

Mount House Record, Plymouth.

VOL. VIII.

CHRISTMAS 1917.

No 3.

Editorial.

Another Christmas Term has passed, leaving behind it little for the chronicler to record. The average work has been good, but there are too many in the tail of the various Forms who fail to take their due share in the said average—let Scouts note this, and ‘buck up’ for the credit of their patrols. We have no epidemic to lament, so that there has been every opportunity for the boys to exert themselves, and a new vent for the energy which is always in them has been found in a most successful dramatic representation—the author to be interpreted being no less a genius than Shakespeare himself!

The War has had an evil effect on the poultry yard, but, by way of compensation for loss of eggs, there has been an unprecedented harvest of apples! The absence of marauding bipeds may have had something to do with this, but the result is mainly due to the untiring care of the Head Gardener. Our congratulations to him—and may his methods of culture be equally successful in all departments of the School!

In Memoriam.

2nd Lieut. Russell Winnicott, M.C., Devon Regt. T. attached Royal Flying Corps was killed in France on December 6th, 1917. Aged 19 years.

We deeply regret to announce the death of Second Lieut. Russell Winnicott, M.C. who was killed in action on December 6th at the early age of 19 after a brilliant career in the Royal Flying Corps. He began his school career under Miss Tubbs at Mount House and remained on under Mr. Cox until he went to Plymouth College, afterwards finishing his education at the Leys College Cambridge. In 1915 he joined the Devon Regt. and soon afterwards was transferred to the R.F.C. During several months as a scout pilot overseas he had many thrilling experiences and for one of his daring exploits he was awarded the Military Cross. When he was killed he had been in over 50 air fights. He was considered an exceptionally good pilot and was in consequence given arduous work. A few days before his death he wrote home very cheerfully saying that he was in the midst of the fray, and giving an account of two German machines he had brought down a few days previously. He is described by his own squadron as one of the bravest pilots they had. He had accounted for ten enemy machines, and had been expected home for Christmas, as he had been on continuous service at the front for seven months. He had not the slightest fear of death and always cheerfully undertook work for which volunteers were asked, and he died the death of a true hero.

School Notes.

The health of the School has been most satisfactory during the past term and neither an epidemic, nor any thought of one, has troubled our minds from the first day to the last. We much regret the indisposition of our Music Mistress, Mrs. Rhodes which has necessitated the abandonment, until next term, of the concert, in spite of her gallant efforts to keep the singing class going. We are much indebted to Miss Holt for help with the piano lessons while Mrs. Rhodes was laid up, and would like to express our warm thanks to her.

It is the pleasant duty of the Editor to extend a hearty welcome to Miss Sewell on joining our Staff, and we are delighted to hear that she has accepted permanently the post of Senior Mistress at the Red House. Miss Sewell's name alone is a strong recommendation as in our ears it has been for some time synonymous with the spirit of keenness and energy which we have learnt to associate with everything her brother undertakes, and we should like to seize this opportunity of saying how greatly we appreciate the kindness of the Rev. C. W. H. Sewell in giving his time twice a week to the teaching of religious knowledge in both houses.

An account is given elsewhere of the very successful Dramatic Performance got up during the second half term by Miss Glenday and Miss Phillips. The extreme modesty of its promoters had led us to expect little in the way of results, especially as the time was very short, so that the final performance which was most creditable to all concerned, gave the greater pleasure. It is not the easiest thing in the world for juvenile performance to make Shakespeare's plays live on the stage, but the actors threw themselves into the five scenes chosen from Henry V. heart and soul, and acquitted themselves remarkably well. The dresses too were delightful and added very much to the success of the performance. The sum of £4 was realized and given to the St. Dunstan's Hostel for Blind Soldiers, and £2 to the Blue Cross Fund.

Through an oversight no mention was made in the last issue of the RECORD of the fact that Sister E. Wimbush R.R.C., for five years a member of our Staff, was in April last promoted to be Matron to the Durnford Military Hospital for Officers, Plymouth. We hope it is not too late to offer our congratulations.

It has been a great pleasure to receive visits this term from Capt. and Adjutant H. W. Woolcoombe, R.E. and his fiancée, Miss Smith, 2nd. Lieut. G. B. Yonge, Devon Regt. and 2nd. Lieut. G. S. Rees, Cheshire Regt. now fighting in France. Capt. Woolcoombe's graphic description of the explosion of the terrific mines at Messines will be found elsewhere in this number.

A photo received from the Rev. C. E. de la Bère tells us that he is now at a Cadet School for Officers preparatory to receiving his commission. Mr. de la Bère was ordained about four years ago, and was acting as his father's curate when war broke out. He almost at once joined the Army as a stretcher-bearer in the R.A.M.C. and was afterwards wounded. It seems a long time now since Mr. de la Bère was with us as a master and Editor of the RECORD and it would be a great pleasure to have further news of him.

Capt. C. Pawsey who was awarded the Military Cross earlier in the war has now been given a bar to it.

Our Osborne and Dartmouth contingents are going strong and seem to bear a good name all round. G. O. Jones is now a Cadet Captain at Dartmouth and has got his Soccer Colours, and came out 2nd in term order and 1st in Exams.

It is a great pleasure to have news again of Lieut. G. W. Ashby, 2nd Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry who has been on active service for nearly three years now. He has been on the Salonika Front for some time and was mentioned in Dispatches on Nov. 28th last. He has specialized in signalling (the rudiments of which he first learned as a Scout at Mount House), and has done exceed-

ingly well in recent tests, bringing his men out top of the Brigade.

Congratulations to C. W. M. Cox on winning the Robert Sebag Montifore Scholarship of £100 a year for four years at Balliol College Oxford from Clifton College.

We must congratulate J. Y. Moggridge on winning the Bantam Weight Boxing Medal at Clifton College. He also distinguished himself as an agriculturalist, acting during the summer as right hand man to Major Belcher of the Army Canteen Board who ran the Public Schools Agricultural Corps this year.

J. D. Harvey has also shone at Clifton in the agricultural line and has in addition devoted the main part of his holidays during the past year to patriotic work of the same sort.

Flight Sub. Lieut. R. B. Picken, R.N. is at the Seaplane Base at Malta.

T. A. Lakeman was transferred from Sandhurst to Woolwich and is shortly expecting his commission.

M H. Y. Moggridge we understand is enjoying life as an apprentice in Bellises Engineering Works at Birmingham.

D. Crebbin has made a good start in the Junior School at Clifton, playing Rugger for his House XV in his first term.

Last but not least, anent Old Boys comes the good news that O. O. Jones and M. J. Rimington have passed into Osborne and are now Cadets in H. M. Navy. They are both old friends and will be much missed next term though we hope not to lose sight of them.

