Edward, First Prince of Wales—
Dr. Johnson—Nelson—Napoleon.
- 4.—What kind of article is or was referred to as
Brown Bess—Puffing Billy—Sally Lunn—Blue
Peter.
- 5.—Name the
Pope—Minister of Munitions—Prominent American
Statesmen recently resigned—Celebrated
philanthropic Jew Peer lately dead—Leader of
the Irish Party.

- 6.—What is the body which
Governs Workhouses—Settles if there is enough
evidence to try a prisoner at Assizes—Classifies
ships—Issues passports—Selects and crowns
Welsh Bards?
- 7.—What countries are inhabited by
Magyars—Maoris—Czechs—Cingalis—Moors?
- 8.—What is
10° Centigrade in Fahrenheit—Longitude of
Greenwich—Age of George V.—Price of a tele-
gram of 18 words—Income tax at a 1s. in the £
on an income of £900?
- 9.—By what combatants or political parties were the
following originally sung?
Ein'feste Burg—Charlie is my Darling—Marseil-
laise—John Brown's Body—The Old Hundredth.
- 10.—What is the name for
Men who stow goods in vessels—Warehouses for
receiving grain—Sailors who are natives of India
—Case which contains the compass—Machine for
freezing and preserving perishable food?
- 11.—Who
Composed "The Lost Chord"—Wrote. "Seven
Lamps of Architecture"—Wrote and composed
"Lohengrin"—Painted the "Hay Wain"—Wrote
the hymn "Lead kindly Light"?
- 12.—What place is or has been called
The Modern Athens—Dear Dirty ——— —The
Eternal City—Queen of the Adriatic—The Home
of lost causes?
- 13.—Give technical words for
Number settled as minimum to settle questions as
a Committee—A position with profit but nothing
to do—Story of a man's life written by himself—
Part of the heavens directly overhead—Part of the
Prayer Book which prescribes method of carrying
on the Service.
- 14.—Mention the two nations engaged in the battles of
Plevna - Sedan—Bunker's Hill—Yalu River (Sea)
—The Morgarten.
- 15.—Write down the following in numerals
A Geographical Mile in feet—A Battalion of
Infantry in men—A stone in pounds—Unit of
tonnage of ships—Pressure of atmosphere in lbs.
on the square inch.

16.—Who wrote

“ Five times received I forty stripes save one.”

“ But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale.”

“ I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent but only
Vaulting ambition which o'erleap's itself
And falls on the other.”

“ Tea is a barren superfluity, a pretence for
assembling to prattle, for diversifying idleness.”

“ Within a windowed niche of that high wall
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain.”

17.—What towns are connected with the name of
Savonarola—Mahomet—Peter the Great—General
Gordon—Mr. Joseph Chamberlain ?

18.—Name the river

Where Horatius kept the Bridge—Which H. M.
Stanley explored—Sacred to the Hindus—
Supposed to flow round Hades — Where
Izaak Walton fished.

19.—What are or were the surnames of

Marquis of Salisbury—Duke of Marlborough—
Duke of Portland—Duke of Wellington—Duke of
Westminster ?

20.—What ship

Went to find the Golden Fleece—Carried the
great naturalist, Darwin—Fought with the Ches-
apeake—Under Sir Richard Grenville fought 33
Spanish Ships—Carried Nelson at Trafalgar ?

21.—Fill in the quotations

All the world's a

And all the men and women merely players.

Naught shall make us rue,

If to itself do rest but true.

Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest.

Some guiltless of his country's blood.

Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on
.....'s lonely height.

Let us think

Of them that sleep—Full many a fathom deep,

By thy wild and stormy steep,.....

22.—Of what countries are these the Parliaments?—
House of Keys—Reichstag—Duma—Storting—Cortes.

23.—Where shall we find
A gasometer—A colander—A baldachino—A moraine—A nebula.

24.—Give the nearest English Version of
Sobriquet—Panacea—Sang-froid—Mauvais sujet—Dolce far niente.

25.—Correct the following sentences :

Didn't he use to go to school?—Tell me who you mean—He is one of the wisest that has ever lived—These sort of accidents often occur—He told the dog to lay down himself.

Out of the "possible" of 250 marks, Wetherfield got 156 and Cripps 152, and Robson and Whitehouse tied for the wooden spoon with two marks each. No boy in IV.A got near 100 marks, but Harman, R. Potter and Garton in IV.B all exceeded that number. Three boys in III.B got over 100—Lanaway, Crewdson and Maynard, in fact the first-named beat all boys below the Sixth with a score of 135. Both IV.B and III.B were much ahead of IV.A and III.A on their averages.

— There were not very many funny answers, perhaps because boys had got more cautious this year than last.

We will give a selection of a few "howlers" which have been perpetrated :—

In Question 2—from esparto grass we have "esparagus"; (3) the first Prince of Wales was born at Buchanan Palace (he must be fond of whisky); and Napoleon at Carthage or St. Helena. (4) Brown Bess is variously described as a Prison Van, Queen Elizabeth, or a jug of beer; Blue Peter was a chemical from which gunpowder is made. (6) The body which governs workhouses is the Salvation Army, or the Royal Humane Society. (9) Ein feste Burg was sung by the Boers, and The Old Hundredth by Napoleon's Old Guard, Grenadier Guards and the Charge of the Light Brigade. (10) Machine for freezing and preserving food was a "frizirotar," or a "frizilator." (11) "The Lost Chord" was composed by Hall Caine; "Lohengrin" by Martin Luther, Padaruski or Sir Walter Scott; "The Hay Wain" was painted by Lord Lansdowne (it might have been Winston!) (12) Dear Dirty Dicks; the Eternal City is Hades, and The Home of Lost Causes as Monte Carlo or Hell, are selections. (13) Story of a man's life written by himself gave a great variety of answers: biograph, Dr. Johnson, eclogue,

epitaph, egoism, monology are a few ; part of the Prayer-Book is the doxology, authodox or syntax. (17) Peter the Great was connected with Rome. (18) Horatius kept the bridge on the Upper Ganges ; the river round Hades was the Jordan, or the Styx ; where Izaak Walton fished was the Nile. (23) A taximeter was found in a tax-gatherer's house, or is a tank which turns on gas ; a moraine is found in a restaurant (menu ?) ; a nebula on a Zulu warrior (knob-kerrie ?) (24) A soubriquet is a slouch-hat ; sang-froid, cold shoulder ; and a mauvais sujet, unmentionable conversation.



In Camp with Territorials.

About a fortnight before the end of last term the War Office sent a letter to schools possessing a contingent of the O.T.C., asking for O.T.C. Sergeants over 16 years of age to go as Sergeant-Instructors to third line Territorial battalions for the holidays. In response to this, Wade, Spearing, Miller and Spence sent in their names and were sent to Windsor, the three former being attached to the 3rd/5th Queen's at Smith's Lawn Camp, and the latter to an Essex battalion at Bear's Rail Camp. On arriving there we found that the Brigadier had had only four telegrams warning him of our arrival, and that he really did not know what we had come for. We got to the Camp in time to see our tents being put up. There were about 18 of us altogether, and they were putting four of us in a tent ; as our numbers did not reach 20, we three Reigatonians kept our tent to ourselves ; being only three in a tent we had room to move, except Spearing whose feet stuck out of the door at night, whilst his head stuck out under the tent opposite the door. They had provided a mess-tent for us, and whilst we were having tea an officer came along and told us we should have to pay 4s. 6d. a day messing allowance and 1s. 5d. a day for light and fuel, when we were getting no pay, the Government had promised us free food, and we had to buy our own candles. We all refused to pay, and the officer went off and reported matters, which ended in the War Office being asked to pay. They were giving us officers' food, by the way, but not officers' tent furniture ; all we had was one waterproof sheet, two blankets each, and two washing tubs between the five tents.

