



The Cuthbertian

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EDITORIAL.

*"Comes the blind Fury with abhorred shears
And slits the thin-spun life."*

MILTON.

"**K**ITCHENER is drowned." It fell amongst us like a thunder-bolt, and left us breathless. We did not believe it. The enormity of it stunned us. It could not be that Kitchener, of all men, had been taken from us, he, "the pillar of a people's hope," to whom we looked in our need, on whom we trusted in our anxiety, and of whom in our adversity we said, "Still there is Kitchener." The blow was one we had never expected, but only too soon were we compelled to believe that it had

fallen. The sunshine turned grey, a black cloud of gloom overshadowed us: Kitchener was drowned. Soberly and thoughtfully we crept to bed that night. Our hearts were heavy, not because we imagined that without Kitchener there was no hope of victory, but because we felt the leering German gloating in horrible glee over the untimely death of our idol. But it was the fortune of war, and it had to be borne. At a solemn Requiem we committed the soul of this devout and patient hero to the mercy of his God, and with the flag at half-mast we paid a last tribute to his soldier's memory, then turned again to our little round of duties, confident that in her need England would bring forth a man to guide her to her goal.

So still we carry-on, as we know he would have us do. Already half the Summer Term is behind us, and we live a life crowded with the many small details which go to make a busy whole. The Corps, Cricket, Swimming, and Shooting are all in full-swing, and though the weather has been very changeable, it has never damped the enthusiasm for anything on the cards. Night Guards have been revived. They will not provide so much excitement as they did last Summer, since there is now no camp in Thoresby Park, but, induced, no doubt, by the hope of some chance adventure, there is always more demand for places in the Saturday-night Guard than the supply of places can meet. Members of the Guard certainly owe a great deal of their enjoyment to the supper which the Matron provides for them before they take up their onerous duties.

Another feature of the Summer Term very much in evidence just now is the photo. fiends. No one is safe from the zeal of these industrious and patient mortals. We have even heard it whispered that a certain feline inmate of the School is much sought after as a model. This search for life-like portraits of puss opens up endless possibilities of

wonderful escapades. We can picture the zealous photographer with a grim earnestness stalking the unwary cat; we can imagine his disappointment as the beast takes to flight ere he can make an exposure; and we can almost see his frantic chase over flower-beds in a frenzied endeavour to do or die. We know nothing about photography, but it seems to us that the first comer will get the best results, for, after a few weeks of hunting, the cat will become a very epitome of cunning, and will only venture upon its lawful occasions when there is no chance of being snapped. Upon the appearance of anything remotely resembling a camera it will break into head-long flight.

Tennis has had a great boom this term. Tennis rackets are now almost as common as golf clubs, and afternoon tea with tennis afterwards seems to be quite the thing. The Prefects have been bitten with the mania, and we believe that during the hot spell in May some of them became quite expert at quick-changing for Chapel. It is certainly a fact that, since tennis came in, all the Prefects have considerably lowered their times for dressing in a morning.

Amongst their other activities the Prefects have started preserving game. They have a lovely partridge's nest of nineteen eggs in the quad. It is rumoured that they intend to train the young partridges, when they arrive, to scout the cloisters and confiscate books, and even to hunt for tennis balls.

It would not be right to close this Editorial without reference to the Daylight Saving Act. To the rest of England no doubt it came as something of a novelty, but the only effect it had on us at Worksop was to bring us our letters at breakfast instead of at dinner-time. We wonder if any other School can boast that it forestalled the Government by three months,

SPORTS.

The Sports, which took place this year on April 4th, were severely handicapped by the atrocious weather in March, and the rush of events which always chokes up the closing days of the Easter term; a third cause may be added, though in this particular "grouse" we hardly expect many sympathizers, the early breaking up date. Hence it was that competitors usually made their first, or practically their first, appearance on the track when their name was called out for a heat, and it is quite on the cards that boys were thrown out in the heats through want of practice who might with practice have figured well in the finals. It is quite certain that such items as the high jump will never be worth watching until the competitors put in more serious practice than seems customary. It is to be hoped that some means may be found next year to allow reasonable opportunity for practice, as far as it is in our power (we cannot of course do much with a fortnight of blizzards on end), and that the school will make due use of it. Incidentally, if the school got into better training for the day, it might perhaps, we hope, be found possible to restore the steeplechases to their old place. It is apt to get monotonous watching people run round and round the same old circle, and surely a school where the most exacting events on Sports Day are a half-mile for the seniors and a quarter-mile for the juniors is somewhat unique.

The Senior Hundred Yards provided a splendid race between Stephenson and Steemson, who divided the honours; Stephenson put up a splendid course also over the Hurdles, lowering the record by $\frac{3}{8}$ of a second. Powell in the Juniors made a good throw with the cricket ball, easily beating the Seniors, who were obviously suffering from want of practice. Perhaps the best event of the day was the Half-Mile, which Livingstone succeeded in winning from Steemson after an

excellent race. The Fleur-de-Lys started with a considerable lead in the competition for the flag, but in spite of magnificent effort, the Crown gradually drew level with them, and after Livingstone's success in the Half-Mile, became assured of the Flag, which they won by $7\frac{1}{2}$ marks.

Owing to the war, Messrs. Mappin & Webb were unable to deliver the medals in time, but Mrs. Evans kindly attended in the gymnasium to distribute tokens instead to the winners. We were remarkably fortunate in the weather, as we escaped the blizzard which devastated the South Midlands, and the day, though cold, was fine.

Steeplechase—Senior. 1 C. H. Steemson, 2 J. L. Livingstone,
3 P. A. Bapty, 4 F. G. Haagensen.

Steeplechase—Junior. 1 G. W. Stennett, 2 A. J. Ewing,
3 T. H. Ely, 4 H. Clive-Smith.

Mile—Open. 1 C. H. Steemson, 2 J. L. Livingstone, 3
F. G. Haagensen, 4 P. A. Bapty. Time, 5 mins., 48 secs.

Throwing the Cricket Ball—Senior. 1 G. W. Palmer, 2
A. C. P. Stephenson. Distance, 68 yds.

Throwing the Cricket Ball—Junior. 1 E. G. Powell, 2 T.
G. S. Hall. Distance, 75 yds., 10 in.

100 Yards—Senior. { A. C. P. Stephenson,
C. H. Steemson. Time, $11\frac{2}{3}$ secs.

100 Yards—Junior. 1 T. G. S. Hall, 2 E. G. Powell. Time,
 $12\frac{3}{8}$ secs.

100 Yards—under 12. 1 H. C. Tozer, 2 R. J. Yates. Time,
15 secs.

Quarter-Mile—Senior. 1 C. H. Steemson, 2 A. C. P.
Stephenson, 3 P. A. Bapty. Time, 1 min., $\frac{4}{5}$ secs.

