

THE PILGRIM.



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Pilgrim's Way

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Editorial.

Our numbers this term are higher than they have ever been before—at the time of writing we have 190. This is very encouraging, but we still believe that we can go higher. As a matter of fact there have been considerable increases in schools of this kind all over the country, and the public appear at last to have partly awoken to the value of secondary education. We are, however, not at all sure that it is clearly understood in what this value consists. As we have already pointed out in *The Pilgrim*, the chief aim is, the attendance at the Grammar School for a sufficient length of time to absorb a considerable mass of instruction in subjects affording a groundwork for advanced work of the nature of University or Professional knowledge. Most of this instruction is quite new, is given with different methods and on different lines to what the boys have been accustomed; and it must be pursued to a considerable standard of attainment implying a stay of four or five years, otherwise most of the time and trouble is wasted.

But it is being more and more recognized that it is dangerous to the growth of character to unite boys in a school society if provision is only made for instruction in the class-room, and if outlet is not provided for intellectual, social, and physical life out of school hours. It will generally be found that the man who looks back upon his school life with most pleasure and gratitude—even if he is not able to trace the relation of cause and effect—is the one who took the most complete part in the whole corporate life of the School.

That is to say, a very decisive influence is exercised by the boys upon one another and it is of the utmost value.

The corporate life of the School can be enjoyed in many ways; examples of the intellectual part are School magazines, literary and debating societies, stamp collecting, and scientific societies. Socially an important side is the House, which gathers together many activities. There is the O.T.C., which also connects the boy with his duty to the State, and should make him realise the idea of self-sacrifice for the good of the Nation. The Old Boys' Club again links up those who have left with the newer generation, and enables the latter to benefit by the encouragement and example of those that have gone before them. While the former preserve what are usually the pleasantest and most unalloyed relationships, friendship for old school comrades, and in some measure express their gratitude to the School for the good influences it has had in forming their characters and their determination that it should go forward in influence and reputation in the future.

The need of this social life for boys who have no other chance of obtaining it has been of late years acknowledged and met by the creation in large cities of Boys' Clubs, Church Lads' Brigades, Boy Scouts and other such organisations. There

should, however, be a higher standard in such matters, and a closer union and discipline in Grammar School societies, and it is better therefore for the rest of the School and for the boy himself that he should throw himself entirely into his School Clubs and not be distracted elsewhere. It remains true in this respect that in very few cases can a boy "serve two masters."

Our physical needs are the third item we must consider. In early times the barbarian sought to instil fortitude into the youth of the tribe through hunting and through war, and some substitute has to be found to encourage hardy and active physical vigour in the boys of our nation. The enormous increase of our town populations has tended to stunt physical growth and, in some cases, to cause effeminacy, indiscipline or lack of courage, in boys. Hence the institution of games in the play-field. But to be successful, these games must be organised and regular. Every boy, except those medically unfit, should take part. One of the worst features of modern games is that they tend to be "shows," where the spectators are not players. This is especially evident in the case of the large crowds which attend professional matches. All the many benefits of bodily vigour, self-discipline, unselfishness, courage and others, are only gained by active participation. For many years we have suffered here from the very inadequate allowance of playing field space. Many parents have expressed the wish that boys could play games more. Now at last we are able to provide games for all boys that are fit for them, on Wednesdays, at least. But what now surprises us is the number of those who do *not* want to play. In many cases it is stated that boys catch cold when they have been playing. This ought not to happen at all if it were impressed upon the boys that *directly* they have finished playing they should wrap up in warm coats and mufflers and hurry home. If the game has been heartily played they should not wish to stay hanging about afterwards, and it is in these cases that colds are taken.

We are now able to use several excellent playing pitches, and we should like to see as many boys as possible turning out to take the best advantage of the facilities provided.



School Notes.

A familiar face was missing when we assembled for this term. After eleven years with us, Mr. Howarth left in the summer holidays to take up the post of Second Master at Stourbridge Grammar School. We had always hoped to see him a Headmaster, as he deserved to be, and we consider that some Governing Bodies failed lamentably in not electing him to such a post. Now that we have started work again, we realise how much the poorer we are for the loss of his inspiring presence.

His sturdy sense of duty and his absolute unswerving loyalty meant much to the prosperity of the School, and he never allowed any other interest to diminish by a hair's-breadth his enthusiastic service in the cause of all that was best in our School life. We wish him and Mrs. Howarth the best of all possible luck in the new life.

H. B. Shaw distinguished himself in the holidays by gaining the First £100 Scholarship at the Middlesex Hospital. A good performance for a boy under 16. His brother, S. C. Shaw, has been gathering up most of the prizes in the last few years, and took two at the same Examination. Hearty congratulations to both!

We were particularly pleased with our results in the London University Examinations this Summer. From the Lower Sixth, seven, all that were eligible, entered for Matriculation. John got a Senior School Certificate, but the other six passed Matriculation, four with Honours. Reeves must have created a record with 8 distinctions. Potter and Shaw got 6 each, and Maynard 3. Harman and Holt also did well.

In the Junior 2¹ passed, Wadham, Ward, and Anderson got Honours, the former two with 6 distinctions each. On the principle which we have followed in previous years all the boys in the Remove would have entered, and would have provided another four or five Honour Certificates, but they have already started on work for Matriculation.

After next year we understand that the Junior Examination is to be given up, and we shall have to concentrate our attention on passing Matriculation, or the new General School Examination, which will consist of the same papers as Matriculation, but may be passed with a lower percentage of marks. We shall miss the Junior in some ways; it was a useful trial of strength half-way to the Senior Examination.

We hear that R. C. Deacock has passed his Examination for the B.Sc. (Agricultural). We congratulate him. Real scientific farming is much needed in this country, and we hope that he will assist the progress of the most ancient and the noblest of the world's occupations.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," and we are profiting by the air-raids, for a number of people have come down to take houses in Reigate out of the German "raid"ius, and their boys are joining us.

The old gate from the end of the garden into the Churchyard has at last fallen down. Put together in 1878, it has shown signs of decay for some little time. Still intact is the stone with

the inscription:—"Hæc porta saxiæ turri relexæ antiquæ
ablatis exstructa est." Now then, our Latin scholars!

Dates fixed:—

Prize Day, .. Dec. 7. Major-General Beatson.

Term ends .. Dec. 20.

Lent Term begins Jan. 15.

Lent Term ends April 10.



Old Boys' Notes.

Once more we have the Editor's ultimatum for copy to be sent in by _____ at latest, and once more we forage round for news of members and their doings.

We regret that we have again to record the deaths in action of several Old Boys. To their relatives we offer our deep sympathy in their bereavement, and mourn with them the loss of our old schoolfellows.

Lieut. Roger Charlwood was killed July 18th. The day before his death he was personally thanked by his Brigadier-General for his excellent work, and we understand that had he lived he would have been recommended for a decoration.

Lieut. N. Hooton was killed in France by a shell. Like Charlwood, he was only 19 years of age, and had been out in France for a comparatively short time when he met his death. Letters from his brother officers testify to his pluck, endurance, and thoughtfulness for his men.

Lance-Corpl. J. L. Perren, who had returned from South America to take his part in the war, was shot through the head by a sniper in the early part of October. The older members of the Club will remember him at school. He was a Prefect and Captain of Football.

Lance-Corpl. A. Reynolds died of wounds in France. He was severely wounded in both legs, and died after reaching the dressing station. Shortly before his death he was commended by his Divisional Commander for his gallantry during an attack at St. Eloi.

In Lieut. Whiting we have lost another of our younger members who had shown great promise. He was a pilot in the R.F.C., and had done a great deal of fighting in the Near East and in France.

It is with great regret that we record a further bereavement of Mr. and Mrs. Worley in the death of their eldest son, Pte. B. E. Worley. It is some years since he left the School, but his family have always been closely connected with the School.

We have learnt of a number of Old Boys who have been

wounded since our last issue of the Pilgrim. We are glad to hear that most of them are well on the way to recovery.

Lieut. Chapple has been badly knocked about by shrapnel ; we are glad to see that he is able to get about again, although it will be some time before he has completely recovered.

Sergt. V. M. Colton is in hospital at Croydon with a wound in the neck. We were glad to see his cheery presence at the Football Match.

We hear that Capt. H. G. Davies has been wounded for the second time. We understand he is badly hit, but have no details. He was one of those who went to France soon after the outbreak of war.

Lieut. H. L. Dawson has been discharged from hospital after recovering from his second wound received in France.

Capt. C. M. Duncn has been in hospital in the Near East with a wound in the leg. We are glad to hear he is convalescent.

Pte. T. B. Lees has rejoined, after recovering from what he describes as a "cushy" one.

We were glad to see R. Martin on the football field again, he being on leave after discharge from hospital. Although he says "he is getting too old for that sort of thing," we think the School forwards will avow that his vigour is undiminished.

E. M. S. Glazbrook has been in hospital suffering with a bad knee, due to a kick from a horse. We hear he has resumed his military duties, and trust that he will be spared from any similar misfortunes.

To all the above we send our best wishes for a complete recovery.

Congratulations to Capt P. H. Mitchiner on being awarded the order of St. Sava (4th Class) by the King of Serbia.

We were glad to hear that Lieut. (now Capt.) Pash has been awarded the Military Cross. Well done, Pash !

L. Kennard has been doing very good work with the R.E. tunnelling section, and we offer our congratulations on his being promoted to the rank of Captain.

Our congratulations are also due to S. C. Shaw for having gained numerous awards at the Middlesex Hospital. He won the Lyell and Freeman Scholarships and other Honours which he was debarred from holding, presumably through having won so many.

We are glad to learn that his brother is following in his footsteps by winning an Entrance Scholarship. He will have to work hard if he intends to beat his brother's record.

We offer our hearty congratulations to R. Hood and H. Kasley on their marriages, to G. H. Ince on his engagement, and to A. Kennard, who, we hear, has been presented with a daughter

We hear that T. Hammond, J. Learner, and F. Winter have returned to India from Mesopotamia in order to take up commissions.

O. R. Hoyle has been discharged. We are sorry for the cause, and hope that civilian life will help him to recover his good health.

We also hope that J. Hammond will benefit from his return to civil occupation.

Lieut. Silcock writes from France to say that he has no difficulty in keeping busy.

We understand that J. H. G. Lillywhite is now in the Regular Army, and posted to the 2nd Lincoln Regiment.

