

THE PILGRIM.



The Magazine of Reigate Grammar School



Pilgrim's Way

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Editorial.

This number is very late in appearing, and excuse for the delay must be found largely in the press of work which came upon the Masters at the middle of the term.

An inspection of the School is a sufficiently disturbing function at any time, but when it is inflicted upon us in War time, with half the usual staff and many masters taking classes in work to which they are not accustomed, it is a most unusual burden.

However, we believe the Inspector arrived at the conclusion that the remaining masters of the original staff are all overworked. No doubt boys will wonder if such an opinion was expressed in regard to them, but we are afraid there is no hope of relief for them.

Mr. Wade left us in December to work with the troops, and we trust that he is doing greater national service at the present crisis than he would be doing here. There can be no doubt that its results will be sooner realised, and that in itself justifies him in undertaking it. The Corps has been left in the capable hands of Mr. Eade, and we hope that all boys will realise how valuable the work of the O.T.C. has been.

The nation can only become better and more qualified to take a leading place in the world in proportion as it shows capacity for self-sacrifice, devotion to its duty and to its ideals of government, and a proper appreciation of the State in the fact that service to protect the State is the protection of the Commonwealth on the whole. One reason that this great war has come about is that an increasing number of people in this country, lulled and bribed by politicians, have lost sight of the fact that, unless we can defend ourselves, we shall have no benefits, no social welfare, no prosperity, no freedom to guard. The opinion has been gradually growing and has been encouraged by dishonest people that, by saying war was immoral and by professing ourselves so righteous that we were unwilling to fight, we could shut our eyes to the danger of attack, and that argument and legal quibbles would ward it off. These ideas so encouraged Germany that she almost openly and gleefully thus prepared the present war. She despises our selfish population as being incapable of self-sacrifice for the community, and therefore as being unworthy to enjoy the vast responsibility of holding our Colonies, of educating native races, and of taking a leading place in the world at all.

Englishmen ought to realise that the brunt of the fighting and all the danger and sacrifices have fallen on France and on Belgium. Our very lives have been guarded by the principle of national service in France, and those despicable people who are opposed to national military service in this country are sheltering behind the skirts of our brave neighbours across the channel. Our tiny army, although brave and efficient, was a mere drop in the ocean of the contending forces, in fact almost a negligible quantity. We shall be open in future to the contempt of the whole world, Allies and enemies, if we do not adopt some form of universal training for military service.

We can offer our heartfelt thanks to Providence that, largely under the influence of that far-sighted noble patriot, Lord Roberts, the Public Schools have shown that there is a reservoir of sound, self-sacrificing feeling in the youth of the nation. The O.T.C. has quietly and on the whole efficiently been doing an excellent patriotic work and, without perhaps leavening the whole lump, has been of incalculable service in the present crisis.

In a school like this we have not many opportunities of showing self-sacrifice and patriotism and the Corps provides by far the chief of them. Every boy who joins, and in so doing gives up his spare time to the training involved, can feel a glow of pride in the knowledge that he is really showing himself a worthy citizen of his country. We none of us feel that to be a Cadet in the Corps makes us bloodthirsty or anxious to fight. But it does make us confident that we can resist cowardly assault or aggression from without, and defend our ideals of liberty and right which we believe to be the best in the world. It even prepares us to defend those ignoble people who would hamper our efforts to make ourselves efficient and would profit by our sacrifices, and live secure hiding behind our backs.

A few weeks ago we discovered that the Corps was seriously in debt. We held the opinion that it was an important national work which ought to be maintained at all costs, and decided to issue an appeal for funds. A letter signed by Sir B. V. S. Brodie, Mr. Orme and Mr. Eade, was drafted and sent out to a large number of people in the neighbourhood. The response was so generous as to be almost overwhelming, and we hope to publish in our next issue the full results and formally to thank all those who contributed.

We think however that there must be many Old Boys who now—if they did not before—know the great value of the Corps to the School and who would like to contribute a few shillings to help it. Gifts from them would be really appreciated and gratefully acknowledged.

We were all delighted that our football team again reached the Final of the Surrey Cup. Their misfortunes are related in another place, and with all this we were within an ace of

victory. We have seen some bad grounds, but the Sutton ground on "The Day" was the very worst in our experience. It entirely neutralised all skill, and, in addition, every other agency connected with the game was against us. However, we could entirely congratulate ourselves on the sportsmanlike behaviour of our team and its supporters, which was the pleasantest and most comforting feature of the match.



School Notes.

[We are delighted to have so much more frequently among us the Chairman of the Governors, Sir Benjamin Brodie, who has taken a commission in the Corps. We have always been fortunate in his sympathy and interest, but we now feel that, if possible, he is more "one of us" than ever.

We also welcome Mr. Rundall to take our History. A sportsman, a ripe scholar, a vigorous teacher and ex-Head Master, we are lucky to have the benefit of "sitting at his feet." The Editor can remember seeing him in command of the Marlborough College Volunteer Corps in the year 1891. Mr. Rundall did great service to the military movement in the Schools.

Miss Nicholson also is giving most valuable help by taking some of our German. Reigate has known her family for many years, but she probably now gets in touch with almost a wider circle than ever before.

We have had a longer visitation of snow than usual this term, and many fierce battles were fought in the playground and—whisper it—probably a few old scores paid off. Some incautious individual left an overcoat near the "Fort," and two doughty members of the 1st Form, being let loose at 3, seized the opportunity of burying it. It would have probably been discovered a sodden relic ten days later, had it not been rescued by authority.

There was once a small boy in Quebec,
Stood buried in snow to his neck,
When asked: "Are you friz?"
He said: "Yes, I is,
But we don't call this cold in Quebec."

KIPLING.

Mr. Calistri has gone to France. An official post card with all lines crossed out except "I am quite" well has been received. Even the "letter follows immediately" was erased, so he seems to have disappeared from view for the present. Mr. Jones wrote last from Alexandria, which he seemed to appreciate after Gallipoli. By the way—certain boys seemed to have been very curious as to his correct behaviour, in saluting, standing to attention, etc., when he met Lieut. Lillywhite. History is silent as to such details.

The following dates are settled provisionally :—

Lent Term ends	April 12
Summer Term begins	May 3
Whitsun Monday	June 12
London University Examinations	June 26
Sports	July 20
Summer Term ends	July 26
Michaelmas Term begins	Sept. 15
Half-Term	Nov. 6
Michaelmas Term ends	Dec. 21



Valete.

C. Spearing, Garton, Hammond, Jeal, Norris, Manning, Neeffs i., Neeffs ii., Cowan, Mulder, Barber, Parker, Graham.



Salvete.

Calver, Colgate, Raine, G. D., Raine, G. E., Mockett, Owden, Whitaker, Gallie, Knight, B.C.G., Sissons, R., Watts, Page, Calvert.



Football.

A retrospect over last term will occasion mixed feelings in most of us. On the one hand, there can be no doubt that we had (and have, in spite of the loss to be referred to presently) the strongest team the School has had for many years, which accomplished several fine performances, and, more important still, played always like a team of thorough sportsmen. On the other hand, we have not done all that we ought to have done. Making full allowance for wretched luck, of which we have had more than our share, as will presently appear, still we have failed

to accomplish all we should have done. In particular, we failed to bring back that Cup from Sutton, where, making any allowance possible for our misfortunes, we ought still to have been successful. The fact is that the team has shown one weakness, and one only, but this a most important one. They have not been able to play well, or even moderately, on a soddened ground. This will appear more particularly from the brief summary of matches which follows. It is a weak spot in the armour of any team, more especially as the English climate is what it is, and it should be remedied.

A word as to our misfortunes, though, as we have said, we do not feel that they are sufficient excuse for our failures. The first, and greatest, undoubtedly lost us the Cup. Our Captain and goalkeeper, Spearing, C., left us at a day or two's notice. We could not expect to have a reserve goalkeeper of his class, but it happened that we had no goalkeeper at all of sufficient class, except perhaps Bigg, who was however too small, and of course Farrington, but he was wanted at full back. However, we pressed Spearing K. into the service and practised him hard: he improved, did quite well in one or two matches, and we hoped for the best. But *half-an-hour* before the start for Sutton on the day of the Final he was taken suddenly, violently, and inexplicably ill, and we had to pick up the best man we could—and Bigg was not available, having just gone off on his bicycle! Still we found Reeves R., and he wasn't absolutely new to the game, so we put him in. He saved some very good shots too, especially in the second half, but he was painfully nervous (naturally enough) and would undoubtedly have saved one if not both of the shots which beat him had it not been for this nervousness.

Thus two pieces of ill-luck, both concerned with goal-keeping. The remaining misfortune, or rather misfortunes, for there were two of them, concerned the ground at Sutton on which the Final was played. It was in wretched condition—we do not believe there were more than three blades of grass on its whole surface—and so was against our team anyhow, but, to cap this, the Richmond team who opposed us had played there before, knew what to expect, and, so they told us, had had their boots specially prepared for the occasion. Thus the tale of our misfortunes: but, as we have said, we don't advance this as sufficient excuse, nor do we regard them as such.

CHARACTERS OF THE TEAM.

* C. E. SPEARING (captain). He was, of course, a great tower (in more ways than one) of strength to us until he left. Not over quick, he nevertheless had unerring judgment and always seemed just quick enough. He fielded well and kicked exceptionally so. His loss, as has been said, was well-nigh irreparable.

* E. C. HAYLLAR (vice-captain) centre-forward. This player showed that he had lost none of his old dash and pushfulness. He also set (as he has often done before) an example in keenness by turning out (against Guildford) when playing was very painful to him owing to a stiff neck. At times he has seemed overshadowed by the brilliancy of Risbridger, whom by the way he has fed most assiduously, but the fact has been that brilliant as the latter has seemed, he could do but little (comparatively) without Hayllar, as he would be the first to admit.

K. A. SPEARING, goal. Has practised hard and as we have already said has done quite well when he has played. Should do brilliantly next season.