For the first few days we were put on what is known as communicative drill, i.e., we paired off and the members of each pair took it in turns to drill each other. We soon got fed up

with this and asked for permission to report to the C.Os. of the regiments to which we were attached. After some delay this was granted, and having reported we were given a squad of 12 or 15 men each. This meant we really had to start work teaching these men squad drill without arms and also physical drill. Our daily routine was as follows: reveillé 6 a.m., first parade 6.45—7.45 a.m., breakfast 8 a.m., second parade 10 a.m.—12.45 p.m., dinner 1 p.m., third parade 2.30—4.45 p.m., tea 5 p.m., first post 9.30 p.m., last post 10 p.m., lights out 10.10 p.m., for Sergeants 11 p.m. Later on, when some physical drill instructors came down from Aldershot, we had N.C.O.'s Instruction Classes in physical drill and bayonet fighting, 5.30—6 p.m. We got Saturday afternoon off and also such parades as kit inspections. On Sunday there was Church parade, 10.15—11.15 a.m.; the rest of the day we had off. On Saturday mornings we had a route march from 7 to 12 miles long. The first we had they took us four miles out, and then the officers slanged us whilst the veteran sergeants told us the marching was very good.

Squad drill soon got sickening, and we were glad to get on to platoon drill and rifle exercises. On Wednesdays we had night operations—not attacks or skirmishes but marches and demonstrations. The latter consisted in a party of N.C.Os. going out under an officer and demonstrating the visibility of lighted cigarettes to the rest of the platoon or company. The men thought it was alright when the officer handed round good Turkish cigarettes.

About a week after our arrival the War Office sent down to say that they would not pay 4s. 6d. per diem for us, so our mess was broken up, and we went to the sergeants' mess of the regiment to which we were attached.

With regard to our recreation, we were three miles from the nearest town—Egham, five miles from Windsor and four from Sunningdale, so we could not go to the Cinema often. We went to Windsor once and found it worth seeing, especially the castle which almost buries the town. In the Camp there was the Y.M.C.A. Tent, where there was a concert now and again and impromptu songs and recitations every evening.

There was one job which each of us got and which proved rather aggravating. One of us was told off with four men to go to the Army Ordnance Depôt five miles away to draw some stores weighing about 100 lbs. When we got there we were led to a marquee where the stuff was pointed out to us. We lugged it on to the roadside, whilst half-a-dozen A.O.C. men stood and looked on. After this, one has to wait for the transport any time from ten minutes to five hours. On this occasion two whacking great four-horsed waggons drove up under the charge of a

corporal, and the following conversation ensued:—

CORPORAL—"Where's y'r stuff?"

SELF—"There!" pointing to an insignificant looking little heap.

CORPORAL—"What the * * * do you want all this transport for then—to carry that little handful?"

SELF—"Didn't want it, you knock-kneed swab!"

CORPORAL—"Well, yer ast fer it, didn't cher!" and he produced a pink transport requisition form, upon which I see that our regimental quartermaster had made a rough guess at the weight of the goods, and put it down as *two tons, forty times too much*.

A smaller waggon having been found, we trudge back to Camp to find the dinner gone. They will not let you ride on the waggon, they get heavily punished if they are found doing so.

If we go on much longer we shall fill three *Pilgrims*, so in closing I will say that we had a very good time and were sorry we had to come back so soon. If anybody wants further details or tales of adventures let him apply to one of us.

C.H.W.

C.E.S.



A Pleasant Summer Holiday.

During the past Summer holidays I spent just over five weeks on a farm in Kent. To those who have a conscientious objection to physical exertion this does not sound much of a holiday. However, although the work may be hard and the hours long, it is very healthy and enjoyable. To those who intend to become farmers it is a very useful experience, as it gives them some idea of the work and whether it will suit them. It will be an ill day for farmers when hours are regulated, because at certain times of the year every moment of day-light is wanted. Whatever the weather, and whatever the time of year, one can always find work to do on a farm.

The farmer with whom I was staying was a regular old Devonshire man. Like most Devonshire men he always stood up for his native county and the old days. According to him, when he was a boy on his father's farm in Devonshire, everyone used to try to do his work better and faster than anyone else. Now it seems that the labourers do no more work than they can help, and come for their pay regularly every Saturday, whether they have earned it or not.

The popular idea of a farm-house is a straggling building, where everything is out of date and no modern comforts are to be found. I did not find this quite so marked as I expected. Again, most people imagine that wherever the Devonshire farmer goes his butter and cream follow him. I found, however, that in this case, at any rate, it was not so. All the milk, with the exception of about two quarts a day, was sent to a milk contractor. None of it was used for butter or cream.

My day's work began at five in the morning; the men did not begin till about seven or half-past. There were two or three very cold mornings, with thick fogs, and it did not seem very inviting, but out we had to turn, all the same. First, the cows had to be milked. To one who is not an expert milker this is a slow job. When I started I did about one cow while the other two did nineteen, and by the time I left I could milk five cows an hour, while the others could do nine each. As each cow was finished the milk was poured into a big pail for the purpose, and when this was full it was carried to what was called the "churn house" and emptied into a cooler. This consisted of a drum from which the milk poured through a tap into a trough in which were holes at regular intervals. Passing through these it poured over a fluted vessel, through which cold water was flowing. It next poured into another trough, and from thence into the milk can. The milk was then sent to the Station. Milking over, I drove the cows out. Soon after that breakfast was ready. Rising at five o'clock and milking cows makes one anxious for it. After breakfast I cleaned out the cow-sheds—a dirty job, but not so bad as one might think. The bull was kept in the shed all day, and I had to litter him down, feed him and give him a drink. While I was doing the cow-sheds the farmer's younger son washed up the milk pails, cans, and the cooler. The next routine work came at four o'clock, when the cows had to be milked and turned out again. In the evening the horses were turned out to graze.

The time between cleaning out the cow-sheds and the afternoon milking was usually spent out in the fields. The afternoon I arrived at the farm they were mowing some hay. The weather was wet for some days after, so that it was some time before I had any experience in the fields. My first job in the fields was to horse-rake part of the hay field. Next I helped to load a hay waggon. A loader was fastened behind the waggon and it was drawn over the rows of hay. The loader brought the hay up into the cart and two of us spread it about and trampled it in. We had not been working long before the loader broke down, so that pitchforks had to be employed instead. When the loader is used the waggon is moving all the time and it is a wonder that you do not fall. After the hay had all been stacked there were

two fields of peas to be attended to. The peas were horse-raked, and are to be threshed when the thresher comes round. I had to turn the peas aside, out of the way of the rake on its return. I tried to rake, but I found that each time I tipped the rake I pulled the reins and the horse went out of the course.