Quarter-Mile—Under 16. 1 J. L. Livingstone, 2 E. G. B.
Powell. Time, 1 min., $9\frac{3}{8}$ secs.

- 220 Yards Handicap—Under 12.* 1 R. J. Day, 2 J. F. Garthwaite.
- 220 Yards—Junior.* 1 E. G. B. Powell, 2 T. G. S. Hall.
Time, 29½ secs.
- 120 Yards Hurdles (10 flights)—Senior.* 1 A. C. P. Stephenson, 2 C. H. Steemson. Time, 19½ secs.
- 120 Yards Hurdles (10 flights)—Junior.* 1 T. G. S. Hall, 2 L. J. D. Hudson. Time, 20¼ secs.
- High Jump—Senior.* 1 A. C. P. Stephenson, 2 G. W. Palmer. Height, 4 ft. 8 in.
- High Jump—Junior.* 1 T. G. S. Hall, 2 L. J. D. Hudson.
Height, 4 ft. 4 in.
- Half Mile—Open.* 1 J. L. Livingstone, 2 C. H. Steemson, 3 P. A. Bapty. Time, 2 min., 35½ secs.
- Long Jump—Senior.* 1 A. C. P. Stephenson, 2 C. H. Steemson. Distance, 16 ft., 10¾ in.
- Long Jump—Junior.* 1 L. J. D. Hudson, 2 E. G. B. Powell.
Distance, 13 ft., 10¾ in.
- Novices' Race—440 Yards Handicap.* 1 J. W. E. Cochrane.
- Tug of War.* Fleur-de-Lys.
- Victor Ludorum—Senior.* C. H. Steemson, 107½ marks.
- Victor Ludorum—Junior.* T. G. S. Hall, 47½ marks.

Judges. Rev. the Headmaster, Dr. G. L. Kemp, Rev. F. B. Hawkins, W. H. Mason, Esq., Rev. H. Gray, J. C. Cowgill, Esq., G. A. O'Meara, Esq., R. J. Marsh, Esq.
Referees. D. Ll. Evans, Esq., Rev. R. V. Fenn. *Time-keeper.* B. C. Wilderspin, Esq. *Starter.* C. W. Norman, Esq. *Marker.* J. E. Tarver, Esq. *Stewards.* Rev. R. J. Hodges, F. W. Harris, Esq., Rev. H. E. Wigglesworth.
Committee. Rev. The Headmaster (President), D. Ll. Evans, Esq. (Chairman), J. C. Cowgill, Esq., C. R. J. Griffith, Esq., A. C. P. Stephenson, C. H. Steemson, D. G. C. Giffard, L. E. Houghton, P. A. Bapty.

CRICKET.

Nottingham High School.

This match, the first of the season, was played at Worksop, on Saturday, March 27th, and ended in a defeat for us. The game calls for little comment.

We won the toss, and batted first. The scoring was very slow all through. Stephenson and Linton batted first, both reaching double figures. After they came out, however, the wickets fell very fast.

The score of 74 might have been augmented had the team shown better judgment both in running and fielding, for many chances were missed.

The XI. cannot hope to win matches unless the fielding is up to a good standard, for, in our case, the winning of a match greatly depends upon the fielding, as we have not a rich stock of bowlers.

For the School, Palmer and Steemson took all the wickets, both of them bowling well.

WORKSOP.

J. L. Livingstone lbw b Wright	.	.	.	3
P. N. Linton b Wright	.	.	.	17
A. C. P. Stephenson b Wright	.	.	.	37
L. E. Houghton b Wright	.	.	.	0
G. W. Palmer run out	.	.	.	4
C. H. Steemson b Wright	.	.	.	3
L. J. D. Hudson c Hodgkinson b Wright	.	.	.	0
J. G. Sykes c Farnsworth b Hodgkinson	.	.	.	3
P. A. Bapty b Boyd	.	.	.	1
F. W. Bedford not out	.	.	.	2
T. Revington-Jones c Fawkes b Hodgkinson	.	.	.	0
Extras	.	.	.	4

NOTTS. HIGH SCHOOL.

A. W. Daft hit wkt. b Palmer	.	.	.	21
P. H. D. Furley lbw b Palmer	.	.	.	8
R. G. Henderson c and b Palmer	.	.	.	10
J. H. Boyd lbw b Palmer	.	.	.	28
G. A. Wright b Steemson	.	.	.	2
R. Faux run out	.	.	.	4
J. Hodgkinson b Palmer	.	.	.	5
A. J. Otter run out	.	.	.	15
J. Jenkinson not out	.	.	.	4
F. T. Taylor not out	.	.	.	4
D. N. Farnsworth did not bat				
Extras	.	.	.	0
				<hr/>
				For 8 wickets 101

O.T.C. NOTES.

Promotions, dated May 5th, 1916. To be Sergeants, Corporals W. E. M. Lewis, P. A. Bapty. To be Corporals, Lance-Corporals W. E. Catton, J. L. Livingstone, L. E. Houghton, T. M. Revington-Jones. To be Lance-Corporal, E. H. Barritt.

The Corps has been parading regularly three times a week this term, and most of the time has been devoted to close order work and rifle drill. The N.C.O.'s have received special instruction in the form of lectures and communication drill, with the result that the majority of them are showing a marked improvement in the control of their sections. The Band and the Signalling Section are becoming very efficient, thanks to their untiring efforts, while the eagerness to be on the Saturday-night guard is as great as ever. The voluntary trench-digging after each parade has been very popular; in fact, we hear that the rush for pick-axe and spade almost amounts to a scrum.

Shooting has been going on regularly on our new Miniature Range. The Solano Battle Practice Target apparatus, which was erected at the beginning of the term, has already proved a great boon, and we look forward to some excellent shooting.

On May 24th, Empire Day, there was a special parade, when the Headmaster addressed both the Corps and the Scouts. Taking as his subject the motto of the French Republic, "Liberté, Egalité et Fraternité," he emphasized the duties of citizenship in relation to the effects of the great war.

On June 9th, we saluted the flag at half-mast, as a tribute to the memory of Lord Kitchener, whose tragic death we all felt so keenly.

The Annual Inspection takes place on Wednesday, June 28th. The date fixed for the Hall Cup Competition is July 11th.

BOXING.