Molyneux is now a Captain and Adjutant of the 11th Hampshire Regiment. Congratulations, Molyneux!

The Football Match was played on October 20th, and the Old Boys maintained their reputation by winning 10-7. The match was remarkable in the first place, because the team was composed of eleven Old Boys (an achievement in these days), and secondly, on account of the high scoring. It is not a record score, as the writer remembers a match when the Old Boys' score was over 20.

Our high score was due to the excellence of our forward line. Risbridger gave us such a fine exhibition of shooting on behalf of the School that we have to thank Spearing in goal that the score against us was not considerably heavier.

Our team was as follows:—C. E. Spearing; R. Martin and K. Spearing; V. Hammond, J. Pooley, and A. E. Mockett; J. Knight, O. R. Hoyle, G. H. Ince, J. Innes, and F. Childs. Tea was served at the School after the match, and a sing-song finished up an enjoyable day.

May we remind members that the return match is on *March 16th*. Those who would like to play, please send in your names early. The Annual General Meeting will be held in the evening, and it is hoped that all those who possibly can will turn up.

Another reminder! Have you written to the Secretary lately, to tell him any interesting news concerning yourself or any Old Boys you have run across? If not, why not?

Still another reminder! Have you paid your subscription for this year? If you are not sure, write to the Secretary; he will soon let you know.

We are glad to welcome to our ranks a number of those who have just left School. We hope they will follow up this good beginning by showing themselves to be real live members who interest themselves in the Club and help to carry on its work.

W. D. MALCOMSON, Hon. Sec.

A Meander in Macedonia.

Six miles away to the North West rises the hill I want to reach, its brown bare hump towering up some 1,500 feet above the foothills, which makes its height some 4,000 feet above sea level. It's a hot afternoon, so donning shorts, shirt, stockings, shoes, and sun helmet, I set off to reach my objective.

Out across the sandy plain to the Mill I step it briskly, passing along the Camp of the Russian Supply Columns, whence the sound of song comes forth to me. Great singers the Russians. At the Mill I pause a while to watch the picturesque group of Macedonian women beating out their linen on the stones, and to listen to the somewhat heated argument between the French and Russian soldiers down the stream as to whether bomb or rod is the best way to fish a stream. Then on again through the rye and barley stubble, and up through the maize fields where the peasants are cutting the feathered tops from above the golden "cobs." They harvest with beaten iron sickles, collect the corn with quaint wooden forks, and place it on queer little solid wheeled ox-carts, or load in large sheaves on patient donkeys which wander off quite lost beneath their load. So up the lower slopes of the hills we come to the vineyards with their bunches of grapes just turning purple, and up across the dusty main road where the African troops grin cheerily at me, and the stony railway track where a gang of Macedonian levies are sleeping peacefully in the track they should be mending, into the scrub oak of the stony foothills. Here is a valley along which a hedge-bordered lane winds among the cornfields. I love it well, for it reminds me greatly of a stretch of country nestling at the foot of the Surrey Downs; only the quiet homesteads are not here, and only the piles of grass-grown stones with the spring bubbling out from the broken fountain show that once, before the Balkan Wars, a little village has been here. I pause to rest, and slake my thirst at the spring, and looking back I see a goods train laden with men and forage puffing slowly up the embankment which has been built to replace the great viaduct blown up by the retreating Bulgars last year, the twisted girders and broken arches of which still stand gauntly against the sky at the valley end. Then on up the last steep six hundred feet, with its loose stones and deep ravines, the sides covered with trenches and stone "schanzes," and scattered over with empty cartridge cases—for here was one of the minor attacks of the war where last Autumn good men fought, and died, as is witnessed by the piles of stones with their wooden crosses which are dotted over the hillside.

The top at last! Looking back I see the white tents of the Camp below me, and far away to the South, Olympus rears her snow-clad peak across the intervening valleys and mountains;

along to the left and far below me lie the French and Italian Hospitals, and in the foothills beyond, home of bears and wolf, I see the white houses of the distant Comitadji (brigand) town nestling among the woods. I lay me down among the grass and turn to look northward across one of the most fertile plains of Europe, now dotted with white camps which are set among its cornfields, and which last year was covered with the corpses of those slain just as they set foot again in their beloved Serbia. For this is Serbia, and that smoking ruin, at the foot of the Albanian mountains, over which even now the shells are bursting, was only a few months ago a peaceful city, for the possession of which so many men have sacrificed their lives. Why, I ask myself, does God permit this war, which allows mankind to render homeless and maimed thousands of innocent women and children, and all because he cannot occupy their homes.

From below me sounds the plaintive reed of a shepherd's pipe and I hastily rouse myself to procure a stone, for by now I have learnt how to keep at a distance the half-wild wolf dogs which always accompany the flocks. Cowardly as the dogs are, they are no light matter when they attack in numbers, for they are great shaggy brutes nearly as large as a calf, and to kill one by shooting is to lay yourself open to a like fate at the hands of the dogs' masters. Now the mixed flocks of sheep and goats come grazing towards me, and as I look at them I realize the difficulty of "separating the sheep from the goats." Ahead stalks the shepherd clad in tights and broad sleeved tunic, with the black vest which are common to all Macedonian herds, and with his quaint crook slung over his shoulder as he pipes. He is a big man, six foot high, and broad in proportion. "Day John," he hails me, and I hazard "You been in America?" for a good many of the Macedonian peasants have sojourned in the Western Hemisphere. We converse in Yankee slang and Serbian, and I learn that he has been two years in America, part of the time in Chicago and the rest in a brewery in Milwaukee. The shepherd has wandered on after his flock, and I am left half asleep on my back dreaming of home. Suddenly I am awake! That hum is not from a lorry crawling up that dusty thread of road in the pass beneath. It's an aeroplane somewhere up in the blue sky, and by the steady beat of its engines, a German at that. Bang! "Belinda," the Serbian "75," 1,000 feet below me has spoken, but her shells burst woefully short of the silver dragonfly overhead, which gives a kick of her tail and rising sharply, passes on: but now the heavy guns up country take up the tale and the air is full of little black and white smoke puffs. Suddenly the plane lurches sideways, steadies a minute and then nose dives for earth with a cloud of smoke trailing up from it—hit by a lucky shot! "Gotovo German" (that's the end of the German) says a gleeful voice behind me, and I turn to see a grey haired weather beaten old Serbian who has come up from the picquet on the railway below to see the fight. Sitting beside

the old exile, I learn that he is 62 years of age, and that before the war he had a little farm near Nish, of that and his old wife whom he left there he has not heard for two years : but he does know that of his four sons and three grandsons, five are dead, one is wounded and crippled, and the other a prisoner, while as to the fate of his women folk he maintains a grim silence, only shaking his fist at the distant Bulgar trenches. As he talks the old man cries unrestrainedly, and I myself do not feel far off tears : yet his is merely the story of hundreds of thousands of the brave exiled sons of Serbia. " You shall see your wife and farm again when peace comes," I say in a vain effort at consolation, to which he replies simply " Ako Bogda " (if God grants it), and then with a ringing " S'Bogom " (good-bye) he clatters down to the post below. I too get up and look away at the towering height of Kaimatchelan which the Serbs stormed at such a cost, and there the Serb and Bulgar dead still lie frozen side by side in the everlasting snow, I look across the plain with its shell-ruined villages, I look at the smouldering shell-torn town, I look at the range of mountains succeeding each other into the blue distance of Serbia—and I thank God for the English Channel and British Navy. Then I climb down thinking thoughts unutterable, and as I cross again the road I hear a voice hail me from a passing car as it slows down. " Si vous voulez, Monsieur," but I smile and shake my head with a " Merci, mais moi je me promene," and the Frenchman, with a laugh and a shrug and a muttered remark as to " les fous Anglais," rushes away in a cloud of dust. Then, as I sit eating grapes, stolen I fear, but sweet, there gallops into view my friend the Italian Cavalier, and, luck of luck, a spare horse. He has no English and I no Italian, so we compromise on French, and for three miles that our route lies together we trot along briskly. Then with a " Gracias " (nearly all my Italian) and a firm refusal to accept his courteous offer of the loan of horse and groom to take me into Camp, I dismount and walk slowly back past the Mill to my canvas home—and a drink.



O. T. C.

Further losses have occurred among our old members, and we regretfully have to add to our Roll of Honour the names of 2nd Lieut. W. R. Charlwood (The Queens), killed in action ; 2nd Lieut. J. O. Whiting, R.F.C., missing, and Gunner C. Pakeman, R.F.A., died of wounds. Other Old Boys who have given their lives for their country since our last issue are R. Worley, B. E. Worley, Lce.-Corpl. J. L. Perren, H.A.C., Lieut. S. F. Weekes, R.E., 2nd Lieut. N. M. Hooton.

W. R. Charlwood only saw very short service abroad before

he made the great sacrifice. He had performed a very gallant action on the previous day, for which he would have received some recognition had he lived. We still hope for good news of J. O. Whiting, and extend our fullest sympathy to the parents and friends of all the above.

2nd Lieut. B. Abbey, Essex Regt., has been wounded for the second time—in the shoulder and foot—but we are glad to say he is progressing favourably.

We heartily congratulate Capt. A. L. Pash on being awarded the M.C., and on his promotion. He has set a fine example right from the beginning of the war. Congratulations also to Capt. L. Kennard on his captaincy. We hear H. J. Heyes, London Regt., has won the Military Medal, and hope the rumour is correct.

The report of the Annual Inspection came to hand during the vacation. We can congratulate ourselves on the remarks it contained, but must remember that there is still a vast amount of military knowledge to be learned, and we must train ourselves to a higher and higher pitch of efficiency. There is no time for slackness or lessened effort. The enemy is still unbeaten, and those who leave the Corps to fight the Nation's battles need every help we can give them. The more efficient and better equipped the Corps is, the better fitted will its members be to carry out their arduous duties overseas. They need all the assistance and encouragement we can give them. All ranks will do well to remember this, for the better soldier a man is, the more chance he has of victory, and of ultimately, a safe return. All praise to those former Cadets, who are manfully upholding their country's honour. The least we can do is to see that those who go out from us to swell their numbers are as well trained and as well equipped with military knowledge, as we can make them.

We are glad to be able to record that Mr. Lamb has got his long overdue second star. C. E. Spearing has joined a R.E. Cadet Battalion, and we hope to see him a commissioned officer ere long. To those other cadets who have commissions pending we wish the best of luck.