By the time one field of peas was raked it was time to start harvesting. The wheat had been beaten down a great deal by the wind and was lying in every direction; besides this, the binder was somewhat ancient and would not work properly. Almost all through the harvest this binder proved a great source of trouble. As the sheaves were thrown out by the binder they had to be shocked, *i.e.*, stood up. There were a lot of thistles in the corn and my arms were scratched and sore before long; added to this, they were just starting to skin under the influence of the sun. Eventually we got two fields of wheat cut. Then came the carting. My hands still show the marks of that first morning's carting. I pitched up a load and, not being used to it, found it hard work. Then I loaded, and in taking a sheaf ran my hand on to the pitch-prong. Having carted this wheat and stacked it in the Dutch barn, we next turned to the bearded wheat. Shocking this was worse than shocking the ordinary wheat, because, besides the thistles, there was the beard, which stuck into your clothes and worked through, scratching you. There was a wasp's nest in the field, and the binder stopped just over it. You may imagine that for once the horses woke up. The corn near the nest was left, and after dark I helped to cut it down and tie it up. When the last of the field was being cut the dogs had six rats. They would catch a rat, and with a few snaps of their jaws kill it. There was a lot of sport to be had while the reaping and mowing were going on. As the last piece was being cut there were usually several rabbits. One morning in particular we had splendid sport; we accounted for two dozen rabbits that morning. I learnt that it was as well not to finish off a rabbit which has been shot in the neck. Twice I got my hands covered in blood through doing so. Several of the rabbits were cut by the machine; one or two were ready paunched. Beside the rabbits there were numbers of partridges and pheasants. However, these must not be touched, being game birds and the landlord's property. Although these birds are great pests to the farmers, whose crops they devour, the farmers receive no compensation.

One cannot stay on a farm without having a few adventures, which though unpleasant at the time, are distinctly amusing afterwards. Twice, while milking a certain cow, it kicked out; each time wasting a gallon of milk. Another time, a cow suddenly backed and almost sent me flying. Luckily, I managed to persuade it, none too gently, to get back before

it had spilt the milk. I soon learnt that when turning horses and cows from the stalls it was advisable to keep your feet clear. I found that a cart-horse was somewhat heavy and not to be hurried.

One day I seemed to be fated: it started in the morning, when I rode a hackney bare-back to the forge. I shall not attempt it absolutely bare-back again. By the time I returned I had not much skin left. Afterwards four of us rode two cart-horses to the fields. The pair on the other horse started to play about, and feeling myself slipping I tried to right myself, and instead pulled the other boy off with me. He got up again directly, and I sat up, but I remember nothing more for about an hour, although they tell me I worked quite as usual. After dinner we started to ride a cunning old donkey, who would gallop along, and then suddenly stop dead and put his head down. My share was a kick from the donkey.

One day I was getting down from a load of wheat; I stepped on to the horse's back and went to step on to the shaft; I stepped short and fell across the shaft instead. If the horse had not been very quiet I should probably have received a kick which would have broken my leg. One afternoon, I had just fastened up the cow next the bull, when he let out and kicked me on the leg. My last morning the bull had been fed before I littered him down, so that he would not attend to my requirements, and I had to use the stick pretty frequently before I could induce him to get out of my way. The same morning I was on top of a load of clover, the load was a high one and I failed to hold a pitch that the farmer held up to me. The result was that the clover fell down again on to him, and I heard sundry strange mutterings floating up from below.

Spare minutes were few, but occasionally we managed to go out ferretting in the evening. Unless rabbits are plentiful this is apt to be slow sport as the ferrets are often long under ground, However the house was usually fairly well supplied, and we had rabbit on the table every day of the week.



"D."

Verses discovered by W———— in the w.p. basket of Room 7.

[A most abject apology is apparently due to the poet Gray].
—ED.

The school-bell tolls the knell of pleasant play,
The moving crowd winds slowly up the stairs,
The Prefects gym-ward plod their weary way,
And all the school goes once again to prayers.

The breezy call of the electric bell,
The noisy twitt'ring from each diff'rent room
Is hush'd by some shrill clarion voice that well
Might rouse a slumbering corpse from out the tomb.

Hard by room three now smiling as in fun,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he *would* talk
Much to his neighbour, how in the bright sun
Nice it would be to take a pleasant walk.

That eve I missed him on the 'custom'd stair,
Into the Gym. I went and thence I saw
Through a small window into 9 and there
Seated in sad array were ten or more.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
There silently for 30 minutes they
Sit still in D. Ah, sad, but such is life;
This will befall if you *must* have your say.

Take hold! How worth your while it well may be
To Wade through wisdom which these learned Halls
Provide in such profusion. Cans't not see
The use of it? You know not what befalls.



Zeppelins!

Scene—A camp somewhere in the Eastern counties.
Officers' Quarters. Time—9.40 p.m.

A Captain and the Senior Subaltern share a hut, No. 5, and are lying on their camp-beds discussing the latest rumour. A gramophone is going in the next hut, No. 4. The weather is showery, and all the roads are wet and muddy. Between the huts and the officers' mess is a small pond. The battalion lines are beyond the mess, and to reach them it is necessary to go through a garden and orchard.

Gramophone—"List to me while I tell you
Of the Spaniard that ——"

Voice outside—"Stop the gramophone, Thomas! I think I hear the alarm."

Silence. A bugle in the distance can be heard faintly.

Captain—"That's the fire alarm. Come on, young feller."

The Captain and Senior Sub. get up, put on great-coats hurriedly, and grope their way across the road, through a farm-yard and into the garden. The Captain fouls the farm-yard pump, and the S.S., who insisted that the path was more to the right, encounters several tent-ropes. Officers are coming from all directions. Collisions are frequent, and the Adjutant's retriever gets his chain round the legs of a newly-joined Subaltern in a brand-new uniform, and upsets him over the dog-kennel. N.J.S. picks himself up ruefully. A brilliant flash lights up the whole scene. N.J.S. throws himself down on his stomach with great promptness, and is trodden on by the Acting-Transport Officer and others. Officers exeunt, all talking at once,

At Battalion Headquarters. The C.O. is walking quickly up and down outside the Orderly Room. The Adjutant is at the telephone. The fire piquet is falling in, and Companies are mustering on their alarm posts. Flashes like lightning appear in the sky at frequent intervals. A very junior Subaltern from another battalion comes up at the double.

V.J.S. (breathlessly)—"Where's your C.O.? Where's the Orderly Room? Why did you sound the alarm?"

Captain—"Don't shout, Sir, the Adjutant is engaged at present."

V.J.S.—"Well, Sir, Colonel X would like to know where the fire is, because the Zepps. are bombarding Harton."

Everybody waits. The men standing silent, the Officers talking in undertones. After about twenty minutes the order is given to dismiss. The men return to their huts and the Officers grope their way through the orchard. A belated Supernumerary Officer comes rushing along the narrow path and upsets the unfortunate newly joined Subaltern, who rolls in the mud once more

B.S.O. (excitedly)—"Where's A Company? I have been looking for A Company for half-an-hour."

N.J.S. (from the ground)—"You jolly well go on looking for A Company till morning, and then you can send me a cheque for a new kit; you've finished off this one."

The Captain and Senior Subaltern reach their hut. Captain turns in, but S.S. lies on his bed fully dressed expecting another alarm.