It is a pleasure to be able to state that during the last two terms the duties of the late Instructor have been carried on quite satisfactorily by the Captains and Senior Members of the School. Richardson did yeoman service up to Christmas, and last term Stephenson worked ardently as Captain. They have their rewards, if they seek them, in the criticism of the Finals Judge, Lieut. Bizley, who kindly came from Clipstone Camp. After witnessing some very close contests, he remarked that the boxing was clean and very good on the whole, but that one or two competitors did too much head attacking. He especially complimented Gyles max.

The Cross just managed to win the Junior and Senior Cups, which were kindly presented by Mrs. Pearson.

Points scored in the Junior Contests were: Cross 20, Crown 15, Fleur-de-Lys 10; and in the Senior: Cross 40, Fleur-de-Lys 35, Crown 30.

Bronze Medals were awarded to: Juniors: Rawlin, Hall max. Seniors: Lisle ma, Morrison, Livingstone. Silver medals to: Juniors: Steemson ma. Seniors: Oates, Steemson max, Stephenson max.

GYMNASIUM.

This year there is not much to report about the Gym. During the season one or two members outshone the rest, but the importance of Instructors who have a practical knowledge of the sport was clearly emphasized in the Inter-Dormitory Competition at the end of last term.

Four teams of eight gymnasts and an instructor went through a table of exercises, and the marked difference in execution between the top and bottom teams was apparent to all.

The points scored were as follows: Crown $252\frac{1}{2}$, Fleur-de-Lys 239, Lion $221\frac{1}{2}$, Cross 150. Maximum 300.

Silver medals were awarded to the winning team: A. C. P. Stephenson (Capt.), Monkhouse, Macnamara, Bedford, Churton, Livingstone, Wood max, Armstrong, Handcock max.

A ZEPPELIN NIGHT DREAM.

(With apologies to Henry Longfellow).

*Then Count Zeppelin, the great boaster,
He, the marvellous story-teller,
He, the friend of old Von Tirpitz,
Made a ship for Allerhochster ;
Of a lump of rubber he made it,
Blew it out with clouds of war-gas,
With the local gas of Potsdam.
And the bombs he made of Densers,
Of the Tucker milk-tin, Denser,
In their pretty white-skin wrapper.*

*Then he said to Allerhochster :
" Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the Dukeries herd together,
Kill for us a school of red brick,
Kill for us a Woodard College."*

*Forth above the forest straightway
All alone sailed Allerhochster,
Clad from head to foot in wampum,
Hung about with iron crosses,
Proudly, with his bombs of Densers.
And the birds sang round him, o'er him :
" Do not shoot us, Allerhochster."*

*Safe behind the Manton chimney,
There he waited till the night came,
With his eye upon the turrets,
On the pretty Gothic turrets,
Pointing eastward, pointing heavenward,
Pointing scorn at Allerhochster ;
And his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.*

*Straight he took a mighty war-bomb,
Took juicy tin of Denser,
Stripped it of its white-skin wrapper,
Hurled it at the school of red brick,
Hurled it at the Woodard College.*

*Scarce a tile moved with its motion,
Scarce a gutter stirred or rattled,
But the wary college started,
Leaped from all their beds together,
Listened with their lights well-shaded,
And descended to the cellars !
Yes, the dreary, clammy cellars !
There they waited till the morning.*

*Poor deluded Allerhochster !
'Twas no College that you shot at,
'Twas no Woodard school you aimed at,
It was but a Woodard earwig,
That with bombs you smote and mangled,
Pounded him as maize is pounded,
Till his skull was crushed to pieces.*

*Dead he lay there in the East field
By the path that leads to Keeper's ;
Beat his timid heart no longer.
But the heart of Allerhochster
Throbbled and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the earwig homeward,
And Count Zeppelin and Von Tirpitz
Hailed his coming with applauses,
And a box of iron crosses
Nicely wrapped in tissue paper.*

CHAPEL NOTES.

On the first Sunday in term, at the Sung Eucharist, the new pulpit was dedicated. It is the gift of Dr. and Mrs. Jamieson, in memory of their son who died last year. The pulpit is designed to match the oak panelling of the stalls, and we are very grateful to Dr. and Mrs. Jamieson for giving us something which we have long felt to be a real need in Chapel; the more so in that it will help us to keep vivid the memory of one of our number, who though young, had a very real sense of the nearness and reality of the spiritual world. R.I.P.

The Headmaster admitted the new prefects after Even-song on Sunday, May 14th; the usual order of service was observed, the Headmaster speaking on the responsibility and privileges of a position of authority in the School.

By the courtesy of the Bishop of Southwell we were able to have a special private Confirmation for those candidates who were sick last term, in the Bishop's private Chapel, on the Ascension Day. Four boys were confirmed, thus bringing the total number of candidates for the year to 45. We are very grateful for the gift of a Missal Stand for the Altar in the Ante-Chapel, which has been given as a thank-offering by those who were confirmed this year.

With the money given to us by Lieut. Martin Thompson, before he fell in action, we have been able to have a Roll of Honour made for those O.C.'s who are serving in the Army and Navy, and this now hangs in the Ante-Chapel, with the photographs of those who have fallen in battle.

The weather was sufficiently propitious to allow us to have the Rogation Procession on the Tuesday before the Ascension Day. Stations were made at the Sanatorium, the Farm, and the School Entrance, and in Chapel.

We have to thank Mr. and Mrs. Hall for the gift of a most beautiful Ciborium, designed from an ancient Chalice used at Brasenose College. This is a gift which we appreciate very much now there is a big Communicants' Roll, and which will therefore be in constant use. It would have been impossible for Mr. and Mrs. Hall to have thought of a more useful or more handsome gift to the Chapel, and we are very grateful to them for adding this to the many kind gifts they have made the School.

It was a very great pleasure to welcome Mr. Gray, Vicar of S. Anne's, Worksop, who preached to us on the Sunday after Ascension Day.

The following boys have been confirmed by the Bishop of Southwell during the present year: Laurence Hudson, Frederick G. Haagensen, Kenneth Dixon, Aidan Corlett, John Fleming, Reginald Haines, Cedric C. Hawkins, Alfred J. Owston, Christopher Walton, Donald Beswick, Thomas Ely, Noel Fowler, Tom Leefe, George Parker, Ernest Chamberlain, Leslie Coates, Harold Kendall, George Nunn, Donald Oates, Henry Penchoen, Leslie Gyles, Bryan Rawlin, Geoffrey Stennett, Hedworth S. Walker, Eric Davis, Thomas Hall, Robert Proctor, Charles Robson, Wilfrid Share, Bernard Steemson, Harry V. Tozer, Charles Wolfe, Edward Banner, Cyril P. Cash, Lionel Coutts, John Haigh, Richard Kirkbride, Reginald Linay, William Machen, Leslie Rhodes, Graham Robson, Christopher Mahon, Frederick Lakin, Geoffrey Haughton, John Sorsby.