On the 25th of July the Corps was entertained at Brockham Warren by Sir Benjamin and the Misses Brodie. Some very useful work was carried out after an early lunch, and the rest of the afternoon was spent in "lighter vein." All ranks had a thoroughly good time, and our best thanks are extended to our Host and Hostesses for their oft-repeated hospitality and interest.

Arrangements are in course of completion for the assistance of an Army Instructor in physical training. The War Office now lays such stress on this subject—owing to the extraordinarily beneficial results obtained—that we are expected to devote two hours per week to this branch of training.

The efforts to form an O.T.C. Camp during the Summer

holidays finally fell through, but a Farm Camp, near Exeter, under the Headmaster and Mr. Wiltshire, took its place, and proved most enjoyable and useful. The C.O. and Mr. Lamb spent the vacation attached to a Regular Battalion training "Drafts" for overseas. It is strenuous and interesting work, and we hope useful, for unfortunately we are both prevented by the "powers that be" in the shape of Medical Boards, from sharing the difficulties and dangers of our comrades at the front. However we don't forget them, and hope they don't forget us.

On July 20th we joined in another combined Field Day with Guildford O.T.C. and the Surrey Cadets. Major-General F. C. Beatson acted as chief umpire, and after summing up the situation emphasised the importance of every boy receiving some military training while at school.

We are fortunate in retaining the services of our Sergeant-Major and the C.Q.M.S. Both have been accepted for commissions in the Royal Artillery.

Our joint Field Training with Purley on October 24th was quite a success, and we hope it will be the forerunner of many more such occasions. Lieut. R. Atchley, R.F.A., has helped us this term in our Field Training, and particularly in giving our "gunners" some very useful technical instruction which will help them materially later on. We offer him sincere thanks for the trouble and time he spent on our behalf.

In conclusion, it may be well to state shortly the position of cadets under the Military Service Acts. Any cadet who reaches 18 years of age and is recommended by the C.O. for a commission, cannot be called up for service in the ranks until he attains the age of 18½ years. If, in the meantime, he is accepted by the War Office, he is posted, on reaching 18½ years, provided that he is still at school, and a member of the Corps.

It is known that a great many Old Boys are serving, whose names and units are not included below. All readers are specially asked to assist in making this list complete and correct.

S. G. E.

ROLL OF HONOUR.

"Pro Rege et Patria."

- 2nd Lieut. D. Ive, 2nd Queens
- " H. W. Budden, Lanc. Fusiliers
- " E. G. Francis, 1st City of London Regt.
- " C. H. Rayner, Lanc. Fusiliers
- Capt H. C. K. Bidlake, Worcesters. Mentioned in Despatches
- Lieut. H. M. Headley, R.F.C.
- 2nd Lieut. C. M. Smith, Essex Regiment
- " J. O. Whiting, R.F.C.

2nd Lieut. F. L. Mott, Essex Regiment
 „ W. R. Charlwood, Queens
 „ J. Pym, London Regiment
 Lce.-Corpl. G. E. Garton, The Buffs
 Pte. H. McN. Fraser, London Scottish
 „ A. Hood, 16th County of London
 „ B. Bilcliffe, 15th County of London
 „ W. Hewett, 5th R. W. Kents
 „ H. C. Barker, 16th County of London. Missing
 „ W. Streeter, 17th Lancers
 „ A. Reynolds, A.S.C.
 „ F. S. Barnard, R.N.V.R.
 Gunner C. Pakeman, R.F.A. Died of wounds.

The following had no service with the Corps :—

Capt. F. M. Gill, County of London
 Lieut. W. Morrison, County of London
 „ S. F. Weekes, R.E.
 „ B. B. Gough, R.A.M.C.
 2nd Lieut. C. R. Holder, S.L.I.
 „ W. Kenyon, Norfolk Regiment
 Sergt. G. E. Cragg, 5th Queens. Died.
 Corpl. W. P. Farrington, M.G.C.
 „ E. A. Vowell, 48th Canadians
 Lce.-Corpl. J. L. Perren, H.A.C.
 Pte. A. N. Lewis
 „ A. C. Ballard
 „ R. Worley, New Zealanders
 „ B. E. Worley, E. Kents
 Lieut.-Col. D. W. Figg, D.S.O., Legion of Honour. Died
 of wounds

OLD BOYS AND MASTERS SERVING WITH H.M. FORCES.

Major N. H. Wade, Essex Regiment
 Capt. E. W. Dann, M.G.C.
 „ A. M. Dawson, 5th Hants
 „ P. H. Mitchiner, R.A.M.C., M.E.F.
 „ J. Figg, 2/24th County of London
 „ E. W. Taylorson, A.O.C.
 Lieut. A. J. L. Malcomson, M.T.A.S.C.
 „ R. St. G. Atchley, R.F.A.
 „ J. H. G. Lillywhite, 1st Drake Bn., R.N.D.
 „ D. Motion, R.F.A.
 2nd Lieut. G. T. Mackay, M.G.C.
 „ H. Willoughby, 1st South Staffs
 Capt. H. G. Davies, 2nd R.W.F.

Lieut. H. C. Saunders, M.C., 8th Queens. Wounded
 2nd Lieut. B. Abbey, 2nd Essex Regiment. Wounded twice
 „ H. Molyneux, 3rd Hants. Regiment
 „ C. G. J. Silcock, R.F.C.
 Capt. C. M. Duncan, R.F.A.
 „ H. Thrower, 12th A. and S. Hdrs.
 „ W. R. D. Robertson, R.F.A.
 „ E. L. Higgins, M.C., 1st Royal Fusiliers
 „ A. L. Pash, M.C., Queens
 Lieut. G. M. Mew, 1st Royal Irish Rifles
 2nd Lieut. R. G. Thompson, 8th Wilts
 „ G. E. Scollick, 9th Queens. Wounded
 „ C. E. Ashdown, M.C., 19th County of London
 „ F. H. Pratt, 13th Royal Warwicks
 Capt. R. C. M. Smith, R.F.C.
 2nd Lieut. F. J. Martin, R.F.C.
 „ W. E. Keasley, 9th Queens
 „ L. Green, 5th Queens
 „ J. Apperly, 5th Middlesex
 „ R. J. Martin, 10th County of London
 Lieut. F. N. Halsted, R.N.A.S.
 „ W. H. Mainprize, R.N.A.S.
 2nd Lieut. F. Pepper, Yeomanry
 „ E. N. Penfold, 10th Leicesters
 „ J. N. Chapple, Oxford and Bucks L.I.
 „ O. Blackler, R.F.A.
 „ C. Rayner, K.R.R.C.
 „ R. A. Brown, M.G.C.
 „ H. A. R. Lambert, Hussars
 „ R. A. J. Porter, R.G.A.
 „ R. Lee, London Regiment
 „ F. M. Panzetta, R.F.C.
 „ R. W. Hood

RANK & FILE.

Sergt. N. Rayner, R.F.A.
 Corpl. W. D. Malcomson, London Scottish. Discharged
 through wounds
 „ E. W. Hedges, 1/5th Queens
 Pte. M. H. Hood, 1/5th Queens
 Trooper C. Ward, Essex Yeomanry
 Pte. G. S. Bartlett, 1/5th Queens
 „ G. H. James, 1/5th Queens
 „ G. S. Faulkner, 6th Queens
 „ O. H. Apted, 10th R.F. Discharged
 Sergt. L. P. Cleather, 6th Queens. Wounded
 Pte. W. Boswell, 7th Queens
 Lce.-Cpl. J. Knapman, Middlesex Yeomanry
 Pte. L. Ware, 6th Royal Sussex

Pte. M. H. Briggs, London Rifle Brigade
 Cpl. S. C. Charlwood, Infantry
 Pte. C. E. Cripps, Queen Victoria Rifles
 „ T. Brace, 18th County of London
 Corpl. O. Hoyle, 16th County of London. Discharged
 through wounds
 Bombr. J. Dare, D.C.M., Croix de Guerre, R.F.A.
 Pte. J. F. Bargman, R.F.C.
 „ J. W. Pooley, London O.T.C.
 „ H. M. Jones, 9th County of London
 „ H. J. Hayes, Military Medal, 19th County of London
 „ N. Nightingale, Middlesex Yeomanry
 „ J. Jones, R.F.
 „ W. Woollett, Sussex Yeomanry
 Cadet H. J. Hunter, O.C.B.
 Pte. A. E. Macloghin, 3rd S. Lans. Mentioned in dispatches
 Cadet S. W. Gibbs, 19th O.C.B.
 Pte. G. H. M. Thompson, R.N.D.
 „ F. E. Faulkner, 20th County of London
 „ W. J. Miles, R.N.
 „ E. J. Savage, R.N.
 „ J. N. Walker, 6th Essex
 „ C. J. Ryall, 3/5th Queens
 „ C. J. Newman, 1/15th County of London
 „ F. Holt, N. Lancashires
 „ A. G. Smith, R.A.M.C.
 „ L. Kendrick, 21st County of London. Wounded
 Trooper J. Shapland, Surrey Yeomanry
 Sergt. D. L. Davies, R.E.
 „ F. M. Steane, Canadian Division
 „ N. M. Colton, D.C.M., 7th Northants, M.G. Section
 Twice wounded
 Pte. G. Gilbert, Queens
 „ G. Duncan, R.E.
 „ C. W. Abell, R.E.
 „ C. H. Bates, 5th Queens
 „ C. J. Morris, L.R.B.
 „ N. Lovell, R.N.A.S.
 „ R. J. Dempster, H.A.C.
 „ B. H. Morrison, Inns of Court O.T.C.
 „ G. Cuffe, R.A.M.C.
 „ R. A. Pooley, Civil Service Rifles
 „ C. C. H. Wade, Queen's Westminsters
 „ R. W. Smith, Devonshire Regiment
 Corpl. J. H. Mitchiner, Coldstream Guards
 Pte. E. S. Ames, Queen's Westminsters
 „ S. Tennant, R.A.M.C.
 „ E. F. James, 9th London Regiment
 „ R. H. Bonwick, London Scottish
 „ F. C. Burtenshaw, R.E.

