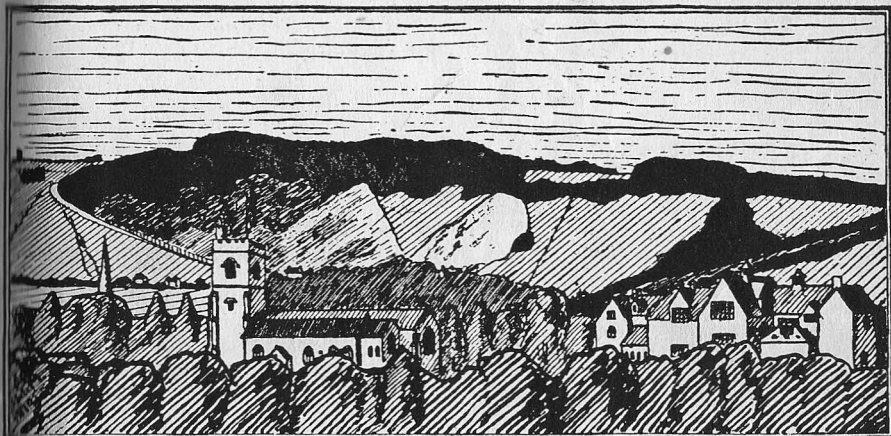


THE PILGRIM.



The Magazine of Reigate Grammar School



Pilgrim's Way

Vol. XV.

JULY, 1916.

No. 49.

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Editorial.

The last number of the Pilgrim was published so late that there is not quite so much material for this. We publish the last instalment of one of the most interesting accounts of life in a sailing ship that we have ever read. This has been a veritable gold mine for successive editors, and we offer our best thanks to Molyneux. There must be many other Old Boys who have had strange or unusual experiences in these disturbed times, and we hope that the spirit may move them to put pen to paper for our benefit. "Every schoolboy knows" how interested was the poet Gray in the thought that "mute inglorious Miltons" might be lying in our country churchyards. We may therefore urge Reigate boys not to allow the chance of being a Milton or a Macaulay slip, but to send their maiden efforts to us with a reasonable hope of publication.

Examinations are now looming before many of us, and this year more than usual we feel doubtful of the results. Our work has been so upset in these troublous times, but we hope that the Examiners may be kind to us. We wish all the candidates the best of luck.

We publish in this issue the list of those generous people who have so kindly subscribed to the fund for the O.T.C. We are truly grateful to them for their liberality, and we are sure that every boy will do his best to justify the confidence placed in us by making himself as efficient as possible.

It is our good fortune again to have the Priory Ground for cricket, and, we hope, for football. We have not had a ground of this size for some time, and all boys ought to take the opportunity of playing in the games for their own sake and for that of the School. The more boys who turn up, the more interesting and exciting can the games become. We can then train up the youngsters worthily to follow in the footsteps of their elders, and in time to improve on their performances.



Valete.

Wiseman, Cowan, Graham, Knapman, Thompson, Lanaway, Wright, Trowell H., Husbands, Reeves R., Robbins (in May), Wetherfield S., Bennett, Blunden.

Salvete.

Eeles, Shrimpton, Woods J. H., Cornell, Gray, Graves, Hewer, King, May, Rigden, Watson, Greenfield, Parrant, Walter.

School Notes.

Place aux Dames. We welcome most heartily among us Miss Rossiter and Miss Jones, who are showing their patriotism by coming to give us that help which we cannot now receive from the sterner sex. We hope that "even the youngest of us" will endeavour to show them that we keep a high standard of conduct at Reigate.

Wild horses would not drag us from where ———, but "frightfulness" has shown itself. There came into our hands a note, on which was inscribed "Gaud strafe Miss ———!"

Seventy boys have joined us in 1915-16. This is far the largest number we have had of entries in any School year, and in normal times we might hope that our total would show a substantial rise provided that boys do not leave too early.

Bennett, Reeves, and Robbins have left us for the realms of finance, and Blunden is entering the Eastern Telegraph Company, having also been successful in the Clerks to Surveyors of Taxes examination held last December.

We hope that there has been a large sale of Encyclopædias, Whitaker's Almanacks, and other books of reference in the neighbourhood, as preparation for the General Knowledge Paper in July. Which Form and House will have the best average?



Old Boys' Notes.

It is so long since any O.B.C. Notes appeared in the Pilgrim that we are almost shy of re-appearing in print. We apologise, and shift the blame on the War, and the Editor, who persists in sternly demanding proof on Saturday for delivery first post on Monday!

It is with very deep regret that we announce the death of E. G. Francis, who was killed in action whilst serving in France as 2nd-Lieut. in Post Office Rifles. Rumour also has it that we have to mourn the deaths of C. Kenyon, Wisden, and Barnard, but to date the rumour has happily not been officially confirmed.

We welcome as new members C. E. Spearing, J. Whiting, F. Potter, Deacock, Outen, Panzetta, Miller, R. Pooley, F. Holt,

Hudson, and W. B. Dare, to all of whom we extend a hearty greeting, and as an honorary member Mr. W. Wiltshire, to whom we owe, both for his keen interest in the Club, and splendid help in the school and O.T.C.

We would remind boys about to leave School, that although we are unable personally to canvass them, they are one and all welcome as members, and if they will give their names to Mr. Hall (and also their 1/- subscription, please) they will be duly enrolled, and can help to keep the Club going until the War is over, and thereafter.

The Annual General Meeting was held on March 18th, and passed off amicably. There was a good attendance of members, who unanimously decided that the Club must be kept going at all costs, and that in order to economise, no booklet should be issued for the forthcoming year. It was further decided that Pilgrims must be sent to members on active service, so as to remind them that we had not forgotten their existence (though they in many cases would seem to have forgotten ours).

Fixtures were arranged as follows:—

Cricket Match v. Grammar School, June 17th, 3 p.m.

Football Match, October 21st, 1916, 3 p.m.

” ” March 17th, 1917, 3 p.m.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, March 17th, 7.30 p.m.

Our Chairman propounded an excellent scheme whereby Old Boys might assist present boys and their parents in their choice of professions and trades on leaving School. A small sub-committee, of O. Kennard, W. Hooper, and S. Shaw were appointed, and it is hoped they can arrange lectures and discussions for the coming winter.

The Statement of Accounts and Annual Report are appended. The balance in hand is rather smaller than last year, in spite of rigid economy, a fact explained by the remission of the subscriptions of those members on active service.

We were glad to see F. Holt (Q.M.S. 25th Divl. Signals, R.E.), and J. Pym (2nd Lieut. 2/7th London Regt.), in Reigate, and we have news of G. Burtenshaw and Brierly, both of whom are serving; but there must be many more O.B.'s serving, of whom we have no news, and we appeal to friends and relations to forward their names for the Roll of Honour.

N. Chapple, S. Malcomson, H. Dawson, and R. Atchley are all on work again, and we hear G. Mew is on the high road

to recovery. R. Thompson and W. Bell are in Mesopotamia, F. E. Apted and F. Martin are in Egypt, H. L. Marsh, R. J. Martin and N. Chapple have commissions, and the first named is in France, Major Gill, Capt. J. Figg, and Rifleman H. Mitchiner are in the 60th Division and will shortly be with Marsh. O. H. Apted writes cheerily from France, an example much to be commended to his brother members.

Many other members are doubtless doing excellent work and feeling aggrieved it is not recorded, but please remember that the length even of secretarial ears is limited.

W. D. Malcomson, now recovered in health, has nobly allowed himself to be elected joint Honorary Secretary (vice G. E. Cragg deceased), and his place on the Committee has been taken by S. C. Shaw, otherwise Club officials remain as heretofore.

The football match played on March 18th, resulted in a win for the 9 Old Boys and 2 substitutes who represented the Club, and gave the School a good game.

The Cricket Match, played in ideal weather on June 17th, was won by the O.B.C. by 84 to 63. The Club honours went to W. D. Malcomson who scored 28, and kept wicket very ably, Ince, Scollick and R. Pooley who bowled. Dare who made a wonderful catch, and Stedman who didn't. There was a good attendance of friends, whose support is much appreciated.

We would draw the attention of all Old Boys to the appeal issued by the School O.T.C., which we hope will be generously replied to, as it is dreadful to think that our "Alma Mater" of militarism should be short of funds at a period when its existence is so well justified.

Captain Wade, who is attached to the 12th Essex, looks very fit, in spite of the fact that he blew himself up with a jam tin bomb.

Congratulations to R. R. Huxtable and H. L. Mitchiner on their respective marriages, and to Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Gritton on the birth of their daughter.

In conclusion we appeal to all O.B.'s relations and friends to send us any news they may have of any Old Boys, so that we may be able to compile an efficient and representative roll of honour, and keep in touch with the movements of friends which are always of great interest.

P. H. M.



Reigate Grammar School Old Boys' Club.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE

FOR THE YEAR ENDING MARCH 31ST, 1916.

During the year 13 new members have been elected and our numbers now stand at 171, the highest yet recorded, and that in spite of the fact that the European war has made it almost impossible to keep in touch with the boys leaving school. There are now just over 100 members serving in the Army and Navy. The Committee records with deep regret the deaths of G. E. Cragg, C. G. Garton, and A. Bilcliffe all of whom fell in the field, and of F. S. Benton who died after a long illness; by the death of so keen and popular a member as Cragg, an ex-Chairman and Honorary Secretary, the Club has sustained an irreparable loss.

During the year a cricket match was played v. School in June, and resulted in a win for the Old Boys; the weather was brilliant and a record number of Old Boys and friends attended. Football matches were played v. School on October 23rd, and March 18th, and resulted on both occasions in wins for the Club team, though in all cases the Old Boys' side was of necessity a "scratch" one, to all members credit is due.

A Smoking Concert which had been arranged for October 23rd, was abandoned on receipt of the news of the deaths of the Old Boys enumerated above.

The Committee views with consternation the steadily dwindling cash balance, and confidently appeals to those members who are still in England, for financial support in the shape of prompt payment of subscriptions, and donations to the "Pilgrim" fund, in order that the Club may be able to continue to keep members, even though scattered abroad by the force of circumstances, in touch with each other and the school.