SCOUT NOTES.

A great deal of very keen work has been done this term and a number of tests have been passed. The following Scouts have passed their Second Class this term: P.L. Rawlin. Seconds, Cowen max, Walton, McCleary max, Greaves, and Scouts Blake, Haworth, Johnson, Wood ma,

Wood mi, Day max, Gyles ma, Batty, Catton ma, Keenan max, Haughton ma, and the following have also gained Proficiency Badges: P.L. Nunn (1), P.L. Rawlin (4), P.L. Gyles max (1), P.L. Taylor max (1), Sd. Cowen max (2), Sd. McCleary max (1), Scts. Wood mi (2), Johnson (1), Blake (2), Greaves (1), Wood ma (1). The Wolf Cubs have also shown great enthusiasm, and several have passed their Second Star Tests. In future the Cubs are to be divided into "Packs" instead of "Patrols," and these will be known as the "Grey," the "Brown," and the "Black," and it is hoped that the results of the "Inter-Pack" Competition will be recorded each year on a Challenge Shield which someone has promised to give us. We are hoping by the end of term to have a Troop composed entirely of Second Class Scouts and Cubs. It is not impossible if we go on as keenly as we are doing at present, and it is something worth aiming at.

ASCENSION DAY CONCERT.

On Ascension Day, June 1st, after tea, an impromptu concert was given in the Schoolroom. The whole affair was arranged in the space of a few days, but, thanks to the efforts of Mr. Harris, a very good programme was got together.

The opening items, a pianoforte duet by Mr. Harris and J. G. Sykes, and a song by E. Barritt, were greatly appreciated.

L. E. Houghton rendered two violin solos, which received well merited applause; he also supplied the obligato to T. Leefe's "Sing me to Sleep." Leefe has a good voice, and his songs were well chosen and tastefully rendered.

Mr. Cowgill's recitation, delivered in the Yorkshire dialect, was truly the "Star-turn," and except for one or two of us who remember his performance on Coronation Day, a few years ago, we had no idea of his powers as a mimic.

Rev. H. E. Wigglesworth's musical monologue, was the source of much amusement; whilst "Clementine," sung by Rev. R. Fenn, with the addition of one or two verses of his own composition, earned tremendous applause.

Mention must also be made of C. H. Steemson's recitation—we listened with bated breath, to hear the sad fate of the "Hillmen," who, having lost their Margarine, resolved to win it back or die.

Glees and choruses were rendered in excellent style by the Choir; especially we liked the "Song of the Shepherdesses."

We have also to thank P. A. Bapty for a rousing song, and Henry for help with the piano.

The Concert was brought to a close with the singing the Russian National Anthem, and finally, "God save the King."

Programme:

Piano. Duet	J. G. Sykes and F. W. Harris, Esq.
Song	E. H. Barritt
Recitation	J. C. Cowgill, Esq.
Song	"Sing me to sleep" T. Leefe (obligato, L. E. Houghton)
Violin Solo	"Sombre las Olas" L. E. Houghton
Chorus	"Bright and Buxom Lasses" The Choir
Piano. Duet	R. A. Henry and F. W. Harris, Esq.
Musical Monologue	Rev. H. E. Wigglesworth
Quartet	"Music by the River" P. A. Bapty, T. Leefe, C. H. Steemson, R. Strudwick, J. I. Wood
Recitation	C. H. Steemson
Part-Song	"Song of Shepherdesses" The Choir
Song	"Clementine" Rev. R. Fenn
Song (with Chorus)	"Laugh and Sing" T. Leefe
Song	P. A. Bapty
Violin Solo	"Simple Aveu." L. E. Houghton
Song	"It's a long, long Trail" T. Leefe
Chorus	"Charge of the Light Brigade" The Choir
	Russian National Anthem.
	God Save the King.

NOTES FROM THE WAR.

We are indebted to N. S. Griffiths for the following interesting description of the late naval action off Jutland, in which he took part; we congratulate him on his safe return in spite of the fact that his vessel has been sunk by the German bulletins.

"But, to begin at the beginning, we left harbour on Tuesday evening, and there was no sign of any extra excitement to show that there was any possibility of anything out of the ordinary. In fact when the action did come, it was the greatest of surprises, because no one knew anything about it! We must skip the rest until Wednesday afternoon at about 3-30 p.m., when we were some little distance off the Jutland Coast, and there had been no rumours of any approaching action, and all seemed quite quiet.

At 3-45, however, in the middle of tea, "Action" was sounded off, and although we thought it strange that it should be sounded off then, it was no surprise, because we invariably go to our stations if we are nearing any enemy regions.

It was not until 4 p.m. when we had the report that "Enemy destroyers and light cruisers were in sight." Even then we thought nothing of it, thinking they would run for their very lives if alone! The real excitement started, however, when five enemy battle-cruisers were sighted. Then things began to hum, so to speak! My station is 2nd Officer of the foremost 15 in. turret, and as such is a fairly responsible and interesting job. We at once loaded all guns and got everything ready for "immediate action." I should explain that at this time our force consisted of our seven battle-cruisers, some 7 miles in advance of us, and we four of the Queen Elizabeth Class, with of course destroyers and light cruisers.

The Battle Cruisers opened fire at 4-50 at about 11,000 yards closing during the action to 6,000—8,000 yards. We opened fire at 23,700 yards! Now you know probably all that happened after this,—how the High Sea Fleet arrived and our Battle Cruisers engaged them while we engaged the Battle Cruisers, and later, after the Queen Mary, Invincible, and Indomitable had gone, we took on the High Sea Fleet, firing over the heads of our Battle Cruisers as we closed. It was at about 6-15 that we ourselves engaged the High Sea Fleet, and inside the turret, where of course we could only see very little, except for the gunlayers, who had their periscopes, things began to look rather black as there was no sign of our Grand Fleet. However, we kept it up, and fired just as fast as ever we could. The men in the turret were fine, everyone firing just as though at target-practice, except of course for the noise of shells bursting on deck and about the turret. There was *some* noise too! At 7-10 we had news that the Grand Fleet had arrived, and we all cheered like mad, we were so pleased!