Collections this term :—Church of England Waifs and Strays Society £ Universities Mission to Central Africa £1 9 2 The Blue Cross Fund £2 0 0 The St. Dunstan's Hostel for Blinded Soldiers £4 0 0.

Football Colours given this term: J. M. Chilcott, E. L. Spooner-Lillingston.

Winners in Scout Patrol Competition this term: "Otters." Patrol Leader N F. Picken.

The School War Savings Association has continued to flourish during the term. It numbers 84 members who between them have managed to pay in during the term the sum of £16 17 6. Twenty one certificates have been allotted and the Association has 24 in hand waiting to be claimed when members return from the Christmas holidays to pour—it is hoped—a large proportion of their Christmas tips into the National War Chest! Some members have been keen in their interest and regular in their payments, and this has been especially the case amongst the Red House boys. But also there have been several members in the Upper School who have done little or even nothing to help during the whole term! It is much hoped that they will remember that 'every little helps' and that every English boy who cares for his Country ought to be proud to 'do his bit' and glad to do it too in this way through his School Association.

In spite of the wish on the part of those in authority that a musical spirit should be fostered and encouraged in the School it has not been possible for much progress to be made with the singing class during the past term.

One small effort is however worthy of note. It was the rendering of a tuneful little cantata, a setting of Longfellow's poem "Vogelweid the Minnesinger" for sopranos and altos.

Throughout the summer term, when no singing classes can be held owing to the boys' leisure time being given to cricket and out door occupations, strains—sometimes but not always sweet!—might have been heard floating from a room in the Red House at an hour on Sundays when most of us were enjoying our well-earned idleness.

The said strains proceeded from a small number of boys who were keen enough to come together for voluntary practices; and the result was the singing of the Vogelweid

which gave real pleasure to the small audience that heard it. Moreover such keenness augurs well for the work which the singing class hopes to accomplish in the coming Spring Term. When we look forward with great pleasure to our annual concert at the Prize-giving—which it is hoped will take place at half-term—instead of last December.

Following the custom of recent years, on December 6th the best team of Red House measured their strength against the worst (approximately) of Mount House, who were very anxious to prove themselves underrated as such. The ground was very greasy after a morning's frost, but the game was contested at a good pace and with plenty of vigour throughout. On the run of the play a draw would have been the most satisfactory result, but Mount House actually won by the only goal of the match which was obtained from a regular scrimmage just before half-time, the ball being put through accidentally by one of their opponents. As usual there was little combination in either team, and though the Red House team kept to their places well they have hardly learnt yet to "move with the ball"; many attacking chances were lost through a failure on the part of the backs to support the advance of their forwards, while most of the forwards were inclined to propel the ball forward to the limit of their strength and then to stand and watch it. The Mount House forwards (and backs!) on the other hand when they got the ball, showed no inclination to part with it. For the losers, who displayed great pluck against their heavier foes, Vosper, Moon ii, Rowse and Leeper showed up best, and for the others Hosken and Brown worked very hard. Neither side had any idea of the right offensive or defensive tactics when the ball was being thrown in from touch.

We are glad to be able to give news of Mr. H. E. Stewart who left Mount House at Christmas 1915 to go out to S. Africa. He returned as a private in the R.A.M.C. S. African Contingent the following year, and served at the Front for sometime. His papers for an Infantry Commission had just gone through when he was severely wounded on April 12th and was invalided home which has

postponed the Commission until he can again be placed in Class A. We wish him a speedy recovery and the best of luck, and hope that if he finds himself in the west he will come and see us again.

Mr. Cox's birthday, fell on a Sunday this year so celebrations were postponed until Monday, 12th November. We fear that the old time genuine birthday tea must await the return of the palmy days of peace, and though plenty prevailed, luxury was absent from the feast! Afterwards however for three hours the fun as usual waxed fast and furious. After a competition game of 'Dutch Chumps' the house was thrown open for the game of "hidden treasure" which proved a great success, and certainly caused the players to take plenty of exercise. Afterwards a round or two of hide and seek brought the festivities to an end.

RAINFALL—October, 1917	4.195 inches
Average for October	3.66 "
Rainy Days October, 1917	27 "
" " average	17
November, 1917	1.983 inches
Average for November	3.38 "
Rainy Days November	22
" " average	18
Record Rainfall for one day for the term	.6 inch

Mount House School Song

Let us hammer out and fashion in the fire
 An ever-growing chain with endless links :
 And that none may think to seek
 For a single place that's weak,
 Let us tighten up and straighten out the kinks.

Remember'd be the motto of Mount House !
 It has nought to do with indolence and sloth,
 With the thing that's merely flabby,
 With the thing that's mean or shabby,
 With the crooked thing that saps the strength and
 growth.

Each one of us shall learn to do his bit,
And the bit shall be the giving of his best,
And whosoever knows him
Shall recognize ' Ut Prosim '
As the never-failing source of all his zest.

The seed is ever falling on new ground
With the promise of a harvest rich and full.
When once more the time is ripe
May we all prove true to type,
The type of all that's truest in our School.

Then fetch the glowing metal from the forge !
Let us lengthen out and strengthen out our chain !
For it cannot be too long,
And it cannot be too strong,
So that every single link may stand the strain.

A.H.M.C.

Scouting.

Exclusive of Officers, the strength of the 2nd Plymouth Troop is 38. This must be regarded as about our normal number ; for, apart from the few in the Upper School who, for various home reasons, do not don the uniform, the small margin of boys still available are more eager than qualified to join, and we are unwilling to recruit at too early an age. No Scout has ever yet, to our knowledge, wearied of his duties, and there is every reason to hope that the real spirit of the movement is growing in many a noble though youthful breast. If not, the beauty of the whole thing is lost.

It takes more than the ordinary span of life for a keen Schoolmaster to overcome the habit of expecting too much of a small boy ; but an S M. is bound to have infinite faith in the possibilities of every Scout admitted, and must help him to a high ideal by every means in his power. So we proceed from one term to another, with here and there a fresh step to a higher level, believing always that when

the time comes for a member of the Troop to move on, he is all the better—truer, steadier, more useful—for having been one of us. May we never find ourselves mistaken.

At the first weekly meeting votes were taken, according to custom, for the election of Patrol Leaders, with the following result:— Price (Jackals), Rimington (Owls), Jones (Kangaroos), Picken i (Otters), the seconds appointed being Chilcott, Macpherson i, Macpherson ii, and Carroll. A new Patrol, the Hawks, was afterwards formed, and the leadership has been divided between Chilcott and Radford; but the past term must be regarded as only a preliminary one for it. It has yet to be regularly constituted, and proved.

The marches during the term have mainly been to familiar spots; but one of our happiest hunting grounds, alas, is lost to us, for the gate of Woodlands is closed even to Scouts, and kept for military purposes. We found ourselves in a new region on one occasion, as it were, by mistake; for, having proceeded to Mutley Station for a trip to Tamerton Foliot, we found that a change in the timetable had just been made, and our train had gone. So we went at a venture to Elburton Cross, which was not an attractive spot, and involved a long and weary march home. Yet what matters to a Scout? We smiled and whistled, and were not downhearted.