In conclusion, the Committee wishes to thank W. D. Malcomson for so promptly and ably filling the secretarial breach, caused by the death of G. E. Cragg.

P. H. MITCHINER,

Hon. Sec.



REIGATE GRAMMAR SCHOOL OLD BOYS' CLUB.—STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND PAYMENTS
For the Year ending 29th February, 1916.

RECEIPTS.				PAYMENTS.			
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To balance in hand	18	6	5	By Secretarial Expenses	1	2	0
Subscriptions: 6 Annuals at 5/-	1	10	0	Football Tea	12	6	
6 " " 2/6-	15	0		Printing	3	9	3
10 " " 1/-	10	0		Pilgrims	1	14	0
			2 15 0	Balance forward	15	4	8
Donation:							
Temple Newell, Esq. (Vice-President)	10	6					
Alfred Smith, Esq. (Vice-President)	10	6					
			1 1 0				
	£22	2	5		£22	2	5

I have examined the above accounts with the Books and Vouchers and found same to be correct.

J. E. HALL, Hon. Treasurer.

HARRY KEASLEY, Hon. Auditor.

March 10th, 1916.

SCHOLARSHIP SCHEME ACCOUNTS for the year ending 29th February, 1916.

RECEIPTS.				PAYMENTS.			
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To Balance in hand	14	7	7	By Balance in hand	14	7	7

I have examined the above accounts, with the Books and Vouchers, and found same to be correct.

J. E. HALL, Hon. Treasurer.

HARRY KEASLEY, Hon. Auditor.

March 10th, 1916.

Football.

Last term saw very little School Football, and the House matches are doubtless adequately dealt with elsewhere. The Corps had a call on several half-holidays—most willingly responded to—and the Guildford and Horsham matches could not be played, so that our only School match was that against the Old Boys. This match showed us that our prognostications were correct. Although the new forward, Wright, who replaced Norris, was individually excellent, the resulting line lacked balance, and their attacks had thus lost more than half their sting. Against such opposition as the Old Boys were able to provide, the School must infallibly have lost, but the team for Michaelmas term would have put up a good fight. As it was, the score, 9—1 in favour of the Old Boys, by no means misrepresents the play. The actual game, as a football match, was somewhat ragged and uninteresting, but was to a certain extent redeemed by the individual brilliance shown by the brothers Malcomson and by Hoyle. Let us hope we shall put up a better fight at cricket.

Those who received 1st XI. colours at the end of the season were Bishop, Blunden, Farrington, Spence, T., and Wetherfield. Congratulations!



Cricket.

This season our prospects seem more favourable than at any time since we have had the pleasure of preparing these Notes for the Pilgrim. The team looks stronger, for one thing, but we have learnt how unreliable "look" form is, and put no trust in it. What is more to the purpose is that the combination of the Priory Ground and some new nets (what a tale we could tell of our chase of these latter, and our finally running to earth, we believe, the only one in London!) have provided better facilities for practice than for some time past. Some had taken advantage of these facilities, though there is still accommodation for many more; those who have done so have benefitted and are benefitting, and their weekly improving form is the result.

It is to our advantage, too, that our stalwart captain, Risbridger, does not share with Sutton of last season the disability of living at the other end of the earth, so that he is able to be on the spot a good deal, and we have the benefit of this. Also we have been fortunate, and in this respect we hope and believe are to be still more fortunate, in having help from Mr. Bourne with some coaching as and when he can spare the time. We are

extremely obliged to him, and we appreciate the privilege of coaching from an erstwhile county cricketer of such eminence.

A few words, as is our wont, about team-building, and all the doubts and difficulties which will doubtless be resolved long before these lines see print, followed by a discussion of characters, and it will end with a brief summary of the matches we have played so far. As far as team-building goes, we have fewer difficulties, numerically, than usual, but they are not less formidable on that account; perhaps they are more so.

Eight places in the team are more or less safe: for the three others there are at least five candidates, possibly more, though at the time of writing only three have been tried. The reasonably certain ones are Risbridger, Charlwood S., Bishop, Charlwood W. R., Farrington, Overington, Sewell, and Wetherfield. The vacant places have to date been filled by Davidson, Risbridger ii., and Spence J. It is generally supposed that a place will be found for Spearing K. when he returns from his battle with measles of the Hunnish variety, but this is by no means certain, for his claim to inclusion rests mainly on his wicket keeping, and Wetherfield, who has officiated as stumper during his absence, seems likely to continue in this capacity. It is doubtful if Davidson can justify his inclusion, though he may receive an extended trial. His batting is poor, and we can hardly play him for his bowling only, as we are so well off for bowlers already, as far any way as numbers go. Verrells might have got a place for his wicket-keeping, but we cannot play him except as a stop-gap, for he is not able to turn out regularly. Then James has some claim to consideration: he performed extremely well in the only Second Eleven match we have yet played, making 29 runs and taking several wickets cheaply. Hayllar is another "possible": he is not at all a bad wicket keeper, quite as good as Wetherfield, in our opinion, and he is very keen. Our own opinion, which will be verified or disproved before these Notes appear, is that Spearing will come in, and that Risbridger and Spence will retain their places. On this assumption we will now proceed to discuss the

CHARACTERS OF THE TEAM.

* RISBRIDGER, C. A. (captain). An excellent bat, especially strong on the leg side, but with a fine straight drive on occasion, as for example his winning hit against Skinner's, of which more anon. He has an especially strong defence, as he has just shown us, but he is well off too, for scoring strokes, and should get a lot of runs. Fate has not been too kind to him so far, but we hope he will be luckier. As a bowler, he has a beautiful easy action, a natural swerve and off-break, and bowls a fairly fast ball. He should get a lot of wickets, but must beware of over-bowling himself—or, for that matter, anyone else. He has shown himself a good captain so far, and will doubtless improve still further with experience.

*** CHARLWOOD, S. C.** (vice-captain) is about as effective a cricketer as his more impressive chief. The two are about as unlike as it is possible for two cricketers to be. Charlwood lacks Risbridger's physical strength and graceful style with ball and bat, but is singularly effective with both. He is a remarkably "brainy" bowler, especially when the pitch suits him. He swings his right arm oddly, and the ball is doing queer things at the other end of the pitch. It is pitched where you do not like it, it breaks (and what a break!) when you expected it to come straight, and comes straight when you expected a break. He gives you "one to hit," and lo and behold, you don't get hold of it, and the stumper gratefully accepts a "dolly." So you may meet S.C.C. and report it. His batting, too, is unimpressive to the eye, but often singularly effective. He takes root, and proceeds to make some most queer strokes, mostly with a cross bat. You slang him, but you don't get him out in a hurry.

Taking the non-colour "certs." alphabetically, we come next to **BISHOP, C. W. E.**, on whom we rely for a goodly share of our runs. He is a most graceful bat, with a particularly nice late cut. Although of short stature, he has plenty of weight and strength, and is going to trouble the scorers a great deal. He bowls a good ball, but in our opinion should not as a rule go on till third change. His fielding is nothing short of magnificent.

CHARLWOOD, W. R., is a great contrast to the last player (we seem to be going in antithetic pairs), but, like him, should get a lot of runs. He has a sturdy, though unlovely defence, and proceeds to stab and chop and do all sorts of things with the best that is served up to him. He seems better able to hit a good ball than a bad one!

FARRINGTON, E. W., like the last player, is one of this season's discoveries. Like him, too, he is a painstaking, effective bat. He is a shining example of what practice will accomplish. He can bowl if need be, and his fielding is good.

OVERINGTON, S., is played as a bowler, though he is good for runs now and then. He bowls a natural "googly," and was surprised when this was pointed out to him. He has plenty of stamina, and can go on bowling ad libitum. His fielding is excellent.

SEWELL, F. B., is a very useful all-round man. He bats with a beautifully fine style; but he will insist on hitting anything and everything, and in consequence he does not get all the runs he is good for. He must disabuse himself of the idea that steady cricket is beyond him. He is an excellent brainy steady slow bowler, with a "fast straight one" which adds considerably to the effectiveness of the others. He is, however, rather expensive, on account of the large number of loose balls he sends down.

*** Colours.**

WETHERFIELD, F. R., has made a good many runs, and will doubtless make a great many more before the season is over. He has a good fine style and a sound defence. As a stumper he stops the ball well, but should try to "stand up" more, and stump a few people if possible, especially off Sewell. It may be worth while to "stand up," even if a longstop is thereby rendered necessary. "Roby" can bowl a fast straight ball if he is wanted to do so.

Taking now what we have indicated as the "probables," also alphabetically, we come first to

RISBRIDGER, R. W., who is very small and young for a place in the "first." He is keen, however, and a steady bat and good field. His brother was doing good service at his age, and he may well "follow in Charlie's footsteps."

SPEARING, K. H., is a steady bat, whose enormous reach is of course a great aid to his defence, but he has few scoring strokes. He should, however, be a very useful bowler, for he bowls an over or two at lightning speed, if only he could reduce the number of loose balls he sends down. His possibilities as a wicket-keeper have already been alluded to.

SPENCE, J. T., without excelling in any department, is a steady useful man all round. A slight improvement, which will no doubt be forthcoming, would make his position absolutely secure.

At the time of writing we have played three matches. The first was against Skinner's School, Tunbridge Wells, a school we have not played before. We beat them easily, getting them all out for 35 (Charlwood, S. C. 8 for 7!!), and, putting together 80 odd for six, declared. On a second hit they did better, scoring 63, and setting us 18 or 19 to get in about 10 minutes. In our hurry we lost three wickets, but Risbridger C. made the winning hit off the antepenultimate ball, scoring the four runs required with one of the hardest straight drives we have ever seen in school cricket. Charlwood S. and Wetherfield batted well for 21 and 27 respectively.

