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Editorial.

The cessation of hostilities, coming as it did with such dramatic suddenness before most people dared to believe such a thing possible will leave a lasting impression on memories which barely go back to the equally startling events of August 1914. Perhaps if the present generation of Mount House had been able to determine the hour and the day of this great occasion, their choice could not have improved on the actual circumstances. All were already keyed up to the annual excitement connected with the celebration of the headmaster's birthday, and rumour had prepared many for the possibility of a double event. As it happened, Plymouth received the news nearly two hours before London—in fact just a few minutes before the assembly for morning prayers. A description of the occasion will be found elsewhere in our pages, but it must have been very few schools who scored a 'whole' holiday on November 11th. In the very hour of rejoicing we had a tragic reminder of the terrible cost at which it had been won in the news that Geoffrey Yonge—one of the best that the school ever produced—had been severely wounded in the last week of the fighting.

Circumstances combined to deprive us of as many as sixteen boys at the end of the summer term—or rather at the end of the summer holidays in some cases. Numerically however we were nearly at the same figure, and as usual the stage seemed as full as ever, and new talent was speedily forthcoming. Mention of the stage recalls the very marked success achieved by the theatricals at the

Prize-giving—a success almost entirely due to Miss Glenday's enterprise and patient training. We shall certainly be encouraged to repeat the performance. Comparatively few certificates were awarded on this occasion, owing to the fact that the new system of 'stars and stripes' had only come into operation for a single term. It was, as stated before, an experimental introduction, but it is enough to say here that it has proved most satisfactory in every way and certainly supplies a welcome stimulus.

It takes some time to return to normal conditions, but little by little we trust that vexatious restrictions imposed by the war will be withdrawn. Already it has been possible to purchase two new air rifles and restart the shooting competition.

Meanwhile we must not omit to chronicle the most important thing which did not happen in the term, and that is a visitation of the dreaded influenza. Except for a few isolated cases among the day boys, we were entirely free, at a time when a large number of schools were compelled to close down.

Our readers will doubtless appreciate the appearance of articles in this number giving personal experiences of certain phases of the great war, and now that there is no question of giving information to the enemy we trust that other old boys will feel moved to tell us something first-hand what they have seen and done.

In Memoriam.

Flight Lieutenant Ronald Baynton Picken
R.A.F. born September 23rd, 1898, killed in
action over the Gulf of Cattaro, September 6th,
1918.

It is with great sorrow that we record the death of Ronald Picken—the original "Picken i," who gave such a splendid lead to the five others of his name who have since followed him in this school. It will be long before we forget him. "The little officer with the big pipe" as he

was affectionately called by other officers in his squadron, was indeed one of those who, quite unconsciously to themselves create an atmosphere of happiness and good temper wherever they go, for he was always helpful and cheery and full of practical good sense. The meaning of fear he did not know—save perhaps in connection with exams!—but of physical or moral fear he was absolutely ignorant. To him to do the right thing was to do the only thing possible, and quite simply and unostentatiously it was done—always. He was born in Ceylon, and received his early education from his uncle the Rev. W. S. Picken at Looe. He entered Clifton College in September 1912 and passed into Sandhurst in the summer of 1916. He did not however enter Sandhurst as he was accepted by the Royal Naval Air Service the day he was 18. He had many adventures during the two years in which he was flying seaplanes, including being picked up many miles out to sea *twice* on one morning before breakfast when his machine was half submerged owing to engine trouble. After another accident he was blind for two days. For over a year before his death he was stationed at Malta, where he might have remained in comparative safety (and with better chances of promotion), but he volunteered for more active service on the Italian Front and very soon after his machine was shot down in flames over the sea on his first long distance flight. The following account was written by a brother officer who took part in the same raid: "On the morning of the raid he was just as cheerful as usual, and while waiting for our machines to be got out in the early hours of the morning, he made us forget what might be going to happen by his quaint stories and jokes. I was leading the formation, while he was next to me on my right. We did the long journey over the sea safely, did our work, and were coming home when we were attacked by a formation of hostile scouts. It was a terrible affair. I shall never forget it. They seemed to be all round us. My machine was horribly shot about but it brought me home. Another pilot and observer were wounded. Ronald went down right at the first, our machines were quite close together at the time, the sight sickened me. I almost gave up hope and couldn't at first

realize that I had lost another chum, and couldn't understand why I had come through when everything seemed so entirely against us, and he whom we could spare so badly was taken. He was a true chum and died like a British officer and gentleman doing his duty."

What better epitaph could an Englishman wish for than this?

School Notes.

We were very sorry to say good bye to Miss Sewell last term but glad for her sake that she has had a good offer of a secretarial post such as she has for some time desired, and wish her the best of luck in her new work. We had the pleasure of welcoming two new members on the staff this term, Miss Smith at Mount House, and Miss Bridie at the Red House. Miss Smith has come to take charge of the French, and being a fluent linguist with much experience abroad, we feel that Mount House alone will be to blame if her energy and zeal are not rewarded with the success they deserve during her stay amongst us.

To Miss Bridie too we extend a warm welcome, and wish her every success at the Red House. Owing to serious illness at home which necessitated her presence we reluctantly parted from Miss Geake soon after the term began, and this combined with Miss Bridie's illness gave the Red House rather a shakey start. However emergency generally produces the man.

Miss Reed kindly came all the way from Hull to lend us a helping hand—after a fortnights absence Miss Bridie was once more amongst us and things began to look up again! Miss Geake's absence is only temporary and next term the Red House will resume its normal and happy course.

We congratulate two old boys on filling the post of organist at their respective schools, C. Picken at Kelly, and R. B. B. Burke at Castle Knock College, Dublin.

D. E. Yonge is doing well at Lyon House, Sherborne and has won his colts badge this term.

K. J. D'Arcy passed out of Dartmouth this term and we congratulate him on winning the History Prize. He and his term will be the first cadets to go to sea in a training cruiser since the war instead of being commissioned straight.

G. Brownlow has made a good start at Cheltenham, we however felt quite convinced that he had been placed too low in the school to begin with, and were not surprised to hear he is to get his *double* remove in January.

J. Y. Moggridge is now Lieutenant in the R.A.F., and has been acting as Instructor at Redcar this autumn.

M. Moggridge has nearly finished his three year engineering course at Birmingham and is going to Cambridge next autumn.

Warm congratulations to Midshipman E. J. Pode on his wonderful escape from s.s. "Otranto" wrecked in collision with s.s. "Kashmire" in the Atlantic, whilst conveying American troops to Europe. We are grateful to him for giving us an account of his adventures which appears elsewhere.