E. W. FARRINGTON, right back. Tackles and kicks well and uses his pace with advantage. At times he tends to get a little flustered when pressed, but is improving in this respect. Is young and should prove a tower of strength next year.

* S. C. CHARLWOOD, left back, is as quietly sound as ever. We suppose he misses kick sometimes, but we have not seen him do it this season. He has always been most useful, and we should have been very badly off without him.

T. SPENCE, right half. It will be remembered that in last term's notes we referred to the possibility of our head prefect getting a place in the team, and to the general approval such an eventuality would awaken. It has now become an accomplished fact; and except for his lack of pace Spence would be as useful a half as we ever had. As it is, he is well worth his place in an excellent team.

* F. B. SEWELL, centre-half. This player has undoubtedly proved a "find." He has an excellent knowledge of the game, and applies it extremely well. He is always where his presence is most needed, and he feeds his forwards excellently. He has thoroughly earned the colours which were given him before the cup final.

F. R. WETHERFIELD, left-half. The eleventh man. He is a very vigorous, bustling player of untiring energy. It was on these excellent characteristics that he was finally chosen. As to his faults, he is not always safe, and tends to kick wildly. It is, however, interesting to note that he has improved very much in these respects.

F. M. BLUNDEN, outside right. Owing to uncertainty as to his availability, this player was not put in at the beginning of the season. When, however, he was included, he showed himself a worthy member of an extremely good forward line. He is very fast, and centres and shoots in a manner which is little short of dazzling. In the cup final he was easily the best forward on the field.

C. W. E. BISHOP, inside right, is an unobtrusive but most useful member of the team. He is very tricky (unpleasantly too much so with his hands just occasionally: he must be got out of this), and passes excellently. Both Blunden and Hayllar

are helped very much by his deft touches. He is a good shot, but does not shoot often enough, nor hard enough.

* C. A. RISBRIDGER, inside left, has at last justified us in our selection of him during our first week at the school as a coming footballer of mark. He has shown himself thrustful, speedy, and thoroughly brilliant. There is no doubt that he has appeared to be the best forward we have; but he would be the first to acknowledge how great has been his debt to Hayllar. He has scored more than half our goals: we have lost our notes, which contained a record of the exact number.

S. E. NORRIS, outside left, has been something of a discovery. It had always been known that he could play fairly good football, but none could have anticipated that in good company he would have come out as he did. On two occasions he has been the best forward on the field, and always his combination with Risbridger has been nothing short of delightful. He centres and shoots well. Unfortunately, he has left us.

It is a matter of some difficulty to fill the place vacated by Norris. There is also the difficulty of Jordan, who is like a fourth half-back. None of the four are useful forward, so that one of them will have to stand down, and the decision as to which is a matter of difficulty. At the time of writing it is almost but not fully decided, so that we will say nothing about it, as the decision will probably have been made public by the time these lines appear in print.

Two solutions of the outside left difficulty have been proposed. One is simply that Wright should fill it. This has much to recommend it. Wright is a polished footballer, and would be certain to do himself credit. On the other hand it has been suggested that Sandiford should come in at outside right, and Blunden be moved over to the other wing. This solution has the obvious disadvantage of moving Blunden—though he can do quite well on the left—and also Sandiford is so hopelessly one-footed (and unwilling to practise with a view to overcoming this disability) that it is felt by some that he has no business in any but second-rate company. On the other hand he is extremely speedy, and centres very well. What is ultimately decided will almost certainly be known before this gets into print. In any case, we have only three school matches this term, two with Horsham and one with the Old Boys, the rest having given way to the more necessary work of the O.T.C.

We have but little space for dealing with the actual matches, and must content ourselves with a brief reference to each, and a somewhat more extended account of the Cup Final, to which however we have already referred.

The first match was against Caterham. Without Blunden,

* Colours.

and with our half-back line as yet unsettled, we nevertheless won easily. But this match is reported on in our previous issue. The next match was against Guildford away, in the Cup competition and this the School won by seven goals to four. We were unable to be present at this match, but we understand that the score just about represented the play; the result was therefore a most creditable one, for Guildford's team this year is excellent.

The Horsham matches were postponed, and are still outstanding at the time of writing. The next Saturday we met a very strong team of Old Boys, including the two Malcomsons, both of whom we were especially delighted to see as earnest of their recovery, though they contributed largely to our defeat by the odd goal in nine, scored by A.J.L. just before time. The game was very exciting, as may be gathered from the score, and was fast throughout, excellent form being shown on both sides. The Old Boys' team was as follows: Stedman; J. W. Pooley and R. A. Pooley; Francis, W. D. Malcomson and A. Gilbert; Sutton, Potter, A. J. L. Malcomson, Silcock and Challis.

On the next Wednesday we were at home to Farnham, and defeated them somewhat easily by seven goals to one. The forwards especially were seen to advantage in this match, but the whole team played very well. At Caterham, where the next match was played, we were informed, and the score bears this out, that the form was scarcely so good, but it was sufficiently so to secure us a win by five goals to three. Then came Guildford at home, and it was in this match that Blunden earned his place in the team. This was an extremely fine game. The forwards on both sides were somewhat stronger than the defence, and indeed the play of both lines was positively extraordinary for school football. The passing and shooting was excellent, Guildford showing a little more to advantage than we did, but our defence was better than theirs. The Guildford goalie gave a display that was little short of marvellous, and one catch of his—from a lightning centre by Norris—will not easily be forgotten by any who saw it. In the end we ran out winners by six goals to three.

Our visit to Farnham was not so propitious, for we lost a hard game played in a terrific storm by four goals to two. Justice compels us to state that our opponents deserved their victory, for they were less disturbed by the wretched conditions and really gave a very good display.

The cup final merits a special paragraph. On the Wednesday before the fatal day a scratch team, consisting of Mr. Orme, Mr. Abbey, and nine members of the 3/4th Queen's, drew us. This was a fast and extremely interesting game, the final score being one goal all. The scratch team was a very strong one, and our performance was correspondingly creditable. Alas, before the week was out we were destined to go down before a much weaker team. But to resume. This game having proved so fast and interesting, another game was arranged, this

time with a team wholly military. The result was 5—4 against us, but it should really have been a draw, for as we had no nets, the referee was unable to see one of Risbridger's goals, and so of course gave the defending side the benefit. But the soldiers just about deserved to win the hot game of the season.

The result of the Battersea match, away, was a draw, 2—2.

On Saturday, December 11th, we journeyed to Sutton, to meet Richmond in the S.S.S.F.A. Cup final. We turned out in good time, as we had been requested to do, and had the pleasure of remaining out in a drenching storm till our opponents turned out 20 minutes late. Hayllar won the toss, and elected to kick up the slope. We lost a couple of goals in the first few minutes, and, strive as we would, we could not reply before half-time. However, we crossed over with high hope, having regard to the slope and the state of the lower goal.

It was in the early stages of the second half that our goose was really cooked. For about twenty minutes, though playing up the slope, Richmond monopolised the play, and would have scored heavily but for some excellent goalkeeping by Reeves, and some vile bad shooting. After this they never had a look in, but they defended well; decent shooting was impossible, and we could only score once, with a long bouncing shot from Sewell. The game therefore ended as has been stated.

The Second Eleven have played only two matches, winning them both.

Before closing, though we have already transgressed the bounds of space allotted to us, we must express our very warm thanks to Mr. Searle for his great kindness in lending us his excellent ground. It is hard to say what we could have done without him. Our thanks are also due to Captain Samuelson for providing us twice with such excellent opposition at very short notice.



- A's for the Apple, which quite out of sight
We keep in our desks and at times take a bite.
- B's for the Book which we never can find
When we want it; it's sure to have been left behind.
- C's for the Corps which is now going strong,
And to which when we're old enough all should belong.
- D's for the Defaulters and also Detention,
The names of those usually there I can't mention.
- E stands for Energy; most of us talk it,
Though none of us really can properly slack it.

- F's** for the Football which right through the "break"
From the fellow who's got it we all try to take.
- G's** for the Gym, which is spacious and airy,
In it we some of us play at the fairy.
- H** is the Homework by which we get done in,
And then to Detention we're sure to be run in.
- I's** for the Ink with which some of us cover
Ourselves and our books, and at times one another.
- J's** for the Jingling of bells. With a jerk
They a period put to a period's work.
- K's** for the Kane. I fear that the poet
if e'er he gets caught will probably know it.
- L's** for the Learning we all hope to get
In the dim distant future and haven't got yet.
- M's** for the Morning, which seems rather long,
When our Homework is scanty and most of it wrong.
- N's** for the Noodle who rushes down stairs,
And also at lectures *will* fidget the chairs.
- O's** for the One who our destiny rules,
Which can't be quite easy when some are such fools.
- P's** for the Prominent Part which is Played
By the Prefects in "shunning" the morning Parade.
- Q's** for the Quick ones to whom it is quite
Easy to get their geometry right.
- R's** for the Rotter who makes the excuse
That to play in House matches he can't see the use.
- S** for the Staircases twain which we climb
When we want to get into the Gym or Room nine.
- T's** for the Turmoil and Trouble which goes on
At times in some form rooms and nobody knows on.
- U's** for the Use which we make of the Lab
At teaching in which J. G. H. is a dab.
- V's** for the Voices which shrill, loud and long
On Saturday mornings in snatches of song.
- W's** Woodwork to some it's enticing,
To others a matter of fingers for slicing.
- X** the Example we're told that with ease
We ought to be able to do if we please.
- Y's** the Yell which is lusty and strong,
At Matches you'll hear it both high, loud and long.
- Z's** for the Zest with which we attack
Our middle-day meal which we take from our pack.



O.T.C. Notes.

We began this year with many misgivings. Our Commanding Officer, Capt. Wade, has left us and is now at Colchester, commanding a company in the 12th Bn. Essex Regiment. We wish him every success in his new work, and a safe return at the end of the war. We must all endeavour to maintain the high state of military efficiency we had reached under his very capable training.