On Oct. 29th we took part in a Grand Parade on the Hoe, when the Duke of Connaught inspected a very large muster of Juvenile Organisations, including a Battalion of Scouts. As on the last occasion when we figured there, the weather proved unkind, and a boisterous, biting wind, which made it very difficult to hear commands and to keep a broad-brimmed hat in the place where a hat ought to be, somewhat marred the general effect. But on the whole the ceremony was successfully carried out, and we were glad to do honour to our Royal President. It seems unlikely that this big occasion was intended to take the place of the annual Troop Inspection, but we have not yet had the customary visit from the District Commissioner.

Under the leadership of the assistant S.M., good collections of chestnuts and acorns were made for the powers that be.

Newly admitted during the term were—Vaughan-Jackson, Macnaghten i, Lanyon ii; and Jones, Rimington, Aikman and D'Arcy have now left, with all good wishes from their comrades.

The Inter-patrol Competition must be regarded as the most important item in the present report. It continues to increase in vigour, and is beginning to pervade the ideas of the School. It has depended more this time upon the actual work in the class room, and the truth, we believe, is being grasped by every boy that, if his "Be prepared" motto is to apply to his own future, he must put "go" into his daily tasks like a true Scout. If the Troop is worth anything, it will assert itself more and more in this matter, which is one that those in charge have very much at heart. There have been ups and downs in the scoring to the last week, the ultimate figures being:—

Otters 350	Owls 345½	Jackals 293
Kangaroos 248½	Hawks 230	

Picken i and his Patrol have led during the greater part of the term, and must be congratulated upon their final triumph; while the Owls deserve all praise for their magnificent spurt at the finish. W. M. RHODES, S.M.

An Old Boy at Messines.

Midsummer 1917.

We had plenty to do with the Messines show tho' at that time I was of course with my company, now I have left them, altho' they are still quite close.

For about three weeks before the Messines show we were working on forward Water Supply i.e. taking water up to the trenches in pipes. We worked mostly at night and by the time we had finished our pipe line must have been about four miles long. The water was originally pumped from a lake and our line supplied three tanks altogether at different points on the line. For the first week or so things were very quiet indeed and we hardly heard anything except our own guns. The weather was also very kind,

most nights being fine and warm. Some were almost as bright as day owing to a full moon, which made things rather unpleasant as the 'Boche' could see us moving about. Gradually things got more lively until Whit Sunday night, when he really started being nasty. I shall never forget that night. From this point onwards until the 'show' was over he was very active every night, shelling the roads and trenches we had to go over and also occasionally the communication trench we had to use. Then at 2 a.m. or 3 a.m. when we wanted to come home he would start shelling us with gas shells. He was as regular as clock-work and always put them in the same place, so that we managed to avoid them alright. About this time he did a lot of damage to our transport going up every night. However it was nothing to what he himself was going thro', as I believe he couldn't get his transport up at all, owing to our shelling, with the result that his men were starving. On the night of the 'show' itself we oughtn't to have been working at all, as a matter of fact, but the whole thing was kept so dark that none knew definitely that it was coming off. At 3 a.m. it started. I was in a splendid position to see and *feel* the mines go up. I actually saw the largest one of the lot go up, and then you never heard such a noise in your life, every gun in the country seemed to be firing at Machine Gun speed. The German reply was very weak. It was a marvelous sight to see all our guns firing as we passed them going home. Guns seemed to have sprung up out of the ground like mushrooms during the night. I'm sure they weren't there a few hours before. And then to see the ground we took. I can't understand how it was done even now. The Germans had a splendid position on the top of a ridge where they could see everything we were doing down below, and yet we pushed them off it in few hours and they made practically no attempt to get it back again. Why they allowed us to stop where we were for two years in comparative peace, I don't know, and now the same thing is being done again further north only the weather has temporarily stopped everything.

H.W.W.

Shakespeare on our Stage.

There is nothing like a dramatic effort to focus interest, and the end of term was enlivened by one which scored a notable success. The subject showed no want of ambition, for Shakespeare himself was chosen; and the wonder was how the Sixth Form would acquit themselves, and to what extent the moving spirits in the background would succeed, at very short notice, and apparently in a casual kind of way, in putting scenes from Henry V. upon the stage. It is by no means our purpose to criticise the performance from a lofty point of view. We were at first only concerned to think whether or not enjoyment would be provided for our audience. There was no formality whatever beforehand, and no one beyond the household and the parents of the day-boys taking part was apprised of the date fixed, which was Saturday, Nov. 24,

It is no easy task to cast a form numbering seventeen for particular scenes; but this appears to have been a small matter in the eyes of the Stage Manager, who, with her skilful and hardworking assistants, proved equal to much greater difficulties. There had been no Dress Rehearsal, and, this being so, it was only to be supposed that the nervousness of unaccustomed performers would make itself evident in the usual manner—some awkwardness of posture, rapid utterance regardless of the fact that all the listeners did not know every word by heart, and a want of easy animation. But the costumes and the general use of 'property' was beyond all praise, while the necessary changes between the scenes were quietly and expeditiously carried out. It was at once decided that a second representation should be given on the following Saturday.

The improvement at all points on this second occasion was immense, and the largely increased audience were delighted with what they saw and heard.

The parts were all thoroughly well mastered, and were well spoken out, though the utterance was still somewhat too fast, and not sufficiently given, as a rule, *to the audience*. It was noticed that Pistol partook less freely of the raw leek on this occasion than on the first, when we believe

that he really swallowed more than was good for him! All did well, from Henry to the Boy, and the only female character could hardly fail to rise to the inspiration of her costume. There was a refreshing boyishness about some little points—the little point, for instance, of Williams' sword, which was repeatedly propped into Fluellen's ribs in the heat of argument! But the performance was all the better for a little excess of zeal. Both the producers, with Miss Glenday at their head, and the performers more than deserved the applause which greeted them at the finish.

Collections were made in the auditorium by some of the Characters in costume, which realised a sum of £6 for War Charities.

The following was the full Cast:—

King Henry V....	Lampard	Williams.....	Rimington
Erpingham.....	Brownlow	Bardolf.....	Aikman
Exeter.....	Duhan i	Nym.....	Chilcott
Gloucester.....	Clark i	Pistol.....	Jones
Fluellen.....	Macpherson ii	Boy.....	Macpherson i
Gower.....	Baily i	English Herald....	Baily ii
Court.....	Picken i	French Herald....	Radford
Bates... Spooner-	Lillingstone	Hostess.....	Price

On Barbers.