At that time the leading cruisers of the Fleet were being “straddled” by the enemy—*i.e.*, shots falling on each side, and the Warrior quite close to us was being heavily hit, when we drew out of the line and closed the High Sea Fleet to 11,000 yards, getting between them and the Warrior, and at this time I believe we accounted very well for ourselves.

It was a very interesting time during the action, because one never knew what was going to happen next. We did not see anything of the Zepps., but they were there, although they kept very clear of us. Owing to certain necessary repairs we fell out of the action at 8-30 p.m.

At about 9-30 we began to make our way back to harbour, by ourselves, the battle having drawn away from us, and we left our action stations at 11-30 p.m., when we

went round to view the damage. About that I am afraid I cannot tell you, but I am glad we did not have very much more. We had wonderfully few casualties. We did eventually get back to harbour at about 5 p.m. on Thursday, after a very eventful and rather nerve-racking journey back. . . . ”

NOTES FROM DIARY OF CAPTAIN H. DE BURIATTE.

We are indebted to Mr. de Buriatte for the following extracts from his son, Capt. de Buriatte's diary, relating experiences on the Western Front during last summer and autumn.

“You will be pleased to hear that we came out of the trenches last night, and I remember that when I was home you told me that you would like to know the truth about our doings, so I am going to be quite candid and tell you about the three distinctly warm days and nights that we have just gone through.

On Tuesday afternoon last, the Battalion moved out of billets up to some reserve “dug-outs” just behind the firing-line, which in this portion of the Front is very complicated indeed. During the whole of that night and the next day we were shelling the German Trenches hard until 6 p.m. Several men told me that it was quite as bad as the Neuve Chapelle bombardment. At 6 o'clock several of our divisions, and the French on our right, launched an attack which continued until about dawn the next day. My Company moved out of their “dug-outs” about — p.m., with orders to support the attack, and so made our way along the communication trenches up to the firing line. All this time we were being heavily shelled. When we reached this point nobody seemed to know what we were to do, but after a considerable wait we were told to remain in the trench

we were in. Previous to this I had received orders to take a crater, with my platoon, which was held by the Germans and handicapped our advance, but this order was also cancelled at the last moment.

By dawn the following morning things had quitened down very considerably, and as the day wore on I began to think that the Germans were going to be kind and let us off lightly, but I was very much mistaken, as we soon knew. During the morning, I had seen with my own eyes German snipers shooting our wounded, who could not be got at during the day light, which gave to me in some extraordinary way a fighting spirit which I know quite well was not natural, and I cannot tell you what help and strength this was to me during some nasty hours which followed that day and the next.

Our trench was splendidly built, thank goodness, but we had no roof or dug-outs, which of course was a little awkward. At 3-0 p.m. exactly the enemy started to shell us, and for four hours the shells were coming over like rain—little ones, big ones—all sorts. Our trench looked very different when the “storm” was over, and considering the awful knocking about it got, our casualties were low. After this things were more or less quiet until about 9 p.m. the next day, when we got a very good example of the wonderful way the Germans get information concerning our movements. We were all ready to be relieved, the relieving Battalion was in the trench, and as you can imagine was very crowded, when without any warning they started shelling heavily—with enfilade fire, the trench and communication trenches. There was nothing for it but to push on as best we could, and after about an hour the shelling practically ceased, and the Company “hared” along to the rear.

Of course by this time it was very dark, and a man in front of me lost touch with the man in front of him with the result that about 30 men and myself absolutely lost ourselves in the maze of trenches. After roaming about for some hours and incidentally coming under heavy shell fire several times, we found the rest of the Company; and very thankful I was. We eventually reached our billets at 2-30 in the morning, feeling—well, quite ready for a sound sleep.

Yesterday afternoon we moved again—a two hours' march to fresh billets, where we settled down once more, but for how long I do not know. The Chaplain of our Brigade messes with us. He is a splendid fellow and a sportsman—a good combination—can enjoy a joke with anyone, and just the sort of chap that is wanted out here. This morning we had the usual service in the open and afterwards Holy Communion. It is great to hear the men singing the well-known hymns.

We did not move last night after all, but we do this evening at 6, so I expect it will be pretty late before we get in. This morning was quite an interesting one as we were throwing live bombs so as to get the men used to them. They are quite safe things provided they are handled carefully. The one we were using this morning was a five seconds time fuse which you light, count 2 and then throw the bomb. We have six different kinds and I shall be able to tell you all about them when I get back. I am A1.

We have reached our new billet. It is quite a good one—a large house surrounded by a moat. I was not at all sorry to leave the last one, which was very dirty. I had to sleep on the floor in a small room where the rats carried out manœuvres every night, and large shells fell over it a few hundred yards away. We had quite an interesting march,

as it was a very black night and a very complicated route. I had only a map to help me. We left at 8 p.m. and got here at 12. It was very hot marching, so goodness knows what it would have been like during the day. I am just going to superintend a party of men digging targets, so I shall be back in a little while. I have been talking to the Brigade Major and he tells me that we rejoin our Regiment to-morrow.

We have had the Battalion Sports to-day, and a very good show it was. "A" Company won the Tug-of-War after two splendid pulls, and did very well in the other Events too. There were several "Ladies" present, but unfortunately they were Tommies dressed up; they looked awfully well. Goodness knows where they got their "rig out" from. We expect to go into the Trenches shortly for a long spell.

As I expected, we moved last Monday night to these reserve dug-outs, just behind the firing line of trenches. I am writing this letter in a badly damaged cottage which has been propped up with many sand-bags. It is raining here now and small rivers are descending from the roof. You will notice the blots on the paper. On my table is a bottle with some pretty flowers, including one or two roses which my servant gathered from the now deserted cottages round about. It seems strange to have these things and to hear the birds singing merrily while the shells whirl overhead. They do not seem to mind in the least. The last time I was in the first line I spent quite a long time one morning shooting at larks with a rifle, and they take some hitting. My Skipper went on leave to-day, so now I am in command of the Company. It is extraordinary how one gets used to responsibility out here, so this does not worry me in the least.

This is a fairly quiet place, at least it has been up to the present, and except for a few shells bursting now and again a little way off, and stray bullets flying overhead, we might be having a holiday. Yesterday afternoon a bullet struck the roof of my country residence, and it and a splintered tile fell just by me.