An effort is being made to clear off the debt which for some time has been a source of anxiety. It is largely due to the inadequacy of the War Office grant and the greatly increased cost of equipment since the outbreak of war.

Many private and public residents have been appealed to, and their response has been more than generous. To all of them who have so kindly and willingly assisted us we offer our very best thanks, and take this opportunity of expressing as strongly as we can our appreciation of what they have done for us. We have also tried to help ourselves, and boys in the corps have collected a sum of about £6 10s. This is very creditable. More money is still required, and perhaps we may here make an appeal to the Old Boys, especially those who have received military training in the corps, to give us their assistance, in however small a way.

There is, however, one thing on which we may most heartily congratulate ourselves, and that is Sir B. V. S. Brodie's commission in the Territorial Force, for service with this contingent. His appointment will be of the greatest value to us, and is yet another proof of the great interest he has taken and does take in the O.T.C.

Before closing this part of our Notes we must give our best thanks to Mr. Orme for writing so many letters in our appeal for funds. The hardest part of the work has fallen on his shoulders, and we are most grateful for all he has done. Our hearty thanks are also due to Sir B. Brodie, Mr. Howarth, and Mr. Wiltshire for writing to their friends on behalf of the Corps. We only hope their efforts will be crowned with the success such difficult and arduous work deserves. Our two new miniature rifles are the result of the generosity of Mr. Wiltshire, and Capt. R. E. Neale, of the V.T.C.

We offer our congratulations to Capt. A. M. Dawson on his promotion, and also to the following ex-cadets who have been granted commissions:—

C. H. Rayner, Lanc. Fus.
W. E. Keasley, The Queen's
Lionel Green do.
H. H. Richardson do.
E. M. Penfold, 10th Leicesters
F. J. Martin, 10th London Regt.

and to J. F. Dare, on his D.C.M.

To Lieut. R. Atchley, Second Lieut. Gordon Mew, and Sergeant H. L. Dawson, all of whom are wounded, we offer our sincere sympathy, especially to R. Atchley, who has lost his right hand in his country's service. We wish them a speedy recovery. There are now about fifty ex-cadets serving as officers, besides fifteen Old Boys who were not members of the Corps. Nearly 200 are serving in the ranks. We shall be glad if all old boys serving will let us know, as we fear our list is incomplete, and in some cases inaccurate. Will O.B.'s kindly send their regimental numbers, as these have been asked for by the War Office.

By the express wish of the War Office, the Corps is now providing Musketry Instruction for over 60 of Lord Derby's recruits, prior to their being called to the colours. So much importance is attached by the authorities to this work, that a special Army Form has been provided to contain a summary of the work done, and standard reached, by each man. All men on joining their regiments are thus enabled to take with them a signed record of their military efficiency, and in some cases a recommendation by the C.O. for promotion to non-commissioned rank. Many thanks are due to those N.C.O.'s and others who so ably and willingly help the officers in this work, and give up so much of their none too abundant spare time. If many more men join, more N.C.O.'s will be required as instructors.

Several Wednesday afternoons have been spent in Field Training this term, and on Feb. 17th we had a very instructive Field Day on Banstead Heath in conjunction with Whitgift O.T.C. The Stores at Kingswood School were captured, but whether they were safely brought away is still a matter of some doubt in the minds of the opposing forces, and, it must be admitted, also in the mind of at least one of the umpires! The hostile forces met, fought, and had lunch! and in the afternoon an attack was carried out by the Reigate contingent and part of the Whitgift Corps, under the command of Mr. Lamb, on Kingswood School. In this attack some exceedingly good work was done, and the arrangements made prior to the attack, and well executed later, deserve all credit. Capt. Micklewright particularly complimented the work done by the right wing of the attack. The number on the Company Roll Book now stands at 106, but some of these are non-effectives. All recruits have now been supplied with or measured for uniforms, and it is hoped at the next Field Training there will no longer be cadets appearing in varied and unsoldierly apparel.

S.G.E.



List of Old Boys and Masters

Serving in H.M. Forces, March 10th, 1916.

Capt. N. H. Wade, 12th Essex.

Capt. E. W. Dann, 8th Essex.

Capt. A. M. Dawson, 5th Hants Divisional Signalling Officer.

2nd Lieut. G. T. Mackay, 7th Liverpool.

Do. D. Ive, 2nd Queen's (killed in action).

Do. H. Willoughby, 1st South Staffs.

Do. H. G. Davies, 2nd R.W.F.

Capt. P. H. Mitchiner, R.A.M.C. (T).

Lieut. J. Figg, 2/24th County of London.

2nd Lieut. H. C. Saunders, 8th Queen's.

Do. C. M. Duncan, R.F.A.

Do. K. Bidlake, 13th Worcesters.

Lieut. A. J. L. Malcomson, R.F.A.

Do. R. Atchley, 12th Yorks (wounded).

2nd Lieut. H. Thrower, A. & S. Highlanders.

Do. J. H. Mitchiner, West Yorks.

Do. W. R. D. Robertson, R.F.A.

Do. H. W. Budden, 12th Lancs. Fus.

Lieut. E. W. Taylorson, A.O.C.

2nd Lieut. F. L. Higgins.

Lieut. J. H. Lillywhite, R.N.D. (Hawke Bn.)

2nd Lieut. G. M. Mew (wounded).

Sub-Lieut. F. N. Halsted, R.N.A.S.

2nd Lieut. R. Headley, R.F.A.

Do. E. J. Francis, 8th County of London.

Do. W. A. Perry, 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.

Do. C. F. Ashdown, 19th County of London.

Do. F. H. Pratt, 13th Royal Warwick.

Sub-Lieut. R. C. M. Smith, R.N.

2nd Lieut. F. J. Martin.

Do. P. L. Mott.

Do. C. M. Smith, Essex Regt.

Do. C. H. Rayner, Lanc. Fus.

Do. W. E. Keasley, The Queen's.

Do. L. Green, The Queen's.

Do. E. N. Penfold, 10th Leicesters.

RANK AND FILE.

N. Rayner, R.F. A.

C. Rayner, 7th Queen's.

W. D. Malcomson, London Scottish.

R. J. Martin Do.

H. M. W. Fraser (killed).

Sergeant W. English, 6th Queen's.

E. W. Hedges, 1/5th Queen's.

M. H. Wood, Do.

J. Learner, Do.

N. Chapple, Do.

S. Bartlett, 1/5th Queen's.
 G. James, Do.
 O. S. Faulkner, Do.
 C. Ward, 1/7th Essex.
 R. A. J. Porter, 1/4th Queen's.
 O. H. Apted, 10th R.F.
 L. P. Cleather, 6th Queen's.
 J. G. Martin, R.E.
 C. H. Bates, 2/5th Queen's.
 R. W. Hood, 3rd London Scottish.
 C. J. Morris, L.R.B.
 N. W. Osborne, L.R.B.
 R. J. Dempster, H.A.C.
 C. Pakeman, R.F.A.
 A. E. Vowell, 48th Bn. Canadian Div.
 B. A. Morrison, Inns of Court O.T.C.
 C. G. Silcock, R.F.C.
 B. Boswell, 7th Queen's.
 J. Knapman, Mdx. Yeomanry.
 G. E. Garton, 6th Buffs (killed).
 D. R. Grantham, R.E.
 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., D.C.M.
 J. F. Bargman, R.F.C.
 A. Hood, 16th County of London.
 R. Lee, Q.V.R.
 H. M. Jones, Q.V.R.
 P. Saunders, 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, 3/5th Queen's.

C. J. Newman, 15th County of London.
 F. Holt, N. Lancs. Regiment.
 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.

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

Captain F. G. Gill, 2/24th County of London.
 Second-Lieut. G. H. Ince, 2/5th Yorks.
 Captain F. M. Gill, 1/24 County of London (killed).
 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 (killed).
 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.
 Do. H. W. Hardy, R.N.
 2nd Lieut. L. Kennard, R.E.
 ,, J. H. Kennard, R.E.
 ,, A. E. Scothern, Sherwood Foresters.

RANK AND FILE.

H. H. White, 10th R.F.
 S. W. Sanders, 11th R.F.
 Harold Willoughby, R.E.
 E. Bugden, Australian Div.
 R. K. Woodhouse, R.N.D. (R.E.)
 G. Cragg, 1/5th The Queen's.
 H. Dawson, 1/5th Do.
 T. Hammond, 1/5th Do.
 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.
 G. 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, 3/5th The Queen's.
 P. Connett.
 F. I. Newton.
 V. Gardiner.
 G. H. Lyle.
 P. F. Calistri, A.O.D.
 A. E. Jones, A.O.D.
 P. M. Murdock, Motor Transport.



Racing.

"Would you like a day's racing?" said Solly.

"Very much," I replied.

"Right O," was Solly's comment, "Be at the Pier at 9.30 sharp, on Saturday morning."

Solly was the proud possessor of a beautiful little 10-ton cutter, painted black, and known all round the Yorkshire Coast by the name of "Alice"; and the result of our very brief conversation was that on a glorious Saturday morning in August, in a year long before the much talked-of European War became a reality, I was standing on the pier with Solly and Jimmy, looking out over the Humber at seven trim yachts, anchored in a line, about half a mile away. There was a stiff S.W. breeze blowing, and the Humber was covered with white horses, while the ebb tide ran strongly at about five knots an hour.

"The rules for to-day," said Solly, puffing solemnly at a big black pipe, which made the atmosphere rather worse than the Chemical Lab. on analysis day, with the "Stink bureau" working overtime, are, "that we get our anchors, go down with the ebb to Spurn, following the channel all the way, round the black and white buoy about three miles out to sea off Cleethorpes, and then back over the same course to the mark-boat out there;

that will be about fifty miles altogether. We are to heave up short on our anchors at the first gun, and break them out and make sail at the second. Nice stiff breeze," he concluded.

Then we boarded the smoky old tug-boat which conveyed all the competitors to their respective boats, and on this tug we picked up the fourth member of our crew, Tom, a thick-set beefy person with a face the colour of Spanish mahogany. Solly was skipper, and Jimmy the mate, whilst Tom and I were the deck hands.