Our second match was against Caterham, and this we lost by a narrow margin, rather unluckily we may be allowed to think. Our opponents, batting first on a good wicket, got 85, rather more than they should have, and we lost several good wickets cheaply. Then, however, Charlwood W. and Bishop became associated, and looked like knocking off the runs, till Bishop was bowled with a clinking ball which took his off bail. Charlwood, however, persevered, and appeared well set, when he had the misfortune to be given out l.b.w., after which we had no real chance.

The third match, played no longer ago than last Saturday, was easily the best of the three. We were to have played Earlswood Asylum, but they were obliged to scratch, owing to epidemic, and a game was arranged with the 2/5 East Surreys, Captain Gillett bringing over a strong team. We had the help

of Mr. Bourne and Mr. W. D. Malcomson. We were put in to bat first on a wet wicket with the sun on it, and did well, all things considered, to get 47. Messrs. Bourne and Malcomson went cheaply, but Risbridger, going in second wicket down, batted with admirable steadiness, and was last out with 17 to his credit. Our opponents, on a slightly better wicket, put up 63, Private Boxall being entirely responsible for their victory, since he scored 33 of them. We should like such games oftener.

The Battersea match has been scratched. On Saturday is the Old Boys' match. They have, we hear, a strong team out, but we are not dismayed. If we win, so much the more to our credit; if not, we shall not be disgraced.

We cannot bring these notes to a conclusion without commenting on two things. The first is the great improvement in the standard of our fielding. Long may it continue. Then we have noticed a tendency on the part of the youngsters to show more keenness than has been the case in past seasons. Though there is still a very great deal of leeway to be made up in this respect, it is good to be able to record that a start has been made, and to express a hope that such an admirable movement may gain ground very rapidly now it has once begun.



O. T. C.

We must open these notes by expressing our hearty thanks to all the subscribers to the Corps funds, who so generously answered our appeal last term, and thus enabled us to clear off the heavy debt. May we show our appreciation not only in words but also in greater usefulness and increased efficiency! It is with deep regret that we record the death in action of 2nd Lieut. E. G. Francis, 1/8 City of London Regt., 2nd Lieut. C. W. Kenyon, 10 Royal Sussex, and Pte. Barnard. To their sorrowing parents and relatives we offer our sincerest sympathy. We heartily congratulate Lieut. R. Atchley on his appointment to the General Staff in France, and also Capt. E. L. Higgins on being awarded the Military Cross and his captaincy.

By the time these notes are in print our Annual Inspection, to take place on July 18th, will be close upon us. This is the most important event in our military year, and upon the result of it our existence depends. It is hoped, therefore, that each individual member of the Corps will do his very best to make it a success this year. A Staff Officer from the War Office will carry out the Inspection. Our Field Training this term has included several afternoons on Earlswood Common, during which tactical exercises of various kinds have been practised with varying success! On the evening of June 14th we hoped to provide a "surprise" for the 4th Surrey Volunteer Regt., but the informa-

tion had leaked out, and the element of surprise was not much in evidence. The Corps defended the high ground on Reigate Heath, and although the natural strength of the position was made good use of, some of the work was spoiled by the usual errors of bunching up during the retreat, and not making sufficient use of cover. These errors can only be eradicated by each cadet concentrating his whole attention on his own work, and not trying to see what is happening elsewhere.

The Corps had the honour of taking part, on May 25th, in an Empire Day Festival, arranged by the Rev. W. N. Earle. The Earl of Meath was received with the salute, and afterwards gave a very inspiring address.

The remaining events of importance this term besides the Inspection are a Field Day on July 6th with Epsom College, and a visit to Brockham Warren at the invitation of Sir B. V. S. Brodie. This latter event will be looked forward to by all ranks!

Inter-Section Distance Judging Competition.

Result:—1st, Sect. 5.

—2nd, „ 4.

—3rd, „ 3.

Old Boys' Shield.

Result:—3rd Term, 1915, Sec. 3.

—1st „ 1916, Sec. 5.

Our N.C.O.'s this term are:—

Col.-Sergt. C. H. Wade.

Platoon-Sergt. T. Spence, No. 2 Platoon.

„ „ E. P. Turner, „ 1 „

Sergt. C. A. Risbridger, „ 2 Section.

„ C. Bishop, „ 1 „

Corpl. Farrington, „ 5 „

„ Wetherfield, „ 7 „

„ F. B. Sewell, „ 6 „

L.-Corpl. Hayllar, „ 4 „

L.-Corpl. Cripps, 2nd in command of 6 Section.

L.-Corpl. Clayton, No. 3 Section.

L.-Corpl. K. Spearing, „ 8 „

L.-Corpl. J. T. Spence, 2nd in command of Sec. 4.

To all those cadets who have left we offer our best wishes in their new work.

Our new recruits this term are H. F. Quinton, C. C. B. Walter, H. Edmonds, H. G. Trowell.

There are still some boys in the School who ought to be in the O.T.C., but remain unashamed to be seen drilling with the "Juniors," who are too young or for other reasons through no fault of their own, are unable to join. We hope these hefty, weak-kneed individuals will ere long be compelled to do their share of the work, even though their patriotism isn't of sufficiently high an order to influence them to join voluntarily.

S. G. E.

OLD BOYS AND MASTERS,

Serving in H.M. Forces, June 21st.

- Capt. N. H. Wade, 12th Essex.
 „ E. W. Dann, 8th „
 „ A. M. Dawson, 5th Hants.
 „ P. H. Mitchiner, R.A.M.C., 5th Gen. London Hospital.
 „ J. Figg, 2/24th Co. of London.
 „ E. W. Taylorson, A.O.C.
 Lieut. A. J. Malcomson, R.F.A.
 „ R. St. G. Atchley, 12th Yorks.
 „ J. A. Lillywhite, R.N.D., 1st Drake Bn.
 „ D. Motion, R.F.A.
 2nd Lieut. G. T. Mackay, 2/7th Liverpool.
 „ D. Ive, 2nd Queen's, killed.
 „ H. Willoughby, 1st So. Staffs.
 „ H. G. Davies, 2nd R. Welsh Fus.
 „ H. C. Saunders, 8th Queen's.
 „ C. M. Duncan, R.F.A.
 „ K. Bidlake, 13th Worcesters.
 „ H. Thrower, 12th A. & S. Hdrs.
 „ W. R. D. Robertson, R.F.A.
 „ H. W. Budden, 12th Lanc. Fus.
 Capt. E. L. Higgins, 1st Royal F., Military Cross.
 „ W. A. Perry, New Zealand Div.
 Lieut. S. M. Mew, 1st Royal I.R.
 2nd Lieut. R. Headley, R.F.A.
 „ E. G. Francis, 1/8th City of London, killed.
 „ P. L. Mott, 9th Essex.
 „ R. G. Thompson, 8th Wilts.
 „ J. O. Whiting, 9th Queen's.
 Lieut. A. L. Pash, „ „
 2nd Lieut. G. E. Scollick, 9th Queen's.
 „ C. F. Ashdown, 19th Co. of London.
 „ F. H. Pratt, 13th R. Warwick.
 „ C. M. Smith, 3/7th Essex Regt.
 „ R. C. M. Smith, R.F.C.
 „ F. J. Martin, 10th Co. of London.
 „ C. H. Rayner, 13th Lanc. Fus.
 „ W. E. Keasley, 9th Queen's.
 „ L. Green, 3/5th „
 „ J. Apperley, 5th Middlesex.
 „ R. J. Martin, 10th Co. of London.
 Sub.-Lieut. F. N. Halsted, R.N.A.S.
 2nd Lieut. F. Pepper.
 „ E. N. Penfold, 10th Leicesters.

RANK AND FILE.

- Bomb. N. Rayner, R.F.A.
 Corpl. W. D. Malcomson, London Scottish.
 Pte. H. Mac. N. McFraser, „ „ killed.

Pte. E. W. Hedges, 1/5th Queen's.
 „ M. H. Hood, „
 Trooper C. Ward, Essex Yeo.
 Sergt. N. Chapple, 1/5th Queen's.
 Pte. G. S. Bartlett, „
 „ G. H. James, „
 „ G. S. Faulkner, 1/6th Queen's.
 „ R. A. J. Porter, 1/4th „
 „ O. H. Apted, 10th Royal Fus.
 „ L. P. Cleather, 6th Queen's.
 Sergt. C. Rayner, 7th „
 Pte. W. Boswell, 7th „
 Trooper J. Knapman, Mdx. Yeo.
 L.-Corpl. G. E. Garton, 6th Buffs, killed.
 Pte. L. Ware, 6th Royal Sussex.
 „ T. Brace, 18th Co. of London.
 „ O. Hoyle, 16th „
 „ J. Dare, D.C.M., R.F.A.
 „ J. F. Bargeman, R.F.C.
 „ J. Poeley, London O.T.C.
 „ A. Hood, 16th Co. of London.
 „ R. Lee, 9th „
 „ H. M. Jones, 9th „
 „ P. Saunders, Inns of Court.
 „ H. J. Hayes, 19th Co. of London.
 „ B. Bilcliffe 15th „ killed.
 „ N. Nightingale, Mdx. Yeo.
 „ J. Innes, Royal Fus.
 „ C. S. Bangay, A.S.C.
 „ W. Woollett, Sussex Yeo.
 „ H. J. Hunter, 4th Seaforths.
 „ A. E. Macloghlin, 3rd So. Lancs.
 „ S. Gibbs, 23rd Co. of London.
 „ G. H. M. Thompson, R.N.D.
 „ H. Molyneux, 17th Royal Fus.
 „ T. E. Faulkner, 20th Co. of London.
 „ W. J. Miles, R.N.
 „ E. J. Savage, R.N.
 „ W. Hewett, 5th W. Kent.
 „ J. N. Walker, 6th Essex.
 „ C. J. Ryall, 3/5th Queen's.
 „ C. J. Newman, 2/15 Co. of London.
 „ F. Holt, N. Lancs.
 „ P. Pym, A.S. Hdrs.
 „ A. G. Smith, R.A.M.C.
 „ L. Kendrick, 21st Co. of London.
 „ F. M. Panzetta, London O.T.C.
 Trooper J. Shapland, Surrey Yeo.
 Sergt. D. L. Davies, R.E.
 „ F. M. Steane, Canadian Div.

