



MIDSHIPMAN J. A. FROUDE,
Aged 16 years. Killed in action on board H.M.S. Cressy,
off the Hook of Holland. Sept. 22nd, 1914.

Mount House Record, Plymouth.

VOL. V.

CHRISTMAS 1914.

No 3.

Editorial.

So far as School life is concerned this has been a quiet but on the whole an unusually hard working and useful term for the whole school. In many ways the Great War has affected us—it cannot fail to do so very closely when two-thirds of the “fathers” are serving in one or other of the Services, and many old boys also—but whilst life has been chequered with sorrow and anxiety during the last three months it is with a feeling of real thankfulness that we look back on this last term, for it has been most strongly marked in the School by that wave of unselfishness and thoughtfulness for others which is undoubtedly the silver lining to the black cloud of war now hanging over this country. We cannot do a very great deal, but every little helps, and when we think of what our soldiers and sailors are enduring for us we feel it is a privilege to contribute even our small share of the efforts being made for their comfort and welfare.

It is worth remembering that it is a very great pleasure (perhaps more even than the winner of it realizes) to a soldier or sailor to receive a “good report” of his boy from school at the end of the term, and surely it is worth a little extra grind and effort to earn this, especially under present circumstances.

Whilst we have had the field in excellent condition up to the last fortnight, and have had some capital games amongst ourselves we have not been able to arrange any outside matches this term, but this has not affected the keenness of the boys in any way.

Great enthusiasm has been shown by the Scouts who are rapidly improving, as indeed they ought to do now they are recognized by the Government. In Mr. Clay they have found a keen and energetic Scoutmaster who

takes his duties seriously, and it will not be his fault if great progress is not made in efficiency next term.

The army of knitters are much to be congratulated on the useful results of their work for the soldiers, details of which appear elsewhere.

We cannot close our "Editorial" without allusion to the very successful year just ended in the annals of the Red House. The house has been full throughout the year, indeed many boys have had to be refused for want of room. The teaching discipline and cheerful spirit prevailing have all been excellent, and reflect great credit on Miss Newman and Miss Coward as well as on the boys themselves.

Finally we would add hearty good wishes for 1915 to all connected in any way with the school, and express the hope that our old boys or their parents will remember how grateful we shall be for news, whenever they are able to send us any of themselves and their doings for insertion in the Record.

Watching a Buzzard's Nest.

In the first place I should explain, for the benefit of those who have not the pleasure --and it is a real pleasure-- of the buzzard's acquaintance, what sort of a bird I am writing about. Probably any of you seeing it for the first time would describe it at once as a very large hawk, unless with a little stretch of imagination he called it an eagle. And this first impression would not be far wrong. You would probably also notice two other things about a buzzard in the air--and it may safely be said that your first sight of a buzzard will be in the air--first, the very broad wings (with beautiful under-markings, if you have field-glasses to see them) of which the outer feathers generally have their tips distinctly curved upwards in the breeze, and secondly the characteristic note of most birds of prey which, with plenty of variations, more or less reminds one of the plaintive mewing of a cat. A closer view will show that the general plumage is in several rich tones of brown, broken up into irregular bars on a light ground colour underneath. A very rare variety--I have seen one

once not many miles from Plymouth—will be nearly white. Buzzards are not uncommon birds in the wilder parts of Devon, Cornwall and Somerset—chiefly on the coast; in Wales they breed quite plentifully inland. Their nests are either on cliffs or (if the birds are not much molested) in trees. In both situations these nests may often be climbed to without any great difficulty; I am bound to say that personally I have never yet found a cliff nest which could be reached without the help of ropes, though they can often be more or less overlooked. The eggs are generally laid (with great punctuality, it is said, on the part of individuals) in April. I fancy however that the tree-nests are usually a bit later; at any rate I have often climbed up to one to find it empty. Many people have remarked on a peculiar feature of buzzard's nests, namely the addition of green foliage from time to time while the bird is sitting, and it has been discussed whether this is done with the idea of freshening up the nest (often sadly in need of it!) or of decorating it.

Another curious thing about the nursery of the buzzard is that, though three eggs or more are frequently laid, it is the exception for more than one bird to be reared. The same fact holds good with the golden eagle. There is some evidence that in the shoving and pushing in the nest, the weaker birds are apt literally to fall out; Mr. O. G. Pike, however, who has taken a splendid series of photographs of a buzzard's home at close quarters, declares that he has actually seen one nestling overpowered in a quarrel and devoured by his companions. The buzzard, as a bird of prey, is a great contrast to the dashing peregrine falcon, which so often breeds in the same neighbourhood. Whereas the latter captures all his booty on the wing and never touches 'fur,' the buzzard has little liking for 'feather' and is not at all particular about feeding on carrion; this fact indeed makes it unfortunately an easy bird to trap. I have myself disturbed a buzzard from the ground within a few feet of a snared rabbit, on which it doubtless had designs. It is the experience of all bird photographers that the buzzard is exceptionally shy about returning to its nest if there is anything suspicious near it, and many have concealed themselves for long hours in vain. Some naturalists consider the buzzard an out and out coward

under all circumstances, and it certainly does not always show up very well when attacked by smaller birds such as ravens or even kestrels.

It must be remembered however that virtually all birds of prey are alike where man is concerned, and very rarely indeed show fight or even remain in sight when their nest is robbed; yet instances are on record of men having been attacked in a very determined fashion by a parent buzzard. I remember reading some years ago of a very vicious onslaught made on two tourists on the fells near Windermere; according to the account given, the tourists, having no sticks to ward off the frequent swoops, lay on their backs and kicked! This was reported in August and the behaviour of the birds was considered doubly strange because it was so long after the nesting season,—though on this point my own experience will throw some light.

Mr. Pike thinks that the buzzard is one of the few birds with a really acute scent, and so he took the precaution of saturating his hiding tent with oil of aniseed to counteract the offensive human smell! My own impression is he is mistaken in this, and that the buzzard depends on sight which very little escapes.

Now the watching of the nest which I am about to describe brought out several interesting facts, some of which have not been noticed before. During last August I was living in an isolated cottage on the North Cornish coast, overlooking a deep valley, which was thickly wooded at the lower end. About 300 yards below the cottage there was an outlying spur of this wood, rectangular in shape, and covering perhaps six or seven acres. This copse contained much bigger trees as well as plenty of undergrowth; it was on the side of a very steep slope and faced east. On several occasions I had heard very curious sounds proceeding from this wood, a sort of excited whimpering which suggested the idea of young buzzards, even at this late date. My time however was at first pretty well occupied on the cliffs, and it was not till the evening of August 23rd that I entered the bottom of this wood to investigate. I had gone a very little way when the loud mewing of a parent buzzard challenged me; I stood stock still against a trunk, and to my surprise the great bird