The tug put us on board the "Alice" last of all, after having deposited all the other amateur sailors, with their bags, on board their own craft, and, owing to the rough water, it was no mean acrobatic feat to get aboard without a ducking. Old Mother Humber was certainly in a frolicsome mood that morning!

As the tug sheered off, the old Skipper gave us a wink and said, "Take my tip, and take in two reefs in your mains'l; it's going to puff a bit." Solly replied with his classic "Right-O, thanks."

We went below, changed our respectable attire for an ancient cricket shirt, and still more ancient, paint be-daubed flannel bags, and then tumbled up again, and got everything ready for a start. We took in two reefs on the mainsail, put away the sail covers, bent on the halliards, and saw that all was clear for hoisting. Solly stood by the tiller, and Jimmy at the throat halliards, I stood by ready to shake out the jib, and Tom was waiting to heave on the light cable which held us to our anchor.

Bang! went the first gun, and amidst great excitement and activity, all the seven boats hove up short on their anchors, which at that particular part of the river, and state of the tide, had been dropped in about eight fathoms.

Just five minutes after the first gun came the second, and Tom heaved lustily at the cable to break out the anchor, while the rest of us stood waiting anxiously to do our own little bit. The cable came in slowly, and still more slowly, until finally Tom, gasping for breath, belayed the chain round the bits, and said, "I can't get it up."

"Go on, you," shouted Solly from the tiller, and I jumped forward and joined Tom. Together we heaved mightily—and got in another two feet of chain, and then stopped. Jimmy came along, and then the great Skipper himself, and at last the anchor came up slowly, very slowly, with frequent pauses.

After a good ten minutes the "mud-hook" appeared, and to our intense joy—or otherwise—we found that the anchor, when it had been let go, had dropped right through two bights of some old hawser which was lying at the bottom of the river, and when the flukes appeared, there were the two thick ropes hanging on to them. And we had hauled them up with the anchor from the bottom of the river!!

Meanwhile the other six boats were well away, and going for all they were worth.

As we cast off the old hawser and dragged in the anchor, Solly jumped back to his tiller, I broke out the jib, and Tom and Jimmy were heaving away at the mainsail. Round went the "Alice," and taking advantage of the fact that I was down on my knees, easing off the jib sheets, she put her nose right down into a beautiful, well-made big wave, which poured over the bows, soaked me through and through, and lifted me on to the top of the cabin.

Without taking the slightest notice of my unhappy condition, the ferocious Solly set me to shake out the two reefs of the mainsail, and then taking full advantage of the strong wind, we tore after the other six, hitting up a wash like a steam-boat, and burying our lee rail and a few planks under water.

Just as we caught sight of that famous land-mark, Grimsby Tower, we ran through a fleet of steam trawlers coming in from the sea. The Skipper of the leading trawler, dressed in his suit of thick blue cloth, with a red silk handkerchief tied round his neck, and his "billycock" hat on the back of his head, recognising the "Alice," and noting that she was far behind the other boats, sauntered slowly to his whistle lanyard, and began to screech out from his syren the strains of "Alice, where art thou?" This was adding insult to injury, and besides, as a musical performance it was simply awful!

About ten minutes after this, I got my second ducking. I was standing on the weather rail, trying to clear the halliards of the little flag which was flying at the mast head, when "Alice" jumped off the top of a wave, and half buried herself in another lump of water just ahead. In spite of my active leap I was caught, and the water splashing up inside and outside the wide legs of my ancient flannels, soaked me to the waist.

By the time we had rounded the buoy, "Alice" had crept up to the fourth place. Then the wind dropped considerably as the tide slackened, and we began to creep home. Here it was that Solly showed his seamanship. The wind had shifted and was now S.E., and so behind us. So he set his spinnaker, as, of course, did the others, and Tom and I had exciting times and hairbreadth escapes sitting on the spinnaker boom to prevent it kicking. We did not gain much by this manoeuvre, so Solly ordered us to take in the spinnaker, and set it again as a balloon jib. It was great fun—for Solly—watching us wrestling with the big sail, and lashing the boom to the bowsprit. There were two results—first, more duckings for the crew, and second, a very great improvement in our pace.

It was most interesting for us to watch the ludicrous expressions of surprise on the faces of the crews of the other three boats, and to hear their rude remarks, as we slipped past them into first place, being towed along by our great jib, and blanketing each of the others beautifully as we came between them and

the wind. But the bend in the river deprived us of the use of our "patent" jib, and the others began to creep up again. The "Alice" struggled along gamely, but was slowly overhauled by the "Viking," in spite of all Solly's dodges, turning his crew into ballast, and making us sit here, there, and everywhere else, just as he thought the boat needed trimming.

As we passed the "Southampton" Training Ship, the "Viking" drew a little ahead, blanketing us in turn. The boys of the training ship manned the rigging, and cheered us nobly, yelling "Go it, Blackie," on seeing our black "Alice" just a few feet behind the "Viking."

Another ten minutes and the "Viking" drew clear, and passed the mark-boat about a length ahead. Then as the gun sounded the end of the race, with the "Alice" as winner of the second prize, we congratulated Solly on his great effort, and after running the boat into dock we went ashore, very tired, very dirty, and very well satisfied with our glorious day in the open air.



Ten Weeks with the Special Reserve and New Armies.

On the 8th of July the writer was attached to the Draft Training Company of the 3rd Battalion The Queen's (Special Reserve), at that time under canvas near a certain town "somewhere in England," and it is hoped that a short account of the work done in the Army at this time of intensive training, if passed by the Censor, will be of interest to the readers of the Pilgrim, particularly those who are past and present members of the O.T.C.

The Draft Training Company was regularly sending reinforcements to the Battalions abroad, and the men were trained to the highest possible pitch of physical fitness and military efficiency. The work began before breakfast, and consisted chiefly of physical exercises, running, and platoon drill. After breakfast, the procedure was generally Field Training, trench digging, or bomb throwing. With regard to the latter the officers and certain of the N.C.O.'s had lectures by an officer of the Royal Engineers on the making of bombs—this was practised in a large marquee, and then we all proceeded to model trenches and tested our handywork! There was much excitement as to whose bombs would explode and whose would not. The high explosive charge as used at the front was omitted for safety, but the detonators alone made a loud explosion, and was powerful enough to take off the finger or thumb of the unlucky thrower who failed to get rid of his bomb within the prescribed time after the fuse was lighted (details forbidden). Route marching formed a regular part of the week's work—men and officers carried packs, rifles, and 120 rounds of ball cartridge.

On the longer marches, halts were made to practise "Estimation of Ranges." This formed a pleasant and interesting interlude for all, as a thirteen mile march with full kit on a hot day on dusty roads was very strenuous exercise!

Men are instructed to take the greatest care of their feet—in fact in some battalions to have sore feet is a punishable offence. After the march, feet have to be washed ready for "foot inspection" by the platoon officer. This unlucky individual must know the proper treatment for blisters, corns, ingrowing nails, etc., etc.! and be ready to give advice on many subjects, which, at first sight, do not appear to be part of a soldier's requirements.

A part of the training of men and officers on which special stress is now laid is Bayonet Fighting. Nearly every day the Tommy practises "sticking" stacks stuffed with straw, hanging on wires, or lying on the ground, or at the bottom of deep trenches, all the rushes being effected with maximum speed and energy.

In spite, however, of the hard work, there were many compensations, and all kinds of recreation were provided when the day's work was done—football even in the hot weather was very popular, and should bear very useful fruit when Tommy gets within reach of the Huns!

"Sing songs" were often provided in the evening, when there were no "night operations," and much talent was unearthed from the ranks, and much appreciated by all. On one eventful night a friendly airship passed over the camp in the bright moonlight, and next day orders were issued that all tents must be painted green, as they afforded a conspicuous target for hostile aircraft. For days after this all the fatigue men were splotches of khaki and green—they had painted not wisely but too well!

During these strenuous days there was a violent storm of wind and rain, and one morning the writer, after a night spent mostly in frantic efforts to prevent his tent from being blown inside out, was much perturbed on emerging to see the mess tent blown down and the stores scattered in all directions. Where was breakfast? Later it was "salvaged" and eaten *al fresco*, in the rain! However, the privilege of being allowed to ride some of the battalion horses, and thus enjoy many gallops over the downs, fully made up for such "pleasantries" as the foregoing. I cannot close this part of the narrative without expressing my thanks to the Colonel and officers, particularly Capt. F. W. H. Denton, for their kindness during my stay among them. It may be well to remind all members of the O.T.C. what great interest the officers of this regiment take in our corps, and how much we benefit from their help and guidance. Those who were present at the Annual Inspection in 1914 will be glad to hear that Capt. A. F. Macnamara has now recovered from his wounds, and has an appointment on Sir John French's General Staff.

Here the scene changes to another Eastern town, where the 12th Essex Regiment was in "hutments." Capt. Wade and the writer here shared a large comfortable hut, beautifully fitted up with electric light and the absence of everything else! However, we soon made ourselves comfortable, rigged up shelves, and procured a table from that most useful ornament, the Quartermaster. In this camp there was a great variety of officers' servants! Our first, who shall be nameless, used to come into the hut at 6.30 a.m., and stare at us without speaking till we woke up, or, if we were awake, continue to stare till we either went to sleep again, or fired a "salvo" of high explosive and urgent orders at him at point blank range! This was a very exhausting way of beginning the day's routine!

Our work here at first was helping to prepare the "drafts" for the front, and we found lying for several hours a day on one's "tummy" on hard gravel with an eye disc glued to one's eye, testing men for rapid aim and rapid fire, was very tiring. One of the tests the men had to pass was to make eight good shots out of ten in 50 secs., starting with bolt shut, "cut off" in and safety catch closed, and two clips in pouch; which had to be buttoned at the beginning and end of the test. All this in 50 secs. requires "some" doing.