Sergt. O. Blackler, 12 M.R. Canada.

L.-Corpl. V. M. Colton, 7th Northants M.G.

Pte. G. Gilbert, Queen's.

" G. Duncan, R.E.

" C. W. Abell, R.E.

" J. G. Martin, R.E.

" C. H. Bates, 5th Queen's.

" R. W. Hood, 3rd London Scots.

" C. J. Morris, L.R.B.

" N. Lovell, R.N.A.S.

" R. J. Dempster, H.A.C.

" C. Pakeman, R.F.A. Sig.

" B. H. Morrison, Inns of Court O.T.C.

" C. G. Silcock, R.F.C.

" G. Cuffe, R.A.M.C.

" S. King,

" L. D. Martin, 5th Queen's

" G. V. Edis, R.F.A.

Trooper H. A. R. Lambert, Mdx. Yeo.

Pte. P. T. Penfold, 5th Queen's.

" L. V. Hall, 5th Queen's.

" H. Fulford, 4th Queen's.

" G. B. Webber, Hants Yeo.

" H. G. Barker, 16th County of London.

" A. Reynolds, A.S.C.

" G. Finch, Grenadier Guards.

" H. L. Mitchiner, 16th County of London.

" Pope, Royal Fusiliers.

" C. Kennard, R.N.A.S.

" R. E. Skinner, R.G.A.

" A. Gilbert.

" N. W. Osborne, L.R.B.

" M. Meeten, Royal Sussex.

" T. B. Lees, R.E.

" T. H. Challis, C.S.R.

Pte. W. L. Jordan, 9th Queen's.

N. U. Harvey, London University O.T.C.

R. H. Holman, 5th Machine Gun Company, A.I.F.

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

Major F. G. Gill, 2/24 County of London.

Capt. F. M. Gill, 1/24 County of London.

" D. Figg, D.S.O., County of London.

" S. Malcomson, R.F.A.

" J. Harley, 1/24 County of London.

Lieut. W. R. Green, A.O.C.

" S. Steane, R.F.A.

" W. Morrison, 1/24 County of London.

" H. W. Hardy R.N.

Lieut. F. E. Apted, R.E.
 „ P. F. Apted, R.E.
 „ G. L. Davies.
 „ E. J. E Tunmer, Shropshire L.I.
 „ H. L. Marsh, A.T.D.
 2nd Lieut. J. Willoughby, 3rd South Staffs.
 „ H. W. Beckhuson, 1st Queen's.
 „ W. A. Bell, 5th Queen's.
 „ L. Kennard, R.E.
 „ R. K. Woodhouse, R.E.
 2nd Lieut. J. Kennard, R.E.
 „ A. E. Scothern, 9th Sherwood For.
 „ H. H. Richardson, 9th Queen's.
 „ C. W. Kenyon, 10th R. Sussex, killed.
 „ Wilfrid Kenyon, 1st Garrison Bn. Norfolk Regt.

RANK AND FILE.

H. W. White, 10th Royal Fus.
 S. W. Saunders, 11th Royal Fus.
 H. Willoughby, R.E.
 E. Budgen, Australian Div.
 G. E. Cragg, 1/5th Queen's.
 H. Dawson, 1/5th Queen's.
 T. Hammond, 1/5th Queen's.
 F. E. Apted, R.E.
 A. L. Jones, 9th County of London.
 S. Weeks, R.E.
 J. Hammond, Herts Yeo.
 C. S. Peerless, H.A.C.
 G. Keeler, 1/5th County of London.
 P. F. Drew, R.E.
 A. Mollison, London Scottish.
 L. Kennard, R.A.M.C.
 H. L. Dawson, 23rd County of London.
 J. Nash, Canadian Div.
 W. P. Farrington, 2/5th Queen's.
 E. Farrington, 7th R.F.
 A. Farrington, 9th R.F.
 T. Jenkins, R.E.
 D. Green.
 J. C. Holm, New Zealand Inf.
 P. N. Hasluck, 17th R.F.
 W. C. Kendrick, R.A.M.C.
 H. Leslie, H.A.C.
 R. H. Burrage, 3/5th Queen's.
 P. Connett.
 L. J. Newton.
 V. Gardner.
 G. H. Lyle.
 O. P. Quinton.
 J. Nightingale, A.O.C.

A. E. Jones, A.O.C.
 L.-Corporal Calistri, A.O.C.
 L. Edwards.
 K. Lucas, R.A.M.C.
 E. A. Vowell, 48th Canadians,
 — Rippingdale, London Regiment.
 Corpl. D. R. Grantham, R.E.
 Sergt. C. S. Bangay, A.S.C.
 H. C. Barker, 3/16 County of London.
 S. H. Cooling, H.M. Transport "Shropshire."
 Corpl. C. W. Sanders, R.F.
 Corpl. C. W. Chattin, Leicester Yeomanry.
 L.-Corpl. G. V. Lampard, Motor Ambulance.



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Total ...					£190	19	3



Our O.T.C. (*Air, "There is a Happy Land."*)

There is a nice playground
 Not far away,
 Where an officer drills the O.T.C.,
 On a fine day.
 Oh, he can shout so loud
 That round the gate collects a crowd,
 And the company's quite cowed
 All through the day.

One lieutenant and two subs
They go in front,
When the O.T.C. goes out
To try some new stunt.
Oh! how you feel like gore
When you hear the l-bk-n roar,
Now we'll do that just once more
A - y answers "grunt."

Two hefty-looking slackers
They stay away
When the O.T.C. goes out
For a field day.
Everybody their names knows,
Oh! for shame! they're N.C.O.'s,
F.B.S. cuts all the shows
With S — g K.

Altogether we have fun
When we go out,
And when we're marching home,
Don't we just shout.
If you want some fun to see
Just speak up to our O.C.,
"I want to join the O.T.C.,
If not crowded out."

AN N.C.O.



War Budget.

O. H. Apted writes:—I have faint recollections of a past number of the "Pilgrim," asking for contributions from "Old Boys" at the Front.

Well, I'll just give you a few impressions of last winter in the trenches. To begin with we took over a very fine system of trenches from the French, just before the advance last September, they, I presume, going down to the Champagne district to take part in the fighting there. These trenches at first sight were beautiful (that is of course as far as military engineering is concerned, for I don't think any trenches I've struck could be called artistic), floors level, sides absolutely smooth, poppies, cabbages, thistles and weeds of all descriptions growing on the parapets and parados, rendering them, from the German lines, practically invisible. There were saps, too, equally well dug—the earth being carried away and not thrown on top, as is usually the case—in this way of course making it most difficult for a sap raiding party to strike it in the dark.

Those were the trenches before the winter rains came on.

After a week's rain, the mud of the thick heavy variety reached up to one's knees. When relieving another battalion several men got stuck in the mud and had to be left behind, while the men who had finished their period in the trenches were hours late in getting out, and when they finally did get out many were in such an exhausted condition that they slept in the village behind the trenches, and continued their journey the following day. Those who were out here last winter know how it rained. I'm afraid I shall have a few words with Mr Calistri when next we meet, for he used to tell me of a country where there was nothing but sunshine. Dug-outs were soon useless, so we rigged up light shelters in the fire trench, and though the mud was always well over our knees in spite of continual bailing, believe me, under those shelters I had some of the most enjoyable times in my life with the very best of good fellows. I shouldn't like to count the number of interesting arguments we thrashed out there on almost every subject. I confess I used to envy those men who used to cook their meals round a glowing brazier in the streets at home, but I never thought after leaving school I should myself bend over the red-hot coke watching for the porridge, tea, coffee, cocoa, etc., to come to the boil.

Communication trenches were, of course, worse than useless, and in ten times as bad a condition as the firing line.

I remember once being sent with a corporal and three men to company headquarters for a pump. Not one of us ever reached headquarters, as the mud reached nearly up to one's waist, so you can guess the pump remained where it was, and it was only by straining our utmost that we didn't stop where we were as well.

I remember, again, a private going up to a certain sergeant-major, saying, "The mud in the B.E.G. (an abbreviation for 'Boyau d' évacuation de gauche') is rising, sir." "What's that to do with me?" came the reply, "I am not the harbour master."

Well, winter with its mud, to say nothing of shelling, snipers, minenwerfers, or minies, as they are popularly called, is not such a bad time after all; at any rate it's an experience I wouldn't have missed for anything. I know what the trenches were like last winter, and I am looking forward to a chat with the numerous O.B.'s who went through the previous winter as well, under conditions much more difficult.

Well, I'm afraid I've been rambling on and on, writing a good deal more than I anticipated, but perhaps you may find extracts in this useful for the old school's magazine.

H. L. Marsh says:—I am attached to the 16th Royal Welsh Fusiliers, as their Transport Officer (first line). My duty when my battalion are in the trenches is to see their rations delivered safely to them every night. The chief danger is from shell fire,

as the Huns have the range of the roads we pass along. Two nights ago I was within half-mile of my destination when I was stopped by a cyclist orderly and told to go back, as they were shelling the road pretty heavily, so I went back and got the transport under cover. I had to wait $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours before the shelling ceased; then I proceeded and delivered loads safely. I am billeted in a French farmhouse three miles back from the front line, and the Colonel of the battalion is the only man to whom I am responsible. I had my first introduction to the trenches the other night. My battalion was in, and I had to go and report to headquarters. I had to walk the last mile, and the Huns seemed to be very busy with their machine guns, the bullets were whistling over my head all the way. I was very thankful that nature made me a short man. I must own I never realised what the men in the trenches go through before, and I am certain that the people at home don't either. There are no friends to cheer them as they go in, no bands or flags. They march in just as if they were doing a route march in England. An orderly took me along part of the trench, which was rather open, and he said "Are you ready, sir?" I said "Yes, ready for what?" "You want to run here; the Huns have a machine gun trained on this bit." Well, we started to run, and I should think the Huns must have had a "wireless," for they certainly seemed to know we were there. I caught my toe on a stump, and rolled over just as three or four bullets went over our heads. The orderly shouted "Are you hit, sir?" "No!" "I thought you were; they came just behind us." I was very pleased to get away again, and I hope I shall not have to go up there again just yet. Kind regards.