Pte. S. King, R.A.M.C.
 „ L. D. Martin, 5th Queens
 „ G. W. Edis, R.F.A.
 „ P. T. Penfold, 5th Queens
 „ L. V. Hall, 5th Queens
 „ H. Tulford, 4th Queens
 „ G. B. Webber, Hants Yeomanry
 „ G. Finch, Grenadier Guards
 „ H. L. Mitchiner, Queen's Westminsters
 „ — Pope, R.F.
 „ R. E. Skinner, R.G.A.
 „ A. Gilbert, R.G.A.
 „ N. W. Osborne, L.R.B.
 Trooper M. Meeten, Surrey Yeomanry, attached M.G.C.
 Pte. T. H. Challis, Civil Service Rifles
 „ T. B. Lees, R.E.
 Corpl. W. L. Jordan, Royal Sussex Regiment
 Pte. N. U. Harvey, London O.T.C.
 „ R. J. Holman, D.C.M., 5th M.G. Company, A.I.F.
 „ W. A. Perry, New Zealand Division
 „ G. H. Marsh, Buffs
 „ C. Arnold, 252nd Infantry Bn.
 „ T. Spence, H.A.C.
 „ J. H. Learner, Queens
 Cadet W. N. Libby, O.C.B.
 Pte. A. Matthews, Infantry
 „ E. P. Turner, West Kents
 „ F. E. Potter, C.S.R.
 „ W. G. Sutton, C.S.R.
 „ G. Mattock, Infantry
 „ E. C. Hayllar, Infantry
 „ H. V. Simmons, Infantry
 „ A. H. Croucher, R.E.
 J. S. Bell, Midshipman R.N.R.
 B. Wells, Mercantile Marine
 Pte. C. R. Outen, R.F.C.
 „ J. S. Teasdale, Training Reserve
 „ R. H. Burrage, Training Reserve
 Rifleman J. H. Clayton, Queen's Westminsters
 „ W. Williams, Queen's Westminsters
 „ E. F. George, London Regiment
 Pte. R. H. Reeves, Grenadier Guards
 Corpl. W. G. Gooda, H.A.C.
 R. Turner, R.A.N.S.
 Pte. W. B. Dare, M.G.C.
 „ P. Alexander, K.R.R.
 „ Kennard, R.E. (Signals)
 „ R. D. Garton, R.F.C.
 „ E. W. Stedman, H.A.C.
 „ L. E. Gosden, Training Reserve
 Cadet E. H. Pike, Artillery Cadet Bn.

The following Old Boys and Masters did not serve in the Corps:—

Major F. G. Gill, 2/24th County of London. Wounded
Lieut. S. Malcomson, R.F.C.
Capt. J. Harley, 1/24th County of London
Lieut. W. R. Green, A.O.C.
 " S. Steane, R.F.A.
 " H. W. Hardy, R.N.
 " F. E. Apted, R.E.
 " G. L. Davies
 " E. J. E. Tunmer, Shropshire L.I.
 " H. L. Marsh, Brigade Transport Officer, R.W.F.
2nd Lieut. J. Willoughby, 3rd S. Staffs
 " H. D. Beckhuson, 1st Queens
 " W. A. Bell, 5th Queens.
Capt. L. Kennard, R.E.
2nd Lieut. O. P. Quinton
 " O. Kennard, R.E.
 " J. H. Kennard, R.E.
 " A. E. Scothern, 9th Sherwood Foresters
 " H. H. Richardson, Queens
 " Wilfrid Kenyon, 1st Garrison Bn., Norfolk Regt.
 " H. L. Dawson, Tank Corps
Q.M. and Hon. Lieut. E. Farrington, 5th Queens.
2nd Lieut. H. H. White, Infantry
 " D. R. Grantham, R.E.
 " G. H. Ince, R.F.A. (T.)
 " D. Green

RANK & FILE.

Pte. S. W. Saunders, 11th R.F.
 " H. Willoughby, R.E.
 " E. Budgen, Australian Division
 " H. Dawson, 1/5th Queens
 " T. Hammond, 1/5th Queens
 " A. L. Jones, 9th County of London
Trooper J. Hammond, Herts Yeomanry
Pte. C. S. Peerless, H.A.C.
G. Keeler, 1/6th County of London
P. F. Drew, R.F.
Pte. A. Mollison, London Scottish
 " J. Nash, Canadian Division
 " A. Farrington, M.G.C.
 " T. Jenkins, R.E.
M. A. Northover, R.N.A.S.
J. C. Holm, New Zealand Infantry
P. M. Hasluck, 17th R.F.
W. C. Kendrick, R.A.M.C.
H. Leslie, H.A.C.
P. Consett

L. J. Newton
 V. Gardener
 G. H. Lyle
 J. Nightingale, A.O.C.
 A. E. Jones, A.O.C.
 Lnc.-Sgt. P. F. Calistri, A.O.C.
 L. Edwards
 K. Lucas, 2/9th County of London
 — Rippingdale, London Regiment
 J. W. Woods, A.S.C.
 S. H. Cooling, H.M. Transport "Shropshire"
 Corpl. C. W. Saunders, R.E.
 „ C. W. Chattin, Leicester Yeomanry
 Gunner D. Carter, R.F.A.
 Lnc.-Corpl. G. N. Lampard, Motor Ambulance
 Staff-Sergt. C. S. Bangay, A.S.C.
 Pte. W. H. McClellan, London Regiment
 „ F. J. Farrington, Suffolks.



Football.

No doubt the matter will be dealt with more fully elsewhere, but we feel we must make reference, at the commencement of these notes, to the dawn of the new (football) era for which we have waited and hoped so long. We are now in a position to provide a game at least once a week, on Wednesdays, for a hundred and fifty-four boys, which is for all practical purposes everyone not medically unfit, and—everybody plays. To be sure, the games have been made compulsory, but we feel sure that the spur of compulsion is necessary only in the smallest minority of cases, and in most cases boys are only too delighted that a game is provided for all, and not the few who happen to excel. Nothing but good can come of such an arrangement: good for the experts, in helping their weaker or less skilled brethren: for the said brethren, in getting the games they have hitherto in part at least been denied; and, perhaps chiefly, for the few slackers, in being compelled to turn out once a week for a good strenuous hour's exercise.

Turning to the team's prospects, it may at once be said that they are quite rosy, although at the time of writing we have just received a rude shock, of which more anon. It has, of course, been a great piece of good fortune for us that Risbridger and Bishop are with us again, and we are thus able to rely on last year's forward line in its entirety. It ought to be very strong, though so far we have not seen it as well together as we could wish. It is to be hoped that this will be remedied before the Cup Final on Nov. 17th.

Spearing and Overington, of last year's team, are not available, and are accordingly dropped, so that the Cup team

may always play together. We are thus left with last year's backs and forwards, with all the half-back places and the goal to fill.

J. T. Spence seems likely to fill the position centre-half, and C. Knight will probably get his place at left-back. The latter is rather an acquisition, so far as one can see at present. He tackles well, kicks well nearly always (but he must practise, for "nearly" isn't enough!), and is full of energy. Then Carpenter seems safe for the position at right-half, which indeed he filled for a good part of last season.

The position of left-half is a difficulty. It has been filled so far by S. M. Spence, and he seems likely to retain his place. He is a hard worker, and has a good knowledge of the game. He is hardly "class" enough for 1st XI. football, but, while neither Kerr or Matthews surpass him in this respect, neither is a half. No doubt his final selection will have justified itself before these lines see print.

We must not forget the goalkeeper. Armstead, a newcomer, has filled this position up to the present, and seems likely to continue to do so. He shows aptitude, and has some little experience. It is necessary, of course, that he should practise constantly, and then we are confident he will serve us well.

A few remarks on the actual games played so far, and we shall have done. The first match was against a scratch side, and in this game proved a disappointment to the partisans of the boys. The scratch team included several very good players, but could hardly be said to be a strong combination, yet they ran out winners by two to nil. The result is accountable, not excusable, by reason of Spearing's goalkeeping and some rank bad shooting. We are glad to say here that this latter has been improved since.

The next game was a Cup Match against Purley. Playing under vile conditions against a much smaller side, our boys made good use of their strength and weight, and ran out easy winners by twelve goals to nil. It is pleasing to be able to record that the shooting was very much better, and indeed, having regard to the state of the ground and the ball, most creditable. Only excellent goalkeeping saved Purley from a still heavier defeat.

The Old Boys' Match came next, and this was a truly delightful game. The Old Boys fielded a very strong team—they always do seem to, nowadays—and we were accordingly very delighted when Bishop placed us two up quite early on. But these were the only goals we were to have in the first half, while the Old Boys obtained six. In the second half the youngsters had the best of the play, but could not prevent the Old Boys getting four more goals. However, the School scored five and would have had at least another half-dozen but for a marvellous display of goalkeeping by Spearing. So one of the

finest games we have seen, in which the boys played truly excellently, came to an end with the phenomenal score of ten goals to seven in favour of the Old Boys. Old Boys' team:—C. Spearing; Martin, K. Spearing; Mockett, J. Pooley, V. Hammond; Childs, Innes, Ince, Hoyle, J. Knight.

The tale of the last game is less pleasant, for us. A match had been arranged with St. Anne's, and we thought we ought to win easily, as our opponents were so much smaller and younger than ourselves. The actual score, however, was only three to two, in our favour. We were not able to be present, but we consider that this result wants a lot of explaining, in view of the fact that Purley drew with St. Anne's.

However, we all hope that, long before these lines are generally read, we shall have retrieved all these little mistakes. The 17th November is the date of the Cup Match, the final, that is. Let us see to it that this year we win the cup. In 1915 we were very unlucky indeed, being certainly the better team; last year we certainly had not the best of luck; now this year let us make sure of it. And let there be a good crowd of Reigateians to cheer their team to victory.



Sports.

The Sports, though keenly contested and always interesting, held but little of surprise this year. One record was broken, Risbridger in the high jump succeeded in clearing 5 feet $\frac{1}{2}$ in., which is a fine performance for one so "hefty." We are glad to have our record over 5 feet. Then Davidson's running in the half-mile and mile was really excellent, and provided special interest too, for he succeeded in winning the House Championship for Wray by a narrow margin when it looked a foregone conclusion that Doods were to have it.

Risbridger won the Kenneth Powell Cup for the third time in succession, and in recognition thereof was presented with a small "pot" to keep in memory of his athletic prowess. We congratulate him. All his successes are richly deserved.