Several drafts left for the Dardanelles while we were there, and, I must say, I never saw a finer or smarter lot of men. They wore their sun helmets and brand new uniforms. It was a thrilling sight to see them march off, but at the same time a sad one, for alas! many of those brave fellows, officers and rank and file alike, have given their lives for their King and Country. The training area was four miles from the camp, so if one made two journeys a day it meant a sixteen mile tramp, apart from such minor incidents as attacks, and the like.

Our work after the first fortnight was chiefly with the Officers' Training Company. This Company was made up of the supernumerary officers from the various battalions of the 6th Reserve Infantry Brigade. The instruction of these officers was hard responsible work, and included all branches of military knowledge needed by an infantry officer. At the same time it was intensely interesting, and out on the field work we had many enjoyable tramps and discussions of the various tactical situations.

Saturday mornings were usually set apart for route marches, and the writer used to take between two and three hundred officers for an eight or ten mile tramp—the proper tactical formation being maintained. On these and many other occasions I was fortunate enough to be mounted, which greatly added to the other enjoyments of the work, and I hope also rendered the necessary supervision more efficient.

Two events of a sporting nature occurred, which, perhaps, are worth recording, to say nothing of the Zeppelins, of which we had more than enough. Eight sergeants challenged eight

officers—chosen by the Battalion Sports Committee—to a march of twenty miles, with full kit, rifles, and ammunition. The course was chosen, and those officers who could be spared were hurried to the various turnings in cars, on motor cycles, etc., to do “point duty” and direct the competitors. Alas for the challengers! All the officers finished and came swinging in together, their time being 6 hrs. 19 mins. for the 20 miles. Only five of the sergeants finished, and these were more than half-an-hour behind the victors!

The other event, which caused much excitement and speculation in the Mess, was a wager by 2nd Lieut. F. C. Cooke to march 40 miles in ten hours! wearing a Sam Browne belt and carrying a stick. He accomplished his task in nine hours thirty-one minutes—a very meritorious performance! On the evening before leaving we were much honoured by being the guests of the Mess, and in conclusion of this very poor attempt to give a summary of our experiences, I wish to place on record the very great kindness and hospitality shown to us by the Colonel and officers of the 12th Essex during our stay. Suffice it to say that, thanks to them, the whole time was most enjoyable, and their kind invitation to revisit this Eastern town at Christmas was gladly accepted.

S. G. EADE.



Registration, 1915.

During the Summer Vacation many thousands of voluntary workers have been engaged upon an enormous task. To register every adult person in Great Britain of itself sounds a tall order. But few people, except those actually engaged upon the work, have any idea what labour was entailed after all the blue and white forms were collected. The lot of the enumerator was hardly an enviable one. It may have seemed a simple task to visit every residence in the allotted area, and having inquired how many persons would be sleeping there on a certain night, leave the requisite number of forms. So indeed it was. But the difficulty came with the collection of those forms. If one saw an unhappy enumerator looking just a trifle less unhappy, one could feel sure that out of some two or three hundred forms he had collected, he had found a dozen or two correctly filled up. And this, after the method of filling in the form had been minutely explained to an occupant of every house at which a call had been made the previous week. The inability of some people to do as they had been requested was appalling. But the time for recriminations is passed. This article is supposed to contain something humorous. If there appears to be nothing in it to tickle the fancy of the reader, due allowance must be made for the writer's feeble sense of humour. He has the satisfaction of knowing that the examples herein given are authentic,

and afforded some faint rays of pleasure amid an otherwise deadly monotonous task.

I had the misfortune to have to enumerate a by no means salubrious neighbourhood at ———. (The Censor will be quarrelling with us if too many names are disclosed!) The kind of district will be imagined when it is mentioned that, upon hearing his district, the original enumerator, some few days before the delivery of forms was to commence, mysteriously contracted gout! He certainly had heard of this malady, but we fear its pains were till then unknown to him. However, armed with the necessary material, the wallet for carrying the whole being of a conspicuous blue (green for Irish enumerators), I set out, not without a few qualms as to the reception I should receive. We had been previously warned that it was our duty to be affable and obliging with everyone. But when one has asked for the names of all the persons between 15 and 65 likely to be present, etc., etc., and carefully written them down in one's enumeration book, only to be told as one gets to the gate that Willie is only two years old, May 5, and Charlie 7, well one is pleasant and simply erases the names!

Again, one felt particularly good-humoured after calling three or four times at one house and then having to wait for the occupant to rise from his bed and answer the knock at the door. But it added insult to injury when he carefully explained that he had forgotten to wind his watch the night previous owing to feeling ill! Seeing that the hour was approaching mid-day, was one not justified in thinking things?

But few humorous situations were encountered while enumerating. It was surprising how few people knew their own surnames. I had one queer example. A person's surname was "Perfect," which was rightly placed first on the form. But her spelling of her Christian name of Phœbe did not seem to accord with so happy a surname—it was "Perfect *Febey*."

It was only after the forms had been collected at the Town Hall and were ready for examination [and coding into different occupation numbers, that the humorous side of Registration was seen.

Question i., concerning the age, presented few difficulties. The gentleman, who first wrote 38 and then altered this to 42 (doubtless after having read that all males between 18 and 40 were to have Pink Forms) did *not* escape.

Question ii., requesting the nationality if born abroad, brought forth some peculiar answers. One person said he was "born at home" (we don't doubt it!); another that he was "Church of England"; another a "R.C."; a youth was "Irish and proud of it"; a fifth was "born in Kent by British parents."

In answer to Question iii. (regarding single bliss or otherwise), a girl of 16 declared herself a spinster, while another, more hopeful, was single, although 50 years of age; a third (a

gentleman this time), was "married *and knew it*"—underlined twice.

We sympathised with the lady of 37 who had 13 children, but we didn't quite understand the gentleman who had $2\frac{1}{2}$ children dependent on him. We expect he meant one child $2\frac{1}{2}$ years old!

Question vi., however, was an almost inexhaustible store of humorous answers. We liked to see a man describe himself as "Fried Fish Operator," an "Emergency Ration," a "Fishmonger's Photographer," a "Hop Sampler," a "Learner in Bar," a "Motor Appendant," a "Chief Stoker, other trade Milliner," a "Cheesemonger working on Explosives," a "High Explosive," or an "Exploded Worker." The man who was "Working day and night and willing to undertake other work," deserved praise. It would be rather interesting to know what exactly are a "Mareck skilled," a "Casular," or a "Meshin Hand." The child of Israel who had a "Grocery Beesness," and the Cockney who was a "Lythe Hand," afforded good examples of phonetic spelling. We also met an "Offis boy," a "Hydraulic lift driver, matirial for wich use coal," an "Ise Vendor." Other answers to this question included "Clerk or Clerkkal duties," "Can speek and write French and Short-hand," "Skilled in anythink," "Unable to work any more owing to working hours," "Unable owing to deficiency of brain," "Deaf and otherwise defective," "Cats' Meat Butcher," "Potman—metal worker." But the answer which appealed to us most, perhaps because of its neatness and brevity, was that of the lady who was "Wife to my husband." We are uncertain whether this was the person who erased "Form for Female" at the head of the form and inserted in its place "Form for Lady."

One reply regarding the name of the employer was "H.R.H. The King (George)." This reminds us of the veteran of 60, who attached to his form a letter headed "My King and Country, Dear Sirs," and then proceeded to volunteer for foreign service anywhere.

The girl who was labelling bottles of beer for munition workers, the hairdresser who cut their hair, and the coffee-stall keeper who supplied them with refreshments, were all doing Government work!

Question ix. afforded the garrulous a good opportunity. One man was skilled in some six or eight trades other than the one upon which he was then employed. We fancy Mr. Lloyd George would make a special note of the man who was "not skilled, yet could do Government work." He assuredly has a future before him!

Nearly all these details had to be recopied on to Pink Forms, Green Forms, Buff Forms, and Certificates. And when it is stated that there were at least 40,000 male Forms at ———, the magnitude of the task may be imagined. But compensation

for working till 10 o'clock at night and all day Sunday was found in some delightful pieces of humour, of which the above are not a thoroughly representative collection. An unexpurgated edition may be prepared for workers' use only.

B.A.



Extracts from the Letters of a Fusilier, "Somewhere in France."

The train resembled a lot of cattle trucks more than anything else. In fact they are used for horses as well as men, 40 men or 8 horses. We are billeted in a barn—most comfortable, with plenty of straw. This morning I tried to wash a shirt, but made a bit of a mess of it. After kit inspection I went to have a swim about 3 miles away, in the river. It was simply "ripping" while in the water, but we had just commenced to dry ourselves when a thunderstorm came on, and we found it impossible to get dry. As a result I have been "chipped" all the afternoon for walking about in my pants.

The marching is difficult, not because of the distances, but because of the tremendous lot of "clobber" we have to cart about from place to place. Do you remember that picture in "Punch" a few weeks ago of a little boy asking his father what soldiers were for, and he got the reply, "To hang things on, my son." Here in France they have what they call "Les Routes Nationales" made for military purposes, and having large trees every few yards, which give a good amount of shade. It's when you come to the cobble stones that things become a little more uncomfortable. This morning we stopped outside an *estaminet*, in the window of which was a notice in English, "Pale Ale and Stout sold here." It was enough to make the strictest teetotaler thirst for beer, but the annoying part was that we weren't allowed any. I heard a chap say this morning that he would be rather on his mother's knees being smacked than be marching.

This town is the same as all other towns we have been in in France, it abounds in unholy smells, and the streets don't seem to be looked after at all. I suppose it is understandable now that so many men are away. The confounded snipers have been keeping us very much alive the last few nights, although they haven't done any damage. Those Generals at Colchester used to tell us we never get down quickly enough, but we could give them a lesson in "ducking" now. We have quite a miniature market outside the gates of this building—the old dames of the place sit on the kerb and sell rolls, butter, cakes, etc.