HARRY L. MARSH, Lieut.

At present I don't intend to try and learn Welsh.

C. Rayner, who it will be remembered, damaged his arm 18 months ago in the Old Boys' football match, writes that he is anxious to get a commission in the Line and see service, but his C.O. finds him very valuable as Pay Sergeant at the base.

He says there is an old P. and O. boat ashore near here since last November. It is remarkable how far apart the two parts of the ship have now got. They did attempt to pull the boat off by means of two tugs, but it was not until about ten days after she struck that she split in two. I cannot make out how she got into her present position unless the officers were incompetent, or had too much strong tea (!), as it is close to the shore, and one can walk round it at low water. I believe it was stated that he mistook this place for Beachy Head.



Open Letter to the Editor of the Pilgrim.

DEAR SIR,

My advice, which I always distribute so generously, but which as a rule is rejected in a manner at once violent and unbecoming, as those to whom I generally find it necessary to give advice are of but limited intelligence, concerns the editing of the School Magazine. Now you naturally wish, as I do, the School Magazine to be a success, and to that end I advise as follows:—

Make sure that the writer of an article is experienced in what he is writing about. (This rule does not apply in this case, as I am giving advice, not writing an article.) The articles must be of interest to the whole community. Take now the following as an example:—

1st. Picture on Front Cover: "Photograph of the Cricket Captain." Owing to the latter's numerous friends and admirers this would sell out a complete edition at once.

2nd Frontispiece: "H - It's Interview with the Prefects." (By permission of the Head Prefect.) The present members of the community being very inquisitive, as witness the imprints of their noses on the Library windows. This would go down well.

3rd Editorial: Just what you like, not forgetting a vote of thanks for this letter and the advice therein. (As nobody reads the Editorial, we accept this with pleasure.—ED.)

4th. Article by C. E. Cripps: "How to do French Homework."

5th. "The Common Room, as it is Nowadays." (Inquisitive people again to the fore.)

6th. Poet's Corner: "Our O.T.C."

7th. Business Article: "How to sell a watch for 5½d. and a fountain pen."

8th. Form Notes: Including those of Forms I. and II., uncensored and unrevised.

9th. Scientific Article: "Why Prefects' Watches gain." (By One of Them.)

10th. War Budget: "What Pie. Abbey says when he has to carry a rifle on Parade." This last would probably have to be cut out, owing to length and unsuitability for ladies and small boys.

Now Sir, you have above the makings of a really good number, and if you take my advice, which, being intelligent, you are pretty sure to do, otherwise other conclusions will be formed as to your intelligence, you will model subsequent numbers of the Pilgrim on the above.

People who have read this have hinted that you might consider me impertinent and be annoyed, but I pointed out that you were educated and intelligent, and the objection was dropped.

Should it be otherwise, and if I get timely warning, I may be absent for a time.

Yours very sincerely,

ONE INTERESTED IN THE SCHOOL.

N.B.—Should you, instead of thinking me impertinent, think me mentally deficient, please put it down to that.



The Parish Church Library.

At the North-East corner of Reigate Parish Church is situated the vestry, reached by a door leading from the churchyard. This door is narrow, and not particularly high. The old lock, with curious S-shaped key-hole in a plate of the form of a shield, and the iron latchet ring above it carry us back in spirit 400 years, for probably they were fitted when the building was erected in 1513.

In a History of Surrey we read :—"On the north side of the church is an additional building over the vestry, erected by John Skinner in 1513, having a library over it, in which is a collection of books for the use of the Parish and neighbourhood." This John Skinner represented Reigate Borough in the 14th Parliament of Queen Elizabeth, 1558. The two rooms were probably used as Priest Rooms, for it was not until 200 years later that the upper was converted into a library. On the library door the visitor reads in Old English characters "*Animi Alimentum.*"

There are several hundreds of rare folios and other books of various sizes. On the window ledge there is a curious relic of wood carving resembling a griffin's head, probably a relic of a carved coat of arms of the Skinner family, which stood in the church. There is a manuscript catalogue of the original library contained in a folio. It bears on the first leaf this inscription :—

"This Book
was given to the use of
the Public Library of Reigate
by Mr. John Taylor
Bookseller at the Ship at St. Paul's Church-yard
London. 16th August 1701."

There is an entry dated May 2nd, 1701 :—

"Henry Ware waggoner of the parish of Reigate was prevailed with to carry parcells for the Library from London, gratis, which accordingly he chearfully performed to the time of his death which happened August 18th 1704.

We find also : "Memorandum August 16th 1703. That Henry Ware son of the late Henry Ware waggoner promised to carry all parcels from London to the Library, as his father did during his life gratis."

Gifts flowed freely to the Library during the earlier years of its existence until 1730.

Amongst the donors we find in 1701 the Honourable and Ingenious Hugh Hare of Betchworth, and the Learned John Evelyn of Wootton in the County of Surrey, Fellow of the Royal Society. The latter is the writer of that Diary which, without the piquant details of Pepys, gives an admirable account of the life of his period from the graver Royalist point of view. Born in 1620, at the outbreak of the Civil War, at the age of 24 he spent four years in foreign travel. Living at Deptford until 1694, he then moved to Dorking, where he died in 1706.

We notice in 1702 the name of the Worshipful Sir John Parsons, Knight, Alderman of London and M.P. for the Borough of Reigate (he lived at the Priory).

In 1711, the Right Honourable Anthony Earl of Shaftesbury.

Many of the volumes are of considerable age, some bearing dates 1471, 1591, and 1552. There is an ancient MSS. volume, consisting of chronicles compiled by Stephen Birchington, a monk of Canterbury (about A.D. 1350), also a manuscript Bible, a copy of the Vulgate, and many of the books are both curious and valuable. They are largely of a historical or theological nature.



Earl of Meath at Reigate.

At the kind invitation of the Rev. Walter and Mrs. Earle a large and representative gathering assembled on Thursday afternoon in the charming grounds of Redgate House, Reigate, to meet the Earl and Countess of Meath on the occasion of an "Empire Day gathering."

Ideal weather prevailed, the grounds were at their best, and those assembled on the terrace were privileged to witness a pretty scene. A company of juveniles, upwards of a thousand in number, comprising members of the Reigate Grammar School O.T.C., Boy Scouts from various parts of the Borough—Chipstead, Leigh, and Merstham—Girl Guides, the local companies of the Boys' Brigade and Church Lads' Brigade, and pupils attending a number of private schools in the Borough, as well as Reigate Grammar School and the County School for Girls, having been massed to receive the noble founder of Empire Day movement on his arrival. Lieut. Eade was in command of the parade. The bugles sounded the general salute upon the Earl of Meath, who was accompanied by the Countess, taking his allotted place, the Reigate Grammar School O.T.C. smartly presented arms, and the rest of the company sprang to attention. The march past—a pleasing spectacle—followed, and then Kipling's "Recessional" was sung.

A STALWART PATRIOT.

The Rev. Walter Earle, addressing those facing him as "British boys and British girls," asked them to accord a hearty welcome to Lord and Lady Meath. The Earl of Meath had been teaching them a lesson which the country had been very slow to learn—the lesson of duty and obedience, and at last, in this year, 1916, he thought he must be somewhat cheered to find that this country and the Government had recognised his noble work.

THE GREAT ORDEAL.

The Earl of Meath, who was received with cheers, said that was not the first time that Mr. Earle had been kind enough to invite him to address the inhabitants, and particularly the rising generation of Reigate, on the occasion of Empire Day celebration. If any present that day were present on the occasion when he last addressed them—he believed three years ago—they might remember that he told them that one of the reasons why he was so anxious to see the unity of the Empire, and especially the unity of hearts throughout the Empire, was because he anticipated, like a very much greater man than he ever was, that "our ordeal," as the late Lord Roberts said, was at hand, and now we were in the middle—or perhaps only the commencement—of that great ordeal. Were we going to come out of this ordeal gloriously or shamefully. It was a question which each one of them had to ask himself or herself. Not only was our Empire in danger, but civilisation was in danger, and everything which they as free citizens held to be sacred was in danger. We had now to show whether we had any right to exercise the great responsibilities which for many years past had lain upon the shoulders of those of British blood. If he mistook not, he also pointed out that throughout the Empire there were six coloured subjects of the King to every white subject of the King, and that those coloured subjects had not yet got those great privileges which appertained to those of the British race, and that, therefore, until those privileges were obtained for the coloured peoples we had an almost overwhelming responsibility cast upon us. Were we prepared, in the language of Baden Powell, who was mainly responsible for bringing together the Boy Scouts and the Girl Guides, to face these dangers and these difficulties with which at present we saw ourselves face to face.

THE MEANING OF THE EMPIRE MOVEMENT.

To-day more than ever before we ought to think over the meaning of the Empire movement. We ought to remember that it was no occasion simply for flag-wagging, or for boasting or for jollification. They had just sung the beautiful hymn, "Recessional," by Kipling. Let them never forget that all things—nations, empires, kings, rulers, and people were in the hands of God—(hear, hear)—and of God alone. Speaking with all reverence, as far as a human being could speak, it was

evident that God intended that those who obeyed His laws should live and should rule. History showed us that, and it could not be denied. Were we fitted to rule, as we had done in the past, 420 millions of people, coloured and white, one-fifth of the inhabitants of the whole globe, and living on one-fifth of the surface of the globe? It was natural for those not of our blood to rise up and say, "Why should you be so privileged, why should you possess one-fifth of the whole globe, why should you have sea supremacy, why should you look upon yourselves as the arbiters of the fate of many of God's human beings? Are you fitted for it?" They said "We believe you are not, and we are going to see whether you are fitted?" That was what our enemies at this moment were saying, and had said for years. They thought they saw signs of degeneracy, slackness, want of discipline, and signs that we were thinking of self and of self alone, and they said to themselves: "We are as good and better than those of British race. Many of them are simply living for themselves—racing, sporting, bridge-playing, living in luxuries, not thinking of God or their fellow-men." And they said they would try whether they could not be possessed of those privileges which "those proud arrogant Britishers" possessed, and they had tried. For nearly two years this war had continued. They could not imagine it was going to end shortly. Some people were so blind as to say after it had begun that it would be over in three or four months. That showed the arrogance, the ignorance, the thoughtlessness, and the stupidity of large numbers of men and women, who never thought of anything but their own petty concerns. But the war was not ended yet, and it was quite likely that some of the young fellows before him would know more of the war than they did at this moment.