after flying round in great agitation actually settled on a branch about twenty feet above my head and scolded me vigorously from there. It was quite evident that I was "getting warm" so I began at once to clamber up the hillside in my search. Very soon I came across a filthy mess on the ground beneath an ivy-covered oak, and there in the first fork of the tree about 30 feet up was a solid bulky nest of sticks with a good many tell-tale feathers attached to them, and ornamented with a few sprays of ivy. I did not climb the tree, because I found that by going a little further up the slope I could completely overlook the nest at a distance of about twenty-five yards. I was delighted to see a fully grown young buzzard in the nest; he did not squat, but stood stiffly at attention and made no sound. (The mother was now circling high overhead with loud outeries). I examined the nest thoroughly through my glasses; no food was to be seen in it, and at first sight it appeared to be nearly flat, but afterwards I found that it had a considerable depression in the middle. I spent most of the next day constructing a comfortable arbour to hide in. I had first to use a spade to make a level floor, and I utilised a couple of rabbit holes to drain off any surface water from the hillside above me. It was hard work, but in the end I had a splendid shelter, quite rigid, and with leafy branches and bracken so closely interwoven as to defy even a buzzard's scrutiny. I had nearly as much space inside as in our dark-room at Mount House, and I furnished it with deck-chair, cushions, wraps, food, books (if I should be bored!) and writing and sketching materials. It rained most of that day, but I was pleased to find that the foliage of the tree and shelter combined was enough to keep off all the rain. Midges I afterwards found to be a torment, till I rubbed all my head with paraffin. I should add here that I had been pleasantly surprised on this visit to see that the nest contained *two* young buzzards, and I then realised that it was deep enough to conceal a crouching bird completely. For the purposes of my notes I was able to distinguish the two birds by their markings and slightly different size, and I named one Betty and the other Tom. I should have liked to give my notes exactly as taken down on the spot,

but they have had to be condensed, not to make too long a story.

It was a queer experience when I stole out of the house long before daylight on August 25th, and cautiously feeling my way past various obstacles which I had not noticed before, I crept into my shelter, and settled into my chair. So far so good. I was particularly anxious to find out whether either parent bird roosted on the nest at night or not. Mr. Pike, who spent a night at a buzzard's nest, saw a parent leave the nest and go off foraging "quite early in the morning and before it was light enough to expose a plate." It was exactly 4-20 a.m. when I settled in, and, knowing where to look, I could just make out the indistinct outline of the nest against the sky. Certainly I had disturbed no living thing, and all was quiet, till at 4-35 the silence was broken by some woodpigeons cooing. Two minutes later I heard carrion crows and then a robin—both of these birds being late to bed and early to rise. Owls joined in, and presently there was a pretty full chorus. (4-50) One young buzzard suddenly rose and stretched violently. (4-57) The second youngster got up. Both birds perceptibly jumped when a wren suddenly sounded its alarm. Afterwards, though I watched carefully to see the effect of other birds' alarm notes, I never once observed that they took the slightest notice of any bird noise (except from their parents) however startling and close, and many times a jay, magpie, crow, or green woodpecker seemed determined to test their nerves by sudden ear-splitting explosions a few yards away. Soon after 5 o'clock both were busy stretching enormous wings above their heads and preening their feathers; often their attitudes would be so extraordinary that they bore no resemblance to birds; I sketched one which looked more like a chimney-sweeper's brush than anything else. Presently they had a little disagreement, and Tom was nearly pushed over backwards, and only saved himself with violent flapping. On the whole they got on very well together, I found, but every now and then in moments of restlessness one would jostle the other unintentionally, and in the efforts of both to recover their balance a 'row' would begin without any malice at first. It was quite clear that both birds were extremely hungry, and a whole hour

passed during which they searched the nest all over for scraps and at intervals one or the other went hopping and dancing round in a very impatient fashion, while Betty twice climbed a foot or two up the trunk and stood for some minutes above the nest. The youngsters were so active and well grown that I knew they could not remain in the nest much longer. All this time there was no sign of either parent. The sun had risen and was now shining full on the nest. At 6-10 I heard a parent buzzard approaching very stealthily, mewing at a low pitch overhead. The nestlings both crouch down in eager expectation, but presently calm down again as nothing happens. At last at 6-15 however there is a lightning dash to the nest by the old bird, flying up the valley on the same level. She is back again out of sight next moment, and it is extremely difficult in the confused mass of whirling wings to follow what has happened. Tom has apparently "bagged" the prey, crouching over it, while Betty stands behind and does not offer to take it. The next moment without any warning Betty stretches her wings and flies straight off to a tree about ten yards off. I think this must have been her very first flight and it gave her something to think about, for she settled down quietly on a bough. As for Tom he was in no hurry either to begin his long delayed breakfast. After five minutes' pause he began to pick at what proved to be a stoat; he pulled at its head and his beak snapped audibly after each tug without making much impression. It was evidently a tough morsel. He held it down with one foot most of the time, but he also pulled it about the nest. Presently he puts it down in disgust and starts preening and dancing about with outstretched wings, as if he would imitate Betty if he dare. During his half-hearted meal for the first time he began calling incessantly a note which I became very familiar with, but—like all bird notes—it is impossible to write it down; to me it sounded like 'kwaro, kwaro, kwaro.' (6-36) An old bird mews overhead but passes on. Some wrens discover Betty and indignantly mob her. Tom bites at leaves within reach and (6-48) begins calling again. This time he is answered more quietly by Betty and seems half inclined to fly off and join her. (6-52) both start calling in more excited tones, and the old bird is

heard near by making a subdued sort of squeak, and the next moment she is standing on the nest. Once again though I had my glasses up, I failed to see her deliver over the prey. though by Tom's crouching attitude it was clear he had received something. She stood watching him for half a minute and then flew across to Betty, but without taking her any food. There mother and daughter perched, producing a queer duet that sounded something like the squeak of a saw in need of some grease. This continued till she flew off (6-57) with a very subdued sort of 'quark,' 'quark.' Tom now produced his meal—a half-grown rabbit—and noisily set to work tugging off morsels from the head, without holding it down. (7-9) Betty flies to another tree nearer the nest, only to return six minutes later—Tom watching her proceedings in great excitement. For another hour and a half Tom feeds ravenously, with short intervals for resting, calling, and dancing (? to aid digestion). (8-41) Betty, who has been starving all this time, suddenly flies back to the nest and begins to eat the rabbit very busily, while Tom stands aside. (8-50) Tom takes up the rabbit once more. Betty without any protest springs a foot up the tree and takes wing again—I fail to see where to, though I hear her calling. Tom seems to be trying to pluck up courage to follow her example. He jumps about on the nest, leaps and reverses position in the air. Then he returns to the gory rabbit; all its head has now gone except one ear, which after many efforts he tugs off and gulps down. More jumping and stretching follows. (9-5) Betty back again and feeding, but is off again in ten minutes. A parent flies past mewling. (10-12) Betty returns to nest and feeds very ravenously. Tom stands aside, but presently when Betty has just torn out a gory portion from the carcass he snatches it away and eats it; then he begins on the legs. Betty flies off once more about 30 yards down the valley. A parent joins her for a moment, and both call frantically. Tom now performs a regular war-dance, jumping up some six inches and doing an 'about turn' in the air, with wings raised and outstretched and legs out stiff. He repeats this movement about ten times till perhaps he is giddy, and then after a rest does it all again. Then he calls frantically and incessantly, echoed more feebly by Betty. (11-2)

An old bird arrives at the nest as abruptly as usual. She brings nothing in her feet, but in her beak she proudly holds a spray of green ash leaves. For ten seconds or so she stood there holding it, and during this time the third eyelid (or 'nictitating membrane,' such as human beings have a trace of in the corners of their eyes) flickered across her eye and gave her an odd wall-eyed appearance. Then she deposited her spray on the nest and flew off. It was comical to see the disappointment of Tom, who—to make up for it—seized a forgotten leg of rabbit, and made desperate efforts to bolt it at a gulp; he had his back turned to me, but I fancy he succeeded in this. Things quieted down very much now. Tom rested and fed again (12-40) on remains. It was indeed astonishing how long the one rabbit had lasted. After 9½ hours in my shelter I left it at 1-45 (4-7) I returned to the shelter, but I did not reach it unobserved and hence I knew it was unlikely I should see food brought. I found both Tom and Betty (of the latter I had heard and seen nothing since 10-32) standing up in the nest with a fresh rabbit, which however they seemed in no hurry to eat. (4-35) Tom who has been squatting over the rabbit, as if to guard it from Betty, now sits right down on it and disappears from view. (5-0) Betty flies off strongly out of sight. I leave for the day.