Results:—

OPEN EVENTS:—	1st.	2nd.	3rd.	Time or distance.
Steeplechase	Matthews i.	Risbridger i ...	Verrells	13 m. 1-5th sec.
Mile ...	Davidson ...	Fowler ...	Matthews i.	5 m. 29 sec.
Half-mile ...	Davidson ...	Heyes ii. ...	Wakefield ii.	2m. 28 4.5th s.
Quarter-mile	Risbridger i.	Matthews i. ...	Farrington 1m.	3 1-5th sec.
220 yards ...	Deane ...	Farrington ...	Risbridger i.	27 3-5th sec.
100 yards ...	Farrington...	Spence i. ...	Colton ...	12 1-5th sec.
Hurdles ...	Risbridger i.	Spence i. ...	Farrington ...	21 3-5th sec.
High Jump ...	Risbridger i.	Farrington ...	Spence i. ...	5ft. 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.*
Broad Jump...	Risbridger i.	Farrington ...	Bishop ...	16ft. 8 in.
Cricket Ball...	Risbridger i.	Spence i. ...	Knight, C.	77yds. 0ft. 9in.

* School record.

UNDER 16 EVENTS:—

Hurdles ...	Carpenter...	Risbridger ii. & Heyes i (dead heat)	21 4-5th s
Broad Jump...	Macgregor	Kerr ... Heyes i. ...	14ft. 8in.

UNDER 15 EVENTS:—

Steeplechase	Burton P. ...	Matthews ii...	Mockett	14m. 5 1-5th sec.
Quarter-mile	Mockett ...	Wakefield ii...	Blain	1m. 8 4-5th sec.
100 yards ...	Deane ...	Mockett ...	Knight P.	12 2-5th sec.
High Jump...	Carpenter...	Dark ...	Mockett & Blain (d.h.)	4ft. 2½ in.
Cricket Ball...	Risbridger ii.	Chick ...	Greenfield	65yds. 0ft. 6in.

UNDER 14 EVENTS:—

220 yards ...	Dales i. ...	Allwork ...	Hodge i. ...	28 2-5th sec.
100 yards ...	Hodge i. ...	Heyes i. & Dark (dead heat)	...	13 1-5th sec.

UNDER 12 EVENT:—

100 yards ...	Hodge ii. ...	Heyes ii.	Allwork	... 14 3-5th sec.
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Half-mile Relay Race—1, Doods 2, Wray 1 m. 39 4-5th sec.

Tug-of-War—Doods beat Redstone.

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

"Sir John Watney" Challenge Cup—Risbridger.

"Kenneth Powell" Challenge Cup—Risbridger.

Champion House—Wray.



Cricket.

Though on one or two occasions we have failed to do as well as might reasonably have been hoped, still this last season has shown a distinct improvement in our cricket. The better facilities of the last few seasons are beginning to tell now, and we look forward confidently to the time when our cricket shall be as good as our football, or better.

A review of the season need not detain us long. We won four matches out of nine, the others being lost. One other we should have won, but, curiously enough, the result showed it a bad beating for us. Of this more anon.

The team was as forecast in last term's notes, except that the eleventh place was never really filled. Deane was dropped, and Pearce was looked on as the eleventh man, but was so often absent that his place was usually taken by Wakefield, once by Tobitt. The feature of the season was Risbridger's bowling. Sixty wickets for 372 must be very nearly a school record: nothing like it has been known for the last ten years, anyhow, and we dare to predict that it will not be equalled for another ten, if then. Next comes Overington's batting. The improvement he showed was remarkable, and he batted really well, not

only forcibly, on all occasions. He heads the batting averages, an excellent performance, though Risbridger—beaten only by a small fraction—had poor luck. Anything else worthy of mention will be noticed under the respective matches, to a brief report of which we now proceed.

After the Old Boys' match, referred to in our last issue, we met St. Anne's away. This is a match we should have won. Our opponents, by enterprising batting on a small ground, put up 86, but we ought easily to have passed this total. However, our batting broke down badly, and we were 24 behind. St. Anne's took a second knock, but we never had a chance of retrieving our fortunes, and lost as stated.

For our next match we visited Caterham. Batting first, we were dismissed cheaply for 52, some superb fielding contributing to our downfall. Our opponents got 110 by some bright cricket, so that we were faced by a deficit of 58. However, Risbridger and Bishop put on 48 for the first wicket, and the tea interval came with the score 63 for 2. Alas, that tea interval! Bishop, who had been batting in his very best style, went immediately afterwards, though it must be confessed that it was a phenomenal catch which dismissed him. He had made 43 of the best. The rest went cheaply, and we set our opponents only 32 to get, which they got for one wicket.

Against Purley away we did not do as well as we should have. True, we snatched the match out of the fire, but it was a moral victory for our weaker opponents. Batting first, they did well to get 90. We should have got at least 150 on such a small ground, but collapsed badly, and made only 52. In their second innings our opponents got 61, leaving us 100 to get to win. Risbridger, Farrington and Spence went cheaply, trying to hit. Overington was more successful, but four wickets were down for 29. Carpenter came in, and played steadily, while Bishop hit till the latter was bowled at 48, having made 21. Verrells came in, and some delightful cricket was witnessed, the sixth wicket putting on 48; Carpenter went at 96 for an excellent 35. James came in and the winning hit was soon made; thus we won by four wickets. Verrells made 23 not out. In this match Risbridger took 16 wickets for 62.

A scratch game came next, against W. D. Malcomson's XI. We proved too strong for our opponents, and won easily by an innings and two runs. Then came two matches with Earlswood Asylum. Both were good games: but we lost both. The feature of the first was the batting of Wells, who, going in first, carried his bat out for 72 not out. A good not-out innings of 17 by Kerr calls for commendation. In the second game we got rid of Wells cheaply, but there were others, and we faced a larger total than the week before. No one did very much except Overington, and we lost by 51.

A few averages are appended.

BATTING.

	Innings.	Times not out.	Total runs.	Highest score.	Average.
S. Overington ..	13	—	175	41	13'46
C. A. Risbridger ..	15	—	196	45	13'07
C. W. E. Bishop ..	12	—	125	43	10'43
W. Kerr.. ..	18	7	38	17*	9'50
W. H. Carpenter ..	13	—	97	35	7'46
E. W. Farrington..	15	1	85	26	6'07

BOWLING.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
C. A. Risbridger ..	149'3	41	372	60	6'20
E. W. Farrington..	27'3	3	91	14	6'50
S. Overington ..	42'5	2	208	21	9'90
V. James ..	106	153	323	32	10'09

CATCHES.

C. A. Risbridger 13, W. H. Carpenter 9, C. Bishop and V. James 8 each.



House Notes.

DOODS.

We must begin our notes this term by mourning the loss of our House-master, Mr. Howarth. He has been with us ever since the House was started, and all, especially those who have been in Doods since its foundation, will miss his advice and support. We wish him success in his new school.

We all heartily welcome Mr. Wiltshire, who has stepped into the breach.

The result of the Sports was satisfactory; the entries were good, and although Doods lost the Cup it was a glorious fight, and we heartily congratulate Wray, our conqueror.

Our prospects for the footer cup are, so far, decidedly rosy, both for first and second elevens.

Each eleven has played one match versus Priory. The first eleven won 4—0, the second by 9—0, and the third by 6—1.

We yet have Wray to play, but if everyone turns up and plays hard, Wray will have to go all out to win.

We are the only House to have House Colours. They consist of the letter D to be worn on the pocket. Formerly this D was a part of the shirt; now it must be worn.

C. A. R.

PRIORY.

Last year's Cricket season was not quite so successful as we at first anticipated, but we had a very exciting match with Wray, the winners of the Cup, the result being a draw 25 runs each. Our Second Eleven had a fairly successful season, and did their share in making the House second to Wray. The entries for the Sports were good, but as to the results we will say nothing.

This term's Football team is weak, only having one member of the School XI. and Overington, who, although a strong support, does not have much chance of practising. As was to be expected we lost our first match against Doods by 4—0, and our 2nd XI. had the same fate.

However there is no reason why we should not win the other two, and we hope that by the time these notes appear in print we shall have achieved our object.

C. W. E. B.

REDSTONE.

Last term we met with little success, but there is no reason why we should repeat it; in fact there is a greater chance of doing better.

We have only played one 1st XI. and one 2nd XI. match this term against Wray, and those we lost; perhaps there is some excuse, as Wray are a very strong House, but we must not get the "wooden spoon" again. There is a new institution this term of 3rd XI. House teams, and ours has begun well by beating Wray 6—0. May it continue. If we wish to get the "pots" we must practise and play football whenever we get an opportunity before or after school, and in "break." All boys are expected to turn out and have a kick.

I was sorry to see that there were only three Redstonites in camp on the farm, which is not as it should be. In the Sports we were third, but Wray and Doods, the first and second, were a long way ahead of us; the entries, however, were quite good, and that shows keenness at any rate.

J. T. S.

WRAY.

Last year Wray House had the most successful year in its existence. Following our success at Football we won both the Cricket and Sports Cups.

At Cricket the 1st XI. beat Doods and Redstone, and tied with Priory, whilst the 2nd XI. won two and lost one of their matches.

The Sports proved to be a great contest for points between Wray and Doods, which was not settled till the last race, the Mile, when Wray secured the first three places, thus bringing the House out on top by a narrow margin. All members of the House must be congratulated on their keenness and on their

good running, especially in the long races, whilst special mention must be made of Matthews i., who won the Steeplechase in excellent time, and also gained a number of points for the House in the other races. We were unfortunate in not having Verrells to help us, except in the Steeplechase.

At Football this year we have very good prospects, having five members of the School XI.

So far we have played one match, v. Redstone, which we won easily, 7—0, whilst the 2nd XI. have won their only match, and before these notes are published we shall have played the match, v. Doods, that will probably decide whether or not we win the Cup.

Now, buck up all you chaps, and live up to the record which you established last year.

E. W. F.



Form Notes.

UPPER SIXTH.

This term five more angels fluttered up into the "Abode of Love" from the lower regions. Let us take them one by one.

First comes S. John, a decidedly angelic-looking cherub, who, on account of his grabbing propensities, was at once appointed clerk of the lost property department. The Archangel (?) recognising the talents of this ancient saint, at once dubbed him a "perfect" and begged him to exercise his benevolent influence over a particularly dangerous set of desperadoes, called by those strange inhabitants of the lower regions, "the second form."

Having succeeded, he now employs himself by drawing, and, we are very much afraid, he thinks of growing long hair and calling himself an artist. Ah! it's too bad.