I

The barber's is a very necessary place, but it is most trying. Just when you want to go out to tea, you remember your hair is too long, so you march off to the barber's. In you go, and generally find the place packed. You sit down and find an old "Bystander." When you have finished looking through it, you turn to look at the people. A very fierce old colonel who has not too much hair, a poetical man who has long curly hair, and perhaps a schoolboy munching sweets. You then look at the barber himself, a moderately tall man with a dark suit on and his hair curled at the front. If you are observant you may notice that the barber has different conversation for every person. For the old colonel he thinks the army is going to the dogs; "it wants somebody with some ginger in him to take things

over." To the poetical man, after having carefully found out his name, he says he has always admired his poetry. When he has gone and the schoolboy mounts the chair, he does not talk quite so much, but quite agrees with him that the holidays are getting much too short. The barber's assistant hardly talks at all. He is a very timid looking man. When your turn comes, you walk up and mount the chair quite bravely, but when the barber begins to stuff cotton wool down your neck your courage begins to melt. About half way through the business a piece of hair settles on your nose; you do not like to call his attention to it, and as you yourself cannot touch it, it has to remain. When the actual cutting is done, the barber pulls out the cotton wool and blows violently down your neck, * which is most uncomfortable. You get down, and having put on your hat and coat depart. This is the way with land-barbers.

When you come to the sea-barbers, it is very nice. I know once I was compelled to stay on board, and as there was going to be a dinner party that night and my hair was very long I had it done on board. I watched the men having theirs done. The barber and his assistant did not have any of the patent tools which the "landlubber" has.

He did it extremely quickly and well. He hardly talked at all; he left that to his assistant, who seemed to do nothing else. When my turn came, I was surprised how quickly he did it; but he did do it very short and at the dinner party they all thought I was an escaped convict.

But one word of advice to the younger generation. A barber may be very polite and just talk about things which interest you; but *do not trust him*.

* I hear that parliament has passed an act to stop this.

J. W. H. C.

II.

A Moorish haircutter's hut is made of four poles covered with goatskins. It is very dirty and shabby, as he is much too lazy to get it clean. He uses much the same implements as the English haircutter, but not half so clean—such as the clippers and pair of scissors—and he wears the garb of people in the Old Testament. He always clips

everyone's hair very short, because only grand people have long or comparatively long hair. He generally charges from one to two pesetas (a peseta is equal to tenpence in English money), or sometimes when he is hard up, he will charge more. When he has no customers, he squats down in front of his hut till a customer comes along ; then he gets up and does him. He does not live in his hut, but he comes there every day. He does not do all the work himself, but he has an assistant who clears up all the hair after a customer has gone ; the assistant also does the cooking of the haircutter's dinners and does all the dirty work. The haircutters always have their huts near a public building, or near the most frequented places in the town, because they have more of a chance to get customers and they also like to be near the market places. At one town in Morocco the most distinguished haircutters can speak English, and some of them can speak Spanish and French. They are easily the best arguers going, and they sometimes have quite a fight about the price as they are very quick-tempered people. Only the good haircutters can cut hair decently, as most of the smaller ones cannot use the clippers properly, and of course they pull out the hair more than clip it. Some of the most wealthy haircutters are not only haircutters. but they keep sheep and goats and own a lot of ground.

E.A.F.M.

The Song of the Mouse.

[The writer of these lines explains to us that they came to him in a dream, when he appeared to be in the neighbourhood of the Dining Room piano, and, hearing a faint noise, he went close and listened. What he heard made such an impression on him that he remembered every word. The matter is mysterious, but seems to be in some way connected with the noise from the Dining Room which has recently been noticed at a late hour. Ed.]

I'm a jolly old mouse in a fine big house,
Where there's room for many a score ;
My life you will see is delightfully free,
And I know every inch of the floor.

When I go for a run there is plenty of fun,
 For the enemy's always about ;
 There are he's and she's, but I care not for these,
 I am always awake, like a Scout.

My life it is good, there is plenty of food
 Just over the way, under Polly ;
 That wonderful bird you doubtless have heard
 Wastes her food—which is sad, but it's jolly.

My life it is free, yet 'twas fated to be
 That we cannot be free from sorrow ;
 When a hunting we go we very well know
 That for some there'll be no tomorrow.

When Mr.—ahem—we will call him H.M.,
 And the rest of the people that hate us,
 Have arranged all their poles and tablecloth rolls
 And other profuse apparatus,

I am ready within, and I don't care a pin,
 I've got quite the heart of a hero ;
 The foe I defy, and am ready to die,
 Or escape if I can, with a Cheer O !

I remember how *one* day when Miss—we'll say "Monday"
 Came up, on her own, with a friend ;
 One big one was done, but the rest had some fun,
 And danced and made faces no end.

When the battle begins it's the best man that wins,
 We all know the ways of it now ;
 All the times I've been in I've got out with my skin,
 Though I don't altogether know how.

One day when Miss Squeak was supporting, and eke
 Miss Flips was away in the offing,

With a swoop and a half—Oh, how I did laugh,
 I thought I should perish of coughing !—

H.M. lunged at me ; but then, don't you see,
 I was up to his dodges, no fear ;

I jumped in the air, and the pole landed fair
 On the shin of a friend who was near !

I freshen my powers in daylight hours
 For further adventures by night,
 Like a stout-hearted Briton the foemen to sit on,
 And win in the end against Might.

I give my spare time, to the study of rhyme
 In an elegant up-to-date manner,
 And run up a scale with the tip of my tail
 In my beautiful home, the 'pianner.'
 I'm by nature no fool, and I live in a School
 Where the aim is improvement of mind,
 And a brain, I opine, better sharpened than mine
 Would perhaps not be easy to find ;
 So mark that, although there are many laid low,
 To the number of fifty and five,
 Yet the rest of us will make a fight of it still,
 For the leader yet lives—I'm alive !
 But I'm not all defiance—I still have reliance
 That shortly our wrongs will be mended,
 That the battles will cease, and the blessings of peace
 Will reign when the struggle is ended.
 We can live and let live, if we each of us give
 Our minds to the peace of the House,
 And we claim on our side that we've honestly tried
 To show what there is in a Mouse !

Bird Life in our Grounds 1916.

(Continued).

NUTHATCH. Spring notes began before the end of January and the birds were continually about. When the nesting season began it was not at first at all clear which box they would select, but on March 28th they were very busy at box 10 in the field. On April 29th I inspected the box, the lid of which was plastered down, as usual, with mud, but there were no eggs as yet. On May 7th the bird was sitting and refused to come off. By May 15th, judging by the behaviour of the parents, the young were hatched; and the next day I examined them and found five very tiny gaping nestlings ; the lid had not been re-plastered. Alas ! Six days later the nest was robbed—I fancy by some young hooligans whom I had previously caught on the wall near by. During all the rest of the year the birds put in only very occasional visits.