On August 26th I did not get to the shelter without being seen, though I stalked towards it with the utmost caution, taking cover all the way. An old bird appeared from nowhere just when I thought I had succeeded. So I did not stop long. Tom was at home, but not Betty.

On August 27th I spent an hour and a quarter there, getting in unobserved this time. (12-45) No food visible in the nest. Tom standing there. Betty calling loudly up the valley. She gradually seems to draw nearer and (1-10) suddenly dashes to the nest where she is welcomed by Tom with great excitement, who presently searches about for a scrap which he offers to her. In three minutes Betty is off again. She continues calling at intervals in the distance. Tom makes his toilet carefully, stretches and lies down. (2-0) I leave and Tom does not get up as I pass under the nest.

On August 28th I was in my shelter (which had begun

to grow rather bare in places, owing to the leaves dying) from 1-45 to 2-30. Tom still in the nest. In ten minutes an old bird settles in the tree just above me and seems to suspect my harbour. She flies off with a warning note, (2-12) Betty suddenly calls from the branch which she originally took her first flight to. The old bird mews softly again close by, but flies off. I pass under Betty in full view, when I leave, but she does not stir.

August 29th I reached shelter unobserved at 9-55. Tom stands and inspects my shelter very intently for five or six minutes and then begins preening. (10-8) Betty flies to a tree on the left, and calls (10-27) a rabbit squeals close to the right, which excites Tom. He finds the flies troublesome and snaps at them. (11-5) Parent dashes in to the nest and is off again like a flash. In the same moment Betty has flown back to the nest and grabbed the prey—a baby rabbit. She stands facing me with wings and tail outspread and tearing rapidly at the rabbit between her feet. Tom stands behind calling plaintively. After four minutes Betty seems satisfied and moves aside to digest. Tom at once seizes on what is left. Both begin calling again loudly and (11-10) the parent once more darts in. A whirl of three pairs of great wings and Betty again has the booty, a second baby rabbit. She takes it to the far side of the nest and makes very short work of it, gulping down gory entrails. Soon afterwards the alarm is mewed and she at once stops eating and both stand silent. A fight is going on overhead with an intruder, which is soon routed. Betty continues to eat without even spreading her wings now. A parent flies past rapidly, while both crouch and watch intently. (11-55) Betty has had enough and, after giving place to Tom, flies off to the old branch. Tom begins on the head which this time has been left to him untouched, though it has been pulled off. A magpie watches enviously from a bough above. (12-7) Tom has had enough. I leave.

August 30th (9-30) Angry protests from both parents as I draw near. The nest is empty! I stay till 11-15 to see if the nest is still used for meals. It appears not, for though I saw and heard both young buzzards quite close to it, they did not return to it. From the various notes

which I was getting to know very well I judged that the old birds brought food to them at least once.

I never became tired of watching these splendid birds, and only regretted I had not started earlier. At any rate I witnessed the way they went out into the world. I have never heard or read of a date anything like as late as this for buzzards to be in their nest, though they are said generally to breed again if their first attempt comes to grief. As a matter of fact I learnt afterwards that this identical nest had had eggs in it in the preceding April, and I have no reason to think they were disturbed—indeed they would hardly have used the same nest again if it had been so. Consequently I consider that this was a genuine case of a second family being reared in a season by a buzzard.

A.H.M.C.

A Marriage in Bird-Land.

One fine morning in April *Kitti Wake* was married to *Albat Ross*. The bride was given away by her uncle, *Tom Tit*, and was attended by two bridesmaids, *Jinny Wren* and *Mis(t) L(e) Thrush*, while the best man was *Jack Daw*, who was rather late and came *puffin* along on a *Swift* bicycle.

After the ceremony the bridegroom signed the register with a *Swan* pen and sealed it with his *cygnet*.

The lovely wedding cake was supplied by *Buzzard*, and was draped with *yellow Bunting*. It was very unfortunate that the best man had such a bad *e(h)ough* that he could not *swallow* a glass of *Canary*. The presents were numerous, and included a *Black Cap* from a *Northern Diver* and a magnificent *Lyre* from a *Weaver*.

The marriage was not happy because the husband *wood chat* with everybody, and played *ducks* and *drakes* with his money.

RUSTICUS.

School Notes.

Probably no preparatory school in the country opened with quite the same staff in September as that installed at the end of the previous term. Mount House was no exception to the rule, and has contributed two members of its staff to the Army in the persons of Miss Wimbush and Mr. Brodie, both of whom are greatly missed. Miss Wimbush joined the Army Nursing Reserve—or, to give the full title—“Queen Alexandra’s Imperial Military Nursing Service Reserve,” early in September, and is now a Sister at the Fortress Hospital, Devonport. She has had a busy term, and could tell many interesting tales of the wounded, both Belgian and English, with whom she has come in contact. Men came into the Hospital early in October who had been out at the Front seven weeks, and one told the writer that he had not had his clothes off once for the whole of that time, from the time he left England in August until he was put to bed in the hospital. This was no uncommon story at that time, later there came the men from the trenches whose suffering, were no less great, although quite different; and later still those suffering from frostbite more often than from wounds. A peculiarity of this infirmity is that the limb continues to be quite as painful as it was before, for some time after it is healed. At Christmas time the Nurses were kept busy, every patient had at least one good Christmas present, and all who were able (and most of them managed to *be* able!) sat down to a roaring Christmas dinner of turkey and plum pudding, etc., followed by dessert, which they most thoroughly enjoyed. Although she is so busy we have not lost sight of Miss Wimbush and feel we are very lucky to have her near enough to see her sometimes.

Mr. Brodie received his commission as Second Lieut. in the 5th Devons (T.) early in September and we had a flying visit from him early in this term, just before he sailed for India with the battalion, which is now stationed at Multan. He has promised to let us have a contribution later for the “Record,” which we hope to publish in the next number. Our last news of him was

that he had become editor of the battalion newspaper and had greatly enjoyed the voyage.

Old Garfield boys will be glad to have news of Eric Aplin, who gave us a most pleasant surprise by turning up one afternoon, not long ago, whilst on leave from the Front. So far as we know he is the only one of our "old boys" who has been home on leave and returned again already. He left Sandhurst at the end of July, and joined the Worcesters and after three days with Kitchener's Army, was sent out with the Expeditionary Force. He had a very hot time under fire more than once, at one time finding himself for a little while in command of two companies—so many officers being killed or wounded. However, he escaped, but went down with fever later, owing to having to spend a good deal of time up to his knees in water in the trenches. He was invalided home but is now quite recovered and is back at work.

Another old boy, Humphrey Woolcombe, was already a Second Lieut. in the Devon Fortress Engineers (T.) before the war. His work kept him in the neighbourhood until December, when he sailed with his battalion for Gibraltar. He too has promised not to forget the "Record," and we hope to have further news of him before April.