Our next is a hoary-headed, long-bearded and moustached patriarch who, ipso facto, is called Esau, not that he often obtains a blessing, in fact he is often the recipient of anathemas, decidedly not heavenly (not from his fellow-angels of course). Capt. Eade is sometimes very rude to him, but then he is not an angel.

Our next (sounds like an enigma, perhaps it is) is Judas, because he has charge of the bag. He is a great scientist (Judas was, because he tried experiments on the tension in a string and Youngs Modulus of his neck). He is also a mathematician; his latest problem is to find out how many weeks it takes to buy a 15/6 War Loan at 6d. each. The answer will be published in our next. (That ought to increase the circulation of the next issue. Editor.)

Next comes St. Bernard, but alas! owing to his weight, he was much too heavy for his young wings and has recently

fallen from the giddy heights of the "Abode of Love" to seek rest and peace (which he could not find here) in Middlesex Hospital. Congrats!

Harman being nothing in particular, except a modern Shakespeare, we call him Joshua, the son of Nun.

Of the ancient patriarchs we say nothing. They are too well known by some already.

The Form very much regrets the loss of its Form Master, Mr. Howarth. We all wish him success in his new home, and may his new pupils derive as much benefit from his influence as we have.

SPUDS.

LOWER SIXTH.

A Little Lower than the Angels.

Room I. ought to think itself highly honoured this term, having been made the abode of the distinguished members of last year's Remove and two of last year's Fifth.

This term we have to deplore the loss of Mr. Howarth, whose genial presence enlivened our Science periods, but we feel that Mr. Herroun ably fills his place. Titch has been informed that he is a little inclined to become a nuisance. Perhaps other members of the School have noticed this?

We hear that this gentleman has sent a tender to the Omnibus Company for supplying them with gas for running their cars instead of petrol. This reminds us that a proverb was once mentioned relating to "les grands diseurs," and Titch could not understand why we laughed.

Solly, the musician, informed us that Mulciber was "the chap who played the cornet."

Wearie Willie is hot stuff at unseen translation, for he assures us that "le frais du soir" means the evening strawberry. Does this refer to a toper's nose after his evening refreshment, or is it the fruit of the Evening Primrose?

At the beginning of this term our numbers were augmented by Armstead, whom we congratulate upon his attainment to First Eleven honours.

Susie is ambitious to enter the Navy, and we wish him success in his exam. Chapple has been further elevated to the rank of Lance-Sergeant, upon which the Form congratulates him.

Scene. Room I.

Titch sitting at the table munching chestnuts. Susie beside him with his arm round him. Enter Mistress.

Mistress: Very touching!

WANTED, a silence for Titch.—Apply Room I.

We have been rather short of ink this term. Perhaps Weary could offer an explanation?

Titch is getting worse and worse. He turned up one day during Break!

F. E. W.

J. F. P.

REMOVE.

Motto: "Bide the Time."

The original members of this Form having migrated into the "realms of greatness," the Remove now consists of twelve members of last term's Fifth. Taking them in order—"Andy," "Ley," "Nick," "Dial," "Garden Trowel" (pronounced "Gaarden Traal"), "Gussy, the infant phenomenon," "Hazy," "Scotty," the "Briglet," "Chris," and "Quinty." Unfortunately we're not a very sporty form, but we can't all be big men at games. The Lower Sixth have hinted at a match, and we are almost inclined to take them on, just for the game's sake. Our quarters are quite nice, but apt to become "fuggy"; however we are near the Reference Library, and are imbibing knowledge to a tremendous degree.

The amount of work we are expected to do is quite annoying, however we are struggling along valiantly, thus accounting for several bloomers that would be otherwise inexplicable.

Dale informs us that an apple tree in blossom is exactly like a fat bookie. It wants a good "dale" of believing.

We are becoming quite brainy at maths., for we get such accurate results. The other morning, on correcting a trivial sum, we found that Chris had put a 3 instead of a 2, Scotty had put a 2 instead of a 3, Hazy 8 instead of 2, Trowel couldn't subtract, and Dale couldn't divide by three. Our poor maths. Master was awfully upset.

Another humorous episode occurred in a French period. A member of our form (of the usual variety), in a fit of Hunnish savageness, violently jabbed his pen into his next door neighbour, with the result that the victim precipitated himself upwards with a truly terrifying screech. On his return to Mother Earth, the French mistress thought an explanation "evident," and it necessitated being in French. The delinquent, being momentarily deprived of his speech from internal convulsions of pity (?), wildly waved the pen, with which the "horrid deed" (Shakespeare) was done, and finally managed to gasp, "La plume—je jabba la plume dans la d—— poof!"

(N.B.—The latter part of this incident is what Holt would call a hyperbowle.)

We know that the Zeps have been troublesome lately, but when they have the audacity to drop a bomb in the middle of a French fairy story, and blow away the beautiful fairy, it really is the limit.

By the way, a certain member of our form is going to publish a book, "The Metamorphosis of a Younger Sister." Full particulars on application.

We miss Mr. Howarth more than we can express, but Mr. Herroun is an admirable substitute (ask the Remove).

C. H. COLTON.

FORM V.

Motto: *Dum vivimus. vivamus.*

Translation for feeble-minded— "Whilst we have life let us enjoy it."

We are sorry to lose Mr. Howarth, but Mr. Eade has taken his place, and we get on very well, and we have been treated to one "tea party." It was quite a success, as we had books of geometry to feed on.

We have been working so hard that have to apologise for lack of bloomers. Those that we have chiefly come from the gentlemen who jumped from the third to the V.

M - t c - l - forgets to do his English prep, his English imposition, and gets 2 marks out of 13. Quite a record.

W - l l - , our French professor, has invented a new tense, which goes like this:—

"J'ai craint, Tu es craint er. Tuavez craint, Il a creigt, vous avez craint. Ils ont craints."

Shaw informs us that several worms together are called a gang: I wonder if he is shaw.

P - r k - n says that Thomas Seymour married Lady Jane Grey. Something wrong with his s - parkin - g plug evidently.

From H - - at we learn that Wentworth was Governor-General of Ireland in the time of Henry VII.

Mr. Eade translated Shaw's answers as: "Lavoisier was brilliantoned," but Shaw indignantly protests that he said "gullotonid."

Ongley says that a secant is a tangent.

"Stan" has raised a battalion of women, we think, because he says "Les soldattes."

Information required: The nearest place for obtaining good cider. Correspondents to address letters to V.A.J.

Translation of billet doux. Same address.

W. KERR.

FORM IV.

Venimus, Vidimus, Vicimus.

This term the Form, with the exception of the old stagers is composed of "Swots," such as "Sunny Jim," "Fat Sam," and "Rudolph." It is quite a change to do some work.

Doubtless things will right themselves, but at present we feel hopelessly at sea without our good friend Mr. Howarth. We wish him the best of luck at his new school, and hope we shall see him again at some not far off date.

Gray, the Form vocalist, informs us that 1 gram weighs 1 c.c. We think a little more canary seed might put things right.

Out of thirty-five boys in the class we have thirty in the O.T.C., three of whom are N.C.O.'s, and we are glad to say that all the rest, with the exception of one, are under age. So

far we have not had the pleasure of meeting Miss S-i-h, but we hear on good authority that she, too, is fond of tea parties, of which we have already had a goodly number.

The Form now boasts a football team, which beat a scratch team composed chiefly of Fifth Formers, by a margin of 8—1. We congratulate them.

Raids have been pretty frequent this term; of course we were always the victors. We think it right that unholy mobs, such as the Fifth and Thirds, should be put in their places.

We congratulate C. S. Knight on being admitted to the First Eleven.

Short: These two angles are equal!

Master: Reason?

Short: Because I say so, Sir!

Wadey, our French scholar, says that "serer" means "to thrash." Perhaps he means "to raise dirt."

One Member, La T-b-e by name, said that Mesopotamia is in Tibet, but afterwards said in Afghanistan (a little nearer the mark.)

Question; Does D-k's pretty face have an effect on a certain notorious Master?

J. D. DEANE.

W. H. ALDERTON.



The Camp.

Everyone heard about the Camp weeks in advance, about half way through the Summer term I should think, but no one could quite have anticipated the extraordinary changes of front and other antics indulged in by the National Service People, and incidentally the Railways, before we were actually under canvas at Heavitree, Exeter. To begin with we all pictured ourselves walking and cycling through the Derbyshire Dales and visiting the castles of the Dukes and Earls who inhabit those parts in somewhat large numbers, then we were to join with another school, then it seemed as if we should not go away at all but, finally it really came to pass that those of us big enough—and keen enough—to go and work on the land, assembled in the School playground on Thursday, 23rd August, and fell in by platoons nearly in the usual way, for final instructions from Mr. Orme. The excuses for lateness were not those which usually do duty in term time, nor do we as a rule fall in with bicycles and kitbags as part of our regular equipment. Two particularly late comers indeed arrived with such radiant smiles and such very "fishy" yarns about a miraculous catch of perch (or was it roach?) that they had to be excused "Defaulters" on the spot. "Sister Susie," too, arrived late, smiling, and quite imperturbable, and even the round of applause which greeted

his appearance at the Churchyard gate did not serve in any way to quicken his very deliberate progress. We were twenty-six all told, Mr. Orme and Mr. Wiltshire, three Old Boys, Colin and Kenneth Spearing and Donald Parsons, and Sergeant-Major Risbridger, Sergeants Bishop, Farrington, Spence, and Chapple, Corporals Verrells and Overington, Lance-Corporals W. H. Spearing, Kerr, and R. Risbridger, and Privates James, John, Matthews, Colton, Stevens, S. Spence, Owden, Watkins, Carpenter, C. Knight, and Hieatt. On Friday, 24th August, we safely stowed our bicycles and kit in a van at Reigate Station, where the following morning at the chilly hour of 6 a.m., all assembled on the platform, and curiously enough arrived in plenty of time. All, that is with the exception of Mr. Orme, who had gone down to Exeter the night before to make our way easy for us there. The journey to Reading was sleepy and uneventful, but here the van, with all our bicycles and kit in it, which we had fondly imagined would go with us to Exeter, was discarded with ignominy by the G.W.R. officials as being unsafe to attach to a "speed train," so we had to re-pack everything into another van. Luckily there were some third-class compartments attached to it, and we quickly took possession of these and made ourselves comfortable in them for the remainder of the journey. The country through which the Great Western line passes was new to most of us, and consequently full of interest, and the time passed quickly enough, and our special van and carriages enabled us to look on without concern at the awful crowds at Bristol and at Taunton struggling to find places in a train already hopelessly over full.