PIED WAGTAIL. One or two began to appear in the last few days of February. On May 16th, a male bird was seen catching insects in the field and carrying them over to a nest in Mr. Fox's quarry, as happened the previous year. The graceful agility of these dainty birds is always a delight to watch; on these occasions they seem to find abundance of insects a few inches above the grass and generally snap them up in short quick darts without having to move their wings; a dozen or two being collected and held securely in the bill while others are added. On May 30th a young one was in the field. On Oct. 21st, I noticed two very busily feeding along the gutters of Mount House roof.

PHEASANT. Seen and heard more or less all the year. In March I watched a hen go to roost in a favourite spruce in Mount View and in October a cock was using it for the same purpose. On May 16th I saw a fine cock being chased about in Rowden fields by some lambs!

RAVEN. I noted no Ravens except in the autumn. Of seven entries four refer to the last week in September. Once I saw four together croaking loudly and fighting—or possibly playing; indeed over an Egguckland wood in the same week I saw no fewer than eight behaving in the same way, but always going for each other in pairs. Nothing definite could be gathered from the direction of the flight, which varied very much.

TAWNY OWL. Continually to be heard and seen (if looked for). Disappointed me by not occupying the box provided in the cedar, though its attractions were evidently seriously considered. On April 29th I saw an owl fly straight to the box at 7-30 p.m., closely followed by a second, but a minute or two later both flew off. The next night at the same hour an owl flew out of the box—which was however eventually resigned to starlings.

ROBIN. On Feb. 19th I observed from the drawing-room window some interesting courtship actions on the terrace outside. No. 1 was singing very excitedly with head and tail drawn up like a taut bow; No. 2 (? female) was behaving in just the same way but, I *think*, not singing. I took it as the overture of battle, when a third suddenly intervened in the same attitude again, and he and No. 1 disappeared. A moment later No. 2 was rejoined by either No. 1 (or No. 3) singing in an impassioned way with

body slowly swaying from side to side. No. 2 received the serenade facing him about two feet away, but directly he retired she had a bath in a pool of water in a most matter of fact way. On Feb. 29th I noticed new arrivals, and saw three robins feeding together quite amicably within one square yard. A particularly tame robin which was constantly in the kitchen at the beginning of March was caught in a 'break-back' mousetrap and damaged its wing too much to fly. Even then it came back and followed cook everywhere; for fear of accidents it was put in hospital at the bottom of the field, but was let out by mistake and disappeared. I had notes of nine different nests, of which three belonged to one pair of robins and two to another pair. The dates and the nearness of the nests together left little doubt on this point. The behaviour of the first pair was extremely puzzling; many birds besides wrens make extra nests, finished or unfinished, and appear to change their minds more than once about using or deserting a particular nest; I have known myself many instances of a nest being completed and apparently deserted for weeks and then used after all. On March 7th I found the first nest (A) just begun in a tin placed specially for it in the cypress by the Red House. On March 17th there was *less* material in A and I found a second half-finished nest (B) in a yew close by. March 19th B was finished. March 20th, on revisiting A in the evening I saw a robin fly out in great excitement; the nest still as on March 17th. On March 22nd material was being *added* to A. On March 23rd material was being *removed* again from A, and B contained 1 egg. On March 26th material *all gone* from A. March 29th 3 eggs in B, but appearing deserted. On March 30th material was *re-appearing* in A. April 1st no alteration to A. April 2nd A *emptied* again! A *completed* May; 2nd 3 eggs in it. These were eventually hatched and the young fledged by May 28th. On June 3rd a third nest nearly finished was found, belonging to the same pair, also in a tin provided; by June 8th the bird was sitting already on 4 eggs. These were hatched but came to grief about June 30th. The same fate (verdict 'murder by cat unknown') overtook a brood in a tin behind the stable—a tragedy this particular nest has known three times. Another inhabited tin was under the stage of the gym.,

where a dead robin was picked up just beneath it; the survivor found a new mate and was re-visiting the nest three weeks later, but eventually deserted it. On May 9th I found another nest with five eggs, which were hatched soon after and flew successfully; on May 28th a second nest was begun by the same birds in the ivy-covered cedar. This was so perilously low that it was a certain prey for cats; so I experimented with protective armour, and lashed over the nest an old bath with a big hole in it. It is satisfactory to record that the building continued without hesitation, and a second brood of three nestlings left the nest on June 30th. Two other late nests I found being built, which were never finished.

WOOD WARBLER. Being on the look out for the return of these delightful woodland birds, I was surprised to hear two of them singing all day long in Whiteford woods as early as May 3rd; but I did not hear them again, and they evidently passed on in their migration.

SWALLOW. After their behaviour in the last year or two it seemed highly probable that 1916 would see swallows established in the gym., and so it proved. Familiar as these birds are, they will repay watching, and the following rather full notes might very easily be amplified. After flying round for three or four days the swallows began to go in and out of the gym., one with material. I was surprised to find on several occasions that when mud was used, it was not collected from the convenient moist patch below the rain-water tank, but from a hard bare patch in the middle of the field. On May 21st I saw a male and female settle close together on a beam by their nest with much twittering. Presently a second male appeared and landed on the far side of the first male, who thereupon addressed the female in impassioned style with mouth very wide open, and then turned and having harangued his rival chased him round and round. The female took part in the chase for a minute but resumed her perch where after a while the original male rejoined her in great excitement after his victory. The next day the first perceptible beginnings of a nest appeared on the beam at the exact spot which I saw selected and discussed and finally rejected *the previous year*. On May 27th building went on very busily all day long, and I watched it closely.

The male would nearly always accompany the female, who brought mud and dry grass or pine-needles alternately—sometimes together, and if she stood hesitating too long on the beam he would fly chattering at her and *kick* her on the back with both feet, but he never persuaded her to move in this way. When she did go on with the nest he sang ecstatically. Every now and then he did a bit of building himself and always sang while at it. The female on the other hand did not sing. Both birds flew again and again at a blackbird on the window. When preening was going on, I noticed that occasionally a bird would scratch its head with a foot from *behind* its wing—a most odd and striking attitude. On June 13th there were 4 eggs but sitting had not begun till the following day though no more eggs were laid. During all the process of incubation feathers were constantly added to the nest, and the male shared in the sitting; but the sitting was extraordinarily light—possibly owing to the very high temperature—and neither bird was on the nest for more than a few minutes at a time throughout the day. On June 25th the young were hatched. Feathers were still being added as late as July 3rd, and I found the nest to be beautifully clean inside though messy outside. On the twentieth day two young left the nest, two remaining for another two days. On July 22nd or earlier two more nests were begun on adjoining principals of the roof. That evening the female roosted on one of the newly begun nests with two young close by and the male and the two other young farther off. The other pairs had been chased away and eventually deserted. On July 24th four young came in to roost together about 9 p.m. later the parents entered, flew at them, exchanging bill-snaps, and then settled down together, farther up the principal with loud snaps; presently the female went to her nest. There were two eggs laid by Aug. 1st, and *no* swallows roosted in the gym. Aug 3rd feathers taken in. Aug. 4th 4 eggs. The sitting was as light as ever, the bird being hardly ever on the nest when I paid a visit, but the eggs were always warm. They were I believe hatched out successfully. On Sept. 18th two roosted in the gym., but disappeared next day. Sept. 30th a large number very high over the field in the afternoon. Oct. 21st, a pair still hawking about the field.