10.30 p.m. Officers now begin to return from the town, and there is a constant succession of taxi's coming up to mess entrance, and each one is mistaken for a Zeppelin, much to the annoyance of the Captain who is trying to get to sleep. At 11.30 S.S. gives up hope of any further excitement, and begins to undress.

11.40. An excited N.C.O. come along Officers' lines.

E.N.C.O.—"Put those — lights out! Lights out! Out with 'em! You'll get the whole — Camp blown up! There's a — Zepp. coming this way now."

S. S.—"Dash it! Just as I've got undressed."

Captain turns out, puts on gum boots and overcoat, and opens door. A flash-light close above, the noise of engines can be heard, and a Zepp. passes overhead, low down. At the end of the row of huts there stands a group of cavalry officers from the next lines. A junior infantry subaltern is just coming from his hut.

Voice from cavalry group—"These infantry blighters want to gets us all blown to bits. They ought to be cashiered!"

J. I. S. (in a deep voice)—"Gentlemen, why are you not on parade?"

Cavalry officers fade quietly away.

Officers come from huts, most of them in British warm, pyjamas, and pumps, and follow the Captain, who walks straight through the pond. Ejaculations from Officers, one of whom sits down. A search-light is sweeping the sky, and a machine-gun is tap-tapping close by.

At the Orderly-room—As before. The C.O. awaiting reports from the Adjutant, who is at the telephone. The men falling in, and Officers endeavouring to find their Companies in the dark. The Companies march out into the fields, where they line the hedges. Another Zepp. passes close by—everybody claims to have seen it—each man in a different direction.

12.15—Report from Harton that three Zepps. have passed over, going east.

Captain—Thank goodness! Now we *can* get to bed. Exeunt omnes.



Shopping in India.

(VOCABULARY APPENDED.)

Scene I.—The *Sudder Bazaar*. A stall, on the floor of which there sits a wily old native, displaying silks, works of brass, and Indian gew-gaws. Two *Territorials*, each flush with a week's salary, are contemplating his wares. A small black urchin, bent on procuring "baksheesh," is waving a fan over them, whilst another dusky youngster, equally desirous of getting pice, is trying to polish their not-very-dirty boots, and is oblivious of kicks.

Stall-keeper: "Buy something, sahibs! Plenty good i-silks, kashmir blouses, brass-work—cheap, very cheap to-day, sahibs!"

No. 1 *Territorial*: "Chuck us over those shawls, old skin-flint!" (examines one). "H'm, pretty stuff. How about this for the little gell in blighty?" (to other *Territorial*).

No. 2.—"Japanese silk, you duffer!" "Here, oily rag, I thought you told me you only sold Indian silk?"

S.-k.: "All Indian i-silk, sahib! All Indian i-silk!"

No. 2: "What, you black rascal! It's got 'Made in Japan' printed in the corner!"

S.-k.: "Ah, sahib, may be, sahib!" (takes back shawl with an air of great resignation and proffers a scarf). "Good i-silk here, sahib!—Indian i-silk, sahib!"

No. 1: "Kitna?"

S.-k.: "Ten rupees, sahib; very cheap; good i-scarf!"

No. 1: (Tone expressive of uttermost contempt) "Ten rupees? Go to blazes! Give you eight annas" (condescendingly).

No. 2: "Silly ass!—offer him six annas!"

S.-k.: "Ah, sahibs, me say fair price. Me not tell so high for that you say so low after! Buy something else, sahib. Nice brass-work, sahib—Kashmir, Benares. You buy some three, four things, me make bargain."

No. 1: "I've no doubt you would! Chuck us over that ugly one-eyed old elephant thing there" (indicating figure of Hindu god). "Give you two annas for it."

S.-k.: "Ho, ho, ho! He, he, he! Sahib, sahib! Ho, ho, ho!" (keeps this up for some time until he sees *Territorials* are getting annoyed). "Very old work, that. Hindu god, come from temple. Very i-sacred. One rupee eight annas, sahib; fair price."

No. 2: "Throw the blooming thing back! Let's have a dekho at those candlesticks with the snakes curled round them." (To diminutive boot-cleaning enthusiast): "Get out of it, sooty face!" (kicking him harder than usual).

Small boy: "'Ow, ow, ooo a, owhhh!" (runs off, but soon comes and demands pice).

No. 1: "Some of these vases are'nt half bad. I've a jolly good mind to buy a couple of them and a scarf as well. Going to get anything for the flapper, Joe?"

No. 2: "Dunno. Might go one or two rupees. Here, old oily bones, Kitna this lot—three handkerchiefs, two brass candlesticks, one vase, and a cigarette-case? None of your squirming hanky-panky, now!"

"S.-k.: "You be good customer, sahib. I say only nine rupees. May be then you come buy more things pee-chay."

No. 1: "Not worth more'n five Joe."

No. 2: "Give you four rupees eight annas—not a pice more!"

Stall-keeper resolutely refuses to accept diminution in price until at length Territorials show signs of going. He abates his price somewhat, and after several minutes of wrangling, during which period the boy with the fan receives a good sound cuff, and the boot-cleaning enthusiast a final and telling kick, the price is knocked down to four rupees ten annas two pice. Territorial No. 1 buys another lot for five rupees two annas. On their way back to the bungalow they contend as to who has made the greater bargain, each one being separately convinced that the palm should fall to him.

Scene II.—The following morning. Our friends of last night are looking over their purchases of the previous day, in the bungalow. No. 3 Territorial is watching them.

No. 3: "Been chucking the dibs away on Bazaar trash again? Never could persuade you to part with them when I had a thirst to quench."

No. 2: Close your face. When you know something about how to deal with natives you can do some chin-wagging!"

No. 3: "Ha, ha! Oh, there's Bhudloo, one of the Sergeants' bearers. Hi, Bhudloo, idder ou. Now then, ink-pot, you profess to know something about bazaar stuff; tell us how much all these things are worth" (indicating the purchases of No. 2).

Bhudloo (after much laborious reckoning): "Two rupees, sahib. But I may got cheaper."

No. 3: "Hullo, who's laughing now? The man who knows how to deal with natives?"

No. 1: "Ha, ha! Told you you were done, Joe!"

No. 2: (Slightly annoyed): "You get Bhudloo to price your trash, then, and you'll laugh the other side of your ugly clock!"

Bhudloo prices the "trash" and announces its total worth at one rupee twelve annas. Tremendous laughter from two out of the three Territorials, the other (No. 1) not feeling hilarious, but making a great resolution to "get his own back" on the stall-keeper, which, between you and me, he will never succeed in doing.

C. H. RAYNER, 5th Queen's.

Baksheesh }
Pice } = money.
Dibs }

I-silks.—The natives cannot pronounce our sibilant, and words beginning with an "s" they generally make sound as if there were an "i" in front.

Blighty = home (Soldier slang).

Kitna? = how much?

Dekko = look (Soldier slang).

Peechay = soon.

Idder on = come here.

Sudder Bazaar. Native bazaar, usually to be found by cantonments.



Our War Budget.