Lieut. Brodie is now home from Palestine convalescing, having been severely wounded in the leg. We wish him a speedy recovery.

Congratulations to J. D. Harvey who has got his 1st XV. colours at Clifton. We hope to see him here next term when he comes to Keyham as a R.N. Cadet.

For the benefit of those parents who were not able to be present at the prize giving it may be of interest to give a short explanation of the stars and stripes system of rewards and punishments which has been adopted throughout the school for the first time this term and met with considerable success.

A species of cheque book is kept by each member of the staff—the star book being printed on red paper and the stripe book being printed on blue so that by no possibility can the one be mistaken for the other.

A star paper represents an award of merit earned $\frac{1}{4}$ at a time, and when complete is torn out of the book and taken up to the head master, and entered on a chart by marking up a red cross against the boy's name. A typical star paper might be earned thus:— $\frac{1}{4}$ for Latin exercise, $\frac{1}{4}$ for drill, $\frac{1}{4}$ for week's marks, $\frac{1}{4}$ for French exercise. After each " $\frac{1}{4}$ " given are written the initials of the giver.

A stripe is given in the same way but is not divided up into quarters and has to be handed in at once, and the misdemeanors for which it is given are as various as is the minor tale of a schoolboy's faults! The stripe is marked on the term's chart by a blue cross against the boy's name. At the end of the term both stars and stripes are added up and the net results entered against the boys name *2 stripes cancelling 1 star*. All prizes are awarded entirely by the number of stars

earned. If a boy has got some stars (but not enough to earn a prize) by the end of term they are carried on to the next term. All stripes however are cancelled in the holidays and the boy starts the next term with a clean sheet in that respect.

Our warmest congratulations to Lt. Frank Clarke on winning the M.C. The circumstances were as follows: In the now famous stand of the 2nd^d Devons on the Aisne beginning May 27th, 1918, the only officer who survived unwounded was Sec. Lt. F. D. Clarke of Clarham, Mannamead. He was educated at Mount House School and Kelly College and passed into Sandhurst in Dec. 1916, received his commission in the Devons in Jan. 1918, and went to France to join his regiment in March, so that he had seen no more than two months service. He was awarded the M.C. for his gallantry. The official recommendation is as follows:—“Sec.-Lt. Frank Dennis Clarke. At Rouey on May 27th 1918, this officer was in charge of the remains of the regiment (about 60 men) holding the road against the enemy until the village was cleared, hanging on until practically surrounded. This officer has been in action from the commencement up to June 11th 1918, and by continually rallying stragglers and taking up defensive positions, which he held to the last possible moment, was largely instrumental in holding up the enemy on his sector.” The mention in the “Gazette” in connection with the award of the M.C. is as follows:—“For holding the road against the enemy, and fighting a brilliant rearguard action with some 60 men, the remnant of the battalion. The way in which he delayed the hostile advance by holding positions until nearly surrounded, and the masterly manner in which he got his men away, the whole time inflicting severe losses on the enemy, were outstanding features of the fighting.”

We are very glad to have news of Hedley Fox, who entered the Navy in June 1914 and is now a Sub.-Lieutenant. He has seen much service during the war, being present at the battles of Heligoland, Dogger Bank and Jutland, and having served in both the Lion and the Tiger. We hope that now the war is over he may find himself at Plymouth once more and come and look us up before long.

On Saturday the 16th November a fine bonfire on the playground celebrated the victory of the Allies. It was a perfectly still dark evening and the bonfire, a goodly pile indeed, topped by a life like effigy of the Kaiser was a fine sight, as it blazed away with tremendous showers of sparks shooting up to a great height. The proceedings terminated by all present joining hands round the bonfire and singing Auld Lang Syne.

We wonder how many old boys on their return will notice the passing of a familiar land mark from the grounds in the form of the tall old cypress tree which from time immemorial has stood in the middle of the "Broad Path" opposite to the Gym door. For sentimental reasons we regret it, for how many generations of Mount House boys has it not acted in the humble capacity of wicket for games of stump cricket during morning 'break'? At the same time owing to the prevalence of south-westerly gales and the great height of the tree its continued presence had become a source of danger to the community hence its fate was sealed. We think it was no small achievement that this tree was completely removed *by the roots* and sawn up by the boys under the direction of Mr. Cox without outside help.

We owe a deep debt of gratitude to the Rev. W. S. Picken, rector of St. Martin's-by-Looe for his kindly help with teaching given on three days a week during the summer and autumn terms. His work was greatly appreciated both by the boys and by the staff, and all will miss his cheery presence next term.

An interesting football match took place on December 12th between Red House and a scratch junior XI. of Mount House. Almost invariably this match has ended in a draw with no goals scored on either side, but great keenness and much better play than usual was shown by Red House this year and they well deserved their victory of 2-0.

We were very glad to have news of the Duhan brothers who are now at Bedford School. As we expected they have taken enthusiastically to Rugby football. They have also taken good places in the school.

C. W. M. Cox was gazetted 2nd Lieutenant Royal Engineers (Signals) on Armistice Day.

The Christmas Term of 1918 will be remembered by the majority of Schools throughout the land for the fearful scourge of influenza by which they were swept. Many even were obliged to be closed altogether for two or three weeks about the middle of the term owing to the impartiality with which a particularly virulent form of the disease attacked both old, young and middleaged. Mercifully for us this scourge passed us by, and so fortunate were we that we almost look forward to next term with dread lest the fates should in some way pay us out for their past favours!

On a foggy December afternoon with intermittant showers of driving rain we defied the elements in order to witness from the Hoe a very significant and soul stirring spectacle, which even the youngest of us (aged five) will surely never forget. This was the Naval Procession of British and American submarines, destroyers, and submarine-chasers, escorting two of the captured German U-boat submarines up the harbour. The sight of the German flag flying below the White Ensign brought home to us as perhaps nothing else had done before the fact of the glorious victory of the Allies and the humiliation of the German fleet.