At Exeter, which we reached soon after three o'clock, the welcome figure of Mr. Orme greeted us on the platform, and under his guidance we quickly piled our kit on to the farm-cart sent for it, and on to the top of it climbed little Rissy (with a big smile), for he had no bicycle. The rest of us started to cycle, and to thread the mazes of a quite unfamiliar town. The first thing which struck us all, I suppose, was the badness of the roads, made worse in most cases by the additional horror of tram-lines, and the second thing probably the steepness of the hills and their frequency, for they seemed to meet us at every fresh turning.

After a tortuous ride of two miles or more we arrived at the bottom of a very steep, rough, and narrow lane, with high red banks on either side of it, and up this we walked to the camp. Here the first thing which met our eyes was the washing place, which stood conveniently in the most conspicuous spot in the camp, and right at its "front door," so to speak, so that anyone coming to see us had the pleasure of being welcomed at the outset with all the paraphernalia of cleanliness at any rate, and probably also by one of us performing his ablutions in a somewhat advanced state of "undress." Then we saw two lines of tents and two quite decent sized marquees, and then we became conscious that it was a glorious spot perched on the

top of a ridge of low hills between Exeter and Topsham with wonderful views all round. There was at the entrance to the field, a building, which comprised a granary upstairs and stables underneath, and on the other side of the land stood two small cottages, otherwise we were right away from buildings of any kind, the Exeter Asylum being about a quarter of a mile off in one direction and the house of Mr. Rew, on whose farm we were, about a like distance in the other, but neither was visible from the camp, for we had high, rough hedges on red Devon clay banks right round our field, and some tall elms as well to act as a further screen.

A Colour-Sergeant of the Glo'sters loomed rather large on our arrival in camp, and he quickly made us draw our blankets and palliasses and some straw to fill the latter. Luckily it was fine, and we settled ourselves in to our tents straight away. Of these we had plenty, for the camp had originally been pitched with a view to 50 occupants, so two tents were allotted to bicycles, one to Mr. Orme and Mr. Wiltshire, one to the Old Boys, and in each of the remainder a tent commander and three men, and in one case four men, had their being. The two marquees were used one as a "store" tent and one as mess tent. What the "store" tent really contained remained a mystery during the whole camp. The Q.M.S. in charge of the camp and his five or six terribly overworked (?) assistants kept the "store" tent as a sacred place, an inviolable sanctuary beyond the portals of which none but the Q.M.S. (the Colour-Sergeant before mentioned), and two "store" men might penetrate, the remaining assistants doing the cooking and so on. The cooks certainly worked and did us very well, the rest were tired and bored, and had nothing to do and all day to do it in. The Q.M.S. and Mr. W. had long conversations about food, and obviously were of two entirely different ways of thinking. The Sergeant had a rigid idea of Army rations, and could not understand that when one has had beef rissoles for breakfast and roast beef for dinner, beef tea for supper is rather apt to pall. The Sergeant and Mr. W. also differed entirely on the subject of jam, and had the Sergeant been allowed his way it is very little of that pleasant and necessary food which would have found its way into the mess tent.

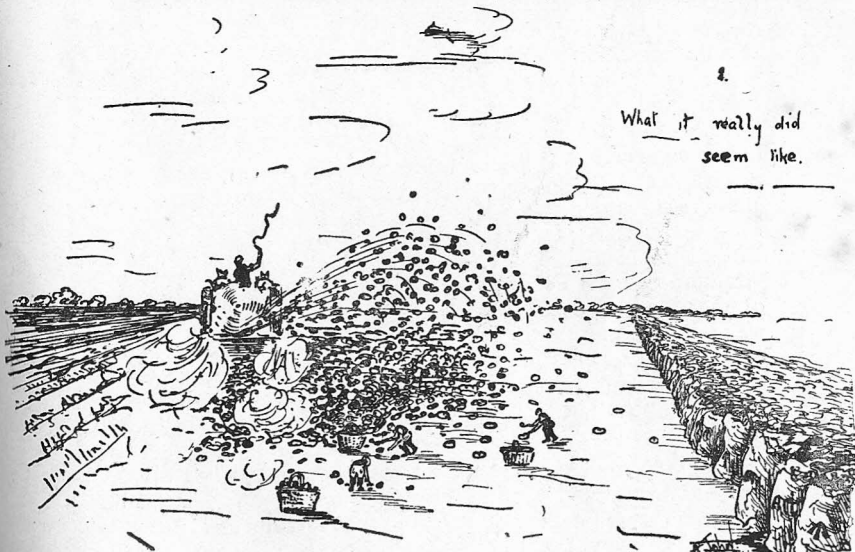
During our first night under canvas it began to rain, and, alas! the dismal and persistent patter of rain on the tents became a sound all too familiar during the next few days. Our first day in camp was a Sunday, and it broke wet and cloudy. After breakfast a party braved the elements and trudged into Exeter to service in the Cathedral, but as they did not arrive until nearly eleven and the service had begun at 10.30, they were obliged to remain in the nave and listen afar off, during which time they dripped pools of moisture on to the stone floor from their wet coats and mackintoshes. In the afternoon it cleared up a bit, and some of us bicycled to Topsham and generally had a look

Potato Digging

What I thought it
would be like.



What it really did
seem like.



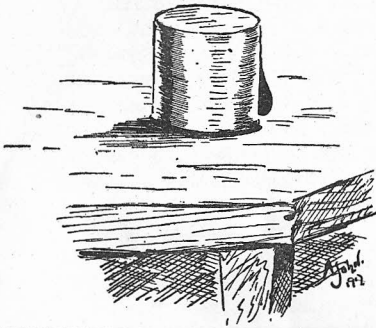
round to get our bearings. The next day we all appeared in working rig. This comprised a large assortment of ancient but thoroughly sensible clothing, even the "nuts" appearing in trousers shorn of their beautiful creases and coats long past their prime, whilst several quaint pieces of head-gear made their appearance. "Joey" Kerr's get-up earned for him the name of "Broncho Bustling Bill," and when mounted on his fiery mustang "Judy" (a very old and peaceful cart-horse) he might with a little imagination be said to have looked the part. But for the next day or two work was much interrupted by rain, and so wet did everything become that our host, Mr. Rew, very kindly lent us the big granary, and we all turned in there—except the two masters, who stuck to their tent—and made our beds in two lines facing one another on the floor. Mr. Rew also sent us a gramophone and some records, which helped very considerably to keep us all cheerful in spite of the wet. Probably everyone's recollections of Heavitree will be strongly tinged with the songs which were turned on again and again during those wet days sojourn in the granary. "Charlie, what a Nut you are," "Private Michael Cassidy," "Tommy Atkins," "We've got a Navy," and lastly, "The only Girl in the World," became "as familiar in our mouths as household words." We went to bed to the sound of the "Only Girl." She greeted us first thing in the morning. She encouraged us to go out into the wet and wash; she welcomed us back again into the granary to get warm and dry, and she was still "going strong" when we went out to the mess tent to breakfast. But even "the only girl in the world" had her day, for the weather improved and we went back to our tents again after two or three nights, and the gramophone, with Michael Cassidy and Tommy Atkins and the rest went back to their rightful owner. The ordinary day's routine started with reveille at 7, closely followed by washing parade at 7.15. This latter was, on some mornings, rather a chilly proceeding, and it was interesting to watch the steam rising from the glowing bodies of certain persons who indulged in the rather doubtful luxury of cold baths in the open. Breakfast, announced by the "cook house," blown as fast as possible, followed at 8. It consisted of tea or coffee, porridge (sometimes), bacon (seldom), tinned salmon (sometimes and occasionally as fish cakes), and beef rissoles (as often as the Q.M.S. could supply them, which, unfortunately, seemed rather too frequently). After breakfast the great excitement was the arrival of the post, *and* the parcels, these latter often containing a variety of edibles suitable to the dainty palates of the most pampered individuals, whose tearful letters home had, one imagines, drawn melancholy pictures of starving "Reggies," "Geoffreys," and "Horaces," whilst the letters often contained postal orders which could be turned into trips on the river in canoes and other delights in Exeter. At 9 o'clock Mr. Rew would arrive and apportion the work for the day, spud lifting or

carting, or wheat shucking or carrot pulling and bunching, or what not, which would keep us busy until dinner at 1. Then our chief meal of the day took place, and if you have worked in the fields all the morning it is a very important matter. But it was always beef in some form or other. Roast or stew, or sometimes curry, but eternally beef, with potatoes and cauliflowers from the farm, and often followed by good "duffs"; very good these latter, and we had several Oliver Twists, who *always* wanted more. Once or twice Mr. Rew sent us some cider. Good stuff, Devon cider—in moderation. After dinner, to be precise at 2 o'clock, we went back to our potato picking, or whatever work was in hand, until 5. As potato picking or familiarly "spud-lifting" formed the greater part of our daily labour, it is perhaps not out of place to say a few words about it. The actual digging was done by a machine drawn by a couple of horses. This threw up the potatoes and scattered them two or three yards away from the row, often, however, covering a few lightly with earth, and often also leaving a few not touched in the row. Our work was to gather up the potatoes and put them into baskets which, when full, we emptied into sacks. In order that everyone should do his equal share of work the row would be paced out, and from 16 to 20 paces would be allotted to two boys, working together. In this way we would spread right across the field, and each gang of two would be responsible for their own particular piece and no other. In the course of a morning the field would become covered with little groups of sacks, that part of it, that is, where the potatoes had been lifted, about 100 to 110 sacks being a very fair morning's work for twenty boys. The sacks then had to be carted away to a shed where they were to be emptied on to one enormous heap, and then "graded," that is, the smaller and damaged or diseased ones removed, whilst the rest were re-sacked and weighed ready to be put on rail. A day's spud-lifting was quite as much as anyone wanted to do, for though the machine would take some time to go the length of the row and come back again, there was very little time for resting on the sacks between the spells of picking up, and all would be glad when 5 o'clock was called, and the day's work finished. Then there would be a rush to get on "Judy's" back; she, good-natured old thing, sometimes carrying two back to the camp, "Restful Reggie's" smile being frequently seen in this exalted position, whilst "Broncho Bill" would run alongside, clamouring for his turn. Soon after 5 came tea, a ration of bread—4 slices—jam, "butter," and sometime cake, as well. "Sergeant's own special" this latter, exceedingly solid and filling but quite good and comforting to an empty stomach. After tea the joys of Exeter would be ours, and many and varied these were, catering for all tastes—and pockets. Boats and canoes on the river, only swimmers being allowed this pleasure unless with some "safe" person, the baths also were freely pat-

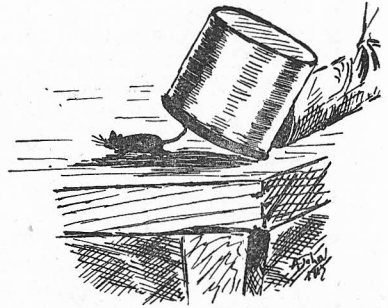
CAMP LIFE

AT
HEAVY TREE

1. The Prison
Mr. W's Mug



2. The Escaped Prisoner



We frequently
missed the company of a certain person
while in the mess tent
for he occasionally retired into the
precincts of his mug.