Am writing this in a dug-out about 80 yards from the German trenches. The trenches are close enough for the Germans to send along their sausages, as they call them—not the good old German sausage one is accustomed to see on the breakfast table at home, but one of much larger dimensions, and about the size of a sand-bag, with a thin steel shell containing 110lbs. of lyddite. I think they have a still larger kind containing 210lbs., which they send along when think we are well nigh starving and need a good meal. Two of the small variety came across last night and woke me out of a peaceful sleep. This morning we have been passing away the time by looking at their trenches through periscopes. It is awfully funny to see the Germans potting at these periscopes as soon as you put them up, and they're not bad shots either, for they use telescopic sights already turned on the parapet and soon get on the mark. The troops here are not allowed to put their heads above the parapet, for they are practically sure "to get it in the neck" or rather between the eyes. The other morning a German cornet player in their trenches struck up "Love me and the world is mine." Last night in the next battalion a man handed over to a pal in the next trench a loaf of bread on the end of a bayonet. The Germans turned a machine gun on it. We are now in some French trenches, and they are not boarded as ours are, and well we know it when we have to go to the village two miles away for rations, water, etc. Try to imagine two men carrying a "dixey" of tea for a platoon over sticky clay soil, often over your boots, and you get a very poor idea of what a job it is. What we find fault with most is the lack of sleep. Until yesterday I only had two hours sleep in three days.

There will have to be a revision of the Dictionary after the war, for the languages taught in schools did not include such expressions as "Blitey" (Hindustani), meaning "Dear home across the sea"; "Getting the wind up," firing, expecting to get it returned in full; "Kip in"—"Go to bed"; "Chatty"—"Lousy."

I was fond of my home before the war, but there's one thing I know, when all this is over it will be still more a home than ever before. Won't it be easy for you two, for I shan't be nearly the bother I used to be.

O. H. APTED.



Elections at Reigate.

The Borough of Reigate had the privilege of sending two Members to Parliament at a very early period, which continued down to the time of Lord John Russell's Reform Bill (1832).

The Manor of Reigate was the property of James, Duke of York, afterwards James the Second, who occasionally hunted over the country. When he abdicated, the Manor lapsed to the Crown, and was given as part of his reward to the great Lord Chancellor Somers (Counsel for the Seven Bishops, 1688; largely responsible for the Declaration of Rights; had great influence with William of Orange, who made him Lord Chancellor; a Whig and leader of that party in Queen Anne's reign), for his eminent public services.

The Priory at that time formed no part of that property, but was bought later by another holder of the title. After a lapse of a good many years part of the property was sold to Lord Hardwicke, and the two noble lords agreeing in their politics, and being connected by matrimonial alliances, each returned a member. The right of election was in the proprietors of freeholds, who consisted of the relations and friends of the two families, most of whom attended at the elections.

On these and on all other occasions the inhabitants of the town were treated with great respect and courtesy by the members of both families, and on the day of the election the inhabitants of the Borough were handsomely and hospitably entertained. The gentry of the town and neighbourhood at the White Hart, the tradespeople at the Swan, and the commonalty at the other houses, and beer was given away in the square to any who would take cans and pitchers to fetch it.

The seats were never sold, but were occupied by the best men of both families. After dinner at the White Hart the members, with a few friends, went over to the Swan to drink to the health of the company there assembled, with appropriate toasts, and returning to the White Hart the company presently dropped off, to return to London or their homes, concluding a cheerful pleasant day, much to the satisfaction of the Reigate people, who felt assured that they had excellent men to represent the Borough in Parliament, who might have their party leanings, but who were public-spirited and patriotic in their principles, having the public welfare at heart.

When the Reform Bill became an Act of Parliament, Reigate had only the privilege of sending one member, and the old Borough was expanded into the entire parish.

It was thought that Lord Somers would still endeavour to use an undue influence over his tenants in reference to votes. But he, animated by a generous regard for the freedom of election, allowed his tenants to vote for whoever they thought proper.

When the Reform Bill had become law, poor old Lord Eldon is said to have thrown up his hands and exclaimed, "That the sun of England had set for ever," and with similar exclamations of despair other high Tories hailed the emancipation of the Romanists and other great occasions of political and social ameliorations. But, notwithstanding that the sun of England had set for ever a good many times, it would obstinately persist in rising again, and, appearing above the horizon, would shine with such brilliancy as to illuminate the world.

The above is part of an address to the electors of the Borough of Reigate issued in February, 1863.



Life on a Windjammer—(Continued).

When we were $13\frac{1}{2}$ degrees south of the Line, I had my first birthday at sea. In Portland we had had a large jar of preserved cherries given us, and during the run we had been trying to get them made into a pie, but with no results. But on this day the steward found time to make a big cherry pie for us, and it came just right on my birthday, although no one knew it until afterwards. There was great competition for the cherries. We "whacked" them out one by one into equal amounts, and the juice by spoonfulls until we each had the same amount. It was a treat we did not get very often, so I think we could be excused for seeing that no one got more than he was entitled to. We crossed the Line 92 days out, and were lucky in changing the S.E. trades for the N.E. trades without the usual Doldrums and calms. I was at the wheel one morning from 10 a.m. until noon. At 11 a.m. we were sailing with the S.E. trades, and then, just before 8 bells (noon), we got a heavy rain squall, and the wind shifted to the N.E. trades right away. Those took us to 20° North longitude and 39° West latitude, and then we were becalmed for three days, and then we took the opportunity to change our fine weather sails for the best sails we had got, as in February in the North Atlantic the weather is usually very bad.

After a few days of calms the anti-trade winds began to blow, and these came from the West, and are favourable for us. When we were passing the Western Islands (Azores) we struck some very bad weather. One night the rain was pouring down in torrents, and the wind was jumping all round the compass, and all hands shortened sail and stood by for a shift of wind. The night was black as ink, and at intervals vivid flashes of forked lightning lighted up the ship, but left us in deeper blackness afterwards. We were close-hauled on the starboard tack under topsails and inner jibs, when we were suddenly ordered to haul the yards round to the port tack. We accomplished

that task after sundry mishaps caused by the darkness, and we were just hauling the jib sheet over the stay ready for hauling it aft when we heard a moaning on the port side, gradually getting louder. We were told to hurry with the sheet, but before we were ready the squall struck us, and laid the ship over until her lee rail was under water. The wind tore the jib sheet out of our hands, and the blocks and wires and ropes began thrashing about on the fore-castle head, too close to us for safety. The wires thrashing together caused sparks of fire to shoot about just like electric flashes. Well, we had to haul aft that sheet or lose the sail, so we started crawling on our hands and knees along the deck and trying to get hold of the right rope. It was dangerous work, because if one of the flying blocks had hit one of us it would have smashed him like an egg, as they were banging about with terrific force. But we got hold of it and got the sheet hauled aft, and as the wind had steadied, the watch turned in. Next morning at daybreak we saw a French barque coming up astern with every sail set, so our skipper, not to be beaten by a Frenchman, set all our sails, and we went foaming along until we had lost sight of the Frenchman, and then we took in our Royals again, as the ship could not stand the press of sail we were carrying. From then onwards we encountered gale after gale. I was laid up for several days with a poisoned foot caused by a scratch from a piece of rusty wire. On the night of the 24th February, we sighted the Bishop Light in the Scilly Islands, and then we ran up past the Scillies to Lands End and up to the Lizard Light, where we arrived at 10 p.m. Around the south coasts of England and Ireland are several of Lloyd's signal stations. When a sailing vessel is homeward bound with a cargo of grain, her cargo may be sold several times during her voyage, so we never know to which port we are going to discharge. So when the port is definitely fixed, the owners send the name of the port to which we are to go, to all these Lloyd's signal stations, so that we can get our orders from one. Our captain expected to get his orders from the Lizard, so we had to heave-to all night off the light in a half-a-gale of wind. That meant constantly hauling the yards around, which is no light task. Next morning at daylight, we started signalling to the station ashore, with the International code of flags. After they had got our name, they sent up a signal "Your owners desire you," and everybody began to get excited, as we were all anxious to know the port to which we were going. The next signal was "To proceed to," and the excitement increased; and then the signal "Belfast" went up. At that, many hopes were dashed to the ground, as we hoped to go somewhere nearer home. But it could not be helped, so we set sail and laid a course for Lands End. The wind dropped and all that day we were becalmed off the Devonshire coast. It was a great treat to me to see old England again. In the evening we got a breeze which would

hardly allow us to clear some rocks off Lands End. As the wind was hauling farther a-head of us, the captain ran the ship through a dangerous channel past Lands End. If he had not done that we might have been jammed in the Channel for an indefinite time, as the wind shifted right to the West, which would have been a dead head wind for us. It was a dangerous thing going through that small channel, but it was worth the risk. Not long afterwards another four-master belonging to this Company, the "Wendur," tried to do the same thing, but struck a rock and sank in ten minutes, drowning three of the crew and the remainder had narrow escapes.

(To be continued.)



House Notes.

DOODS.

House Master .. MR. HOWARTH.

Doods' first eleven has so far had a very successful season, though it has been twice beaten by Priory. The forwards are to be complimented on the good show they have made. Our main trouble, however, is the half-back line. Though there are several promising footballers in the second eleven, we cannot find any efficient half-backs. The first eleven has won two matches out of four and, although Priory holds the lead, still stands a chance for the Cup. The second eleven has not done so well, on account of the lack of combination. To watch it play may be amusing to outside spectators, but it is exasperating to its supporters. Everyone runs after the ball, and nearly everyone mis-kicks, so that in the end nothing is accomplished. Then again, we are practically without a second eleven goalkeeper, which is extremely awkward.

Football, however, is not the only thing to strive for. There is the Work Cup, which this house has held ever since it was presented. Let us hope that we shall maintain our record. Several of us will be leaving at the end of the summer term, and we should like to see our last football season a success. So buck up, Doods, and make it one.

E.P.T.

PRIORY.

The time of writing finds Priory House well in the running for the Football Cup, having six points out of a possible eight, and two more matches to play.

The second eleven has not been so successful, having won one match only, drawn another, and lost two. This is a great improvement, however, on last season.