Our Scouts took part in a dedication and memorial service on December 8th, when the Rev. W. F. Surtees, Rural Dean, dedicated the memorial window (by Kemp of London), with its beautiful figures of St. Oswald, King of Northumbria from 635—640, and his great and saintly missionary Bishop of Lindisfarne, St. Aidan. After Evensong the Russian Hymn for the departed was sung by the choir unaccompanied, the Rural Dean, preceded by the cross bearer and banner bearer and the banners of the 2nd and 4th Plymouth Scouts, with guards of honour, advanced to the window and said the dedication prayers. After the singing of the beautiful hymn of Prudentius, "Father of Spirits," there followed the address when the Rural Dean spoke of the Church of the Age and the Church of the Ages. The window, he said, would be a continual reminder in a new church like St. Gabriel's of its link with the past. St. Oswald had been fittingly chosen; he, as those whom the windows commemorated, had fought for justice and freedom and conquered through the grace of God. We had to make our Church the Church not only the Church of the Ages, but also the Church of the Age in which we lived. In the face of reconstruction problems it was for us, each one by the reality of our own faith, to keep the national ideals high, and it was for those ideals those we there remembered had fought and died. The procession followed, the hymn, "For all Thy Saints," being the processional. The Vicar pronounced the Benediction.

We have once more to thank Miss Phillips for her able management of the School branch of the National War Savings Associations. The amount invested amounts to £271 6s.

The sum of £1 1 0 was contributed at School Service collections and sent to the Waifs and Strays Association and the sum of 12/- was contributed on the P.W.H.S.D. flag day.

RAINFALL AND TEMPERATURE.

Oct.	rainfall		2.085 ins.
„	average		3.66 ins.
„	temperature		51 degs.
„	„	average	50.2 degs.
Nov.	rainfall		3.205 ins.
„	average		3.38 ins.
„	temperature		45.16 degs.
„	„	average	42.5 degs.

Experiences of an Englishwoman in Alsace 1914—1915.

Most people who were caught over the frontier in 1914 discovered that it was a misfortune. I was one caught, but far from regretting it I would not have missed the experience for anything. But then I was in Alsace—a very different thing from being in Germany.

In the middle of July I left Paris to spend five weeks with friends living in a beautiful part of the Vosges, about twenty-six miles from Strasbourg. We little thought of the entertainment that was going to be provided or that the visit would extend to a year, as it proved.

My host, when quite young, had been naturalized a German because of the great disadvantages which all French Alsations suffered. He had a large estate and sons and the younger generation was forced to accept the German rule. But the family was French with much English blood, and the boys were educated in Switzerland, though they were obliged to do their military training in Berlin. We made at first some delightful excursions in the mountains, visiting the many ruined castles—mementoes of the peasant wars in France. Then the call came for all the men to go, and the two sons and the men servants went too. I happened to be spending several days with a French lady living in a very French Alsatian village. Immediately on hearing the news we drove to the nearest town to buy up as many provisions as possible. The last war was comparatively fresh in the older people's minds.

they had seen the seige of Strasbourg and had suffered the horrors of war on their own land, and they understood what war meant. We were able to procure scarcely any stores, all the shops almost having up notices that they had no more flour, rice, bacon, etc.

Within a day or two all motor cars and horses were commandeered—the Baron was left one riding horse only—and henceforth we went on foot. A certain number of cows from every farm were taken; everyone's food was rationed and the 'Kriegsbrot' took the place of the white bread. So small was the amount allowed for each person that if you went out to tea, you took your bread with you. Well do I remember having to turn back when three miles on the way to friends, to fetch my bread, and arriving for lunch just when it was finished!

All the work of the fields and vineyards fell to the women, it was quite an unusual sight to see any but old men, if you saw a young man you naturally looked at him to discover what his deformity was. Before long troops were sent to be stationed in all the villages, for the French had crossed the frontier and were gaining successes. We heard the guns night and day and sometimes they came very near, then we few French and one Englishwoman rejoiced. It was great excitement when the first big division passed near us. My host called me and we hurried down through the forest to see them. There seemed to be miles of them with guns and field kitchens, but, on this occasion, no loot wagons—those I saw with them later. Soon troops were stationed in the villages round, and with us; Bavarians, Saxons and Hanoverians came in turn for a week's respite. Then they had manoeuvres, and would besiege the castle, and take it by assault while we watched from the terrace—those were fine days and relieved our monotony, for one could not go by train without a passport which was very difficult to get, so that our community had little change. One slightly exciting one came when we found the village and troops in a great fright. Two English airmen had been shot down in the Vosges and were 'at large.' Soldiers were set to guard the two entrances to the village with blockades of barbed-wired tressles which were put across the road at night, a narrow

lane had a rope across and someone to make it more secure had stuck a branch of a tree in the centre; and the road coming down from the forest down which naturally they would charge was specially well defended and no one allowed to go up it after 6 o'clock. We Allies were vastly amused. I could not resist going and questioning these sentinels of the forest, who were quite near the castle—why they were there, and what they feared? But they gave me no satisfaction and a message was sent next day to the Baron that I was to ask no questions. At first I had to sign my name twice a day at the Mairie, but after a fortnight my good protector got that cancelled. An official paper was granted me allowing me to “take a walk.”

I do not know what the French in Alsace would have done without the service of this noble man. He was continually occupying himself with their affairs, writing or going to Strasbourg and even Berlin to get difficulties arranged for them. The French authorities have entered this to his account. Once he was ‘suspected’—in most cases that meant arrest and being ‘fusillé’—one heard of cases each day. It was enough to have been heard to speak French, and spies were everywhere. In the next village to ours nearly all the officials had been changed so the village, which was a very French one could be watched. I had been in the habit of often visiting the Maire and his family, and went as usual. But one of these spies heard us talking English as we went through a street towards the mountains. Next day he called on the Maire’s wife, made enquiries and strictly forbade me to go again. She sent me word by a private messenger and for a week or two we appeared to be obedient. But it was so terrible to be in the midst of German successes, ringing of bells and holiday making and have to ‘play a part’ and speak to no-one of your own nation’s welfare, and try to gather hope. So the private messenger did the journey between us again and we fixed a day, and described a back gate at the end of a long garden, trusting that the official spy at that time would be dozing over a pot of beer in his stuffy back parlour.

Wolf and I did the four miles in good spirits, keeping as long as we could to the forest, then taking a round

about way ending in that point—the garden gate. How we revelled in that day and talked to our heart's content with high walls and thick hedges in a very big circle round us. A rather perilous moment was when the time came to peep outside, again and face the alien world. One hoped the spy would not be the first to behold—no! we had cheated him thoroughly,

Later on when our brave French Allies were driven back, our host took two of us to see the battle fields near the frontier. It was sad to see the desolation made in that most beautiful country, the ruined buildings, the graves, trenches and barbed wire entanglements. We walked twenty-six miles over these mountains that have the poetic French atmosphere and are again we rejoice French. But at what a price for these two friends! they lost both their sons.