After Dollar's

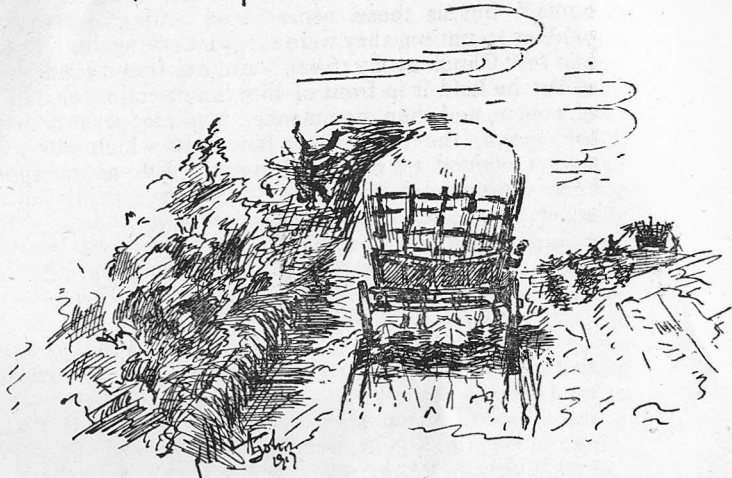
After. Sgt. Swig's cake.

ronized, and most of us visited the museum and picture gallery at some time or other, as well as the interesting old Guild Hall (the oldest in England), the St. Nicholas Priory and the Cathedral. Lastly, when funds allowed, we always went to "Deller's" to try to satisfy the eternal cravings of the inner man, which seemed, in some cases, to be an almost impossible task. "Deller's" was really a most excellent café, where almost any kind of meal could be had and where anyone desiring mutton could satisfy his want (and after a fortnight's beef this became a very real one) or those wishing for fruit salad and Devonshire cream could satisfy theirs', and the amount of these latter delicacies consumed by all ranks during our stay in camp must have reached quite an astonishing total. "Deller's" also sported a band, which added to its attractions and made it very hard to leave, and it always seemed necessary to run to catch the tram back to Heavitree in order to be in time for supper at camp, when eagle eyes would be cast round and absentees or late comers spotted, for whom the flesh-pots of Dellers would be impossible next day. Supper was at 8 o'clock, and consisted of bread and cheese and cocoa or soup, and the number of hours worked by each individual would then be noted, for all were keen to "earn their keep." Prayers followed at 9, after which all turned in, lights out, blown at 9.30, ended our day, and all of us slept the sleep of the just as well as of the physically tired. Exeter did not always claim our attention in the evenings, for there was quite a good bathing place—for swimmers—on the river about twenty minutes walk from the camp across the fields towards Topsham, and here several times small parties trudged down to a dip. Then, too, there was Topsham itself, where one evening a good many of us got on an old fishing boat just fitted with a new motor, and went for a short cruise down the estuary towards Exmouth. The owner's knowledge of motors was decidedly vague, and when we had got about a couple of miles down the motor began to show signs of fatigue, and the fisherman his entire ignorance of how to put it right, so there were several stops and rather awkward pauses, but this did not spoil the pleasure of the trip to us at any rate, and eventually we bumped back again alongside the old quay wall at Topsham, and returned on our bikes to the camp. On our second Sunday we had a most enjoyable trip to Budleigh Salterton, and Exmouth. Despite the bad roads the ride—for we went by bicycle—was a very pleasant one over a beautiful heath from which magnificent views compelled us to pause and admire them, and then downwards to the Sea at Budleigh. Here we bathed off the beach, which seemed to be formed of all the most uncomfortable pebbles imaginable collected together in one spot. True, one does not bathe on the pebbles, unless a wave happens to insist on one's doing so, but one has to walk back from the sea to one's clothes again, and this some of us found very trying. Particularly so our old friend James, who

of course was the last out, and whose antics caused us all much merriment. First a few agonising steps up the beach, then a pause, then an attempt to move backwards on hands and feet for a few yards, then "Cyril" was implored to "Chuck us my boots," but as these necessitated sitting on those infernal pebbles to put on, they were thrown back again. Then "Cyril" had to "Chuck us my towel," and our friend tried walking on it whilst he held it in front of him, an attempt doomed to failure of course, and then commenced a comic performance between the beach, the towel, and James, in which our good friend always seemed to come off worst. But as our appetites had been sharpened, bathe and tea were becoming an immediate necessity, James finally climbed painfully back to his clothes and got dressed. Tea, however, was not to be obtained so easily, for after a search through the rather dull High Street of Budleigh, it was decided that we should ride on to Exmouth and try for it there, and after drawing blank at one or two places, quite a capital tea was got ready for us at very short notice in a Temperance Hotel near the station, and all did ample justice to the fare provided. Whether the tea or the bathe or both got into James's head it is impossible to say, but certain it is that on the way home whilst going very fast down a particularly steep and rough hill, he lost his balance and clutched wildly at Matthews, who was riding beside him. For a moment those of us behind feared an awful smash, but by some piece of extraordinary good luck the two bicycles and their riders clattered and swayed down to the bottom of the hill, the two riders unhurt, but the bikes with bent pedals, broken spokes, and other minor damage from the collision. Good-natured Colin Spearing, who did all our bicycle repairs for us, came to the rescue, and patched things up enough to enable both bikes to get their riders home. A little further on Carpenter developed a bad attack of chain trouble, his coming off about every 100 yards, and Hieatt a puncture; but finally all got safely back to camp, after a very jolly outing. On the following Sunday we again took a long cycling ride, this time going in the opposite direction, visiting Teignmouth, where some of us bathed, and getting tea at Dawlish on our way home.

But what with work and play, both indulged in hard and good-naturedly as they should be, our time in camp wore on quickly towards its close. Without doubt we were a very happy little community, all our best points coming to the surface and everyone willing and cheerful right through the day, and above all, grousing conspicuous by its absence. There was always plenty to do, and Mr. Rew lent us a pair of boxing gloves, which helped to fill in any vacant time, many fierce bouts being fought, the instructors, when not themselves performing, being that inseparable pair Knight and James, as well as the older hands, big Rissy, Farrington, and Bishop. It was rumoured also that the "inseparables" set some snares for rabbits, with Mr. Rew's

Squish evidently intends to become an airman



The New Method of coming ashore
introduced by J.M.S.
In Two Parts



permission be it noted, and also with the full knowledge of those in authority, but perhaps because of this no rabbits varied our monotony of beef, or was it because the wily Q.M.S. (himself something of a poaching-sportsman) got up earlier than our two friends? I wonder!

On the last Thursday in camp our good friend Mr. Rew gave us a most excellent entertainment and supper in a large hall lent by the Asylum authorities. We were asked to sustain a part of the programme, and great preparations were made, Bishop and Verrells actually taking a whole afternoon off from work in order to rehearse. When the evening came we understood the reason, for Mrs. Bartlett (the Asylum doctor's wife, and Bishop appeared in costume and sang the "Only Girl in the World," whilst Verrells played the accompaniment, and we all joined in the very familiar chorus—some of us possibly wishing for the Only Girl's early decease. After Rissy and Verrells had acquitted themselves very well, and all of us joined in and sung very heartily a couple of favourites out of the *Gaudeamus*, which were much appreciated, by the way, by the rest of the audience, our portion of the programme came to an end, and we ourselves were then immensely entertained by the excellent singing and drollery of Mr. Reginald Crompton, a well-known London actor, whose great song, "Widdicombe Fair," with two topical verses, fairly brought down the house. A comic singer and ventriloquist also caused us much amusement, and a capital evening's enjoyment was brought to a close with a most generous supper, after which we all gave three very hearty cheers to our kind host and hostess, and returned to our tents. It must be said that the great success of the camp was due in a large measure to our falling into such a pleasant spot as Woodwater Farm, and to our having as host Mr. H. G. Rew, than whom no one could have been more kind or more thoughtful for our comfort.

Of the packing up and leaving the camp there is little to say, all went smoothly and well, and the journey home was a comfortable affair, with a special van for our bicycles and kit, and special compartments for ourselves all the way, and we arrived back at Reigate Station at about 8.30, and in the dark sorted our kit and then vanished to our respective homes. But all of us, I think, retain very happy memories of Heavitree, and a certain feeling of satisfaction that Reigate Grammar School boys did their bit in the holidays, and did it well.



Valete.

Barry, Brown C. R., Martin, Simmons, Stevens, Wadey K.,
Tobitt W., Goodeve, Arminson, Tomsett, Mockett, Calvert,
Greenfield, Parrant, Pearce W., Maynard, Bergdahl, Blain, Law,
Potter R., Shaw H. B., Tilley-Stubbings, Barber A. J., Bish,
Williams H.



Salvete.

Armstead, Barr, Bell, Beers, Branch, Elkin, Friend E.,
Gray N., Grigg, Hammond H., Hurdle, Jones C., Parker, Pearce
R. D., Peers, Roberts P. C., Skelton, Stanley, Stephens, Warner,
Hughes H. W., Hughes H. R., Paget, Brown G., Lord, Weller
H., Dewdney, Staplehurst, Bigg, Charlwood T., Curry, Fas-
snidge, Gardner, Hawker, Holt, Jones S. W., Reed, Sims,
Weller E. G., Young, Greaves, Angold, Friend L., Howick,
Roeseler, Weaver.