"THE GLORIOUS DUTIES OF CITIZENSHIP."

We were only beginning to realise what this war means. An Act had just been passed by which every man was liable to national service; not necessarily to fight, but what was of just as much importance, to do the work which was necessary to obtain ultimate victory. And he wanted the girls to remember that already the State had called for a register of women. In a very short time not only would they be invited to take their part in this war, but they would be ordered to take that part; if they did not do it willingly they would be commandeered. It might be necessary before the end of this war that every man and every woman and every boy and every girl should do something for the nation. There were still many who were trying to avoid the glorious duties of citizenship instead of rushing to the Front that they might be granted this great privilege. This was indeed a most serious time. We could not think too often about it or too much about it. He urged the girls before him to learn those useful arts which would make them absolutely independent of everybody else. Every girl should be able to

cook, to do housework, and to nurse the sick, and everything that could be done by women they ought to try and learn. That was really the object of the Girl Guides, while that of the Boy Scouts was that a lad should be able to turn his hand to anything. Another thing he wanted them to remember was that there was no such thing as menial work, the word being originally applied to the retinue of a great nobleman, and that retinue consisted of the daughters and sons of gentlemen, so that the word "menial" had an aristocratic meaning. It did not mean what the popular idea to-day represented it to be. If they would be of more use to their country they must prepare themselves—boys and girls—to do everything they could to be absolutely independent of individuals and of organisations.

The noble Earl concluded his address as follows:—You will recognise in the address I have been giving that I have not told you about the glories of the Empire or the victories of the Empire. No. I have never looked upon the Empire movement as anything but a means to an end, that end being that we should produce a race virile, obedient to authority, endowed with all those virtues which made our ancestors great, and determined that, God helping us, we should raise a generation which would be absolutely unconquerable, either in peace or war, through being from earliest years disciplined into thinking about others, thinking about the State, never about themselves absolutely indifferent to pain or suffering, determined, God helping them, they would never know what was the meaning of defeat (cheers).

A DELIGHTFUL PROGRAMME.

A delightful programme was then carried out. The pupils of the Girls' County School, under the direction of Miss Anderson, gave a girls' pageant, so arranged as to depict St. George's Cross, and a number of dances. Member of the Reigate Grammar School O.T.C. giving a signalling display, their message being announced as follows:—"The Reigate Grammar School O.T.C., to the Earl of Meath.—Welcome.—We assure you of our support in your efforts for the Empire and for King." The programme concluded with a capital rendering of the children's hymn, "Land of our Birth" (Rudyard Kipling).

On the motion of the Mayor of Reigate, seconded by Mr. Hull, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the Earl and Countess of Meath.

The Earl of Meath, in expressing his grateful thanks, reminded those present of the four watchwords of the Empire movement—responsibility, duty, sympathy, and self-sacrifice.

The National Anthem was then sung, after which those who had taken part in the march past were presented with medallions to commemorate the auspicious occasion.



House Notes.

DOODS HOUSE.

House Master: MR. HOWARTH.

At the beginning of the term a census of the House was taken, and we found that it comprised thirty-three members. We therefore have no trouble in finding two teams. As to the result of the football last term little can be said, as the press of time forced us to leave some matches unplayed. In cricket this term we have two good teams. Our first, however, is weakened by the fact that the Choir boys cannot play on Saturdays. It has played three matches, and unfortunately has lost two of them, placing the Cup beyond our reach. Our Second Eleven has fared much better. For a second eleven it is very strong, and has won both its matches. The Sports are coming on, and it is to be hoped that the House will do well in them. There is certainly no reason why we should not. We hope that all boys will enter for at least one event, *doctors or no doctors*. Any trying to shirk will be pestered for their entries.

Doods has maintained the ownership of the Work Cup so far. Let us at least maintain our old traditions and claim it once more.

Now, buck up Doods! there is a good deal to be done and won this term! Don't let the old House be behind!

PRIORY HOUSE.

Having been successful in the competition for the Football Cup, we are bent on having the Cricket Trophy also—just to make a pair. We are fortunate in our First Eleven, having five of the School First Eleven therein, and our Second Eleven does not shape so badly; but we are going to have a hard fight for that Cup.

Priory is evidently popular, to judge by the number of photographs of the Football team that were sold, and our best thanks are due to those who were kind enough to show their interest in us by buying them. I should like to remind Prioryites that there is a Cup for WORK! and also one for Athletic Sports. We may just as well have two pairs as one.

REDSTONE HOUSE.

In our last House Notes we had to deplore the loss of the Football Cups, and this term the Cricket Cup also has passed into other hands. As there are one or two more matches to be played, it remains to be seen who will get the Cup, but in any case we are out of the running, and so must make up our minds to do better next season, both at Football and Cricket.

Numerically we remain about the same, but it is very difficult to get a 2nd XI. together. The behaviour of some of the

members of the House still leaves much to be desired in the matter of turning out to play for the House, and the excuses are many and various.

Of our prospects in the Sports nothing very much can be said at the present, but we are hoping to see some keenness in the House in the way of training. In past years it has always been our boast that all Redstonites have entered for something, unless under doctor's orders, and we want to be able to say the same thing this year. So let us have no slacking, but a good honest effort on everyone's part to do something, and then, even if we do not come out on top, we shall, at any rate, have done our best.

T. S.

WRAY HOUSE.

During the last Football season Wray was not very successful, but this term at Cricket we have done very well in winning all our First Eleven matches.

The first match, versus Redstone, we won quite easily, with several wickets to spare, but in those versus Priory and Doods the margin was very small, we being very fortunate to win at all in the latter match.

As for the Second Eleven, it did excellently in winning the Second Eleven Cup, but so far at Cricket it has lost both its matches, viz., those against Priory and Redstone Second Elevens. It has, however, still one match to play, and if it succeeds in winning this it will gain the points which we require to give Wray the Cricket Cup.

E. W. F.



Form Notes.

UPPER SIXTH.

Contrary to our usual custom we will begin our Form Notes by putting forward a few advertisements:—

I. F.R.W. wishes to know the price of a penny bar of chocolate. [We do not think ourselves capable of solving this abstruse problem, so we are submitting it to the superior wisdom of our readers.]

II. Will a certain high-placed N.C.O. ever settle his account at the tuck shop? A cure for kleptomania is also required by the same person, as he exhibits a decided tendency towards purloining other people's books and keys.

III. Does a certain gentleman (of the nameless variety) sleep in his uniform?

IV. We would like to know why W.R.C. always chooses the end seat against the window of the Chemistry Lab. Is it because of *les belles passantes*?

[N.B.—There is no prize for solving the above conundrums.]

With great regret we notice that certain small-minded individuals in the Lower Sixth Latin set still find amusement in the ought-to-be-pensioned-off chair trick. Yet M - s - s still laughs!

C.H.W. has been afflicted with some terrible though unknown disease. He either says he gnu why the gneiss gnostic was goin' gnome or talks about the second braid of glass which gives us bread.

We are very much afraid that T.S. is suffering through overwork. The other day he was talking about the violent end of the spectrum. Some death, that!

"More rocky." This is not an essay on the Kaiser, but is the grand total of F.R.W.'s far-spread knowledge of Morocco.

H - It says he must not be coshed—it hurts! Satis verborum, that is say, 'nuff said. M. S.

LOWER SIXTH.

We must apologise for the shortness of the Notes, but it is the same old excuse—Work! work! work! This also accounts for the absence of bloomers and Spearing K., who left us just when we were beginning to get used to it (work).

He has given up working, and has gone in for such childish things as measles. "German, too!"

Overington, when asked the meaning of the verb "to inspire," said that it meant "to fill with spirits." We hope that is not personal experience.

MASTER: Who wrote "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire?"

BISHOP: Byron. No-o-o, sir, Bunyan.

We are angels. Miss Nicholson said so.

We had another gem from our French scholar, Spearing ii., who said that the French for "to allow no play" was "laisser non jeu." He ought to have been "laissé non jeu" at 4.30.

C. A. RISBRIDGER.

FIFTH FORM.

Motto: "*Labor omnia vincit.*"

Once more we gathered together at the beginning of the term, but in rather decreased numbers. Reeves, Wetherfield, and Husbands, three of the most influential (ahem!) members of the Form, had departed, never to return.

About three weeks after the beginning of the term, the Fifth were stunned by the news that Robbins, one of our "Lightning Twins," was actually going to wake up and make himself useful. At first it was thought the wretched youth was joking, but it came true, and he left us, reducing our numbers to 15. Nevertheless, we are, as the saying goes, "Little, but good."

Owing to the departure of Husbands and Robbins, we have few howlers to report.

M - - n - - d, the Form Mathematician, stated in a paper that a yard equals two feet. When asked again how many feet there were in a yard, his reply was "Six!"

We have heard that the British system of length is rather awkward, but we did not know it was so changeable.

M. G - - n n - n, in a French period stated:—"Sa coiffure était disposée de manière à cacher ses chevaux."

Spence and T - - l - r hold that the Zambesi Island lies off Cape Gardafouille.

We learn from Skimp that Mauritius is one of the Cape Verde Islands. We are afraid our maps want re-arranging.

The Wise Man's Theorem:— $0 \times 9 = 9$.

We were informed by a certain celebrated Math.'s Master that T - - l - r whacked boys three feet high and two inches thick, so his trousers are dusted every dinner-hour as a reward.

F. J. BOWERS.

A. FOREMAN.

FORM IV.

Motto: *Flosculi Sententiarum.*

We should like to know who left his dinner in Mr. Eade's chalk-box. "Some dinner that!" Ask Mr. Eade.