L. L. SMITH.

(To be continued).

Armistice Day.

The great day—Monday November 11th, 1918—dawned on an expectant world, keyed up to a wonderful pitch of excitement and hope, slightly tempered perhaps in Plymouth by the fact that on Thursday the 7th we had a false alarm of peace—when there was no peace! For on that day about 4 p.m. every vessel in the port sounded its Syron and the dockyard hooters adding to the noise great excitement was caused throughout the three towns for about an hour. On that occasion our hopes were doomed to disappointment, as the false report that the armistice had been signed was soon officially denied.

At 9-10 a.m. on the 11th the naval authorities announced the glorious news once more, and this time there was no mistake. For hours the Hamoze echoed with the jubilant din of hooters and syrens, and—as by a magnet—the inhabitants were drawn to the centre of the town to see and be seen. At Mount House the boys were gathering

up for morning school at the moment when the joyful noise began, and the whole School, with teaching and domestic staffs, immediately assembled for prayers, when our hearts were indeed overflowing with thankfulness and praise. After prayers L. Baily as head of the School presented Mr. Cox with a beautiful wrist watch with a luminous dial, in honour of his birthday which, as it happened coincided with this memorable day. Mr. Cox then announced that in honour of the Armistice the School would have a whole holiday; after which we all went our several ways for a time. Some to help Mr. Cox to hang streamers and flags from the terrace across the play ground, whilst more flags were hung from the dormitory windows. In addition the Union Jack floated out from the flagstaff and the red ensign from the sycamore tree by the Gym. At 11 a.m. we all, in various detachments wended our way into Plymouth. The Scouts were in uniform carrying the troop (2nd Plymouth) Colours under Miss Glenday (Scout-master.)

All was quiet at this end of the town, but as we went down Tavistock Road a huge crowd was seen advancing from Old Town Street. The heart of this crowd consisted of 1000 convalescent wounded soldiers doing a route march and looking most picturesque in their butcher blue uniforms and red ties, surrounded by a cheering multitude. As yet no *official* announcement of the great news had been made, but we were lucky enough to arrive opposite to the Western Morning News Office just in time to see the following announcement go up in the window:—

The Armistice was signed at 5 o'clock this morning. Hostilities will cease on all fronts at 11 a.m. today.

The town was a wonderful sight as the streets became more crowded every moment with a vast throng of people overflowing with joy and good nature. We were amused to see a Staff Officer's car held up by a party of young men and maidens near Derry's Clock whilst they danced round it hand in hand, only separating to repeat the same performance round some other patriotic object. George Street was so densely packed with a cheering crowd that it was almost impossible to move, and later on in the day

enthusiasm reached such a pitch that an embarrassed young Subaltern suddenly found himself being carried shoulder high down the street! The only private soldiers to be seen in the morning were Australians and New Zealanders, whose exuberant spirits were only excelled by their abounding good nature. In the afternoon and evening however the Naval and Military Barracks were represented in the streets by thousands of men.

We all returned home for dinner rather weary, but feeling nevertheless that we had seen life and had a very unforgettable morning. In the afternoon those who felt sufficiently energetic helped Mr. Cox to prepare a colossal bonfire in the playground to further celebrate the occasion as soon as the authorities would permit lights to be shown at night once more. At 4 p.m. a repast—as sumptuous as could be provided in wartime (?) at such short notice was partaken of by the prefects and all the boarders of both houses in the dining room at M. H. which was festooned with Allied and Dominion flags in every direction and presented a most festive appearance. Afterwards charades and games—including the old favourite—“Treasure Hunt” kept us going in every sense of the word until 9 o'clock, when, exhausted but happy we retired to rest after a twelve hours celebration, feeling that the day had not been wasted. An additional pleasure towards the end of the evening was the presence of Midshipman E. J. Podeski, R.N.R.

The Surrender of the German Fleet, Nov. 11th, 1918,

BY AN EYEWITNESS.

The Grand Fleet followed by the Battle Cruisers left their moorings between the hours of 2 and 3 a.m. on the morning of November 11th. The morning was very misty so there was not much prospect of seeing anything. Once outside May Island (at least I believe it was not till then) the fleet formed two parallel lines 6 miles distant from

each other steaming due East. The C-i.C. in the Queen Elizabeth was in the northern line just ahead of H. M. S. Lion, leading the 1st Battle Cruiser Squadron which brought up the rear. Previous to the departure of the Grand Fleet, H. M. S. Cardiff with two other light cruisers went out to rendez-vous with the German fleet and lead them in. These were also attended by a British Zeppelin.

At approximately 8-45 the Fleet went to action stations. From what I was told by some of my friends in other ships, afterwards, the various squadrons were in different stages of readiness. Some wore their respirators. The 1st B.C.S had their projectiles and charges in readiness in the main cages, the turrets were kept trained fore and aft but stood by in case they had to train on the enemy. The leading ships in the lines sighted the Seydlitz, the leading German ship at about 9-0. We, in the Lion being almost at the end of the line did not see them until about 9-30. The first thing we saw was the Zeppelin and then after a time we could just see a dim grey shape through the mist. Nearly every German ship as it came in sight was seen to be belching forth clouds of very black smoke on account of the bad coal they were burning. When the Seydlitz was almost in line with the rear ship in each of the British lines the whole fleet turned outwards together and steamed back on the opposite course, H.M.S. Lion leading.

Inchkeith was reached in the early afternoon. The Germans anchored in three lines running East and West, just east of the Island and a ring of British ships was placed round them. The German ensign was hauled down at sunset.

On the following Sunday, Monday and Tuesday the Germans were taken to Scapa in three batches. After we had been there a few days some midshipmen and I pulled round one or two of the battle cruisers in a cutter. They were, with the exception of two, in a filthy condition. The Von der Tann, the worst of them all, looked like a scrap heap, there was rust all over the place. The Seydlitz was in comparatively good condition considering the fact that she sank on reaching home after Jutland. The two excep-

tions I mentioned before were the Moltke and the Derflinger, the Moltke being really clean. There is a story which I am practically certain is true that an officer of one of the search parties found the state of things between decks so revolting and disgusting that he was violently ill.

Some of the ships had their magazines filled with cabbages and potatoes. Discipline was almost non-existent. We pulled quite close to one of the ships and they seemed to be having a meeting of the workmen's union on board. All the sailors favoured us with a sickly grin which we ignored but the officers faces showed nothing but "fed-upness" and general disgust at everything.