I have had quite an exciting evening. At 9 o'clock I took my snipers to a partly made sand-bag parapet to make sniping posts a few yards behind the Firing Trench, as it was higher ground. There was a working party out in front of the Fire Trench, and the Germans evidently heard them, for without the slightest warning a perfect hail of bullets came over us. Fortunately we were somewhere near cover at the time. This happened several times so our guns put a few shrapnel over. This made it ten times worse, because the Germans replied with some shells which we call "Wizzbangs," these are 13 lb. shells fired from a light gun which they bring practically into their trench. There is very little distance for the shells to travel, and they give you no warning at all, "Wizz-Bang" is just what happens. The shells burst right over us, but no one was hit. This was remarkable, as we had no protection behind. My snipers do deadly work to-morrow.

We are having most beautiful weather, but the flies are very plentiful. Sometimes it is quite difficult to hear a shell coming over owing to the buzzing they make.

During the last 21 days we have had only 3 away from the trenches, so that we are quite glad to get back to our old billets once again. To make us really happy it rained hard all yesterday, and the roads are ankle deep in soupy mud, something like the winter time; and it was bitterly cold. We started to leave the trenches about 4 p.m., and reached

our billets for the night at 9 p.m., having had nothing to eat since lunch time, and we were all soaked through. We were a happy lot! The Battalion marched on to this place this morning, and our good spirits have revived.

I heard last night that I am the first "Artist" to have been promoted to Captain in the Regular Army, and I thought you might like to know this.

Thank God I am able to write you this letter. We have had an awfully rough journey, but as you see I have come through without a scratch. I wish I could say the same of all the gallant fellows who went into action on the morning of the 25th September. We lost heavily in Officers and men. I am one of five Officers left, so I have a lot to be thankful for. You will smile when you know that I commanded the Battalion on the 1st.

Although the price of victory is so heavy we did make some splendid headway. Our Battalion advanced well over a mile.

I have got rather a nice helmet which I hope to bring home with me soon.

We got out of the Fighting Line early this morning after a fortnight's constant fighting and trench work. It was awfully trying as, of course, the enemy counter-attacked several times and shelled us heavily. I felt very much done up, but feel much better now after a good sleep.

This morning we moved nearer the Firing Line, and it was a most enjoyable march. We had the 7th Division Band to play us along, and as mine was the leading Company we had the full benefit of it. It was a treat to have the sound of brass after the fifes.

This afternoon I rode up to the trenches to look over the bit I am taking over to-morrow. There is "some" mud about now.

We had a hail storm to-day for a change, which did not improve matters. By the time I had finished up there it was quite dark, and I rode home in the frost of the evening. It was a lively ride. My pony knew he was bound for home and went "hell for leather." He is a little beauty. I sometimes wonder how I manage to keep on, as he is very spirited and shies badly. He left my groom in the ditch the other day.

It has been awfully cold in the trenches lately, but we do only two days at a stretch now, and there is always a heap of work to be done, so that we don't feel it as much as we otherwise should do.

We came out of the trenches this afternoon and have had quite a lively time, as the Bosches found out we were doing relief, from an observation balloon I believe. As soon as we got into the open, over came the shells. It was quite good fun dodging them. They peppered the road well, but we of course made across country.

One shell made a considerable noise about 50 yards from us, and another fell plonk into the canal, causing quite a pretty effect.

I was mighty glad to get this last trip to the trenches over; it was the coldest one I have ever experienced. We had the first snow the morning we went in, and both nights it froze very hard. However, I managed to "do in" at least three Bosches. It was so jolly cold that they evidently thought they could work at night without being fired on, but they had not reckoned on "yours truly" having had a jolly good warm at a brazier before starting on his round.

The part of the line I was holding was a most interesting one, consisting of numerous craters made by mines. We were holding one side and the Germans the other. It was a bright moonlight night, and about 11-30, when I visited the men holding one of these places, I had a good look over the top and there were the Bosches working away on their half of the crater not a hundred yards away. I could even see one man holding a stake while another was driving it in. This was really too absurd. I asked the sentries why the — they were not firing on them, and they said that they had been, but could not hit them on account of the dim light, so I thought I would have a try myself. I borrowed a rifle and took very careful aim at the two men working on the stake. Of course I could not see the sights, so it was a case of guess-work more or less.

The first shot did not even make them "duck," they calmly went on with their work; but my next shot toppled one of them over just like a nine-pin. I managed to "bag" two more before I got too cold holding the rifle.

When I visited this post some time later they told me that the Bosches had not done any more work "on top."

We are indebted for the following letter to the *Lincolnshire Chronicle* :

"We have received the following graphic account of the battle at Sanctuary Woods from Pte. Paul Wild, eldest son of the Rev. S. Wild, Vicar of Dunholme. Pte. Wild was educated at Worksop College, and from there went out to Canada, farming, three years ago.

Soon after war was declared he joined the 1st Canadian Mounted Rifles, and has been at the front since September, 1915.

As will be seen from his narrative, Pte. Wild was wounded at the third battle of Ypres, and is now in the Ontario Military Hospital, Orpington, Kent.

He writes: I guess most of my Lincolnshire friends would like to read a first-hand account of the third battle of Ypres, fought at Sanctuary Woods, on June 2nd, by the Canadians, against big odds. As I have nothing better to do than lie in bed in a hospital, I guess I've lots of time to write.

Well, we pulled into the trenches to take a sixteen days' trip, on May 30th, which passed off fairly quietly, and June 1st went by the same. June 2nd was my 21st birthday, and, of course, I should have been at home having a good time, for the trenches, even at their quietest, are not the places for a fellow to celebrate his coming of age. Well, 3 a.m. on June 2nd, found me in my scout's observation post, with another boy. He was chaffing me about my 21st birthday, saying Fritz had something in store for me. At 8-30 a.m. Fritz started the most terrific bombardment imaginable in our trenches and behind them, along a front of 3,000 yards, that is from Hooze to St. Eloi in the Ypres salient.

The P.P.C.L.T. (Princess Pat's) and the Canadian Mounted Rifles seem to have got it heaviest. I managed to crawl out behind the supports into a little bit of trench about four feet deep (which Fritz couldn't see), with four other scouts. I have never experienced anything so frightful as that bombardment. The boy lying behind me was buried and practically blown to bits, though we dug him out. The fellow ahead of me was buried; we dug him out with shells bursting all around. Shells seemed to drop everywhere except on top of me, and shrapnel was hitting the ground all over.

This kept up until 1-30 p.m., then it slackened off a little, and we heard machine gun fire, and then we knew that Fritz was drifting our way. Our rifles, of course, were full of sand and wouldn't work, and our equipment was lost. However, we beat it down to the front line, and there things were in an awful shape. Nearly all the boys were killed in the shelling, and what few remained fought in little groups of ten or twelve behind barricades, with the Huns sweeping through the gaps like bees.