SWIFT. First seen here May 8th. May 28th seen in great numbers. During all the first fortnight of July large numbers—20 or more—were continually wheeling about over the field high up, with much chasing and screaming. Close watching showed that they were always in pairs and through all their evolutions never lost touch of each other as such.

HEDGE SPARROW. Before the end of 1916 a party of six or seven were roosting nightly in an ivy-covered tree by the playground. This gathering continued till about the end of February. They always repeated their call note frequently and insistently, and generally most of them would hop round rather aimlessly on the ground beneath before assembling in a thorn bush; in February one would usually strike up a few notes of a song before turning in. I had seven nests under observation between the dates of May 2nd and July 26th but misfortune overtook most of them, and two were deserted after two eggs had been laid. One nest was built in a blackbird's. Another nest containing 3 young was raided by a cat on the very day when they were due to fly; hearing the commotion I ran up and drove the cat off, and I believe one or more escaped from this imminent peril.

STARLING. It is well known these birds are wont to assemble in immense numbers to roost and their flight lines morning and evening are readily observed by anyone who is looking out for them. Since these annual records have been kept, the flight has hitherto invariably been S.E. in the morning and N.W. in the evening. But starlings' roosting-places eventually become so foul or broken down as to become unattractive to them, and then after a certain number of years a new resort is found. In the spring of 1916 I noticed that the direction of the morning flight was East and not South-East. When the roosting flights were resumed in the autumn, it was not till November that the direction seemed to be fixed, and then it was also due West in the evenings. I may add however, for the completeness of this observation, that early in 1917 they resumed the old line (N. W. p.m. and S. E. a.m.), and kept to it till they broke up about the middle of March. As regards nests, an examination on May 5th showed 5 eggs in each of the four available boxes, including that specially provided for the

owls. The stable was used again as always, but the Lodge roof for once went unoccupied; the probable explanation is that the marvellous gymnast (the female, I believe) who so successfully negotiated the feat of entering the hole by a sort of horizontal bar performance has at last met with an accident, and the survivor could not replace her with an equally accomplished mate. The owl box was deserted, but the other boxes had young by May 9th or 10th. At box 1 I watched carefully for some time on May 19th and was almost positive that *three* adult birds shared in the feeding; one of them was the female ringed in 1915 but her spouse had disappeared. I was unsuccessful later on in catching the other birds at the box, though I captured the female again. On May 27th the young in the stable flew; on the same date the young birds were half out of box 9 all day and by the evening one was right outside. I noticed that the parents were bringing grubs etc. one time and the next they would bring nothing visible at all but flying to the box would thrust a bill into a gaping mouth and back again eight or nine times; apparently they were regurgitating food like pigeons, greenfinches, rooks and other birds, but I have never noticed this habit before or heard of it in starlings. On May 31st boxes 1, 7, and 9 were all the scenes of fights between rival pairs of starlings, but in 1916 probably owing to the scarcity of food supplies—no second broods were actually reared. Box 7 was not re-occupied, though a fortnight later starlings were wrangling with sparrows over its possession, and it had been partially re-lined. Box 1 was deserted, and curiously enough the ringed female belonging to it was again seen—as in 1915—to inspect the unused site in the Lodge roof. Box 9 had 5 eggs in it by June 8th, but was eventually deserted.

BLUE TIT. There were seven broods successfully reared. A new nest—which possibly was used, but undiscovered in previous years—was in a crack at the extreme top of the white poplar by the gymnasium; I had long suspected a nest thereabouts, but it was only on June 18th that the noise made by the nestlings betrayed it. The hole in the wall of the Broad Path was used once more. A pair were busy there on April 29th, and by May 16th they were hatched; but they were still in the nest on June 18th and

flew, I believe, on June 20th! At box 16 on May 8th I found 6 eggs completely covered over; on May 14th, 10 eggs uncovered; on May 28th 7 hatched; a subsequent examination suggested that there might be dead in the box, but on June 12th when the young flew there were no corpses left behind. At box 8, the bird was sitting closely on May 10th; on May 20th and 21st I saw 7 eggs (uncovered), but on May 28th the bird was still on the nest; the young flew on June 20th. At box 13 on May 15th I surprised a tit just leaving 9 eggs (half-covered); on May 22nd they were hatched; on June 8th very noisy; on June 12th nest empty. Box 10, which I saw overhauled Jan. 13th, was used about the same time, also box 11. There were no blue tits about in October, but in November they quickly gathered at a cocoa-nut.

LONG-TAILED TIT. On July 27th I watched a family of twelve accompanied by a great concourse of blue tits, great tits and gold crests. They played their usual 'follow-my-leader' *via* the Red House tree into Whiteford Woods and no sooner had they gone than a fresh family approached from the direction of the Summer-house. Four days later another even larger gathering was busy most of the afternoon in the firs and cedars between Mount House and Red House; tree-creeper and coal tits were included this time.

WOOD PIGEON. A nest at the top of the cedar above the owl-box. I heard more cooing in the last week of July than at any other time.

SPOTTED FLYCATCHER With two pairs nesting, there were some interesting developements. The date of arrival, like last year's, was May 17th. On May 20th about 7-30 p.m. I saw one enter box 4 and, after twisting round in it as if to test its possibilities, fly away again. On May 22nd I saw 2 pairs and a nest had been started in a tin nailed up in the shrubbery below the Red House. By May 25th a second nest had been made—barely 40 yards from the other—on a bracket behind Red House; both nests were completed in two days, and both contained among their varied material a quantity of the fluffy floor-sweepings from the dust bin. I saw no encounters between the close neighbours. Each nest contained the first egg on May 26th and five in all; both birds began to sit before the clutch

was complete. On June 1st the nest in the tin had the appearance of being deserted, and on the next day two eggs were missing and one of those remaining broken, but that same evening the flycatchers were overhauling box 30—70 yards away. The following day both birds were busily building, and the male (?) also went across and tried box 4 again several times. By June 10th 4 eggs were being sat on in box 30; but on June 13th, having seen a sparrow very persistently harrying the flycatchers, I examined the box and found one egg missing and two of those remaining were sticking together. The next day the box was empty. The sparrows, it should be noted, did not attempt to use it themselves; the cause of their resentment being apparently that they had roosted there all the winter. By June 25th the flycatchers had started to build a third nest in the very tin that had been the scene of their first disaster! It had 2 eggs in it by the 28th but by the 30th it was pulled out; as I found the nest on the ground below with one egg still intact it did not look like the work of a human marauder. Meanwhile fate had been kinder to the other pair behind Red House. Four out of five of the eggs were hatched at 6 p.m. on June 11th (12½ days), and they flew on the morning of June 26th (14½ days). By July 2nd another nest (the old one was removed) had been nearly completed on the same bracket behind Red House; whether the owners were the first or the second pair there was nothing to show; one would hope that it might be the fourth attempt of the first pair, but it would be more likely to be the second attempt of the other (successful) pair. Anyhow the three eggs were hatched on July 21st (14 days) and flew on Aug 4th (14 days). Flycatchers seem to be as late roosters as robins, for their call notes are heard long after sunset.