Of course the surrender was a very fine thing for England, but for the Navy it was a very unsatisfactory and unsatisfying way of finishing things.

G. OWEN JONES,
Midshipman, R.N.

Scouting.

This term has proved a good opportunity for testing the capabilities of the Scouts generally and especially of the Patrol leaders, as we have been without Mr. Rhodes' keen and careful leadership. Running the troop with only one officer has of course meant much more responsibility for the Patrol leaders and seconds,—by no means a bad thing for them. Most have risen to the occasion splendidly, and it is very encouraging to find a really keen spirit, in every way, in the troop as a whole. This has led to the temporary dismissal of various slackers, who were not felt to be doing their best either to live up to their promise, or to keep up this spirit. It is good to find that on most of them it had the right effect, and they are trying to become really useful members of the troop again.

The results of the elections for Patrol leaders were eventually : Owls, Mac i (Head P. L.) Kangaroos, Baily. Jackals, Burnard. Otters, Radford. Hawks, Dymott ; and the seconds chosen later were Picken i, Mac ii, Aplin,

Picken ii, and Vaughan Jackson respectively. A fair number of recruits were sworn in at different times, namely Moon i and ii, Barker Mill, Spender and James, bringing our total number up to 35, and various others are waiting for admission

There has been a good clearing up of 2nd class tests, nearly all the old stagers are through, and most of the new ones getting on quite well. Miss Wimbust very kindly came and passed four—Mac i, Radford, Picken i, and Bardo, for their Missioner badge, and several for Ambulance tests. Cunningham, quite a new hand, got his 50 days War Service Badge during the summer holidays, putting in some good work.

We have been giving a good deal of time to signalling this term, and the general level is going up steadily, all are still rather careless over sending messages, which is really most important, but some are getting very good at reading, they want to level up their performances. Signalling marks have entered a good deal into the Patrol competition, which has been very keen, both for the top and bottom places! Marks have been given for Sketch Maps, leaves, work in the garden, Inspections, Stars, and so on and taken off for stripes and slackness generally. The Jackals led almost to the end. their maps and so on were always well and carefully done, and they collected a good many stars, but a competition on a wet day in ambulance, knot tying and various things, put the Kangeroos well ahead, and they kept their lead through an exciting rush of stars and stripes during exam. week. The Hawks are to be congratulated on not being bottom, at last. Perhaps next term may see them at the top. The final results were Kangaroos 513, Jackals 485, Owls 464, Hawks 432, Otters 392.

We have made two public appearances during the term. On Armistice Day we marched down to the Hoe to see what was to be seen, and had the satisfaction of cheering a long procession of wounded soldiers that we met. On Sunday, Dec. 8th, we went to St. Gabriel's, where we joined with the St. Gabriel's troop in the dedication of a Memorial Window, and afterwards in the procession round the Church.

We are very sorry to lose Lewis, Lanyon i and Bardo this term, and also our two oldest stagers, the Macphersons. As they know, we wish every one of them "Good Scouting" in every sense in the new life they are entering on. Mac i especially has put in a really good last term as Head P.L.; and though his lot consisted of some of the youngest and newest scouts, they have been equal to any in keenness and good work, and we are hoping for a good deal from them in the future.

EXPEDITIONS.

Sept. 26th.—A very poor day. Tracked a short distance, and then had a relay race, between patrols, from Weston Mills; this included the passing on of a verbal message. The finish was very close, the Kangaroos just winning. The Jackals were easily the best in their message, and caught up two places by it.

Oct. 1st.—A very fine day. Went to Turnchapel, collected blackberries. Played flag raiding. A careful use made of cover at first, but in the middle became rather a rag, as no proper tactics were used. A recovery by the end. Plenty of eyes in front at present, but more needed all round.

Oct. 10th.—Poor weather. Only the younger scouts came. First practiced shadowing. Some scouts unfortunately forgot to keep the shadowed in sight! It is often a good plan to hide and then follow up behind. We then had a leaf collection, over which a good deal of trouble was taken, and a relay race. The Jackals again scored heavily over their message, as did the Hawks. ✓

Oct. 17th.—Signalling practice, very much needed. The Hawks then tried to carry a despatch beyond the cemetery, through the rest of the troop. The defence was well planned, but rather spoilt by over cautious scouts staying too near home, and so giving themselves very little practice in scouting out. Everyone nearly, ran down the middle of the field instead of sticking to hedges. One Hawk got through, two were caught, and two never arrived, but were coming on quite well.

Oct. 24th.—Signalling practice. Then the Owls hid in the area round the cemetery, the rest looked for them.

Rather a lack of decision on the part of the leaders. Everyone ought to have a job, or there is waste of men. The Owls hid very well, though Martin and Barker-Mill ought to have been captured several times. Some good observation and scouting was done in capturing Mac i and Picken i. Both these games were explained later by maps or reports.

Oct. 31st.—A poor day. Inspection, and practice in judging heights, followed by a wool trail. It is best to begin a trail with fairly numerous signs, and gradually make it harder towards the end. The Otters came out best of the trackers. The ambush at the end was well laid, but Baily and Mac ii were spotted, which enabled counter plans to be made. An elaborate flanking movement resulted, after heavy fighting, in the capture of the ambushers, partly owing to the fact that one half of them waited too long for orders, instead of acting on their own.

Nov. 7th.—Judging distances. Some curious results, as no end of practice is needed for it. For the game the Otters and Hawks tried to join up across the chimney road, which was defended by the rest. The Hawks did very little; they ought to have tried to draw off the defence, to help the Otters, who had to do everything alone. They would have done better to go right back again after realising they had been seen. The defence was good, and kept a keen lookout. All approaches were well guarded, and men were not left in useless stations.

Nov. 14th.—Signalling practice. Careless sending very noticeable, which of course prevented good reading. The troop then marched out to the trees near the cemetery, where one part held a position and the others stormed it. Rather a sleepy defence in parts, and at the end the attack was not working enough as a combined effort. By making two entirely unconnected movements they lost a good deal of advantage. Baily brought his men up well, and completely surprised the defence, which was eventually beaten.

Nov. 21st. Marched to Weston Mills, with practice in shadowing, and collected buds. Then the Kangaroos and Otters tried to make their way to Box Hill and report on it, while the rest tried to stop them. The defence at

times got into rather a panic, as the leaders were not always on the spot, and people were rather afraid to act on their own. The capture of Lewis and Brown was good; they ought to have worked round to the south more. There was some brisk work before the rest of the attack were taken. They might have escaped if they had remembered that they could be seen running three fields away, as they were on the wrong side of the hedge. A good game.