Mr. Lamb is now our House Master, Mr. Wade having been taken on the strength of the 12th Essex Batt. as Captain. Mr. Lamb has already made his presence felt, particularly in regard to the team—all who have seen it will remember Blunden's famous shooting from the right wing.

C.H.W.

REDSTONE.

After having held both the first eleven and second eleven House Football Cups for the past two seasons, we have now to lament losing both of them. Our teams this season have been much weaker than formerly, and we have also had our share of bad luck. At present the first eleven has played five matches and won two, while the second eleven has played four and won one. In both cases we are out of the running for the Cups. Taking everything into consideration, we have not done badly, although we lost rather more heavily than necessary in one or two cases. However, we must make up our minds to do better next season.

Of our cricket prospects next term we cannot say much at present, except that we have very few of last year's first eleven left. We shall do our best however.

Boys are reminded that the Athletic Sports take place next term, and in order to do credit to one's House, one must train for these. The date has not been yet fixed, but they usually take place about the middle of July, and training should begin about a month earlier.

Redstonites will no doubt be glad to hear that Mr. Calistri is a Lance-Corporal in the A.O.C., and is being examined for the post of Warrant Officer. We wish him success.

T.S.

WRAY.

Starting the year with a fairly good football team, Wray has been unfortunate in losing two of its best players, one of whom was its captain, during the first half of the football season.

The first match, versus Redstone, proved an easy win for Wray, who had the better of the game all through, winning 7—0.

Against Doods we lost 4—2 after a very good game. In the second match, against Redstone, the loss of Spearing and Hammond made itself felt, and Wray, after an evenly contested game, were beaten 4—2.

Although Wray must give up all hope of winning the Cup this season, we should do well next season, as most of the players are young and will be available next year.

The second eleven has done well, having played five matches of which four have been won.

E. W. FARRINGTON.



Form Notes.

UPPER SIXTH.

Last term we had to bid farewell to Spearing and Norris and so our number is now reduced to nine. Just before Spearing left he brought to light several potted snakes which had been hidden somewhere in the dim past. These are now resting in the Museum case, but did not receive a very great welcome.

A certain master, who shall be nameless, confesses that he is a silly ass. Queen Anne is dead!

We are extremely glad to hear that Mr. - bb - y is not deaf, in spite of Ch - rlw - - d's thinking that was the case.

People in general will be glad to know that a certain member of our firm has signed the pledge. Reformatations are rife just now, for Adolphus W - d - is the latest intending convert. We understand it will take place very early in the coming spring. [Please note this is not an announcement of a wedding.] He evidently really means it, for he tries to persuade everyone else to do so.

S - w - ll, our linguist, can speak in English, French, German, Latin, Greek and Italian. He says the latter is the best language for love-making.

W - th - rf - - ld says that one millimetre equals 30.48 inches. Some length, that!

No 1 Platoon recently discovered that they have a new platoon sergeant. His influence is much felt, both on parade and in room 8. If you don't believe us, ask H - lt.

We wonder:—

Who went tobogganing with Sp - nc - ?

What R - by said when Mr. E - d - found him more or less in *puris naturalibus* in the armoury?

Who were the poor people whom Ch - rlw - - d helped one Wednesday evening?

We cannot vouch for any of the above statements, but we make our best endeavours to satisfy the desires of our readers.

C. E. C.

J. H. C.

LOWER SIXTH.

Motto: "*A little lower than the Angels.*"

The members of this select little community are still hanging together admirably (some would like us to hang for ever, perhaps.)

The inclemency of the weather has sorely affected several of our members. For instance Sk - n y B - n - s on being asked who defended Gibraltar in the American War, promptly blurted out "George Eliot, sir" (brave woman). Also Blunden bore us

out that the Rhône runs through Belgium, Switzerland and France (here he got out of breath and was obliged to stop.) B-s-op, the "Inevitable," on hearing that Shaw had smashed a pane of cut glass, said that ruffled glass had risen in price.

Well, one cannot wonder that the glass was ruffled when Tu-b-y leaned against it. This same angel also said that he wished to be an unanimous donor to the — Fund.

Spearing, on being asked why biscuits are made at Reading, explained that the cause was because the factories are there. He also said that Chaucer wrote the "Pilgrim's Progress"—some progress, that.

Poor Tu-b- has had such a bad term. The snow is so trying for his gout. Poor fellow!

It is rather noticeable that the worthy inspectors only stayed in our rooms for about three minutes at a time. Of course they saw our intelligent faces (nuff said.)

INFORMATION REQUIRED.—Did the masters suffer from chilblains during the recent snow battles?

Scene: Walton Heath.

Enter two of the enemy with pistol at Sandiford's head.

1ST OF ENEMY: Where shall we take this prisoner?

2ND DITTO: Back to headquarters.

CAPTIVE: I don't think. (Bolts and is promptly riddled with bullets.) V.C.

C. A. RISBRIDGER.
W. A. BENNETT.

FORM V.

Labor omnia vincit.

Jeal, Hammond, and Garton evaporated at the end of last term, reducing our number to 18; but we welcome A. H. Reeves into the Form, and our number is now 19.

The Fifth had a great shock at the beginning of the term, Alec was going to start work. We all thought he was going to turn over a new leaf; but in the hour of apparent triumph he was informed that it was all off. Another life blighted!

We have 17 members in the Corps, and the other two wretched Youths still persist in remaining out. If they are "conscientious objectors" they can appeal to the "Form Tribunal," and their case will be duly dealt with.

Owing to the Form having grown so brainy (especially in Maths.) we have few howlers to report.

Watkins has evidently swotted the Language of Kultur, for his correct translation of "Die Eier würden ausfließen" is, "The eggs were quite alive." Perhaps he knew something of the 1914 Camp.

Mr Verrells informs us that he would bring "live stock" from Australia in a refrigerator. We hope the cows would have a comfortable voyage.

Mr. Husbands is going to write a book on "Rapid Translation of French," by "One who knows."

He has told us that "Je fus presque peiné" means "I make almost pained." Probably the after-effects of his Christmas dinner.

He also informs us that, when he went to America, he crossed the Rockies, and, after a very tedious journey, he came to the Alleganties. We know of no such range of mountains on the map, but perhaps the omission will be soon rectified.

Robbins, one of our "Lightning Twins," has suddenly gone stone deaf. Owing to this affliction we have rather noisy Maths. periods.

When having a Science lesson he was given the problem—
"If a pendulum swings 100 times in 5 min. 28 secs., what is the time of one swing?"

His answer: 58 seconds.

He then told us that 5 min. 28 secs. = 58 secs.

Mac. has discovered that when two holes are made in the crust of cooling sulphur, one is to let the liquid sulphur run out, and the other to let it in again. This gives us an idea of how he whiles away his science lessons.

He has also invented a new part of speech, *i.e.*, the transitive noun. We think he might do well to apply to Nesfields for a job. Marsh, the other "Lightning Twin," told us that ships do not go up the St. Lawrence in winter, because they might melt, owing to the boiling water.

Our Form Chemist tells us that, when sulphur is heated, *Carbon-di-oxide* comes off. We think this a Bigg mistake.

Wanted, an ear-trumpet for Robbins. Would any offerers please come to the Fifth Form Room.

R. H. REEVES.

F. J. BOWERS.



Khaki Prize Distribution.

SPEECH DAY AT REIGATE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

A SATISFACTORY YEAR'S WORK.

The Annual Prize Distribution at the Reigate Grammar School on Friday was attended by several of the old boys in khaki, and the event was aptly described by Sir Benjamin V. S. Brodie, Bart, as a khaki prize day. Owing to shortage of masters the usual entertainment given by the boys was omitted from the programme, and the proceedings were confined to the

distribution of the prizes, the reading of the headmaster's report, and short speeches. Sir Benjamin V. S. Brodie presided, and he was supported by Sir Herbert Warren, K.C.V.O., M.A., D.C.L., President of Magdalen College and Professor of Poetry, Oxford University, Mr. George A. R. Ince, J.P., C.C., Mayor of Reigate, the Rev. W. Earle, Mr. H. Ongley, J.P., Alderman O. C. Apled, Mr. F. S. Orme, headmaster, and his assistants.

The Chairman expressed pleasure at being able to assemble as usual for the presentation of prizes. Last year he said it was their first khaki prize day. It would not have been right if they had not had the customary prize distribution. It had been suggested that they should only have certificates, but the Mayor asked if they did not give books as prizes what would become of the printers and bookbinders? They were giving books as prizes, and perhaps they would serve as a memorial in coming years of the terrible time they were passing through at present. Owing to the war they had lost several members of the staff. Mr. McKay, Mr. Jones and Mr. Calistri had joined the forces, and they were about to lose Captain Wade, of the O.T.C. He could speak with some feeling of Captain Wade. He had proved himself a most valuable officer of the O.T.C., and he felt certain that he would do the school credit among the officers of the regiment he was going to. He knew the boys wished Captain Wade a hearty send off, and hoped he would safely return when times were better (cheers). Referring to Sir Herbert Warren, he said that was not the first time he had visited the school to present the prizes, but it was several years ago, before the present boys entered the school.

HEADMASTER'S REPORT.