We wish our Junior candidates, Wadham and Smith, the best of luck with which to defy the Examiners.

Our friend Crewdson does not think the London Junior worthy of his powers, he has therefore decided not to attend the classes of the hard-working masters, but to stay at home and do sundry things for his father.

IV.A are sorry that they could not beat IV.B at cricket, but promise them a licking next time.

The busy bees, Burton and Bidlake, have been doing great things. Burton the explorer, found a soap quarry in an Asiatic desert. Bidlake the bricklayer sticks houses together with clay. We hear also that he found by drawing contours that rivers run backwards. When he was told this was wrong he gave up, and is trying to collect notes for a book "How to dodge work," by one who knows.

Wakefield, the Form pugilist, received a black eye whilst fighting against heavy odds (Davidson and a cricket bat).

We gladly welcome Miss Jones as our History mistress, also Miss Rossiter, whom we have not had the pleasure of meeting in class, but a great many (sic!) members have in the "D" room. (We have been surprised at the large number in "D" lately. Perhaps this explains it.—ED.)

Our Latin set express regret at Mr. Abbey's impending departure.

S. A. W.
W. K.

A Tour on the Tyrol.

Tyrol is now an enemy country, but at the time I made my tour the people of this delightful country were glad to see Englishmen. Before joining the train at Liverpool Street I spent the day at the Oval watching the cricket, and instead of smoking I chewed American gum with the result that my cheeks were so swollen by the unaccustomed jaw-exercise that my friend scarcely knew me. We crossed by Harwich to the Hook, which we reached at 5.30 a.m. The coinage gave trouble to some of my compatriots: one was swindled of 4s. in his change, and another gave a 1d. for his breakfast and got what he called three sixpences as change! We caught a glimpse of Rotterdam as we passed through Holland, but the sight of an occasional stork was the only break in the monotonous journey to Cologne. The night was spent in Bonn, a clean town with tree-lined streets.

We made the mistake of taking the steamer at Bonn, and were consequently very disappointed in the Rhine. We soon got tired of the castles perched on the hills, and the vineyards—well, they looked more like gardens full of gooseberry bushes! The river generally struck us as very much over-rated, and “not a patch” on the English Wye. The best part of the river is from Coblenz to Bingen, and the steamer should be taken at the former place and not at Bonn.

From Bingen we trained to Munich—a night journey. We occasionally had an unexpected change, and had then to pick up knapsack, boots, gaiters, alpenstock, etc., in a great hurry.

As there were Germans in our compartment it was a matter of considerable difficulty to get any fresh air. We would open a window and go to sleep to find when we woke that it had been shut again, and we were nearly asphyxiated.

We reached Munich at 8 a.m., and spent a very rainy day in seeing as much as we could of the city—visiting the Pinakothek, where there is a fine collection of pictures, and the Cathedral, an uninteresting building outside but very fine inside. We missed seeing the National Museum as we were too proud or too shy to ask our way, and arrived there after closing time. In the evening we visited one of the famous beer-gardens, a building capable of holding 6,000 people. It was packed, and everyone was drinking from the litre pots the famous Munich ale. The atmosphere was dense with tobacco smoke and a military band was playing its loudest—the conductor turned to the audience. Many of the men were eating pork chops and holding them in their fingers, a habit that does not appeal to Englishmen! After drinking one litre of ale and staying half-an-hour we had had enough.

We left Munich next morning for Zell-am-Zee, spending three hours on our journey at Salzburg, a town that reminded me much of Edinburgh, with its castle perched on a hill, though its mountains are much higher. At Zell we made our acquaint-

tance with the Austrian black bread, which is full of caraway seeds, and is not at all unpleasant after a time. As we had decided not to shave during our tour we had by this time quite decent beards; mine, however, had white patches in it which somewhat spoilt its beauty. Zell reminded me very much of Vossevangen in Norway, and we had there a fine storm among the mountains—a sight well worth seeing. Our knowledge of German was very meagre, and we found a difficulty in getting our letters at the P.O., and in choosing our dishes from the *menu*. In the latter case we took pot-luck, and ordered what we thought would be all right. The result frequently was not what we expected.

Our great aim in this tour was to climb the Gross Glockner (a picture of which in Room 9 is no doubt familiar to most boys of R.G.S.) On our way to Heiligenblut, whence it is climbed, we overtook a German training for the ascent. He had already spent a week doing so, but judging by the way he lagged behind us on the journey his training was still far from completed. On the ninth day of our tour we had a frightfully wet journey and got soaked. I also had an unhappy experience in glissading down an ice slope, and badly bruised my hands and body. At the inn in the evening I wore the landlord's trousers until mine were dried, and required several pillows to fill them up. After supper we had singing and zither playing by the attendants of the inn. In this village we heard English again, as we met two Scotch ladies who informed us that we were known locally as the "two Englishmen who couldn't speak a word of German"—after all our linguistic efforts too! The next day was a Sunday, and we saw the natives in their "Sunday best"—the women dressed in soberest brown and looking like bundles of hay tied in the middle; their hats very Welshy looking. Their "gamps" made up for everything however; they were very large and of all colours, and in a sudden shower it was a most picturesque sight to see bits of colour springing up in all directions. The men had their best green stockings on, bare knees and gaily feathered hats.

On our climb on this day we had an interesting incident with mountain sheep. Near a raging torrent on the mountain side we were surrounded by a flock of them, which came up to us most tamely and sniffed our lunches, having to be driven off with sticks. To get at us they had to plunge into the torrent, which they did with the greatest pluck, plunging in and often getting carried 10—20 yards before scrambling out. My companion on the journey back saw some tempting looking berries, some of which we ate to find out whether they were edible. The result was copious doses of brandy and no supper!

From this village we had not even caught a glimpse of the Glockner, as the weather had been bad and the mountains were hidden in mist. We therefore decided to go on to Kals, another centre from which the mountain is climbed. To reach one

village from another it is necessary to climb a pass, and this one was nearly 9,000 feet. We always carried with us sufficient food to last till the evening, generally a loaf of bread with butter in a hole made in the loaf and a lump of cheese; food was taken every two hours in small quantities, and there were numerous mountain rills from which to quench our thirst. The flowers were always beautiful, especially the gentian which grows above the snow line and peeps out on bare patches amid the snow.

At Kals we found out from the landlord that a guide for each person was necessary for the Glockner. However, as we were poor schoolmasters, we decided to see what we could do without guides, and started the next morning for the Stüdl Hütte (9,000 feet), where most of the climbers start for the ascent in the early morning. This took us three hours, and then we lost three-quarters of an hour and nearly broke our necks on the rocks by taking a wrong turning. Map and compass set us right, and we then made our way over the snow ridges and glaciers, and finally, after a very dangerous little bit, reached the second mountain hut (11,000 feet). This hut is built on a ledge of rocks with yawning precipices each side. The living room is about 20 feet by 12 feet, with a large stove at one end where the cooking is done. Above is the visitors' bedroom, the bed consisting of a shelf about a foot from the floor covered with straw and thick blankets. There were two other small rooms, one for guides and porters, and the other for the landlady and her daughter. The landlady was quite a study, very broad, loquacious, and with two prominent front teeth; but her excellent cooking made up for her small personal failings. Food is brought over rocks and glaciers from Kals below, and snow is used for water. The other visitors were a pleasant Austrian and a surly German, who sucked a cigar most of the time, and was ignored by all except his own guide. On arriving at the hut we had some soup and wine and decided to remain for the night, and the next morning climb the remaining odd thousand feet to the top of the Glockner. We turned in at eight, and as the temperature was far below freezing point, were glad of the four blankets provided, and simply took off our boots only when getting into bed.

A storm arose in the night, so climbing next morning was out of the question, and we had to pass the day in the confined space as best we could. At 6.30 we had a glass of coffee and a piece of cake, and then looked at German illustrated papers and entries of climbers until ten, when, to warm ourselves, we sawed up some wood for the stove, and were rewarded by the landlady with a small glass of brandy. At twelve there was something more to do—to have soup again and some eggs. We then got hold of some cards and played dominoes until 7.30 p.m., the Austrian joining in and the others watching us interestedly. At eight we had tinned steak and wine, and then the guide started a long narrative which, lasting till 9.30, was lost to us through our lack of German.

The storm raged all the night, and in the morning there was a 4 feet snow drift outside the door, but the wind had dropped. After coffee and cake the Austrian excitedly made signs as if he was dealing cards and called "dominoes," and we played until nine, when, as the porters had started for the lower hut, we also prepared to descend, and left the Austrian waving adieux at the top. The first bit of descent was very dangerous, as all the rocks were covered with ice, and it was particularly heavy going with the snow up to our knees; however, after $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, we reached the lower hut, and one hour later the snow line, when we revelled in the warm sunshine. At our inn, from which we had been absent about 50 hours, and where we got a warm welcome, we had a glorious wash—the first since leaving. The rest of the day we lazed about, lying on our backs in the sun, and gathering bilberries and wild gooseberries. In the evening I gave a small coin to a little Tyrolese boy. He ran into the house to his mother, and in a minute returned, came up to me, took off his cap, shook hands, and then kissed my right hand most prettily.

We had arranged the next morning to start for another climb, but when we looked at the Glockner it was standing out from the other mountains, a beautiful white pillar, and we decided to have another "shot" at it. We reached our well-known hut at 11 and had some lunch, and a welcome from the landlady. From the hut the Klein Glockner had first to be climbed. Then between the Klein Gros Glockner a narrow path about two yards wide had to be crossed—on one side a fall of 4,000 feet on a glacier, and on the other a fall of 2,000 feet to another glacier. True there was a wire rope, but it was too loose to be of much use, and swayed over the side occasionally. Owing to the heavy snow fall, too, the path was particularly dangerous, as we might have stepped through and dropped a few thousand feet. However, we finally reached the summit safely, but stayed there only five minutes, as there was no view. Our ascent had taken us five hours, very good time, as we found out afterwards. We stayed at the hut again on our way down for food and a long rest, and then returned to Kals by another very beautiful way.