Our heartiest congratulations go to Bob Vinter, who after being Head of the School at Sherborne for the past year, has now won a Classical Scholarship at Keble College, Oxford. We understand that this will be kept for him until after the war and that he has obtained a commission in the 6th Worcesters.

It was a great pleasure to see Page-Wood early in the term—though he only had time for a very fleeting visit. He is a Midshipman on board H.M.S. "Vengeance," and looked extremely well.

Another of the pleasant events of last term was a glimpse of Cadet D. A. C. Birch. He was on four different ships in the first fortnight of war, namely: the "Good Hope" (for mobilization), the "Jupiter," the "Agincourt," and the

battle-cruiser *Invincible*, on which he has been since the middle of August. Birch has since had an adventurous time, for, after taking part in the end of the battle of Heligoland Bight and being in constant peril from submarines, H.M.S. "*Invincible*" was chosen as Admiral Sturdee's flagship on the news of the defeat off Chili and was despatched across the Atlantic with all speed. The "*Invincible*" and "*Inflexible*" arrived just in time to destroy the "*Scharnhorst*" and "*Gneisenau*," after a fight lasting five hours. An account of the battle is printed elsewhere.

G. Radcliffe was in the Shooting Eight at Dartmouth, and has passed his Gunnery test very well, and is now in charge of a 6 inch gun on board H.M.S. *Emperor of India*.

Alec Arundell joined the 1st Devon Yeomanry at the outbreak of war, but has now got a commission in the Royal Field Artillery.

Hearty congratulations to Brooking and Homfray on passing (from Wellington and Kelly respectively) into Woolwich, and R. Daw on passing (from Cheltenham) into Sandhurst. Dawe was under 17 at the time and though not bottom of the list, was the youngest successful candidate out of over five hundred up for the entrance examination.

Other old boys whom we have lately seen or heard of are E. Wakeham (Dover College) who hopes to get into Sandhurst in July; G. Marescaux, who is doing well at Osborne; G. Yonge, now a house prefect at Berkhamsted; Buchanan, in London; G. Geake, J. Radcliffe and Fox, (Sherborne); and the Clifton contingent of seven who all seem flourishing.

We have great pleasure in congratulating Norman i. on passing into the Royal Naval College, Osborne, and wish him every success.

We have all missed Bullen this term, although we find that now he is on the "*Impregnable*," at Devonport, he generally turns up when most required. This was

especially noticeable on Queen Alexandra's birthday, when one of our number having run up the flag with more zeal than discretion found that it dangled forlornly from the top of the flagstaff by one corner, and that no efforts would either dislodge or put it to rights. Needless to say, at this critical juncture Bullen arrived on the scene, and in the twinkling of an eye he had swarmed to the top of the flagstaff, released the flag, and generally made things "ship-shape."

Mr. Bowers' bi-weekly Lectures on the War were much appreciated. It was a surprise to most people to learn how enormous a Zeppelin is—its huge size is brought home to us when we are told that if on the ground it would stretch from the bottom of the field to the garden gate leading into the Avenue at Mount House!

The knitters have accomplished much good work this term. Seventeen warm scarves and many pairs of cuffs were knitted by the boarders, and of these, twelve scarves were sent to the Queen to be forwarded to the Front, and five and some cuffs found their way to the wounded soldiers at the Fortress Hospital at Devonport for Christmas.

The Church of England Waifs and Strays Society gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the sum of £2 14 9 being the amount saved by those who went without sugar in their tea throughout the term.

The Universities Mission Box was opened in October and contained £1 7 3½.

(Omitted from the last Record).— Received by the National Institute for the Blind, 10/-, from the Mount House School Scouts.

At the end of the term the Belgian Sabot Fund box contained 19/-.

On November 22nd we attended the first Church Parade of the Plymouth Defence Force at St. Gabriel's Church. The sermon was preached by the Rev H. J. Chaytor, Headmaster of Plymouth College.

Many beautiful books for the School Library have been given this term by Cock i., Cocks ii., Moggridge i. and Moggridge ii., which we gratefully acknowledge.

In another place will be found a letter from a Belgian Officer addressed to one of our number who had sent his field glasses to the National Service League for the use of officers and non-commissioned officers in the Allied Armies.

Some of the boys went to see the launch of H.M.S. "Warspite" from Cremyll in November.

Arrangements have been made by the Patrol Leaders with Colonel Kay for two Scouts to be continuously on duty throughout the day at the Fortress Hospital during the holidays. This will be valuable experience for the scouts, and we feel sure that they will acquit themselves well, and we hope do credit to our school motto—" *Ut Prosem.*" as well as the scout motto—"Be Prepared."

We have to extend a hearty welcome to Miss Segar, who has joined the staff this term; and to Mr. Stewart, alas!—a welcome and a farewell in one breath. He sails for S. Africa on January 2nd to take up a post in a preparatory school in Johannesburg, in which enterprise we wish him every success.

Whilst regretting the departure of Mr. Stewart, we are greatly looking forward to the arrival of Mr. W. M. Rhodes, M.A., a scholar of Caius College, Cambridge, and lately Headmaster of a large preparatory school at St. Leonards-on-Sea. We are greatly indebted to Mr. Rhodes, a very old friend, for coming to our assistance at a time when efficient masters are very difficult to obtain, and feel that we are exceedingly fortunate to have secured the services of so able a man for the School.

We are afraid that Christmas will not be a gay season this year for our three invalids, Pode, Burke i. and Kelly, but we wish them all three a speedy recovery, and are glad to hear that all are doing well.



MIDSHIPMAN J. R. LE G. PULLEN, R.N.
Aged 15½ years. Killed in action on board H.M.S. Monmouth,
off Coronel, Chile. Nov. 1st, 1914.

In Memoriam.

Victor Brook Ryall, on September 20th at Furze Park, Plympton, aged 9 years.

Midshipman John Aubrey Froude, R.N. on September 22nd, on board H.M.S. Cressy off the Hook of Holland, aged 16 years.

Midshipman John Richardson Le Geyt Pullen, R.N. on November 1st, on board H.M.S. Monmouth, off Coronal, Chile, aged 15 years.

We record with great sorrow, and with deep sympathy for their relations the death of the above three boys this term.

V. B. Ryall only son of A. V. Ryall, Esq. was taken seriously ill at his home the day before he should have returned to school, and died four days later after an operation. He was a boy of unusual intellectual promise, and had he been spared we feel sure that he would have brought credit, not only to his parents, but to the School, and his sudden death came as a great shock to us all.

Midshipman J. A. Froude was the only son of Ashley A. Froude, Esq. C.M.G. of Collapet Creek, Kingsbridge and grandson of the famous historian of that name. He entered Garfield House eight years ago, and at first was the only boarder. He entered Osborne from Mount House at Christmas 1910 after being five years with Mr. Cox. He was appointed to H.M.S. Cressy on the outbreak of war. After the Cressy went down he was seen in the water holding on to an inflated dummy, but he was unable to hold out, and was drowned. Commander

Nicholson of H.M.S. Cressy wrote to his father afterwards and said: "I was very fond of your son and admired his fine, clean, manly character very greatly. He was always a most willing and hard worker, usually to be found taking his messmates' duty when they were sea-sick." To this fine tribute we feel that no more need be added, except to say that it is only what we should have expected to hear of Jack Froude, and that in him we know the country has lost a most gallant officer, and ourselves a loyal friend.