Mr. Orme presented his fifth annual report, and said in that momentous year they had been as successful as they had any reason to expect. Some of the great schools had, he believed, suffered a drop in numbers, but they remained at substantially the same figure as last year—154. In fact, they were better off, because they admitted a number of Belgian refugees, 12 in number, but eight of these had since left. In ordinary times they would probably have increased, but boys were now finding it easier to get positions in certain lines of business, banks and offices, and therefore left when in the normal way they might have stayed on a further year. Never had it been so essential that boys should be well equipped, both intellectually and physically, and he urged parents most seriously to consider whether they ought to sacrifice their sons' future by letting themselves be induced to put them in some work, apparently well paid and seemingly providing an opening at the moment, in preference to allowing them to get all the education they could. Such boys who were insufficiently qualified for their posts would have an anxious time when the brave fellows who had been fighting their country's battles returned and had to be

reinstated in civil life. In that connection the query came how far it was fair to the present generation to denude the schools of teachers? It was becoming increasingly difficult to provide the boys with that tuition which meant success in examinations and provided passports to careers. Of the masters, Mr. McKay left in April, Mr. Calistri and Mr. Jones in July, and Mr. Wade was going at the end of the term. Men could not decide to leave what was regarded as an important national work, even to serve as combatants, without much searching of heart, and in that respect there had been a slight loss of efficiency in all of them. Notwithstanding the difficulties under which the boys worked, owing to their homes being disturbed in large numbers of cases by billeting and general feeling of unrest, they had put in some good solid work. He hoped they would continue to do so, and make up by their industry and good behaviour for the lack of efficiency which might creep in from other causes. In the London Junior School Examination 17 boys were successful, seven of them with honours, and 43 marks of distinction were gained in the various subjects. Potter got honours from the IVth. form; a most unusual and creditable feat. Their real test was the London Matriculation Examination. Out of the Lower VIth. form of 13 boys, two were too young to be admitted to the examination, and of the remaining eleven, 10 were successful. Jordan got two distinctions, in French and German, Mattock and Turner one each in French, Cripps one in Mathematics, and Charlwood one in Physics. In addition, some boys who had matriculated in previous years passed in certain subjects. Everitt, Miller and Outen in French, Potter, F., in Chemistry, and Spence, T., and Wade in Advanced Mathematics. In regard to these examinations they were pleased with Reigate results, as they compared most favourably with those of any other school in proportion to numbers of boys. Of the fourteen boys who had left the two top forms in the year and had taken up careers, six had passed Civil Service examinations and were therefore settled in life straight from school. They congratulated Burtenshaw, who was an excellent head prefect, on being successful in getting an appointment by passing the difficult Intermediate examination. The other five boys, Dare, Potter, Sutton, Outen, and Whiting, had done most creditably. Having reported upon games and the fact that the school football team suffered defeat, two goals to one, by Richmond in the Surrey Cup, Mr. Orme deplored the fact that they were short of adequate playing fields, and felt they were not doing their duty to the boys until they provided for them in this direction. He offered their hearty thanks to Mr. Searle, who had lent them his excellent ground at various times.

THE OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.

The Officers' Training Corps was now fuller than ever before; nearly every boy who was physically capable and eligible

in point of age was undergoing that most useful training. It entailed a real sacrifice of time and convenience, because boys came up for drills before school several mornings a week. The training given to boys in handling bodies of their fellows, in command, in discipline, in obedience, was most valuable simply as an education in character: even if it were and had not been one of the most important patriotic works undertaken in their generation. Serving in the Armies, of ex-cadets, they knew of 43 officers and 114 N.C.O.'s and men, 157 in all, serving. Also of non-cadets 18 officers, and 42 N.C.O.'s and men, total 60; making a grand total of Old Boys serving 217. That was as far as they knew, but there must be more. One remarkable feature of the war was the real affection which had been shown by the Old Boys for the school. They had had them from British Columbia, Canada, South Africa, New Zealand, and other parts of the world, dropping in to have a look round and a talk over old times. There had been an extraordinary demand for the School Magazine, and their hearts warmed towards those Old Boys when they felt that they thought of them and still appreciated what was done for them at Reigate Grammar School. They had to mourn the loss of several Old Boys—Bilcliffe, Garton, Fraser, Worley, Dempster, Ive, Morrison, Gill, and Geoffrey Cragg. The last-named was a very active member of the Old Boys' Club; he always loved and worked for his old school. All of them felt the loss very deeply. The boys and masters had been having weekly collections for the Red Cross funds. Nearly £35 had been forwarded to those deserving objects, and by the end of the term it should reach nearly £50. It would be noticed they were still giving books as prizes—many other schools had given certificates. The Governors felt that if they could get suitable books at a good price the boys would prefer them with the school crest, even of such moderate value, to any certificate which could be produced. The book bill had been reduced from £15 or £16 to £5, and they had still got good literature in very presentable garb. Concluding, Mr. Orme acknowledged his indebtedness to the Governors for the sympathy and kindness they had extended to him, and expressed his thanks to the Second Master and the staff for that loyal and energetic help on which the success of the school so much depended.

PRIZE LIST.

Lower Form VI.—Cripps (Mathematics), Spearing, C. E. (Science), Wetherfield (English). Form V.—Bennett (Mathematics), Shaw (Science), Jones (English). Form IVa.—Taylor and Bowden (Mathematics), Bowden (Science), Potter, R. (English). Form IVb.—Potter, R. (Mathematics), Bowers (Science). Form IIIa.—Edmonds, Brown, and Trowell. Form IIIb.—Maynard and John.

French.—Jordan, W. L., Gooda, Potter, R., Harman, Wadham, Maynard, Goodeve.

German.—Jordan, W. L., Gooda, W. G., Evans, J. A.

Latin.—Mattock, McGlennon, T.

General Subjects.—Form II., Dales; Form I., Scully.

Special Prizes (Upper Form VI.)—Everett, Spence, and Wade.

University of London (Junior School Examination).—Form V., W. A. Bennett, C. W. E. Bishop, F. M. Blunden, S. C. Charlwood, E. C. Hallyar, A. W. Jones, J. E. Marsh, S. Overington, C. A. Risbridger, W. Sandiford, H. B. Shaw, and W. H. Spearing; Form IV., S. J. Bailey, F. J. Bowers, and R. W. Potter.

University of London (Senior School Examination).—A. G. Everett, P. J. F. Miller, C. R. Outen, F. E. Potter, T. Spence, C. H. Wade.

Matriculation.—W. R. Charlwood, J. H. Clayton, C. E. Cripps, L. E. Gosden, W. L. Jordan, G. Mattock, S. E. Norris, C. E. Spearing, E. P. Turner, F. R. Wetherfield.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Captain's Prize for Good Conduct.—H. C. Burtenshaw.

Drawing Prize.—W. Sandiford.

Sir John Watney's Challenge Cup for the Champion Athlete.—V. Hammond.

CADET CORPS PRIZES.

Sir Benjamin V. S. Brodie's for Signalling and Section Leading.—Sergt. Spearing.

Old Boys' Challenge Cup for Best Section.—Section III. (Sergt. Burtenshaw).

Mr. Gordon Gill's Prize for General Efficiency.—Sergt. Wade.

Lieut. J. E. Hall's Challenge Cup for Best Shot.—Sergt. Wade.

Col.-Sergt. F. H. Smith's Challenge Cup for Best Shot on School Range (under 15 years of age).—Pte. Kerr.

LESSONS FROM THE WAR.

Sir Robert Warren having distributed the prizes, gave a short address, and said that was a memorable occasion. It was not the first khaki prize-giving, but they hoped it would be the last, although he was not certain that it would be. He was pleased to have had the opportunity of coming down to Surrey, which had played such a great part in the history of the country.

The great universities of this country at the present time were sad spectacles. They were almost empty, but their emptiness was eloquent, for they would not find in them any shirkers, slackers, or Derby dodgers. From what they had heard they felt the same patriotism in that school as they did at the university. No doubt some of the boys hoped the war would last until they were old enough to take part in it, which was very praiseworthy, showing the spirit which prevailed (hear, hear). They were living in tremendous times, and he hoped they would take to heart the lessons which were to be learnt from the war. There were two great lessons which were not inappropriate on an occasion of that kind. Education was never more important than it was at the present moment. Knowledge acquired by education gave a tremendous advantage to those who had acquired it. Knowledge was one thing and wisdom was another—a higher kind of knowledge. Knowledge without wisdom could never bring peace and happiness, and the proper use of knowledge and wisdom was never more important than it was at present. It was therefore with pleasure he read in the "Morning Post" that Mr. Patrick Alexander had handed to his friend, Mr. E. G. A. Beckwith, the Headmaster of the Imperial Services College, Windsor, a cheque for £10,000, "for the training of character and the development of knowledge" among the boys of the school. He thought that was a striking and significant gift, as the school well deserved it. He hoped other gifts of a similar kind would be given, and that those who were entrusted with the management of schools would follow in the same spirit and spend as much money as they could upon the proper development of knowledge and the training of character. The spirit of the old boys was splendid, and he appealed to the parents and others to help the school in the way he had indicated. They had heard the report of the Headmaster, which he considered was of a satisfactory character. It was a great pleasure to him to give away the prizes, and especially those which were for subjects which were likely to be of great importance in the future. He believed modern subjects had an imperative call upon all educationalists. Many of them loved the old subjects, but, after all, they were more or less luxuries, and the more modern subjects were necessary if a boy was to be well equipped when he left school. Victories were to be won other than those on the battlefield. The Germans had set themselves to acquire knowledge and science, and they must do the same if they were ultimately to be successful. He hoped that French was going to be of greater value and have a new meaning. To learn the spirit of the French language was to understand the spirit of that nation. He hoped when the war was over there would be a long and lasting alliance between the Anglo-Saxon race and the French and Russians, and then they might have a happy future. He was glad to hear of the large and cheerful contribution the school had made to the service of the

country—it showed a fine public spirit on the part of the old boys. In conclusion he humorously referred to the "Battle of Brockham Warren" by the Cadet Corps last year, congratulated his brother-in-law (Sir Benjamin) upon the tone and character of the school, and the Headmaster, second master and the other members of the staff upon their work, and hoped if he was privileged again to give away the prizes he would find the school, high as it stood now, standing higher in its achievements. The school had had a fine past, and he hoped it would have a finer future (cheers).

The Mayor, thanking Sir Herbert Warren for his attendance and distributing the prizes, hoped that parents would remember the good advice that the President of Magdalen College had given them, and that they would see that their children profited by the advantages of education which the school provided. As the parent of one of the old boys, he wished to add his testimony to the great value which the Reigate Grammar School had been. He believed parents could not find a better investment for their money than in giving their children the best education their means would allow.

The proceedings closed with the customary cheers by the boys for Sir Herbert Warren, the masters, the school, and the holidays.