Nov. 28th.—Bad weather. A competition in knot tying, ambulance, and tree buds, in the gym. The Kangaroos and Owls were excellent, the latter being without their leader. Knots were done much the best by the old stagers, who had had practice in instructing recruits. The Ambulance was well done by the same two patrols. The others were slower, and did not all know the bandages. Picken i got all his buds right, the others got very muddled. A short relay race with a message, by Tor lane, finished the afternoon.

Dec. 5th.—Very damp day. Had a "What is it?" trail up to the cemetery, well laid by the Jackals and Otters. Nothing like all the signs were found, but the troop was kept quite busy, as all were out of practice. The Hawks were quite the best at spotting the signs.

E. I. GLENDAY, S.M.

The Prize Giving.

On December 18th the annual prize-giving took place in the gymnasium, which was packed with close on 200 visitors. The Head Master stated that events beyond their control prevented the annual gathering last year. This term, however had had a fine health record and they were almost the only school in the country which had not been devastated by influenza. The war had ended, and it was proposed to put up a simple form of memorial recording the names of all those old boys who had fallen and from whom they had gained an inspiration for all time. Among successes of the summer term Cocks had headed the scholarship list at Westminster

and Price at Brooms Grove : while Clark had got on to the Winchester roll and Chilcott and Lampard had passed into Osborne. In thanking the staff, Mr. Cox first voiced their regret at the loss of Mr. Rhodes (scoutmaster and School poet-Laureate) and Mrs. Rhodes, who had retired at the end of the summer, and of Miss Sewell who had given up teaching at the same time. He then referred to Miss Glenday's leadership of the Scouts and Miss Phillips' management of the War Savings Association, which had now subscribed over £271. and expressed his gratitude to Rev. W. Picken who had generously come in to help every week from Looe. The Games had not occupied so large a place as in past years, but the work accomplished in the garden by the labour squads and teams of sawyers provided ample compensation. The system of rewards and punishments known as "Stars and Stripes" had been successfully inaugurated during the past term, and had come to stay.

Capt. A. E. Spender, in paying a tribute to the School, mentioned that he had first come across the "Stars and Stripes" system in American Schools in 1902, where they were voted a universal success, and he dwelt on the great lessons to be drawn from the naval procession they witnessed in the Sound a week before.—The certificates which took the place of books this year for the last time were then presented. These were won by L. Baily, O. J. Vaughan-Jackson, P. R. D'A. Aplin, C. L. Picken, R. S. C. Gundry, D. D. Lindsey, F. Freeman, and S. J. L. Lawry.—In proposing a vote of thanks, Col. Lampen, one of the school's "grandfathers" touched on his career under Miss Tubbs at Alton School.—Mr. Fox seconded, and expressed his pleasure in being next-door neighbour to the school.

After tea a highly successful play was acted by members of the school, "Prince Bulbo," a dramatised version of Thackeray's "Rose and the Ring" being selected. The performers one and all played up to their parts in fine fashion. Petty as King Valeroso and Cunningham as Hedzoff showed real talent; while Perowne's beauty as Princess Angelica was only rivalled by that of Vaughan-Jackson as the "blushing chambermaid divine," Betsinda. Countess Gruffanuff, whose nose and coquetish ways delighted the audience was played by R. Macpherson, and his twin brother took the part of Prince Giglio, the hero. Burnard made an excellent Prince Bulbo, while Wool-Lewis and Alpin, as the Queen and Fairy Blickstick respectively, completed the well chosen cast. The whole performance was warmly appreciated, and reflected the

utmost credit on Miss Glenday, who had trained the actors from beginning to end. The delightful music contributed by Mrs. Spooner throughout the play was a great addition, and the proceedings terminated with "God save our King."

Prince Bulbo—A Criticism.

"It is easy enough to criticise" is the favourite comment of those who have never attempted it, but there is no more truth in it than to say that it is easy enough to act. A play such as "Prince Bulbo" presents for more difficulties than its unambitious scope might suggest, as the present writer has reason to know, having acted in it himself about a quarter of a century ago and having seen it performed three times by schoolboys since. Miss Glenday, in selecting her company, cast her net wider than when we were taking liberties with Shakespeare, and the Fourth Form contributed one of the most successful characters of the play in Cunningham as Hedzoff, the captain of the Guard. The ladies were one and all exceptionally well chosen, and sustained their respective parts with appropriate voice and demeanour. The rather complicated plot turns on the possession of a magic ring and a magic rose, which rendered the wearer irresistibly beautiful. The stage device to produce this effect is the adoption of a nose or mask to make the person in question irresistibly ugly on parting with the precious gift, leaving them to rely on their natural charms during the 'beautiful' phase. Both Princess Angelica (Perowne) and her maid Betsinda—alias Princess Rosalba—(Vaughan-Jackson) were much admired and did justice to their 'fine feathers'; the latter's sedate manner was quite a telling contrast to Angelica's vivacity, and perhaps it was just her blue blood that prevented her betraying more surprise when the change in her fortunes was revealed to her by Blackstick (Aplin). Wool-Lewis was a comfortable and domesticated Queen, and countess Gruffanuff (Macpherson ii) looked as truly wonderful as anyone could desire, and made great play with her fan; she had a leading part, and was at great

pains to make her points well, especially in the writing of the order for Giglio to sign. Giglio himself (Macpherson i) looked every inch a prince—except when he forgot to brace his knees! His quarrel with the blubbering Bulbo was very entertaining, while the flooring of the perjured king Valeroso and his final overthrow were most effective. The said Valeroso (Petty) was very well acted throughout, and this part required perhaps less coaching in the rehearsals than the others. Bulbo himself was exactly right.

It says a great deal for the stage management that there was no hitch with any of the troublesome 'properties' and at the eleventh hour Mrs. Spooner added greatly to general effect with slow or martial music as required. The dresses were without exception beyond praise. As is usually the case, the actual performance went better than any of the many rehearsals, which however were most necessary as all the actors will agree. Their industry was very praiseworthy and they rewarded Miss Glenday's coaching by grouping themselves well on the sometimes crowded stage, speaking out well and naturally while avoiding the fatal emphasis of the rhyme, and above all by being word-perfect.

The Wreck of the "Otranto."

BY A SURVIVER.