I joined one bunch and there we held down a little trench, but we were surrounded. Personally I never felt so cool in all my life, and it was the same with the rest of us. They all faced certain death and expected it, but not one trembled, but laughed and joked, only too glad to get a chance at them in the open. I grabbed a rifle and soon had it in action. I don't think I ever fired so many rounds at one time before, and it was soon almost red hot.

Each time I took a good aim, and it was always at a living mark, and they mostly went down. Our little bunch was soon cut down from 17 to 10, and then lower still. The Huns killed the three officers with us; that cut us down more till there were only two of us left, myself and a little pal of mine, who was hit in the arm, but fighting like a cat. I had a notion to die fighting, and then a better notion to see Dunholme again, so little Mac leading, we jumped into the first two Huns with bayonets. Then we jumped the parapet and made for where the next group of boys were fighting about 100 yards away.

Just as we got over my rifle got tangled up in some wire, and as I stopped to loosen it, Fritz sent a bomb at me and I felt a sharp pain in my left thigh. I ran about 30 yards and then dropped in the long grass to size up the situation. Here I lay expecting the supports to come up, and wondering

where my side-kicker had got to. I lay there until night and then found that Fritz had still got our piece of trench just behind me, and to judge of the machine-gun bullets that cut the grass around, he evidently meant to hold it. He was sending up so many flares that it was impossible to move without been spotted, so I proceeded to dig myself in with a pocket knife to get cover from bullets.

I lay in this hole for two-and-a-half days without food or water, until I got so crazy for food that I made an effort at getting out on the third night, Huns or no Huns. I struck for the woods and they didn't spot me. The British were shelling the new German position, shells were falling all around me, but I wasn't hurt, though a bit shaken up and a little stung by spent shrapnel once in a while. So I got into the wood after a time, because each time a flare went up I had to lie flat, and that was pretty frequent.

In the woods I found some dug-outs that had not been knocked down, and as I saw no signs of Huns I went round them and found a lot of equipment belonging to fellows who were probably killed before they could get to them. I daren't strike a match, but by the light of the flares I found enough bread, jam, and water to last me a day, and as welcome as anything, a tin of cigarettes. Well, I was pretty thin when I started on those rations, but good and fat when I got through. I was so tired, so rolled myself in some blankets and smoked myself to sleep.

The next day I laid low, wondering where our lines lay, and as soon as it got dark and the first flare went up, I made a start, intending to make for the spot where the least flares were coming from. But just as I poked my beam out of the door, there was a big fat Fritz staring at me a few

yards away. He must have been looking for wounded, anyway he was so surprised to see me that he made no attempt to defend himself and went off immediately.

Then I crept along until I ran into a Canadian support, and nearly got shot, but some smart guy, with visions of a D.C.M. or a month's leave, took me for a spy and paraded me (holding a big pistol to my ribs) to the headquarters. I soon proved my identity and was made much of by the officers, who figured I'd had an unusual experience. They guessed right, and there I was regaled with much food, rum, and cigarettes before proceeding to the dressing station.

Incidentally, I was able to give them some good information which helped out quite a bit. Now I'm comfortably off in hospital, hoping I'll get to "Blighty." I had an operation yesterday a.m., and won't walk for a few days. We have lost an awful bunch of the best boys in the world.

O.C. NOTES.

R. H. Palmer has been appointed Assistant Magistrate for the Barotse District Court of Northern Rhodesia.

Congratulations to Captain H. B. Buckley (Motor Gun Section) on his Military Cross, and to Captain H. Lindsell (2nd Lincs.) on his Mention in Despatches, and to C. R. A. Goatley on obtaining his Commission.

We regret to have to announce the deaths of three O.C.s since our last issue: Lieut. Philip Whiteside Maclagan, of the 5th Border Regiment (Terr. Force), was instantaneously killed by a shell which exploded on his dug-out on April 16th. Coming of famous stock (his grand-uncle was the late Archbishop of York), he joined the School in May, 1907, and soon showed himself to be of unusual ability in many directions, and in 1913 he gained an open Classical Scholarship at Wadham College, Oxford. But his many-sidedness was displayed by his winning the Provost's

Modern Languages Exhibition for three years in succession, although he had only done a little German in form, and had to rely mainly on his own efforts to keep him in touch with his French as well; in the Corps he was a very successful colour-sergeant. He received a commission in the Territorials at the first outbreak of war, and was sent out to France in the November of that year, but saw no active service till the following summer. After that his battalion was continuously in the forefront, and his name was mentioned in Sir John French's New Year (1916) despatches. He had recently been acting as Adjutant to the Battalion, and his Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Col. Hedley, writes "I was much pleased by his keenness and quick grasp of his unusual position." The feeling of the men of his platoon is shown by the following letter to his mother: "No. VI. Platoon, B. Company, 5th Border Regiment, April 17th, 1916.—Dear Madam—Before the arrival of this letter, you will have been informed of your sudden bereavement. I have been asked by the N.C.O.s and men of the late Lieut. Maclagan's Platoon to convey to you our heartfelt sympathy in your sudden great loss. Perhaps it will be some slight consolation for you to learn what we all thought of our late Lieutenant, from the last joined to the oldest soldier. He was a just and capable officer, always a kind word or helping hand for everyone, and where he led we had no hesitation in following, knowing that he would always win through. Above all, he was a thorough gentleman, and looked up to by all. He died like all British officers, brave to the last. Please accept our deepest sympathy in this your hour of trial, in honour of the brave gentleman and officer.—I have the honour to be, Madam, your obedient servant, G. BARBOUR, Platoon Sergt." The loss to the Church in this country (his intention was to be ordained) is one we cannot guess at, but we need not doubt that the Church taken as a whole is a gainer by his promotion to a larger and wider sphere.

Sub.-Lieutenant Geoffrey Gordon Kitchin came to us in September, 1909, but after two terms proceeded to the Worcester Training Ship, where he won the King's Gold Medal for general excellence. He joined the Merchant Marine, and on the outbreak of war joined the Naval Reserve; he was first posted to H.M.S. Donegal, and later rose to the position of Sub.-Lieutenant on the Queen Mary, in Admiral Beatty's squadron. Everyone now knows the glorious minutes during which the Queen Mary withstood the brunt of the German Fleet, and her glorious end with her crew.