Mr. McKay writes from France:—"I came across here to join my battalion early in July. Just at that time there was rather a glut of reinforcements, and many intrenching battalions were formed out of a variety of units and drafts. To No. 4 I have been attached ever since, as my own battalion, having had no fighting has also had no casualties, so I have not been needed. I had the good fortune to be given a very fine platoon, 100 Glasgow Highlanders; they left us last week to join their own battalion. We have been digging a line of trenches

behind part of the line which had at that time just been taken over from the French. We have moved about, of course, but our work has always lain from two to four miles behind the actual Front. We had never been under fire till a week or two ago, but since then have several times come under our own anti-aircraft shrapnel, and had bullets, fragments, and whole cases whizzing down amongst us from a height of three to five thousand feet—many narrow escapes but no casualties as yet. However, real shelling, when it comes, will be much worse, so I hardly consider myself 'baptised' yet. We have seen Bosch planes shelled every day, but we are at present within half a mile of two 'Acrimonious Archibald' batteries, which explains why we now get the 'strafing' that the planes should get.

We, with you all, have rejoiced over the great news of last week, which we don't get, by the way, any sooner than you. We 'live and move and have our being' within sound of the guns, and when it becomes an incessant terrible thunder, as it has frequently of late, we are glad and relieved when definite news comes through of some result of it all.

I went up to ——— with my kilties last week, just behind one of the places where a push had taken place, and saw trucks and trucks of German prisoners, and eight of their guns, just brought in that morning."

C. H. Rayner writes from India, May 23rd :—"A month ago a draft of 160 of our regiment was shifted to Fyzabad to replace the battalion of 6th East Surrey's, which had gone to Rawal Pindi, and we shall probably remain here for a couple more months. I rather welcome the change; the temperature is a few degrees lower than that of Lucknow, owing to the proximity of the Gogra, a fine, healthy tributary of the Ganges. It is a very beautiful Station, possessing luxuriant vegetation and well laid-out gardens. Trees are plentiful, consisting chiefly of the mango and tamarind, and there are hordes of our predecessors to be found chewing nuts and seed-pods (and allaying irritation in the recognised manner), who inhabit the larger trees.

We have been through Fyzabad on a route march, and my general impression was that it is much cleaner than Lucknow. The streets are usually wider, the huts are not so condensed, and everywhere there are unmistakeable signs of the mehtar, or sweeper. There is a very fine building, known as the Begum's Tomb, in the town, which presents a most imposing and truly oriental appearance, with its massive cupolas and artistic minarets. I intend to pay the place a visit one day.

I have been to the river once or twice to fish, but have not succeeded in catching anything of more substantial dimensions than a prawn, which genus thrives by living on the partially-burned bodies thrown into the water from the ghats. There are several large fish in the river, however, and many crocodiles. In fact, Fyzabad is one of the most noted places in India for muggers.

It is a great sight to see the cattle crossing the river of an evening. They seem to huddle themselves right down into the water until just the bump of their buffalo-shaped heads appear. Then they slowly swim across the water, apparently very much enjoying the dip. Occasionally the journey across is broken by the intervention of a crocodile, but this is a mere incident of river-life which has to be taken in the day's work.

There are some very ancient Hindu temples close to the water's edge which have a very picturesque appearance. Cragg has already made one or two sketches, and I have started on one. The worst of it all is it is so deuced hot during the day to do much of this sort of work.

An old Grammarian, Blunden, lives here as Assistant Police Superintendent. We met him first at Barkhascha Camp, and there enrolled him as a Member of the Old Boys' Club. It is rather strange that Cragg and I should follow him to his Station at Fyzabad. We have paid him a visit two or three times, and the other day he refereed in an inter-platoon final football match of ours.

Of course, we are trying to do what we can in the way of sports. We play chiefly football, but recently our attention has been turned to hockey, as that game is the common one amongst most institutions and clubs in India. The police team gave us a good whacking in the hockey match we had with them a day or two ago, but we have been invited down to their practice ground of an evening, and shall probably soon get a ship-shape team. I am acting as the secretary of the detachment sports here, which helps to kill a little of the time that hangs so terribly.

Our parades are usually over by 8.15 a.m., and are almost continuous from reveillé at 5. It begins to get very hot by 9 o'clock. The rest of the day has to be passed somehow or other. Sleeping occupies a goodly portion of my time; reading, writing, and perhaps a little sketching while away a little more. At 4.30 p.m. I go to the plunge-bath and have a swim, provided the water has not just been let out, in which case the bath takes four or five days to fill again, owing to that time-honoured usage of well and oxen. Then I sometimes play tennis on the Ser-

geants' mud court, but my racquet is at present 'hors de combat' because I foolishly entrusted it to be doctored by a native.

The Sergeants' mess is quite a happy little family. We have a khansama who can actually cook food, and we possess also a nice airy mess-room and a dilapidated but still recognisable billiard-table with perquisites, besides an ancient piano that has not yet lost all its notes. Then there is the aforesaid tennis-court."

Again, on the 19th July, he writes:—"We are having beastly weather now. The rain came on for a few days, but, with the exception of a few intermittent storms, we have had most close and depressing weather for the last fortnight. The sun draws the dampness from the ground and the heat is thereby rendered very unbearable. One feels like a stewed eel.

Tuesday, 20th July.—I received batch of 'Punches' this morning and can see Cragg reading one of them at the present moment. I wonder how he'll like work after all this?

We have heard definitely from our C.O. that this Battalion is leaving Lucknow in October, and there seems to be but little doubt that it is for active service. I believe most of the Territorials out here will be relieved by men of the New Armies.

I am shortly going back to Lucknow in order to do a course of musketry with my Company, so that I have not put Fyzabad at the head of this letter. I shall regret leaving this place in spite of the damp heat. Cragg and I went to Blunden's place again the other day and whiled away a pleasant hour or so.

For this month I am caterer at the mess, and have to dispense drinks and smokes, superintend the khansama's work, and keep a watchful eye on bearers and other mess servants. I had only been two days in office when some blighter climbed on to our roof, removed some tiles and let himself down by means of a turban into the bar. All the spirits were removed and a box of cigars, whilst there were evident signs of an orgy on the steps outside. The culprits had the impudence to use our measurer and glasses. On the police being informed, who should step round but Blunden and his native satellites! Our No. 2 bearer was arrested because his footprints exactly corresponded with the prints found on the roof. He was tried a day or two ago before the cantonment magistrate, who had evidently made up his mind to convict the man on the footprint evidence alone. I went as a witness, whilst Cragg attended Court for the purpose of being initiated into the mysteries of Eastern law. The bearer got three months, and was conducted away from the Court-house, tied up with numerous ropes, chains and shackles,

and led by several policemen. Outside, his relatives were expressing their grief in the usual native manner whilst his pleader was explaining to a crowd of regimental servants, who had evidently been subscribers towards his fee in the case, how the bearer was not found innocent.

Wednesday, 21st.—Thank goodness, we had a heavy storm yesterday, which has made things cooler for a time. I have bought a ripping little terrier, and take him out for walks occasionally down to the river.

July, 1915.

The Editor,
"The Pilgrim."

Driver 3413, B Section,
4th Motor Ambulance Convoy,
General Headquarters,
British Expeditionary Force, France.

Dear Sir,

I was very pleased to receive "The Pilgrim" and read the very interesting articles, and those dealing with the past members of the old School were of special interest. On this Convoy and in this Section there are two old boys of R.G.S. beside myself—Cuffe and King—so that the old School is very well represented here.