On October 12th the Admiralty announced that a collision had occurred on October 6th between the armed Mercantile Cruiser Otranto and the Steamship Kashmir. Both vessels were carrying United States troops from America, destined for active service in France. The stern regulations of war-time transport in the U-boat zones make it imperative that if mishaps overtakes one steamer the sister ships must not stay to render assistance. The Otranto was the flagship of the convoy and her captain, Capt. E. G. W. Davidson, R.N. gave orders to this effect to the Kashmir. In any ease rescue on the part of the heavier vessels would have been out of the question on account of the gale and the terrific seas which were running at the time. It was therefore left to a plucky little destroyer, the Mounsey (Lt. F.W. Craven, R.N., D.S.O.) to achieve a miracle of rescue. The captain of the Otranto

deemed this to be impossible, and sent out a wireless command to the Mounsey forbidding the attempt. This was ignored by Lieut. Craven who achieved the marvellous feat of rescuing 596 officers and men from the damaged ship Otranto in the height of the gale. Amongst these was Midshipman E. J. Pode, R.N.R. whose account we give below :

On Sunday morning Oct. 6th, I had the morning watch, 4 a m. to 8 a.m. and was getting ready for breakfast when one of our Lieuts, who had the next cabin, shouted to me to come and look out of his port and when I looked out I saw the S.S. Kashmir, we could tell her easily by her peculiar camouflage, heading straight for us ; a few seconds later we got the smash as she caught us bow on to our broadside and with the weather we were having at the time, she cut right into our decks from the boat deck to the turn of the bilge. By this time we were all getting up on deck, and soon saw that we were taking a list to starboard and that the port side where the smash was, was the weather side so of course we were taking in a lot of water. Number one tried to get a collision mat out but the hole was too big and it would not work. The mist which was not very thick soon however shut out the Kashmir and we had nothing to look at but the coast (the Isle of Islay) about 6 miles on our lee beam. I was with some more snotties outside the ward-room on B deck and we utilized the time by getting lashings for ourselves from old pieces of rope which we bent on to our life-jackets and coiled round our middles so that you could lash yourself to a raft or wreckage if we had to make a shot at it. Soon we saw a destroyer come up on our weather side, but she did not raise our hopes much as we did not see what she could do, however she got round our stern and came up on the lee side edging up slowly 'dodging' the seas. The captain now had 'abandon ship' sounded as he saw the destroyer was coming alongside us in spite of his signal to the contrary and the Ist Lieut. got the boats lowered to the water line as fenders so to speak and then she came smack up alongside us on a sea and those who were nearest the rail had to jump or slide down the boat's falls. Then she fell off on the next sea and came up again, she did this about five times, but by this time by the repeated smacks she was very knocked about. The engineer came up to the bridge and told the skipper if he took her alongside again he would smash the remains of his oil tanks, so he had to shove off. While the destroyer was alongside a good many who jumped missed the mark and landed either in the ditch or on something on the destroyer's deck which was too hard for them such as projectiles or gun mountings. When we were finally away and had left her, we had to leave about 500 men in her of which only 11 got ashore eventually and they were jolly lucky. We made for a port on the north-east coast of Ireland and got there

eventually in a pretty battered condition fairly late in the evening where we had some ambulances for the 'people' who were hurt and directly afterwards the great majority who were not hurt all walked up in a mob to the soldiers and sailors club, we looked pretty bad, some with no boots or shoes and most with no caps and jolly dirty all round. At the canteen there they gave us a fine meal of sausages and mashed potatoes the best I had ever tasted as I had been unlucky enough to have missed my breakfast.

The officers then found some hotel to take us in and we stopped there all the next day and we came over to Fleetwood the next night and then dispersed eventually to our depots and 10 days' leave.

E. J. PODE.

Cross Country Run.

For the first time for nearly two years the running powers of the School were again tested on the Egg Buckland course; and again previous records were broken, this time by Mac. ii., though apart from this one performance, the running was not up to the usual standard, and no one else gained a point for getting round in less than thirty minutes. The sides were A-K and L-Z, and eleven a side ran. The roads were muddy and poor for running and there was rather a tendency on the one hand to force the pace, especially up hill, on the part of some which meant they had nothing left for a final spurt, and on the other hand, to get into a settled jog trot and stick to it, without taking advantage of down hills or clearer strips of road for gradually quickening up.

The six juniors were given 5 minutes start, and set off down the avenue in fine style, but from that moment they vanished completely until Egg Buckland was reached, when they appeared from the opposite direction, having made a round by the crown hill road; they gained no points for their sides, as they were all beyond the time limit. With regard to the seniors there was remarkably little change of position on the way round. Reports were brought in from the Rising Sun, Chimney, Egg Buckland, and the steps, and all show much the same order.

Mac ii led comfortably all the way, and got round in 27 mins. 22 secs. At the steps he was running easily, $1\frac{1}{2}$ minutes ahead of Bardo (30.36) who also kept his place all round, but lost a good deal of time on the last lap, from the steps home. He seemed rather puffed, and was walking a good deal. Two minutes later Soltan and Sands, the first of the juniors, arrived. They were wasting their breath by talking hard, and consequently lost 4 places by the end. A good many others lost time in the same way. They were closely followed by Burnard (31.35), Petty, Hancock, Picken i (31.38), Fox and Alpin, who were all in rather advanced stages of heat. Hancock and Alpin eventually dropped behind the others, who caught up $\frac{1}{2}$ a minute on Bardo by the end. After a minute's interval a bunch composed of Honge (33.50), who had lost his place in the earlier group, Norman and Lanyon ii (34.28), and Cunningham, Ferguson and Travers, three more juniors, arrived. They were all getting rather done, and their arrival was heralded by a sort of imitation of a steam engine at the end of the fields. Barker-Mill and Lewis, a very silent couple, arrived a minute later, to be followed after another minute, by Baily (36.20), who seemed hot but not much puffed, and finally Perowne and Brown, a very poor last, $2\frac{1}{2}$ minutes later, both ambling along placidly, with no apparent energy. Radford unfortunately was ill, and fell out half way round, so could not be counted. The result was a victory for A—K by 11 points.

The scores were as follows :

A - K		L - Z	
Bardo	14	Mac. ii	16
Burnard	13	Picken i	12
Fox	10	Petty	11
Alpin	9	Norman	6
Hancock	8	Lanyon ii	5
Hodge	7	Lewis	4
Baily	3	Perowne	1
Brown	2	Radford	0
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	66		55

Letters from Old Boys.