Private Henry Carter, of the 10th Lincs., joined the nucleus of the O.C. Company in the Grimsby "Pals" Battalion (10th Lincs.) in September, 1914, and had been at the front during the whole of the present year. He was struck while in the trench by a shell splinter early in the present June, and killed instantaneously, another O.C., J. Griffiths, of the same battalion, having a narrow escape from the same shell.

We fear there is little hope of ever seeing again Lieut. F. C. Brown, of the 9th Sherwoods. He took part in the Suvla Bay landing last August, and was last seen gallantly cheering his men to hold their position. Lieut. Brown, who came from Whitwell, Derbyshire, had nearly completed his training at Mirfield for the priesthood, when the war broke out, and he promptly obeyed the call to arms.

We enclose a revised edition of the Roll of Honour; as usual, we shall be glad of any corrections, and should like to take this opportunity of thanking those who have already sent some. They should be sent to C. W. Norman, Esq., at the College. The following names have been received already, since it was printed:

<i>C. A. S. Bean</i>	.	(Canadians) transferred to		
		Royal Flying Corps	.	1897
Bing, G. A.	.	Canadian Exp. Force	.	1900
Bing, L.	.	" " "	.	1901
Bowring, W. R.	.	3/5 Northumberland Fusiliers	.	1896
<i>Cooper, J. A.</i>	.	Duke of Wellington's Regt.	.	1910
Crowther, H. M.	.	Sportsman's Battalion	.	1910
Evans, Ll. L. M.	.	Royal Flying Corps	.	1910
Knowles, J. V.	.	Royal Engineers	.	1908
Lee, H. P.	.	3rd London Scottish	.	1914
Lord, E.	.	Sportsman's Battalion	.	1911
Whitehead, J. L.	.	.	.	1906
<i>Wilks, H. G.</i>	.	Artist's Rifles	.	1912

Congratulations to C. L. M. Brown, who has been placed in Class II. of Division II. of the Cambridge History Tripos.

Congratulations also to H. A. Panting (Public Schools Battalion) on recovering from his late wound.

Condolences to J. I. W. Cowgill, of the 3rd Sherwoods, who is now in hospital in London, with three wounds from bomb splinters in the face and arm; and to H. C. Hicks (18th R. Fusiliers) who has also recently been wounded.

ANNALS.

The School's best thanks are due to the Rev. the Hon. Leonard Tyrwhitt, for presenting two Cups for the Junior Cricket and Football Dormitory Competitions.

We thank Mrs. Pearson for so kindly looking after the Tuck Shop this term.

Mr. J. C. Cowgill has taken charge of the Swimming Bath.

A. C. P. Stephenson has been elected Captain of Cricket. C. H. Steemson is continuing as Captain of Swimming.

J. I. Wood and J. L. Livingstone have been promoted to be School Prefects.

In the draws for the two Cricket Cups, Senior and Junior, the Fleur-de-Lys come against the Lion, and the Cross against the Crown.

The Hall (O.T.C.) Cup is to be competed for on July 11th. The Corps was inspected on Wednesday, June 28th.

The date for the Swimming Sports is July 22nd.

The arrangements for Speech Day, which is to be held on the Feast of S. James, Tuesday, July 25th, are as follows: 2-15 p.m., Parade of O.T.C. and Scouts. 3-0 p.m., Commemoration Service; Sermon by the Visitor, the Bishop of Lichfield. 4-15 p.m., Tea in the Hall; Glees by the Choir. 5-0 p.m., Distribution of Certificates by Lady Mountgarret.

In view of the fact that future generations may like to have some record of what happened at S. Cuthbert's in the days of the Great War, we print below a copy of the Air-Raid Instructions which appear in our Cloisters, hoping that it may provide an interesting memento for those who come after :

ZEPPELIN ATTACKS (Revised Instructions).

SIGNAL. (a) An Explosion. Boys proceed at once to the Cellars. (b) The Simultaneous *Extinguishing of all Lights*. (i) If in Dormitory, Boys dress and await further orders. (ii) If *not* in Dormitory, Boys parade Cloister. (c) *An Order from a Master*.

IN COMMAND. The Senior Official (Master or Boy) present takes charge.

CELLARS. Sheets must not be taken down, and only one Rug or Blanket. Both Overcoats and Dressing-gowns to be carried.

TORCHES. (1) May be used by anybody in the Cellars. (2) May be used with *extreme caution, shaded, and pointed downwards*, by Masters and School Prefects only, *en route* to the Cellars.

SHADED LANTERNS. May be obtained from the Dormitory Masters by the Dormitory Prefects.

DORMITORY STATIONS. No Boy must leave his assigned Dormitory Station without his Master's permission, and on no account must anybody go near the boilers.

KEYS. After the Doors have been opened, the Keys should be replaced in their boxes.

SCHOOL LISTS. Masters and Prefects should bring their School Lists.

LISTENING PATROLS. Details will be posted on the O.T.C. Notice Board.

GENERAL PRECAUTIONS. (1) No shouting. (2) No running.

DAY-LIGHT RAIDS. If a raid occurs while Boys are out-of-doors, they should at once lie down flat on the ground in as extended order as possible unless there is clearly time to reach the cellars.

VALETE.

D. G. C. Giffard. Cross; VA.; Prefect 1916¹; Corpl. O.T.C. Entered the School 1913³

C. R. Macnamara. Crown; Lower VI.; Dormitory Prefect; Corporal O.T.C. Entered the School 1911².

AVETE.

Blofeld, John Singleton	Lion
Dewing, Charles Godfrey	Cross
Dewing, George	Cross
Fell, Darby Coventry	Cross
Fleet, John Maurice	Preparatory
Mitchell, Frank	Cross
Norton, Thomas Dowson	Preparatory
O'Brien, Neville James Somerville	Crown
Rushforth, Geoffrey Eugène	Crown
Stillwell, William Howard	Cross

We greatly regret that it will be impossible to publish another edition of the *Cuthbertian* this term.

The Editor acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following contemporaries, with apologies for any omissions: *The Cadet*, *The Peterite*, *The Laurentian*, *The Ardingly Annals*, *The S.S.M Quarterly*, *The Ellesmerian*, *The Hurst Johnian* (2), *The Wycombiensian*, *The Alleynian*, *The Denstonian* (2), *The Swan*, *The Aluredian*.

All MSS. for insertion should be written on one side of the paper only, and sent to the Editor, C. H. Steemson. Contributions, especially from Old Boys, are always welcome, but should not be too long.

The Subscription to the *Cuthbertian* (3/6 a year, or 10/6 for three years) should be sent to J. C. Cowgill, S. Cuthbert's School, Worksop, Notts., to whom also any change in a subscriber's address should be notified.