Midshipman John Richardson le Geyt Pullen was the second and youngest son of Paymaster-in-Chief W. Le Geyt Pullen, at one time Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief at Devonport and at present Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief at the Nore. He was born at Hillside, Plymouth, the residence of his grandfather, the late Mr. G. E. Fox, in April, 1899, and passed into Osborne after being a year at Mount House in December 1911. Going to sea from Dartmouth College last August. He was the youngest representative of a fourth naval generation. His great-grandfather Lieut. William Pullen, died in the Naval Hospital, Stonehouse, from exposure after being wrecked, and his grandfather was the late Capt. T. C. Pullen of Plymouth who took part in the Arctic Expedition sent out in search of Sir John Franklin in 1852—54. Pullen had been only a very short time at Dartmouth when war broke out, but he was almost top of his term, and was an exceedingly promising young officer. He only spent a year as a day-boy at Mount House, but during that time he endeared himself to everyone, and had he been spared there is no doubt that he would have lived up to the high standard laid down for him by family tradition, and served his country as nobly as he died for her.

The Battle off the Falklands.

(Birch, as previously mentioned, is a Midshipman on the "Invincible").

The big battle-cruisers ran into the bay, which is almost completely landlocked. Surrounded by high hills, they were entirely hidden from the outside. On the

morning of December 8th, the German squadron, consisting of the Scharnhorst, the Gneisenau, the Leipzig, and the Nürnberg, appeared in the offing, accompanied by the converted merchantman Prinz Eitel Fritz, with the evident intention of taking the Falklands by surprise and seizing Port Stanley as a coaling station for themselves. Finding apparently only a British squadron of five cruisers, none of them equal to the German armoured cruisers in fighting value, and one old battleship, the Canopus, on guard, the Germans promptly cleared for action, and, closing in, opened fire, the British cruisers replying.

THE TRAP REVEALED.

The action, which had already become furious, was apparently about evenly contested when out through the narrow entrance to the harbour came tearing the long, grey forms of two great battle-cruisers, each with her eight 12in. guns swung out for action. Admiral von Spee at once realised the terrible mistake that he had made and the trap into which he had been lured, and made a signal for his squadron to scatter. It was, however, too late, for the Germans, in their eagerness to finish off a supposedly feeble British squadron, had drawn far within the range of the British guns. The Scharnhorst and the Gneisenau at once became targets for the British battle-cruisers' salvoes, the light German ships being left for the smaller British cruisers.

The Invincible, being the leading ship, received the brunt of the German fire. Both the German armoured cruisers, although seeing at once that they were in a hopeless position, fought desperately, and, being within range for their 8in. guns, had at least the satisfaction of getting home several broadsides on the side of the Invincible. The shell, however, rattled vainly against her heavy armour. The Scharnhorst was the gold medal ship for target practice of the Kaiser's Fleet last year, and her shooting in this, her last fight, justified her reputation. The German shells exploded all about the decks of the Invincible for a few moments, and one 8in. shell wrecked the cruisers ward room, but the crew were all under cover at the battle stations, and no one was hurt. Meanwhile one 12in. salvo

after another was methodically battering the German ships to pieces, raking them from stem to stern, tearing away their light armour, and opening up gaping holes in their sides.

It was not long before flames were licking about the upper works first of the Scharnhorst and then of the Gneisenau, and one after another their guns became silent as their crews were killed at their stations. But there was no hint of surrender. With their last guns still blazing defiance, first one and then the other of the two gallant cruisers heeled slowly over and went down. Admiral von Spee's flag in the Scharnhorst was the last seen of that cruiser.

The Sinking of the Monmouth.

(Pullen was a Cadet on the Monmouth).

The Admiralty issues the following report from H.M.S. Glasgow (Captain John Luce, R.N.), concerning the action off the Chilian coast :—

- 9 a.m.—Glasgow left Coronel on November 1st to rejoin Good Hope (flagship), Monmouth, and Otranto at rendezvous.
- 2 p.m.—Flagship that apparently from wireless calls there was an enemy ship to northward. Orders were given to squadron to spread N E. by E. in the following order : Good Hope, Monmouth, Otranto, and Glasgow, speed to be worked up to 15 knots.
- 4.20 p.m.—Saw smoke ; proved to be enemy ships, one small cruiser and two armoured cruisers. Glasgow reported to Admiral, ships in sight were warned, and all concentrated on Good Hope.
- 5 p.m.—Good Hope was sighted.
- 5.47 p.m.—Squadron formed in line-ahead in following order : Good Hope, Monmouth, Glasgow, Otranto. Enemy, who had turned south, were now in single line-ahead, 12 miles off, Scharnhorst and Gneisenau leading.

ATTACK BY THE BRITISH.

- 6.18 p.m.—Speed ordered to 17 knots, and flagship signalled Canopus: "I am going to attack enemy now." Enemy were now 15,000 yards away, and maintained this range, at the same time jamming wireless signals. By this time sun was setting immediately behind us from enemy position . . . and while it remained above horizon we had advantage in light but range too great.
- 6.55 p.m.—Sun set, and visibility conditions altered, our ships being silhouetted against after-glow, and failing light made enemy difficult to see.
- 7.3 p.m.—Enemy opened fire 12,000 yards, followed in quick succession by Good Hope, Monmouth, Glasgow. Two squadrons were now converging, and each ship engaged opposite number in the line. Growing darkness and heavy spray of head sea made firing difficult, particularly for main deck guns of Good Hope and Monmouth. Enemy firing salvos got range quickly, and their third salvo caused fire to break out on fore part of both ships, which were constantly on fire till 7.45 p.m.

THE LAST OF THE GOOD HOPE.

- 7.50 p.m.—Immense explosion occurred on Good Hope amidships, flames reaching 200 feet high. Total destruction must have followed. It was now quite dark. Both sides continued firing at flashes of opposing guns. Monmouth was badly down by the bow and turned away to get stern to sea, signalling to Glasgow to that effect.
- 8.30 p.m.—Glasgow signalled to Monmouth, "enemy following us," but received no reply. Under rising moon, enemy's ships were now seen approaching, and as Glasgow could render Monmouth no assistance, she proceeded at full speed to avoid destruction.
- 8.50 p.m.—Lost sight of enemy.
- 9.20 p.m.—Observed 75 flashes of fire, which was no doubt final attack on Monmouth.

The Sinking of the Cressy.

(*Froude was a Midshipman on the Cressy.*)

Able Seaman Edward Clarke, of the Royal Fleet Reserve, who was aboard the Cressy at the time of the attack, said: "We were patrolling, and had been out in the North Sea for some considerable time when we were attacked. The first ship to be struck was the Aboukir. The three cruisers were distant about two miles from each other. We saw the Aboukir was heeling over, but did not know what had happened. It might have been that she had struck a mine. Then we seemed to be surrounded by submarines. I should think there must have been at least half a dozen. Next we suddenly saw the Hogue heel over. We got out all our boats to save the crews of the other ships, and threw overboard all furniture that would float in order that the men in the water might catch hold of something to support them.

"Our first recollection of the attack on the Cressy was that of a tremendous shock. We saw a cloud caused by the explosion rise as high as the mast. We should, however, have been all right if we had only been struck once. We were smoking at the time and taking it very coolly. A second torpedo struck however, and our vessel began to sink." Clarke said it was all over in an hour or so. The water was full of men swimming about. The Hogue was the second vessel to sink; the Cressy the last. As all the boats of the latter vessel had already been launched to save the crews of the other two ships, the men of the Cressy were obliged to do the best they could.