C. J. Price writes from Broomsgrove School.—I hope the school is getting on all right. We have had influenza here for about three weeks, and are just beginning to get straight again. I have not had it yet, so I hope I am safe now. At one time there were only about 60 boys left in the school, out of a hundred and ninety four. There are only fourteen, I think, who have not had it in the School House. I am in the Vth. Classical; for mathematics I am in the upper set 3 (there are three upper sets and four lower); and in French I am in upper set 2. In Greek we are doing Homer Oddysee I, and I find it very hard: but the Latin is not quite so hard. I have played Rugby once or twice now; all the times I have played I have been forward. I think it is a very good game, but I don't know much about it yet. All last week we have been having breakfast at half-past eight, instead of a quarter to, because of the influenza, and missing the first Lesson. I am in No. 11 study with fourteen other boys; later on we have only four in a study. My house, Millington, has got the house cup, and the 2nd. XV. house cup. Whenever the team wins a match we cheer them as they come into tea; we all go in first, and shut the doors, and then as soon as the doors open, everybody yells and shouts and claps and thumps.

R. A. B. Burke writes from St. Vincents College, Castleknock, Dublin.—I am getting on very well here. I am now in Senior Grade and am a Prefect of a dormitory. I am also President of one Sodality, Secretary of another, and organist for the college. So you see in a way I am quite a big pot here nowadays. It is quite exciting coming over here now, the mail-boat is camouflaged and armed with a quick firer mounted in the stern. We all have to wear life belts coming across, and are very often escorted by a destroyer and a, 'blimp' My brother is getting on very well at Dartmouth. I expect he'll be going to sea in about 12 months. Naturally he is hoping that the war will still be on by then. Will you send me a Record if you have one to spare please. It is so long since I have heard any news about the old "Alma Mater" that I would like to have one. I passed the Intermediate Exam. in Middle Grade last June. I was very disappointed as I expected to get honours, perhaps I'll have better luck in Senior. Please remember me to all my old friends, both on the staff and among the boys if there are any left that I know.

T. S. J. Carroll writes from Wellington College—I am very sorry for not having written to you before but I have had very little time lately and I had flu. About 450 boys got flu in College. It was a great pity for it stopped several matches, including the one against Clifton. We get plenty of games, and I have played several games of fives and Squash rackets. We had a great squealer here when we heard that the Armistice had been signed. Most of

College collected in front Quod and there was a great pillow fight. The College prefects climbed onto the Museum roof, and put a bowler hat on the head of the Duke of Wellington. Then they began to turn on the hose on the boys in the quod and several people poured water from jugs out of their windows, some being unlucky to be underneath everyone hung anything they could get out of their windows, including pyjamas and several dummies were rigged up things at last came to an end and we marched outside Great Gate and planted a flagstaff, running up the Union Jack. When I came here at first, in the first week, I had to learn the names of the boys in the 1st and 2nd XV and XI, the colours of the dormitory and house caps, heads of dormitories and houses and crests, College prefects Gym officers, and head of Rackets, Corps, Gym, and Debating and Literary Societies. The next week I had to learn the Carmen, or School Song which is three verses and a chorus of six lines each in Latin. Fagging doesn't begin for new men till the third week, but there is not much of it. I hope you won't have broken up as I am coming home on Monday, and would like to see you all again.

E. L. Payn writes from Syleham Hall, Harleston, Norfolk.— I am now at a small sort of school. There are only four boys counting myself. I like it here very much. I do work in the morning from 9 to 1 o'clock and then for a bit after tea. There is an aerodrome quite near here and occasionally we see a Zepp over here. The news at present seems wonderfully good and seems as if it will continue to be so. I had a letter from Macpherson a short time ago and he seems to like it at Blundell's. I hear that Mr. Rhodes has left, could you please tell me his address now? I hope the Scouts are still going strong; as Mr. Rhodes has gone I suppose they have got a new scoutmaster. Next month I think my father is going out to Ceylon, but exactly when he goes is uncertain at present. I am getting on pretty well and have now got an instrument so that I can get about without any sticks, etc. I am awfully keen on stamps at present, my collection is not very large, amounting to about five hundred. I suppose there are not many boys at M. H. that I was there with. The others have done a fair amount of shooting, and so we have a fair amount of game. I expect you find it rather hard to feed everyone nowadays. Is there much influenza about at Plymouth? Here there is quite a lot about.

Lieut. G. S. Rees writes from Bedford.—I enclose a Postal Order to renew my subscription to the Mount House Record; perhaps I may be allowed a copy of the Christmas number, if it has been published. I am now a civilian once more, having been demobilized as one of "class 43—Students and Teachers"; I was very surprised at being able to get away so soon, as there seemed no very good reason why fellows of my age should not be kept on to replace the be-ribboned but war-worn veterans of Mons, etc., still, the authorities know best, and far be it from me to criticize. There is a great scheme afoot for introducing education into the army on a large scale; at the same time all schoolmasters are being

demobilized as rapidly as possible, so how it is to be done I can't see! I arrived home last Tuesday, and am going up to Wadham on the 17th, so I shan't be losing unnecessary time. I expect I shall have to work pretty hard, as I am fearfully rusty at present, and my career at Oxford will last only 3 years instead of 4. All good wishes for the coming term.

W. Duhan writes from Bedford.—When I arrived here I was put into form 4, instead of 3, as we heard. Duhan ii was put into 2. I hope Mac ii as captain of the football team is doing well and will, I suppose, beat the old boys in matches. Everyone plays rugg'er here and even any one possessing a soccer ball is rather despised. The first eleven won all matches which it played last term and even beat Hailybury. There is fine boating and fishing on the river here in the proper season, the school possesses quite a good few racing boats.

Lieut. H. W. Woolcombe writes from B.E.F. France, Dec. 12th.—I am afraid I have been neglecting you and the Record very much since last I saw you in July—but then many things have happened in that space of time. You may have heard of my change of activities. My address now is 157 Field Coy R.E. and my rank once more that of Lieutenant. I have been with this Coy for the last two months so had a few more interesting if not exciting experiences before the war ended. As usual my luck held so that I shall be able to come and look you up again before so very long. I am hoping to be home on leave next Thursday, the 19th and shall certainly be in Plymouth either just before or just after Xmas. How are things going on at Mount House, I suppose you will be having your prize-giving before very long? I should like to be there for it but am afraid I shall be too late. Please remember me to Mrs. Cox and to any other old friends.