Our Convoy here is composed of about 50 cars, divided into three Sections, and each car has two drivers. Our duties consist of removing the wounded from the advanced dressing-stations to the casualty clearing-stations, and from there to clearing-hospitals, or to the trains. In normal times the dressing-stations are cleared in the early morning, but when we are busy we go up at all times of day and night.

The night work is very exciting, as of course all lights are out, and very often the roads are crowded with troops going up to the trenches or coming out, and the only lights we have, other than the stars, are the lights from the star-shells or the gun-flashes.

The roads are in a terrible condition, being paved with large stones in the centre, or pavé, and the remainder at each side being dust or mud, according to the weather, but the whole of the road surface is covered with large holes, and the usual speed for loaded ambulances, with stretcher cases, is about four to six miles per hour.

It is surprising how one gets used to the sound of the gun-fire; and watching the shelling of aeroplanes is very exciting. A few weeks ago an unexploded shell, fired at an aeroplane,

came down just by our tent and buried itself in the ground before exploding. I think practically every piece was dug up as a "souvenir."

We live in bivouacs, made of blankets or ground-sheets fixed up on hop-poles, and any furniture must be home-made, of course, from any wooden box which is found lying about without an owner. Our tent at present boasts three tables and one chair, four-gallon petrol tins, stood on end, making up for the lack of chairs.

I keep the list of old boys and their battalions by me, so that I can keep a look out for them, but I sincerely hope I shall not meet any of them in my official capacity.

Well, I must close now, as it is nearly "lights-out," and I must see what is in the larder before turning in.

So, with best wishes to all my friends at Reigate,

I remain, yours sincerely,

LAURENCE KENNARD.



Life on a Windjammer—(continued).

But for all the bad food, and the equally bad cooking, there is practically no illness aboard, and the majority of sailors are fine, big, healthy men. For my part, it has kept me in perfect health, and I am now the tallest of a family of eight, and I can eat anything, can sleep anywhere, and hold my own in a "rough house." Whilst at sea we rig up primitive gymnastic apparatus in the mizzen rigging, and there is usually a set of boxing gloves in the half-deck. "Might is right" at sea, and the fellow who cannot stand up for himself gets a rough time. I don't mean to say he is bullied, but the best man with the gloves usually "rules the roost." Well, to proceed with the voyage. We got farther and farther down into the cold regions, and as it was summer south of the Line (December) in the latitude of the Horn, we only had about four hours of darkness at night. That was a great blessing, as one of the things we hate most is taking in sail in the dark, when we cannot see anything in front of us, and all the ropes seem to get foul of one another. Though it was summer at the Horn, the weather was as cold and boisterous as an English winter. We got down to the Horn in 58 days from Portland, but when we expected to sight the Cape the weather thickened, and it came on to blow from the west. As usual, all hands were called out on deck, and we shortened her down to the six topsails and foresail. We were running with the sea, and

very often the ship would settle down into a trough of the sea and another big one would run along her sides until it got amidships, and then it would sweep aboard on both sides at once, and woe betide anyone who happened to be underneath it when it hit the deck. Before we had finished shortening sail we were all wet through and more or less cut and bruised by being washed about by the seas. By the time the wind dropped again we were round the Horn, and we sighed with relief to think we had got round with only one gale, and that not a heavy one. During the summer time, down in those latitudes, we have to keep a sharp look-out for ice-bergs, as in the summer large masses of ice break away from the ice-fields and drift north, and are a danger to the shipping. Luckily, we only saw one ice-berg, and that at a good distance.

Two days after rounding Cape Horn we celebrated Christmas. The Captain opened out a little and gave us boys an egg-omelette each and some currant-bread (generous old chap!) For dinner we had the usual Sunday's dinner, but in the half-deck we were well off, as we had a six-pound plum-pudding, which was given us in Portland, so we did not do so badly. I can't say that I spent a very merry Christmas, as most of the day I was comparing the present one with the one I had at home the previous year. We sat and talked of the Christmases we had had before, and of the fine dinners people ashore were disposing of on that day, until we had to tighten up our belts to convince ourselves that we were not hungry. But I don't think that ruse succeeded. It was a lovely bright day and the sun was quite warm when one was out of the way of the wind, which was blowing from the ice and very cold. For several watches I had not been able to sleep as I was so cold; so, as the sun was warm on Christmas Day, I put my blankets out in the sun, and when my watch below came at 12 o'clock (noon) and my dinner was finished, I rolled myself up in the warm blankets and dreamt of home and Christmas dinners.

After that the weather got a little better, but before we got out of the "roaring forties" we had several uneventful gales. Then came the New Year. We celebrated the passing of the Old Year and the birth of the New by a battle with the elements. When eight-bells (midnight) was struck we were going aloft to furl several of the sails, as the wind was rising, the rain was pouring down, and a terrific thunderstorm was raging above us. The lightning was playing all up and down the steel masts and yards, and that was the only light we had to see what we were doing. The man on the look-out put all his weight behind the bell lanyard and added a little more to the din and the passing of the Old Year.

A day or two before, we were up aloft, making the royals fast, when we sighted another ship ahead of us. We soon overhauled her, and when she saw that we were overhauling her, she set her royals. But that did not prevent us from catching her. Early next morning we signalled her with the International Code flags, and she turned out to be the "Acme," an American sailing ship, 86 days out from Tacoma (just north of Portland, Oregon) to New York. We soon left her behind. All ships, when they are homeward-bound, start cleaning and painting all over the ship in the South Atlantic, and generally making her look smart by the time they arrive home. So, as soon as we were out of the "forties," we started scrubbing all the teak-wood, and there is a large amount on a sailing ship. The teak-wood is first rubbed over with soda solution to soften the varnish, and then it is scrubbed with sand, water and canvas until it is spotless. After that was done, all the rusty parts of the paint-work had to be scrubbed, and that was a tiresome job, as there was plenty of it. We had to use caustic for that and it burned our finger-nails right off, and it was two months before they grew to their normal size again.

On Jan. 7th we were off the River Plate. A fairly heavy gale rose from the westward. At mid-day all hands were squaring the main-yard, and that meant hauling on ropes in the middle of the ship. We were nearly finished, when an enormous wave came sweeping over the rail. Half-a-dozen men, including myself, were on the tail-end of the rope, and before we had time to catch anything we were picked up by the sea and thrown right across the deck, which is 40 feet wide in that part. I went across standing on my head, and my face managed to hit every obstacle on the way across. I found myself in the leescuppers, under water, mixed up with sundry legs, arms, and bodies of the other men, with my head battered and bleeding. The sailors were overhauling their vocabulary of swear-words, and letting them out as fast as they could. No one was seriously hurt, but it was a surprise to me. It was my watch on deck from twelve to four in the afternoon. About four bells (two p.m.) we noticed that all the clouds to the westward were clearing away at an enormous speed. Our Captain knew what that meant, so he called all hands out to furl the topsails. Then the Pampero struck us. My word, it did blow! By that time the sea was mountains high, and the decks were full up with water all the time, and as our oilskins would not keep the water out we threw them off and went about in a shirt and trousers. The water was not very cold, so we were not very uncomfortable. When the sails were ready for furling, we were divided up into three gangs; one gang for each mast. We laid aloft and got on the topsail

yards. But we could not make the sails fast because the wind was blowing the sails out as tight as a board, so we had to wait for a lull in the wind. On the main topsail-yard a man was caught by the belly of the sail and blown off the yard. He grabbed at an apprentice who was next to him and caught him round the neck. Luckily the boy had a good hold on the jackstay (an iron bar running along the yard to which the sail is made fast, or, as we call it, bent) and he managed to hold the man until he could get hold of something. It was a narrow escape for both of them, because if the apprentice had not got a good hold they both might have been dashed to the deck, 70 feet below. After about half-an-hour on the yard, the wind lulled for about half-a-minute, but it was time enough for us to get in all the slack of the sail, and so keep the wind out. It came on to blow harder than ever in less than a minute, but we had got the sails fast.