The Prize - Giving.

The Prize-giving took place on December 14th in the Gymnasium, where many mothers and friends foregathered but where there was, this year, a most unusual absence of men. The room was gaily decorated with red, white and blue, mingled with holly and ivy. The boys of Mr. Weekes' Singing Class began with a song, "One heart the Empire wide," after which Mr. Cox addressed the parents. Whilst welcoming those present, he commented on the many

absent faces this year, on account of, at least two-thirds of the fathers being now with the Colours. After alluding to various changes in the *personel* of the school, necessitated by the war, and expressing his great indebtedness to his loyal and efficient Staff in both houses, Mr. Cox extended a hearty welcome to the Rev. Arthur and Mrs. Perowne, who, in spite of the almost overwhelming calls upon their time just at present, had most kindly consented to present the prizes. Mr. Cox passed on to review the past year of school life. He said that no apology was needed for carrying on a school of this kind at the present juncture, the only question being, in times of stress like the present, how to avoid losing anything of our efficiency. Our Country will need the very best that we can give it when the time comes for reconstruction after the war, and to this end no effort must be spared to fit the rising generation for their task or to make them realize what a stupendous one it is. Mr. Cox said that during the past term he had often felt proud and thankful to see the earnest desire to be up and doing on the part of the boys, and the spirit of self-denial that had been present in the school, and he thought the parents had good cause to feel proud of their sons. He alluded to the Old Boys now with the Colours, and to the loss the country had sustained in two such promising young lives as Froude and Pullen who were killed in action on board the Cressy and the Monmouth respectively, nobly doing their duty for King and Country.

Mr. Perowne then addressed the boys on the importance of cultivating the powers of observation and concentration and illustrated his points by several anecdotes.

The following boys then received prizes, very graciously distributed by Mrs. Perowne :—

FORM VI.—Latin, Cocks i. ; Maths, (special) Jones i. ;

French, Cocks i. ; English (special), Elliott.

FORM V.—Latin, Cocks ii. ; Maths, Cocks ii. ; French, Cotter ; English, Burnard i.

FORM IV.—Latin, Clark ; Maths (special), Price ; French, Spooner-Lillingston ; English, Finlaison.

FORM III.—Latin, Picken ii. ; Maths, Lampard.

FORM II.—Freeman ; (special) Carroll.

FORM I.—(Div. I.) Crebbin. (Div. II.) Pitts ii.

The Rev. C. W. H. Sewell then proposed a vote of thanks to Mrs. Perowne, after which came tea. A wounded Belgian Officer, staying with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Picken, sang two Flemish songs, for which he was greatly applauded, and the boys followed with the national anthems of the Allies. Finally Mr. Frederick Chester delighted boys and visitors alike with one of his humorous entertainments, which closed the proceedings.

November 12th.

Mr. Cox's birthday was duly celebrated on Nov. 12th, a day later than usual. The day began by the unveiling of a mysterious pyramid on the Vth form desk. Mr. Cox had let it be known that he particularly desired no birthday presents this year, therefore the presence of the pyramid was at first hard to explain. However when unveiled it was found to contain a large variety of games, jigsaws, etc. from the School, for Mr. Cox to present to the wounded soldiers in hospital. This very pleasing form of birthday present was greatly appreciated by its recipient—or shall we say recipients? for the presents were handed over to the matron of the Fortress Hospital who distributed them amongst the wounded at Christmas greatly to their satisfaction.

In the evening our pleasant comfortable agreeable after-tea feeling was rudely disturbed by the announcement that there were five German spies in our midst. As loyal subjects we all set to work to find them, but the spies were to be congratulated on the true German craftiness they showed. They smothered their consciences for the evening most successfully, and we Britons, poor but honest, were entirely fooled; until we finished up a very enjoyable evening by finding the bomb which the enemy had left to enliven us.

Football.

We have been very unfortunate this term with our football. At the very beginning Jones i our best forward injured his thigh and was thus prevented from playing any more this term.

We had arranged a match against St. Gabriel's Boy

Scout team, but this was scratched on account of illness. Nevertheless we are looking forward to having some matches next term. There is a great rivalry for the places in the team, which is hoped will bring out the best qualities in each player. The team has played three matches against the Masters and the rest, and won on their third attempt.

CHARACTERS OF THE TEAM.

ELLIOTT—Usually kicks well, but is too fond of jumping up in the air when tackled. Is a good corner kick. Can use his dash to great advantage.

YONGE—Has done good work at centre forward, and dribbles well, but is a weak kick.

PAYN—A very energetic half. Strong in attack and defence, and uses his powerful kick to advantage. Tackles well.

BURNARD—Has been tried at goal, and has done well there. Should learn when to charge out.

COCKS i—A very fair kick, but is rather too slow.

SMITH—A keen forward, dribbles and passes well. A good shot.

PODE—An energetic forward, but keeps the ball too long, and is apt to dribble up to the goal line without "centering."

PELLEW i—A dashing forward with plenty of pace. Wants to learn to control the ball rather better.

BURKE ii—A steady and persevering back. Must learn to lift the ball more.

MACPHERSON i—A fairly sound left back with quite a good kick. In some games he has lifted the ball very well.

LEWES—Rather erratic forward. Dashes in some times with effect, but must be more careful where he passes to.

MOUNT HOUSE v. RED HOUSE.

Result 0 - 0

This match was played on the School ground on November 19th, it was an interesting game although with no scoring. Both teams had one or two chances when it seemed inevitable that a goal would be scored. In the Mount House team, there was a good deal of individual

effort too often varied with intervals of personal conversation and comment, a method of warfare not conducive to victory on the footer-field or off it. If Cocks' team had played together with a little combination, it would be safe to say that some scoring would have resulted.

Red House made little attack except for some run-away by Lake and Picken. Two thirds of the team seemed to be drawn up in a dogged attitude in front of the goal. If this did not lead to goal-getting on their part, they certainly succeeded in getting in the way of Mount House forwards and hindering their shooting—which was perhaps their intention. The game was on the whole well contested throughout.

Scouting.

On the first Thursday of term, September 24th, we formed three patrols. Jackal, under Jones i.; Otter, under Norman i.; and Kangaroo, under Bolton. We had six probationers to swell the Patrols to eight boys each.

We trained to Plymbridge and had a lovely fine day. After the Patrol Leaders had pulled their Patrols into shape, the Jackals were told to take up a position in some bracken while the other patrols were to try and capture it by advancing by rushes, since the country did not afford much cover. The Jackals displayed their hats on some bushes amongst the bracken some distance to the right of their position. The attackers gallantly attacked the position where the hats were, and so received a severe cross-fire from the defenders, who were lying in ambush for them. This was carried out again by changing the defenders.

Afterwards, Pellew i. and Burke ii. were told off to deliver a dispatch at the Railway Bridge from a position "up stream." The rest were defenders, who posted themselves fifty yards from Headquarters and were armed with three rounds of ammunition. Soon the patrol cries were heard announcing the approach of the messengers. After a fierce fight, Burke ii. was "killed" and Pellew captured, but his captors, after practically denuding him of his apparel, failed to find the dispatch, which was cleverly concealed in the toe-cap of his boot. We then marched back, to the tune (?) of "Tipperary."

On October 1st we went to Shaugh Bridge and after some practice in signalling, Patrol Leader Bolton set off to lay a track over very difficult and thick country. The trail was well laid and at the end a letter was hidden. The trail was followed very well for half way and then the trail was lost by being trampled out. After finding the trail again the letter was found.