GOLDCREST. None seen till Feb. 12; from that date till about the end of March one might generally be heard singing, but they went elsewhere to nest. In the autumn no very marked immigration observed. A fair number in middle of September increasing in the latter half of October.

CUCKOO. Heard in Mount View April 29th, May 17th and 18th and June 2nd.

CURLEW. Heard several times passing inland at the end of the first week in March.

Football.

The games last term were kept up with plenty of keenness, although no matches could be arranged; on the whole, we were lucky in having fine half-holidays, and still more so in not having our ranks depleted by illness. J. M. Chilcott and E. L. Spooner-Lillingston were given their colours, and several players promise well for the future.

Letters from Old Boys and others.

W. A. Nightingale writes from C House, The College, Marlborough.—Many thanks for sending me the Record. Mr. Brodie seems to have had a thrilling time on his voyage. This term I got moved into the Lower VI. and am getting on in it fairly well. The Master, Dr. Norwood, has arranged a new scheme of work which is coming into force. A critic in one of the papers says with regard to this scheme that classics is left too much as optional. I suppose there is something in that. The first three weeks of this term were entirely given up to sports and the training necessitated by them, a dull business. However rigger is fortunately in full swing now. We have had a fine crop of potatoes on the allotments we took on. The Army however have treated us rather badly as it was for them that they were being grown, but now that they are grown they have refused to have them, so we are doing the next best thing and eating them ourselves.

Cadet A. Finlaison writes from R N. College, Osborne.—I think this is a fine place. There are over one hundred chaps in our term, we take up 4 dormitories but most of the terms do that. There are billiard tables in all the reading rooms but ours has only got one cushion and we play with squash balls. I haven't been permanently at the sick bay yet this term neither has J. Norman. I am in S 1 and Norman is in P 3. I belong to the Natural History Society, there was a lantern lecture last night which was rather sport. Since I came here I have played more Rigger than Soccer and I think it is a better game. I hear that the Hawkes have been formed I hope the Otters are still going strong.

G S. Rees writes from 3rd Batt. Cheshire Regt., Birkenhead.—Before telling you anything of my doings I think you will be interested to know that my brother Lloyd is still at Bedford School, he has stuck to classics up to date and is at present in Va. the stepping stone to the Sixth but he is very keen on crossing over to the modern side with a view to Woolwich and the R.G.'s. I applied for an Infantry O.T.B. in Dec. 1916 and spent 2½ months at home waiting to be sent to one of the Cadet units. Meanwhile the Military Service Act

began to exert itself on my behalf, and on March 7th I was "conscripted" into the R.G.A. and it was not until May that I was ordered to report at the O.C.B. at Rhyll. Here I stayed for four months—quite an enjoyable time on the whole—till the course was over and we were all gazetted and sent home on a month's leave. I joined up here on October 2nd and I am expecting to be sent abroad any day now.

Dover College by the way is, strictly speaking, Dover College no more, having been forced by the nefarious designs of the Hun to leave a spot which was much subject to aerial bombardment, and fly inland to Leamington.

R. Freeman writes from Farnborough School.—I don't think I have written to you once since I left Mount House, and now as it is a wet day I have got a chance. I am getting on rippingly here, I am in the top form but one, I was moved up this term, this term is the soccer term, we haven't played much as the weather has been so wet. I hope you have been having nice weather for your games.

E. L. Payn writes from Westfield, Little Shelford, Cambs.—I hope you are quite well. Once not very long ago I heard bombs dropped fairly near here by those Zeppelins which came off so badly in France after leaving England. Norman has been enjoying himself at Osborne so he said when he wrote to me. My father has sent a German Helmet from France, it seems awfully heavy to have to wear on your head. My brother, who has got a different ship now, was in that fight in the Cattedagat a short time ago. Could you tell me, please, who went or goes up for the Osborne exam. this term as I will keep a look out in the paper to see who gets through. It has been an awfully cold day to day as there was a very sharp frost last night and it has not thawed yet. I am getting on slowly, but I am able to get about much better than I could. I have started learning mechanics which I find quite interesting. I hope I shall be able to come down to see you sometime but there does not seem much chance of this at present as I expect I shall be here until the end of the war and then I don't know whether I shall be going back to Witchurch or not. A merry Christmas to you and everyone in case you don't hear from me before Christmas.

J. T. Gibson writes from the School House, Berkhamsted.—Thank you very much for the Record. It was very interesting. I was going to St. John's House. But when I arrived I was told there was a vacancy in the School House and I was to go there. I am in 4a, Mr. Cox's form. I get on very well at Latin, but find the Science and Geometry rather difficult. The O.T.C. was inspected to day. I have joined. We go to the swimming baths twice a week, they are ripping. I like it very much here altogether.

R. B. Summerford writes from Edinburgh House, Lee-on-Solent.—I am now at school here. I have been here for nearly three years now before which I went to a day school at Waterlooville. I am a boarder here. The school is situated about two minutes walk from the sea front. I go up for the Navy next term when there are

about 12 other boys going up besides myself. Mr. Crinckshank is the Head master here. He teaches mathematics and English. For French we have a Frenchman who was wounded very badly at the beginning of the war. He has been a prisoner in Germany and has the Medaille Militaire and the Croix dela Guerre with the palm leaf. We have a very good Cricket and Football team. In cricket you can win your colours for batting and your scarf for fielding while in football you can win your colours. In cricket I am in the 1st XI. and have got my scarf while I am in the second XI for football. Will you please send me the latest edition of the Mount House Record for which I enclose 1/-

I don't expect there are many boys still left in the school who were there when I was! There is a large aeroplane base about two miles away while there is a small seaplane base in the place which has only just been built. Will you please kindly remember me to Mrs. Cox, Miss Wimbush and any other people who was there when I was.