Later in the afternoon, I was on the side of the ship clearing up ropes which were getting washed around by the water. I was standing up to my armpits in water when she shipped a heavy sea, which lifted me off my feet and washed me overboard. But before I was clear of the rail I managed to grab a rope's end which was hanging over the side, and I hung on there until another big sea swept aboard and took me with it. If that rope had not been there I should have been drowned, as the sea was running too high for one of our boats to be launched. About 5 o'clock in the evening an enormous sea came aboard over the fore-end of the poop and smashed our only good lifeboat to atoms. But what seemed worse to us was the sea which swept over our room, forced open our skylight, and poured in all over our tea which we had just got from the galley. That sea did a good bit of damage on the whole: washed away our lifebelt box from the bridge, took off all the bridge-rails, lifted up ladders and skids, and bent and twisted iron bars as if they were putty. No one can imagine what force a sea has until he has been underneath a solid sea just dropping on deck. It flattens one down to the deck and seems to pull at the body from every direction. Woe betide the man who has not got a hold on anything. He stands a chance of getting battered out of recognition.

The only other boat we had to depend on in any emergency was a long boat which had been aboard the ship so long that it was rotten. There were no air tanks in it like there were in the other boat, so it would not have lived long in a big sea with 30 men in it. Boats fitted with the air tanks can keep afloat when full of water. The gale did not last much longer, and we soon ran into fine weather.

To be continued.

House Notes.

DOODS.

House Master, MR. HOWARTH.

Number of Boys in the House, thirty-one.

Since its formation this House has not enjoyed a much better outlook than the present. We are not troubled by deficiency in numbers as we once were. Despite its non-success for the first-eleven Football Cup the House has not a bad record. We have held the Work Cup ever since it was presented by Mr. Calistri; we have had the Cricket Cup and the second-eleven Football. The first-eleven Football Cup is the only one we have not yet captured. This year our team is as good as ever, and we may hope to come near it. It is true that we have lost our first match, but the team should improve greatly as time goes on. Burtenshaw's spectacular but useful head-work in front of goal will be missed, as also will Marsh's tenacity at half-back. The loss of Marsh and the necessity of placing Jeal back have weakened our half-back line, and there seem to be no promising half-backs from the second-eleven. The second-eleven, notwithstanding the absence of its goal-keeper, won its first match. Although the attack was irregular and showed little or no combination, it proved to be a match for the opposing defence. It is to be hoped that the second-eleven will continue as it has commenced, and once again obtain the Cup with a clean sheet.

Now then, Doods, let us retain our possession of the Work Cup!

E. P. T.

PRIORY.

We start this School year with the courage of numbers—at last we have touched the thirty mark—so I think we shall be able to turn out more than six men for a second-eleven. We are fortunate this year in having several of last year's first-eleven left, and among new-comers we must welcome Sewell as a very useful re-inforcement. I am not going to indulge in hopes and prophecies for the future, but I think, as we have beaten a strong team like Doods, and although we lost to Redstone, we should render some account of ourselves. With regard to the second-eleven, it has not appeared yet, even on paper, so I cannot say what it will be like. Let us hope it will be a little better than last year's second-eleven.

REDSTONE.

We have this term to regret the departure of our worthy House-master, Mr. Calistri, who has enlisted in the Army Ordnance Corps. We wish him the best of good luck. No doubt we shall miss him, for he was very keen on the House.

We may console ourselves, however, with the fact that our new House-master, Mr. Eade, is also very keen and energetic. Under the old eight-house system, the last year that it was in force, the final for the Football Cup was between Mr. Calistri's House and Mr. Eade's House. We may take this as a good omen, and, further, we must shew ourselves worthy of both our old and new House-masters.

At present our numbers are lower than usual, but we must make up for this loss in members by a gain in individual keenness. So far this has not been particularly evident. Our first House match of this season, our second-eleven versus Wray second-eleven, we lost hopelessly by 1—15 goals. *This was mostly due to the slackness of some of the Junior boys in not turning out when put down to play.*

On October 9th, the first-eleven played Priory first-eleven, and greatly to everyone's surprise (especially Priory's) we won 4—0. Our first-eleven may have a chance of getting the House Football Cup, but the second-eleven must buck up if we are to do any good in the competition for the Cup.

Boys might shew a little more keenness also in turning up to cheer on the House when either of the teams are playing. Of course some boys live a long way off, but those who possibly can do so should turn up to watch the games.

In the Work Cup last year Redstone was second on the list, whilst in cricket and football we carried off all the Cups.

In the Sports we did not do as well as we might have done, as some boys only entered after much moral (and otherwise) persuasion.

Now, Redstone, we have had both Football Cups for the last two seasons, let us keep them. Do not let us have any more slackness in "*The House.*"

T. S.

 WRAY.

This term the number of boys in Wray House has decreased, but not by a large margin. Without being too optimistic, I should think that both first and second-eleven teams will have a moderately successful football season, and this only if *all* boys who are put down to play turn up at the matches. Mainly on account of this Wray House lost several matches last season, thereby losing all chance of winning the Old Boys' Cup.

The House first-eleven has not at present played any matches, but the second-eleven has already played two, against Redstone and Doods, winning the first by the substantial margin of 16 goals to 1, and losing the latter by 4 goals against 3.

Although the teams will be rather small in size I hope that what they lack in size they will make up for in smartness and keenness.

The House is to be congratulated on being top of the Athletic Sports, but I am sorry to say that many of the boys did not enter for a single event, thereby throwing more responsibility on the shoulders of those who did.

At cricket the House was not so successful, as it lost several of the matches played, although the scores were distinctly better than they were in the preceding season.

Now, "Buck up, Wray!" and show that the House is still capable of doing great things, which is only to be done by having a high standard of keenness and smartness throughout the House.



Form Notes.

UPPER SIXTH.

When we assembled at the beginning of the term we numbered ten, including one half-time man, whose bi-weekly visits are much appreciated. However, later on, we found that the recent importation from a more western portion of the County was to be thrust upon us. He came with a great reputation and has lived up to it to his utmost. If any small infant in the Lower School requires an excuse for anything, he is sure to get a suitable one on application to S-w-ll.

Certain inhabitants of Room 8 have passed their holidays in more or less strenuous exertions. Intervals between work have been enlivened by long discussions between T-rn-r and N-or-s as to the best method of treating mangold-wurzles for chill on the liver, etc., and also by heated arguments as to who could milk most cows per minute. T-rn-r says he can manage five.

The first few days of the term were whiled away by quiet games of "nap" and "auction," and by exceedingly graphic yarns from the three military members. We understand that some of these are reproduced in another portion of this number, but not all. The Censor has been at work.