On returning to camp, one patrol was told off to guard an oak tree, amongst the bushes and rocks, while the other patrols were to capture the position. The attackers executed a clever flanking movement with a sham frontal attack, and easily took the position by crawling up unnoticed to within about five yards of the tree. Scouts must remember to be absolutely silent, as the least sound often gives their positions away.

On October 8th the "Tenderfoot" test was taken and instruction given in "2nd Class Test," and after practising the "Scouts' Pace" we marched home to prep.

Oct. 15th. We again went to Plymbridge. The troop was told that they had not been registered and had not been "sworn in," and were therefore not entitled to their Service Stars and could not pass their 2nd Class tests until a month after being sworn in. The troop acted in a true scout spirit and took off their Stars.

Afterwards we practised taking cover and approaching a position without being seen by the enemy. After some "jousting" we went to catch a train which one of the scouts affirmed was running, but found that there was no train for an hour and a half. So we marched back with our informant under arrest.

Nov. 5th. After having two wet Thursdays we went to Plymbridge. We started with some drill under Patrol Leaders. Then we proceeded to have some flag raiding but the flags were hidden too much to be visible from more than ten yards away. The second attempt proved more fortunate, only there was rather too much disagreement whether a person was "dead" or not. It finally ended up by the flag raider being chased and collared Rugby fashion by his fastest pursuer. Afterwards dispatches were carried by Jones i. and Norman i., both of

whom were caught ; but the dispatches were never found, because the messengers had unpicked a part of the hem of their shorts and concealed the dispatches there.

We have now finished up the term's scouting by getting the troop better organized. The Scoutmaster has got his warrant and the majority of the Scouts took their Oath on Friday, December 11th and the rest who were unable to take it on Friday, took it on Monday. It is earnestly hoped that they will always remember the oath which they solemnly took and also the Scout law.

There is a patriotic movement on foot amongst the day boys, about which we will hear more next term.

On January 10th we were inspected by the District Commissioner, Major Tolcher, who gave us only a few hours notice of his intended visit. As the Major came on the ground the Troop presented staves, and were then inspected. After some close-order and extended-order drill two messages were passed along the long line, and they arrived at the other end slightly altered, but yet containing the most important facts of the message.

List of Old Boys Serving.

(From Mount House and Garfield House).

ARMY.

2nd Lieut. G. F. Bone	Devon Fortress Royal Engineers
2nd Lieut. H. W. A. Hamlin	Army Service Corps
2nd Lieut. E. S. Aplin	2nd Worcester Regiment
2nd Lieut. C. E. Teape	8th Devon Regiment
2nd Lieut. R. Vinter	6th Worcester Regiment
2nd Lieut. R. M. Jerram	6th Hampshire Regiment
2nd Lieut. C. W. Rikeard	19th London Regiment
2nd Lieut. H. W. Woolcombe	Devon Fortress Royal Engineers
2nd Lieut. A. H. Arundell	Royal Field Artillery
Private H. Eldred	5th Devon Regiment
Cadet W. A. Brooking	Woolwich
Cadet J. M. B. Homfray	Woolwich
Cadet R. H. Dawe	Sandhurst

NAVY.

Lieutenant H. T. W. Pewsey	H.M.S. Cumberland
Sub-Lieutenant J. C. Maclean	Torpedo Boat 9
Midshipman E. L. Pewsey	H.M.S. Hyacinth
Midshipman A. H. B. Day	H.M.S. Thunderer

Midshipman Sir J. S. Page-Wood	H.M.S. Vengeance
*Midshipman J. A. Froude	H.M.S. Cressy
Midshipman G. P. M. Radcliffe	H.M.S. Emperor of India
Midshipman D. A. C. Birch	H.M.S. Invincible
*Midshipman J. R. le G. Pullen	H.M.S. Monmouth
Cadet W. P. Bennett	Dartmouth
Cadet G. Marescaux	Osborne
Cadet M. Norman	Osborne

* Killed in action

OLD 'ALTONIANS' NOW IN HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES.

H. P. R. Coode	Capt. R. F. A. Reserve
W. F. G. Hill	Lieut. Highland L. I. temp
H. C. Hill	Major Indian Army
A. E. Gayer	Lieut. Adjutant E. Lincs
A. Derry	Major Welsh Reg. Staff D.S.O.
W. Derry	T. Lieut. Cheshire Reg. R.F.A.
R. M. Derry	T. 2nd Lieut. 3rd Monmouth
C. C. Phillips	Capt. 106th Battery R.F.A.
A. C. M. Alington	Capt. War Office
V. A. Coaker	Capt. Indian Army
L. C. Lampen	Capt. R. Marine
J. H. Lovell	Temp 2nd Lieut. Reserve Cavalry
N. Dewhurst	Temp Lieut. A S C
T. H. Howard	T. Capt. 4th Batt. Hampshire R.
J. F. S. D. Coleridge	Capt. Indian Army
A. C. G. Smythe	Capt. R.G.A.
P. L. Coleridge	Capt. Indian Army
W. Michell	Capt. R.A.M.C.
L. A. Haldane	Capt. Northamptonshire
B. C. Sparrow	Capt. Double Co. 39th Gharwal Rifles
A. E. Clarke	Lieut. 39th Gharwal Rifles
E. Fox Male	Capt. Indian Army
A. J. Sloggett	Capt. Rifle Brigade
R. A. Peter	T. Capt. R.G.A.
R. J. Sargent	T. Lieut. A.V.C.
G. D. Eccles	Lieut. R.A.M.C. Temp
C. N. Rivers-Mone	Capt. Adjutant to Devon R.E.
▲ C. M. Walsh	2nd Lieut. R.F.A. 71st Battery
S. J. Watts	Capt. R.E. Reserve
J. N. Ellis	Capt. Adjutant R.G.A.
C. T. A. Bewes	Lieut. 5th Devons
G. Bellamy	Sec. Lieut. 7th Devons
E. Burlton	Lieut. South Lincs
G. P. Burlton	2nd Lt. 1st Norfolk Reg.
R. V. Hunt	125 Napier Rifles I.A.
G. B. Hunt	Corpl. Canadian Contingent
A. G. Bath	Assistant Paymaster R.N., H.M.S.
	'Sentinel' lately rescued from
	H.M.S. 'Pathfinder'

J. A. Bath

Lieut. R.M.L.I., H.M.S. 'Emperor
of India'

(This is only about half the list of my 'Old Boys' now in the Army and I have been unable to get time to draw up a list of those in the Navy. M. F. Tubbs).

The Editor will be very glad to receive additions to the above lists, (necessarily incomplete) which are of the greatest interest to all connected with the School.

EXTRACT FROM LETTERS TO MISS TUBBS.

1st Norfolk Regiment,
Expeditionary Force,

30th December, 1914.

We are having a rest for a few days now and shall go back to the trenches again. The weather is going to improve I think, as to-day it is dry and there is a bit of a frost. I hope you had a good Christmas as far as possible. I know I did.... We had an Armistice with the Germans in the trenches opposite. It was quite unofficial and they started it. It lasted all Christmas Day and Boxing-Day, and I enjoyed myself immensely. It relieved the monotony a bit, and bucked our fellows up. I don't know how long the war will last, but if the men who are actually fighting had anything to do with it the war would end to-night. E. is somewhere near here. I met him the other day. It is awfully lucky the way we keep together. We may be getting some leave soon..... There is no news to give you as every day is exactly the same—Do you remember H? I was at Sandhurst with him. I don't know what regiment he has got, I rather think the Scots Guards. He is a big fellow, and was second in putting the weight in the R.M.C. Sports. I expect you saw E. when he was in England. I hope to get some leave some time fairly soon, as there is a rumour that the whole of our division is going back for a month's rest along the line of communication after the next lot of trenches.

