Roan Magazine.

No. 11. JUNE, 1915.

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Contributions from both Old and Present Boys will be warmly welcomed by the Editor (Mr. W. W. POYSER).

Old Roan Notes should be forwarded to—

Mr. S. R. DUCKER,

At the School.

ROAN MAGAZINE

HONORE ET LABORE

No. 11.] JUNE, 1915. [2d.

EMPIRE DAY.

THIS year we celebrated Empire Day on Saturday, May 22nd. The day was rendered notable by its being the occasion of the first "full dress" parade of the Cadet Corps. At the assembly in Hall the Rev. G. W. Morrison, of Kumassi, now a temporary chaplain in the Army, gave us an address which, by its lofty and inspiring tone, gave to the proceedings that sense of earnestness and deep feeling without which such a celebration fails at any time, but more especially now, when all that our Empire stands for is being assailed.

The Cadet Corps formed a guard of honour to the visitors as they proceeded to the playground. Here the Union Jack was hoisted and broken by Lady Dyson, to the strains of "God Save the King" by the Cadet Corps Band. The flags of the Allies were then flown while their National Anthems were played. We most heartily congratulate Mr. Amesbury and the members of the band on the very remarkable progress they have made in so short a time. On the conclusion of this ceremony we adjourned to the Park, whither the Cadet Corps, headed by the band, had preceded us. Here we were treated to an excellent display of close order drill, and afterwards the Corps showed that it has already begun to learn something of those methods which modern armies use in attacking hilly positions held by an enemy. This latter part of their work was extremely creditable, for they showed both steadiness and dash, a combination of qualities not easily attained. The display was concluded by a march past Mr. Crofts, the commanding officer. We have had some little experience both in learning and teaching

military drill, and are able to say without any hesitation that the Corps has made wonderful headway in the short time it has been at work, and every credit is due to Mr. Parker and the other officers and also to the Cadets themselves for the enthusiasm they have all displayed. Cadets may be assured that the habits of discipline formed are of lasting value, and those of them who may in the future take their places with the fighting forces of the country will find they have done work which will save them much drudgery later on.

IN MEMORIAM.

Q.-M.-Sergeant F. J. Tyler.

No words can describe the loss which the School has suffered by the death of Sergeant Tyler, who was killed at the Dardanelles on the very day on which we began this term. Yet we feel that it is due to his sterling work and character to record, however inadequately, those feelings of admiration and real affection with which the whole School regarded him. To his widow and her five boys we offer our deepest sympathy, and we can assure them that his name will ever occupy an honoured place in the annals of the School.

He had landed with a portion of the Naval Division at Gaba Tepe, on the Gallipoli Peninsula, on April 26th. It appears that just previously he had been promoted to Quarter-Master-Sergeant, and he had superintended the distribution of four days' rations to the men. This meant that he would naturally remain four days with the stores, but we can readily understand that he would not consent to stay in forced inactivity during this time, but voluntarily joined his comrades in the trenches. While passing from one trench to another he was struck by a sniper's bullet and died instantly. The same evening he was reverently laid to rest with two more comrades, and a wooden cross was put over his grave.

Q.-M.-Sergeant Frederick J. Tyler was born on December 6th, 1869, at Ordleigh, Essex. He joined the Royal Marines in 1889. After five years' service he specialised in gymnastic work, and was Instructor at the Deal Depôt for many years. In 1897 he took part in the Benin Expedition. He afterwards became Gymnastic and Fencing Instructor on H.M.S. Britannia at Dartmouth. From October, 1905, to May, 1906, he served as Instructor on board the Renown, during the tour which the present King (then Prince of Wales) made to Greece and India. From 1906 to 1910 he was Instructor at the Royal Naval School, Greenwich, and in the

Q.-M.-SERGEANT F. J. TYLER.

following year, after receiving his discharge, he came here to take charge of the Instruction in Physical Exercises and also to act as Secretary and Assistant to the Headmaster.

He was on the Reserve List, and last August was called to Portsmouth, and afterwards went to Ostend and Dunkirk before sailing to the Near East at the end of February.

Of him Mr. Crofts writes:—"His death has brought the war nearer home to us than anything else. I heard from him last in a postcard dated April 20th, and at that time he was quite cheerful, but a previous letter was somewhat in the nature of a farewell, as though he foreshadowed the end; he spoke of the happy days he had spent with us, expressing the hope that he might be spared to see us again and do the work he loved so well. But alas, this was not to be! The hard thing is that a man who has seen 25 years' service should gladly give his life for his country while others, who could better be spared, shirk and strike at home. To myself the loss is irreparable. During the last four years I had learnt to admire the quiet competence, the loyal service, the sound judgment, the ready resource, the unfailing good humour, the merry glance, the breezy naval metaphors, the well-knit figure, and, above all, the splendid downright manliness. There was nothing mean or petty, no swagger or pretention in him. I cannot express what his assistance was to me, and, I know, to many others. Perhaps the thing about him which inspired the greatest confidence was the grit with which he would undertake an unfamiliar or uncongenial task, if it was his duty to do so. His double duties at School often taxed his resources, for he would playfully say that he knew more of the sword than the pen, but he could overcome difficulties. Probably all do not know that he supplemented quite late in life a defective early education by sheer pluck and determination. I can only hope that his keenness and sense of duty have inspired many a young life. I am convinced that they have, and that his death, though untimely, has not been in vain for us here."