W. J. Wall writes from Hurst Pierpoint.—We had our Prize-giving and anniversary of the dedication of the Chapel last Wednesday. We had Canon Randolph from Ely to preach the Sermon. I managed to get a prize for the maths. exam, a book entitled "Horatio Nelson." I think I have to play in a house match to-morrow. I am in the upper fourth form, but last term I was in the middle fourth. For mathematics we do not go by forms but sets. I like it here very much, we get up at 6-15 in the morning and go to bed at 9-30, lights out at 10 p.m. There are over 200 boys here this term, and I believe we have not had so many for years.

Cadet M. Norman writes from H.M.S. Malaya, c/o G.P.O.—I thought you would be interested to hear that I have left Dartmouth and am now in the Malaya. The Malay states after whom this ship is called are very generous in giving us money for the ships company. Marescaux is also in this ship and there are four others of our term. It was very bad luck on Milton being killed so soon, the people on this ship saw the explosion quite plainly. We have a fine gunroom and quite a nice crew of Midshipmen, My brother is very lucky joining Osbourne now as there are only three terms there and more chance of boating and games. It is very cold here and I will not be sorry to go on leave as I hope to do at the beginning of next year. Brook came to sea at about the same time as I did. My brother seems to be enjoying himself very much at Osborne, his tutor was my term master when I was there. I am not allowed to tell of my whereabouts etc. so I will finish off.

P. J. Wimbush writes from Berkhamsted School.—I am now in 5b Classical and am getting on very well indeed. This term we get much more spare time as school ends at 4-45 and lock up is at 5-30 and so we have the whole evening to ourselves.

C. C. Croft writes from Blundell's, Westlake.—This term three cups are competed for. The Glee cup which has been won by School House, the senior Footer Cup final of which is between us and School House and has yet to be fought and the Fives which

is also between us and School House. I think that we will get the seniors and that School House will get the Fives.

K. J. D'Arcy writes from R.N. College, Dartmouth.—This is a top-hole place and far superior to Osborne in all respects. We are allowed far more freedom here and on Sundays we go away and get our tea at farms etc. as there is only supper in the College at 8 o'clock and as dinner is at 1 o'clock, we need something between it and supper. We have a fine swimming-bath here about 100 feet long and we can go there 5 days a week. It is a salt water one and the water is pumped up from the river. We had the relay race the other day and Jones was in his term team, which won. I have been beagling quite a lot this term, but we don't often catch a hare, though we get quite good sport out of it. We have it every half-holiday. The grounds here aren't so good as the Osborne ones and there aren't so many of them as we only have four soccer grounds though a good many Rugger. The extension on to the college is nearly finished and will be used next term, I hear. We have a rifle range here also and we use the proper service rifles. We do sailing here on the river in summer-time and there was some at the beginning of this term but it has been discontinued now.

J. Y. Moggridge writes from Clifton to Mr. Cox.—Just a line to wish you very many happy returns of the day. I understand from Cox that you are keeping your birthday tomorrow so that this letter will reach you, I expect, just as you are being greeted with "many happy returns of the day Sir"! By the present members of Mount House. I wish I could be there to take part in the games in the evening, perhaps if I'm stationed at Plymouth in the R.N.A.S., I may well have a chance of doing so next year. How is the football getting on? Christopher and I still take the field in house seconds followed by as brawny a crowd as we could wish for, we have to beat Clissold's and then we shall be cock house, and for three years running.

H. W. Picken writes from Clifton College.—Mr. Mayor gave me VIth power this term. So far I have managed to get on very well. It seems quite funny having 3 little fags all to myself. The corps attended the investiture on the Downs last Thursday. We were too far away to see or hear much but we had quite a good look at the King when he drove past us in his car. I have had one or two letters from my brother in which he said he was feeling very bored with life at Malta. I think he must be as he has taken to writing poetry—at least he calls it that.

B. E. F., France, October, 1917.

My dear boys,—I am writing my long promised letter to you at last. I haven't forgotten you, though it is a long time since I came away—seven months. During that time such a lot of wonderful things have happened. The censor will not let me tell you all that I have seen, but when I come back I will tell you many things about our very brave soldiers in France.

I am one of the Chaplains in the King's Liverpool Regiment. I wonder how many of you have been to Liverpool. Most of the men in my Regiment came from there. I was hoping that I might

be attached to the Devonshire Regiment, but soldiers, like school-boys, have to do what they are told, and go where they are sent, and I was sent here. There are many men in my Battalion who have won the D.C.M. and the M.M. I wonder if you know what these letters mean. They are medals for bravery. One man has a Russian medal, and another has a Belgian medal. Since I joined the Regiment, it has been in a great battle, in which the Germans were very badly beaten. Now all my men are in the trenches. Some trenches are nice and dry, and have duck boards at the bottom to walk on. Others are very wet, and when it rains heavily, the water sometimes gets deep in the trench, and you get wet feet as you go along. There is barbed wire between our trenches and the German trenches. During the night rockets, called, Very Lights, are sent up which light up the ground to show if any Germans are about. Of course the Germans have these lights too. I see lots of Aeroplanes scouting every day. They fly right over the trenches. When an enemy aeroplane flies over our ground, the anti-aircraft guns, called "Archies," fire at it, and right up in the air you can see puffs of smoke as the shells burst. At different places, not very far away, there are big balloons called Observation Balloons high up in the air. They are held to the ground by a strong rope. Immediately under the Balloon there is a basket, in which the man sits who looks right across to the German lines, and sees what goes on there. Sometimes an aeroplane attacks the balloon, and then the man in the basket lets himself down by a parachute. Sometimes I have to go long distances, and then I ride a horse called Broncho. I love horses, and Broncho is a beauty. I am living in a hut now. Before I came here I was living in a farm house, then in tents, and after that in a dug out.

I am hoping to come to England on leave shortly, but I am very sorry I shall not be able to come so far as Plymouth. I should very much like to be able to come to see you. I wonder how you are getting on with the Catechism and the Gospel. I often think of you all at the Red House. I shall be glad to hear from any of you who would like to write to me. My address is 1/9 King's Liverpool Regt B.E.F., France. Wherever I am that will find me. My letters take about 6 days to come from England. I hope that we shall soon beat the Germans, and have peace. War is a terrible thing, but there are things that are worse than war. England and all her Allies are fighting for what is right and good, Truth, Honour and Liberty, and we must do all that we can to help these brave soldiers who are fighting and enduring so much. Remember, dear boys, we are always soldiers because we always have to fight for what is right and true. These things are not easy to get; we have to struggle for them. I hope you are all working hard this term. I expect you have a good footer team, and perhaps by this time some of you are scouts. With all good wishes, believe me yours affectionately, W. DELAHAY, C.F.

The Editor much regrets that through an oversight a letter from R. Knowling dated in May was not inserted in the Summer Record, it is now rather out of date but we hope soon to have another for insertion in its place.