(The writer and his brother E. were at Alton School from 1901 to 1904).

71st Battery R.F.A.
2nd Division,
1st Army,
British Expeditionary Force,
28th December, 1914.

I have been out here since August 17th and haven't had such a bad time of it, taking it all round—Of course the retreat was very trying, and we have had a pretty hot time of it now and then. We have just got back into action after a month's rest. During our rest period I managed to get a few days' leave in England, which were enjoyable. It might interest you to know that I was at Mons, through the retreat, at the Marne, Aisne and Ypres. The weather out here now is fearful, very wet and cold, and the trenches are of

course in a terrible state. My brother has the Adjutancy of the Honourable Artillery Company, with which he is very pleased.

(The writer was at Alton School from 1901 to 1905, entering Wellington College direct).

His brother was at Alton from 1891 to 1895, entering Repton direct.

Letter from a Belgian Officer.

Thanking for the Loan of Field Glasses.

Belgique le 6/12/14.

J'ai été mis en possession, par mon chef, il y a quelques jours, de jumelles. J'ignore si cet objet ce déjà été en d'autres mains, car à l'intérieur de l'étui j'ai trouvé votre aimable missive datée du 11 Septembre, 1914, ce qui me laisse à fenter qu' un autre officier en a été possesseur entre la date de votre lettre, et la remise des jumelles, faite à moi, fin Novembre. En tout cas, je vous remercie cordialement des vœux contenus dans votre lettre pour celui qui portera vos jumelles. Jusqu' à présent j'ai été favorité par la chance, et je compte bien que vos vœux s'accompliront et que vos si bonnes jumelles seront un talisman pour moi. J'ignore si j'écris à un Monsieur, une Dame, ou une Demoiselle, mais qui que vous soyez, soyez convaincu qu' il n' y a plus qu' un cri parmi les Belges, c'est : „Vive l' Angleterre,” et ce cri est bien naturel quand nous apprenons avec quels soins touchants vous avec bien voulu soigner nos blessés et nos malades, avec quel dévouement, tout, vous vous multipliez auprès de nos malheureux fugitifs !!

Il faudrait, dès à présent un livre, pour résumer toutes les belles choses que nous entendons raconter par nos camarades qui ont été soignés en Angleterre, et j'avoue bien sincèrement qu' avant la guerre j'aimais bien les Anglais mais maintenant je les adore !

Avant de cesser, je tiens encore à vous remercier de vos bons vœux, et aussi pour vos jumelles.

Je vous lirai toujours avec le plus grand plaisir.

Croyez-moi votre dévoué et bien reconnaissant ami,

André Kanniesbecq,

Major.

6^e Régiment de Ligne.

1^{er} Bataillon.

2^e Division Armée Belge.

Red House Notes.

"Red House" has had a successful and, on the whole, an even term, and we have managed to accomplish some good work and some good play. We have had a large number of boys and we are thankful to say there have been very few absentees, as fortunately the health of the boys this term has been remarkably good and we have kept very free from illness—the boarders particularly have been able to show a clean bill of health all round. As was to be expected, "Red House" has been inspired by the pervading spirit of war; forts, cannon, siege guns and regiments of all kinds proving to be an inexhaustible source of delight during the last half of the term, when it has been impossible to be much out of doors. Also, many busy hours have been spent by the boys in organising "Red House" armies, and those boys who have been chosen as leaders in this scheme have been fully occupied in inspecting their troops, drilling their men, organising sham fights and holding courts-martial! When warfare has been inclined to wage too hot, a superior officer has generally been present on the scene of action with timely intervention on behalf of the "enemy," but, on the whole, the games have been played in a manly, straight-forward way, and the boys have obviously derived very much enjoyment from them. "Great things have small beginnings," and who knows but that these games of mock warfare may but be the beginning of the future military career of some small boy, who even in these early stages, shows such enthusiasm and true patriotism.

This has been a term of bulb growing, both in the gardens and in the class-rooms, and as far as it is possible to judge at present the bulbs show great promise of flowering well next term. The beginning of the term was devoted to the usual autumn tidying which is so necessary in every garden and includes the work of pulling up the annuals, cutting down perennials and digging over the soil, ready for the winter bulbs. Unfortunately, the gardeners found that bulbs had increased in price this year, and pocket-money has to supply many other necessities

besides bulbs. So, in consequence, the gardens were in danger of looking uncommonly bare this winter, when Mrs. Knowling very kindly came to the rescue by bringing each gardener many varieties of plants and bulbs. These were most heartily appreciated and eagerly planted in feverish haste, under the superintendence of Mrs. Knowling's practised eye. The gardens were then left severely alone, all energy and spare time being devoted to sweeping up leaves and keeping the Red House grounds as tidy as possible. The plants given by Mrs. Knowling included daisies, pansies, wallflowers, sweet-williams, forget-me-nots, crocus, hyacinth, snowdrop, gladioli, and iris bulbs, and many others, so if the gardeners are successful in the rearing of these plants and bulbs, Red House gardens ought indeed to look a veritable paradise in the spring. In the class-rooms we are successfully growing hyacinth bulbs, some in soil and some in bottles of water, daffodils and narcissi, pink lupins and miniature gladioli, also acorns which, although not beautiful to look at, are most interesting to study in their growth.

We have not been able to have our full amount of football this term, owing to the vagaries of the weather since half-term; but, nevertheless, we have been able to put in some good hard play, which as usual has been fully appreciated by us all. Football appears to appeal to the sporting instincts of the juniors more than cricket, but this is probably due to the fact that in football everyone can take a share in the game at the same time—there is no waiting about for one's turn, consequently no "ragging," and so the interest in the game is kept up from beginning to end. With regard to the actual style of play, our forwards are, as usual, very weak—hanging back just at the time when they ought to be keeping up well with the ball. Those strong, determined kicks which the forwards take such an immense delight in delivering are absolutely useless, they only do harm and spoil all chances of scoring a goal. Throughout the whole term Red House boys have not succeeded in scoring more than seven or eight goals, and this is entirely due to the weakness of the forward lines. The backs are strong and their play, on the whole,

is good ; but they, too, have a weakness which also characterises the whole team, and that is, that each boy sticks too closely to the place appointed to him at the beginning of the game. This is a fault which badly needs conquering. It is, perhaps, not quite so serious as that of appearing absolutely regardless of any given place, careering madly all over the field, and so necessitating several boys playing "all in a lump"—that fault *has* been very nearly conquered by Red House, but to an onlooker to see a boy standing stock still in his place and only kicking the ball when it happens to come almost in contact with his foot, as well as striking one as being bad play, also looks rather slack and selfish. Selfish, because it appears as if each boy is playing for himself and not for his side, and that idea must not for a moment be encouraged in Red House. Every boy knows well enough that to really "play the game" is to play for his team and his school, totally regardless of his own individuality. For a game like football to be played with any success, it must be played *in unity*, and so let all Red House boys resolve next term, that whether they return to Red House or whether they go up a step higher to play in the "little game" at Mount House, they will do their share in trying to conquer this fault, and to remember that "Union is Strength."