Mr. Potter, writing on behalf of the School Staff, says:—"It was with feelings of deep dismay that we heard the tidings of Sergeant Tyler's death. This was not only because he was the first member of the School belonging to the present generation to give up his life in the war and bring its horror so close to us, but even more because we knew we had lost an exceptional man. Ordinary conventional expressions of sorrow seem out of place in mourning his death, for he was not merely a man who did his duty well, but one whose presence in the School did an amount of good it is impossible to over-estimate. We all responded to the charm of his personality, the athletic carriage, the bright and breezy manner, the humorous glance, the air of confidence without

swagger, and keenness without fussiness, that made such an attractive and inspiring figure. Whatever he did, he did with his might and did finely, even if an unaccustomed or an uncongenial task. The spirit he infused into our physical drill was a revelation. How he would have glowed had fate spared him to see his training bearing fruit in the Cadet Corps! We who know his loss to ourselves can feel what it must be to his wife and boys. We pity them more than we pity him. We may be sure he would not grudge his life to the Great Cause. 'It is a beautiful end for anybody to let their death show what a splendid thing a man can be,' and he is enrolled among those who have done this. But we must show those near and dear to him how much we honoured him."

The feeling of the boys finds expression in the following, written by W. J. Cooper (Head Boy):—"Every boy in the School recognised Sergeant Tyler's abilities, but he was valued by them more as one with whom it was really a pleasure to talk, and with whom one could talk with perfect ease. He thus achieved the unique distinction of being the intimate friend of the boys and the familiar associate of the members of the School staff. The confidence which we had in him was probably largely inspired by his unfailing good humour and even temper, for I am sure no one ever saw him look severe or irritable."

SCHOOL NOTES.

CALENDAR.

Old Boys' Match, June 19th. Annual Sports, July 3rd, at the School Ground. Swimming Fête, Lewisham Baths, July 23rd. Summer Holiday begins July 28th. Autumn Term begins Friday, September 10th. (Entrance Examination, Thursday, September 9th, at 9.30 a.m.)

RAMBLING CLUB.

Although the Summer Term makes an ever-increasing number of calls upon a boy's leisure time, it is to be hoped that the claims of the Rambling Club will not be forgotten.

Several excursions have already been held, and those few boys who did take part in the rambles spent very enjoyable afternoons amongst the lanes and woods.

Further rambles have been arranged, and a special invitation to take part in them is given to those who have temporarily

deserted us, as well as to any new boys who may not know of the Club's existence.

Full particulars may always be obtained from the School notice board.

The following are the arrangements for the Term:—June 12th, Dartford and Joyden's Woods; Half-Term, Dorking; July 10th, Oxted; July 24th, Kew Gardens.

FOURTH ANNUAL SPORTS, JULY 3rd, 1915.

The Sports will be held, as last year, on the School Ground, The Avenue, Eltham Road.

Several new events will be introduced into the programme, including:—

Hurdle Races (under 14 and open).
Sack Races (under 14 and open).
Throwing the Cricket Ball (open).
Fathers' Race } Entries for these races should be handed to the
Sisters' Race } Hon. Secretary on the day of the Sports.

Competitors in the Sack Race must provide their own sacks, which must be approved by the Clerk of the Course.

There will be no interval, but refreshments may be obtained on the ground at any time during the afternoon.

CRICKET.

Last year we were able to begin our Cricket notes with congratulations that we had at length succeeded in obtaining a School ground. This year we have another step forward to record. During the winter the cricket pitch has been levelled and relaid, and, although it may probably be somewhat uncertain this year, we can look forward to possessing an excellent wicket in a year or two. At the meetings to elect captains the following were appointed:—

1st XI—Captain, N. L. Smith; Vice-Captain, D. M. Tuckfield.
2nd XI—Captain, C. H. Iveson; Vice-Captain, L. N. Kemp.
3rd XI—Captain, G. Walling.