The School Library is much indebted to Mr. Spence, sen., for the excellent catalogues which he has compiled. Therefore we take the opportunity of thanking him most heartily for them.

W-th-rf-ld, Solomon's brother-in-arms, says that "The Lady of Shalot" was written by Milton.

Charlwood has decided to write a book entitled "Defaulters, and how to dodge it, by one who knows."

We wonder why W-th-rf-ld had such a large supply of walnuts one day, and whether hair-oil has suddenly become cheaper lately, for J-rd-n appeared one morning with an entirely new coiffure, which necessitated a liberal application of the greasy substance.

Rumours have been spread that Sp-ne- has been burning the midnight oil whilst juggling with the Pound accounts. Owing to the carelessness of certain youthful individuals the work in this department has been increased so as to render it necessary to make four more prefects.

Someone has enquired whether the more striking persuasions, as exercised by Havinden, are to be revived, but it has not yet been decided.

Cl-yt-n says that he likes Calculus very much, for, if a problem does not come out, you can D-it.

C. E. C.

J. H. C.

LOWER SIXTH.

Motto: *A Little Lower than the Angels.*

This year the Lower Sixth has received a tremendous lift, owing to the entry of last year's Fifth Form en block (head). Among the many intellectual members is included T-bb- S-aw, who has lately been transformed into a domestic servant.

Other Forms, please note, for we allow him to be hired at the rate of 6d. per hour. Soap must be supplied.

Sp-ar-ng iii. and Blunden having successfully overcome the difficulties of the "Language of Kultur," have resorted to their favourite study of the "Language of diplomacy."

La livre means the hare.—Spe-r-ng iii.

Les mœurs means the walls.—"The Kitchenmaid."

There is a shortage of whoppers this term, probably because we have all settled down to work seriously.

In the Form there are five members of the first XI., and six members of the second XI. All but two are in the Corps, and of these two one is "medically unfit." Of the rest, five are N.C.O's.

Reports are to hand that the late Fifth Form Master has not been so well lately. No wonder! He misses the cheery and enlightening presence of the "Fighting Fifth."

By the way, Mr. Jones wished to be remembered to the aforesaid Fifth Form.

Owing to Mr. Calistri's departure, the cheeks of some of the smaller boys (and, sad to tell, some of the larger ones) are becoming flabby and delicate.

Is there no other Master to officiate pro. tem.?

Wanted, a few respirators! Must be cheap and reliable.

C. A. RISBRIDGER.

W. A. BENNETT.

FORM V.

MOTTO: *Labor omnia vincit.*

The Form boasts of 21 members, all good men. We started the term with 22 members, but we have since lost our dearly beloved William Trevelyan Curtis, he with the double-bass voice, who departed this (school) life at half-term. We Bow-den (down) our heads with sorrytude. We are a form of geniuses (who's that said "Bosh"?) "Holt thy peace." We have it on good authority that we have learnt everything about maths. 300 times.

We congratulate last year's Fifth on their great amount of intellect. We were informed that they were nearly as brainy as the present Fifth.

We have been hearing much about the work of Spences I., II. and IV., but even Solomon Moses, in all his glory, could not work like one of these (we can't help having a joke at his *exspence*).

H-m--nd has greatly obliged us by giving us the name of a new god of the Indians, i.e., the Messiah.

We would advise H-sb-nds to take a longer route to school at his usual pace, for, according to his own calculations, he would get here in less time.

One day, we noticed a certain master trying to kick away the steps leading from our form-room. We might advise him that if he took his objections to the steps to the right quarter, the matter might be looked into.

We think it might be better if H-sb-nds did not think his own thoughts aloud, f'instance, he was asked to give instance when a hyperbole (pron. hiper bowl by Holt) is used. *He* told us that he ate like a horse. Whoever *he* was, we are very much ashamed of him.

Was F-r-m-n thinking of possible air raids when he smeared the form-room window.

A miserable youth in Form V.,
Although distinctly alive,
Was always away
On that very day
When to learn something new they did strive.

They being last year's fifth.

R. D. GARTON,
R. H. REEVES.

FORM IVA.

MOTTO: *Successus laborem sequitur.*

We began the term well; but after a week or two B-r-er began to feel the effects of over-work and was obliged to take a holiday. Up to the present he has not returned.

Bi-l-ke, B-r-t-n, C-lt-n, F-w-l-r and W-k-f-e-d are our new comers, *all full of work* and promising a good harvest.

One morning, Professor Cr-wd-on was seen entering Room 2 with a large black mark over his right eye. Of course he was asked how it got there. "Oh! I was only trying to discover a new cure for headache." "What was this cure?" "Only caustic soda." (It cures headache instantly.)

T-l-l-y, the Frenchman, was asked the meaning of vache. "Please Sir, it means the femine of cow" (laughter).

Scene, Room 2. Geometry period.

Master, to J-m-s (our noted mathematician), "What does 90×12 equal?" "180, Sir." Master, "What!" "N-o-o-o, Sir, 1,800."

We suppose everyone knows Bi-l-ke, our walking encyclopædia and Form swot, who manages to nearly finish an equation in a period.

E-m-n-s is now our Form artist, and delights in drawing Charlie Chaplin.

Some of the Form keep insisting that German is a better language than Latin. One in particular insists upon this, perhaps, because he is going to visit the Kaiser.

Tr-w-ll is not, as might be expected, the Form bricklayer, but the Form printer.

H-w-s, we find, has been to Professor H--t's lab trying to invent a new explosive, but has had to Holt (halt).

One of our smartest was asked: "What kind of animal is the Hindu, and from what part of America does it come?" "It is not an animal, it comes from Africa," was his reply.

ALBERT E. MANNING,
W. KERR.

FORM IVB.

Motto: *Nulli Secundus.*

Once again we returned to School, and we found it untouched by the Zepps. A most remarkable form is to be found in Room 4.

We returned, also, to find that Mr. Jones and Mr. Calistri have responded to their Country's call, and we wish them a good time and good luck. We wonder if Mr. Calistri has opened a canteen in his Battalion for the sale of "hot cakes." He ought to have a big sale now the winter weather is coming on.

One of our Masters, perhaps Mr. L—b, told us our complexions were getting very pale, and being of a gentle disposition, he began to practise, with remarkable effects, on two unlucky fellows.

One of our select body was told that he had a "book full of pages torn out." The same youth rashly confided to us that he was not celibate." Shocking bad form!

R—ves is evidently of a remarkable business family, for he can buy a cow for 15s.

H-w-ll (the horticulturist) told us that "Lambert Simnel was made a kitchen-maid in Henry VII.'s kitchen." Another imposture! This same enterprising youth one morning had 30 minutes in the Upper Room given him by Mr. Abbey. The next afternoon he asked Mr. Abbey if he was taking "D," and when asked for a reason, he told Mr. Abbey that he was not going in if he did not. He also puts c.cs. into a bottle, and divides water by methylated spirits. We have heard of milk + water but not methylated spirits ÷ by water.

Information wanted:—

Why does Mr. Ab-y always choose love tales for French and English literature?—[Mr. Abbey was not responsible; look elsewhere.—ED]

Did Cr-ps have a midnight carousal in honour of being made a Prefect?

Can anybody persuade a member of our Form that soap has not risen in price?

G. F. CHAPPLE.
C. LANAWAY.