At the inn on our return we heard our own language spoken again by a pleasant old German who was travelling in Tyrol for a fortnight *for his sanity!*

The next day we went for our letters from home, which were lying at a P.O. about 11 miles away as the crow flies, but we lost our way, and it took us all day to do the journey there and back. On our way we found some beautiful mushrooms, which we hid until our return, and then persuaded the landlady to cook them for us. They are looked upon as poisonous by the natives, and that fact and the language difficulty made the cooking difficult. However the result satisfied our expectations.

The next objective was the Gross Venediger (12,100 feet), and to climb this we made our way to a village of the euphonious

name of Gschloss. On our way we passed numerous glorious waterfalls, any of which would be famous in Switzerland, and a beautiful miniature chapel hewn out of the solid rock. Our lunch, consisting of bread, cheese, and wine, cost us 6d., and I never enjoyed a simple meal so much. The inn at G. was a very poor and dirty one, and was common to human beings, goats, pigs, and fowls. The waiting girl pretended not to understand our German, and was very stupid. Our next day's climb was abortive, as we mistook our mountain, and amongst other things I nearly lost my life in a crevasse.

Before leaving the inn we had inscribed our names in the visitors' book with the mystic letters B.A.C. (Bancroft Alpine Club) added. This was thought to mean British Alpine Club, so on our return we found ourselves famous, and the waitress as attentive as before she had been unattentive. We did not undeceive them—for our own sakes. The only amusement of visitors here was to watch the cows and goats brought in and milked in the evening.

The next day we started at 6 a.m. for the Venediger, taking plenty of food with us, and it was just as well, for we were walking and climbing for 12 hours, 8 of which were on snow and glaciers. Some guides attempted to dissuade us from climbing the peak, as we had no rope, and the weather was bad. But we went on, and reached the summit safely, the only incident being the loss of my companion's hat, which was blown over a precipice. We found a quaint inn for the night; cooking room, with large fire in the centre of the room, and no chimney; bedroom, reached by ladder, and very like a loft in a barn, but scrupulously clean and neat. Our beds cost us 9d. each.

The next day was to have been an easy one, but we were persuaded by a German to make a *detour* with him and his porter, and the walk resolved itself into a struggle between the German and the two Englishmen. We had knapsacks to carry and he had a porter, but we won, as the last mile or so was a cobbled road, and we reached our inn an hour before him. This, our easy day, had been a 30-mile walk! The next day our German acquaintance took carriage to the railway, 16 miles away. We, however, tramped it through thick dust and heat, and did the journey in four hours.

A short railway ride brought us to Innsbruck, the capital of Tyrol, and a beautiful town surrounded by snow-clad mountains. Here we visited the sights, and got our beards shaved off. After a few days in Innsbruck we started for home, via Darmstadt, Aix-la-Chapelle, Liège, Malines, to Brussels, a journey of 27 hours, after which we slept the clock round. We next went on to Antwerp, where we saw the Cathedral and St. Paul's Church, and visited the quays. A pleasant sea journey to Harwich took us home. Our expenses for the four weeks were very light, only £15 (£7 for ticket), so that this tour was a delightful as well as an inexpensive one.

J. E. H.

Life on a Wind-Jammer. (CONCLUDED.)

After passing Land's End the course was altered to the North, and that brought the wind fair for us. We set all sail, and made a good run up to abreast of Dublin. It was a fine moonlight night, and we were going along at the rate of 12 knots, carrying top-gallant sails, foresail, and mainsail. The middle watch (12 midnight to 4 a.m.) was my watch on deck, and about 4 bells (2 a.m.) the wind increased to a gale, and the captain called all hands on deck to shorten sail. We hauled up the mainsail and clewed up the top-gallant sails, and were hauling up the foresail when the man on the look-out reported a light right ahead. All hands, except the captain and the helmsman, were hauling up the foresail, and when hauling up a big sail like that (90 feet by 37 feet) the canvas is usually banging and flapping about and making a good deal of noise; so the captain did not hear the report of the light. The light belonged to a steam trawler which was drifting about fishing. The captain did not see the light until we were only a few yards from her, and he only just had time to put the wheel hard down and throw the ship right up into the wind and set her all aback, i.e., the wind was blowing on to the fore part of the sails instead of the after part, which was a dangerous thing in the strong breeze, as it put a heavy strain on the masts, and was liable to take the masts out of the ship. Luckily we cleared the trawler by about three feet, and she drifted past us close enough for anyone to have touched her. If we had hit her we should have gone right over her and sunk her, besides knocking a hole in our bow. The captain jumped down off the poop and let go the mizzen topsail halliards to ease the strain on the mast, but the sleeve of his overcoat got caught in one of the three purchase blocks, and away he went up into the air hanging by the sleeve of his overcoat. When he was about six feet off the deck the sleeve parted from his overcoat, and he came on deck again with a decided bump. He was so wild that he pulled off the remainder of his overcoat and threw it overboard. It was really very amusing to see him in such an undignified attitude, but he had a narrow escape, because if his hand had been caught in the block it might have been his arm which would have been pulled off instead of his sleeve, as he had the weight of the steel topsail yard pulling against him, and that weighs two or three tons.

The ship being aback in such a breeze carried away two of the six topsails before we could get aloft and furl them, and we had to shorten down to lower topsails. By the time we had got new sails bent and got the ship on her course we had lost several hours, and instead of getting into Belfast Lough early in the morning, as we had expected, it was late in the afternoon before we sighted it. We picked up a pilot and turned the ship's head into the Lough. Up to then the wind had been favourable for

us, but when the course was altered about five or six points to port, it brought the wind right ahead, and to make matters worse the wind increased to a gale again. Two small tugs tried to pull us up the Lough, but they had all they could do to look after themselves in the sea that was running, and so they did not help us much. So we had to keep tacking every few minutes across the Lough, which is only a few miles wide, and as we did not get much farther ahead the captain was going to turn and run out to sea again, and "heave to" until the wind dropped. Many were the strong words which began to flow when the men saw port so near but could not get to it. But luck was with us, as the wind eased down enough to let the tugs get hold of us, and they just managed to tow us up to a safe anchorage. It was with a feeling of relief that we heard the mate let go the anchor and 30 fathoms of cable run out. We went aloft, furled the sails, set an anchor watch, and turned in for a good night's sleep, after being 125 days at sea. My joy was unbounded, as I knew my first voyage was finished, and that I should soon see my parents again, and be able to sit down to a table with a white cloth over it, and not have to hold on to the plates and mugs. Well, we had a good night's rest, and next day the two small tugs came down to tow us up into the Docks. Vessels entering Belfast have to pass through a narrow channel about 200 yards wide. It is marked out by buoys, and there is shallow water on each side. Our anchor was weighed, and the tugs towed us well up into this channel, when the wind started blowing hard again from the direction in which we were going, and the tugs could not hold us; and so they had to cast off the tow ropes. We drifted outside of the channel, and just as the ship touched the mud the tugs got hold of us and towed us back to our late anchorage. It was very disappointing, as we had expected to get ashore that night. Next day a launch came down with letters, but they turned out to be for the "Torrisdale," which was also bound for Belfast. She had left Portland three weeks before us, but she arrived in Belfast two or more weeks after we got there, after a passage of 165 days.

In the afternoon a powerful tug-boat came down for us. She was too strong and broke all our heaviest towing lines. So they had to be doubled. It was getting dark as we approached Belfast, and we had to pass by the "Titanic" which was nearly finished, and it was an imposing sight to see her all lit up. Our ship looked like a dinghy alongside her. We got alongside and made the ship secure, and by that time it was 10 p.m. In a home port when a ship comes home from a voyage, the sailors are finished with the ship as soon as she is tied up to the quay, so all our men went off and stayed at the Sailors' Home until they were paid off two days after. Of course we had to live aboard. I had had a half-crown all the voyage, so as I did not want to go ashore that night, and there was no means of getting

money until the morrow, I lent it to the other apprentices who went ashore, and returned a few hours later "three sheets in the wind." The next day we were worried by the customs officials, who had heard that we had got some tobacco stowed away. We had half-a-dozen different men examining our place with sticks, wires and lamps. They made us turn our boxes inside out, but they did not find anything. One boy had a pound of tobacco in a pocket of an old oilskin jacket hanging on the wall, but they did not look there; others had some stowed away in the sails. Belfast docks are crowded with poor children, and they flock aboard the ships and will steal anything. I was told off to keep the decks clear—a lively time I had too! When I was aft clearing them from the cabin they would jump aboard near the fo'ca'sle. I had several exciting chases round the docks after boys with stolen property. I usually got the goods but not the culprit, as when they saw they were likely to be caught they would drop the goods and soon get into hiding. The weather was very wet there, and every day we would loose the top-gallant sails and royals so that they could dry, as we had to send them down on deck and stow them away. But we could never get them dry, and we had to make them fast every night. One day, after we had been in Belfast about a month, we had loosed the sails as usual, when the captain came in and said that another boy and I could go home that day after we had sent the sails down. Luckily the sails dried, and we soon had them down and stowed away, and then away we went to pack our boxes, but after 15 months from home we had not much to pack. The other apprentices were within a month of finishing their time, so they were to stay on board until their time was up. The coal strike was raging at that time, and all the steamers running across to England were running at half-speed. We left Belfast at 10 p.m. on a Thursday evening, and I did not reach my home, which is near Southampton, until early on the Saturday morning.

But I arrived at Salisbury, where my father met me with a dog-cart, and then we had a 13-miles' drive home. No one can realise what it is to get home again after 15 months abroad until they have tried it. My joy was unbounded, and I did not get much sleep that night, what with excitement and my young brother plying me with innumerable questions. But I did not mind, as I knew I could lie in bed as late next day as I pleased. So ended my first voyage on the sea. After all is said and done it is a fine life, and is ideal for a boy who likes to see the world, and likes a bit of danger and excitement, and one can get plenty of both on a sailing-ship. Of course the first voyage is always the hardest, and a "greenhorn" must expect a rough time, but now I have done three voyages I have got very fond of the life, and am not at all sorry that I chose my career on the sea.

H. S. MOLYNEUX.

FINIS.