Up to the present the 1st XI has been very successful, and is probably as good a team as we have had for some years. We had six of last year's 1st XI as a nucleus but Bellord has left since the season began, and he is a real loss to the team in every respect. He was an excellent bowler, a stylish bat and a thorough sportsman. Thorne, G. H. Lee and Taylor did good service last year with the 2nd XI and were pretty certain of places in the team;

Christie has come on as a bowler and has made his place fairly safe, but there are still two places not filled satisfactorily. At present they are occupied by Pierce and Howard, but neither has yet justified his claim to a permanent position in the team. Seven matches have been played and all have been won, generally by a substantial margin. Webb has been in great form with the bat, scoring 89 not out against St. Paul's, Greenwich, 52 against Eltham Parish Church and 28 against Addey and Stanhope. Thorne made 53 against Woolwich Polytechnic and 27 against Erith County School, and Taylor made 40 against Erith and 23 out of a total of 53 against Brockley. Good scores have also been made by Smith, Tuckfield and Lee. Bellord took 6 wickets in each of the first two matches, but the most sensational bowling feat was Smith's 5 for 1 against Erith. Webb, 4 for 4, helped him to dismiss Erith for a total of 6 after we had declared at 162 for 9. In the last three games Christie has taken 4 for 6, 5 for 14 and 6 for 9, and against St. Paul's he got 5 for 4, so that he is filling Bellord's place very effectively. The victories over Crusaders and Addey and Stanhope were especially gratifying, seeing that two defeats were suffered from each of these teams last year. Colours have been awarded to Threader, Thorne, Lee, Taylor and Christie. On Saturday, June 5th, we met Colfe's 1st XI, after an interval of several years, and had the satisfaction of beating them by 82 to 33. Thorne and Smith made useful scores and Christie was again the successful bowler.

The 2nd XI have only played three matches, three others having been scratched by their opponents for various reasons. Woolwich Polytechnic 2nd and Erith County School 2nd were beaten by 54 to 24 and 75 to 20 respectively, but Addey and Stanhope 2nd won by 53 to 31. The feature of all three matches was Flanagan's bowling. His record is 6 for 12, 8 for 6 and 6 for 21. Wagner's 19 against Erith has been the highest score.

The 3rd XI beat Merchant Taylors' 5th by 50 to 21, Duggin scoring 13 and Walling 10 not out and E. Allen taking 6 wickets for 9 runs.

The House Competition seems likely to produce a better struggle than in previous years, and the result appears to be much more open. On the first afternoon Wolfe provided a sensation by getting the hitherto almost invincible School House out for 11 and then scoring 72. Radford and Threader were the heroes, the former taking 6 for 8 and scoring 18, and the latter 4 for 3 and 17. In their next match School House partially consoled themselves by scoring 163 for 3 against Raleigh and then getting their opponents out for 17. Webb scored 100 not out and Tuckfield 52.

The match between Wolfe and Rodney was exceedingly close,

Wolfe winning by 79 to 78. At a critical stage Rodney gave two runs away by a piece of bad fielding, and the penalty was the loss of the match. Wolfe have not yet lost a match and School and Rodney have each lost one, so that the position is still full of interest. The loss of Bellord has severely handicapped Nelson, and Drake have been unable to discover any cricketers and have great difficulty in raising either a Senior or Junior team. The same boys have to do duty for both.

A noteworthy feature of this season is the keenness which is displayed in Form matches. Almost every Form can raise an eleven, and some very interesting and exciting matches have taken place. Forms L. IVA and L. IVc are particularly keen. There is still, however, a little trouble with boys who put down their names to play and then fail to turn up, often for a very paltry reason. This is very unsportsmanlike behaviour, as it not only spoils the game in which the culprits are concerned, but it causes other boys to be deprived of a game quite unnecessarily. The youngest boys are the worst offenders in this respect, and they do not yet realise that when they have made an engagement they must make every effort to fulfil it.

RESULTS.

School v. Crusaders, won: 73 to 40.
School v. Woolwich Polytechnic, won : 91 to 40.
Eltham Parish Church v. School, won : 127 to 36.
School v. St. Paul's, Greenwich, won : 134 to 17.
Erith County School v. School, won : 162 for 9 to 6.
Addey and Stanhope v. School, won : 106 to 61.
Brockley County School v. School, won: 53 to 38.
Colfe's v. School, won : 82 to 33.

THE CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP

was held in March over a slightly longer course than last year. Thirty-two started, and the following list gives the order and times of the first five home:—1 Threader (W), 48½mins.; 2 King (S), 48½mins.; 3 Rush (N), 48½mins.; 4 Howard (Ro.) and Bellord (N), 51mins.

The Houses were placed as follows:—1 Wolfe, 95 points; 2 School, 74 points; 3 Rodney, 62 points; 4 Nelson, 61 points; 5 Drake, 33 points; 6 Raleigh, 2 points.

CADET CORPS.

Mr. Selver has been appointed a Platoon Officer (No. 4 Platoon).

The following promotions have been made on the results of the Examination held last Term:—Cadets Bellord and Tuckfield to

Platoon Sergeants; Cadets Rush, Threader, Simpson, Cooper, Franklin and Blackman to Section Commanders, with the rank of Corporal; Cadet Drayn to Band Sergeant.

Sergeant Bellord has since left, and the promotion of Corporals Franklin, Cooper and Rush to Platoon Sergeants and Cadets Howard and Colebrook to Corporals has recently been announced.

A signal section is in course of formation, and already a large squad is under instruction, and the formation of an ambulance section is contemplated.

Instruction in musketry is well under way, and some remarkably good groups have been made. Results to date:—Marksman: G. H. Lee; 1st class shots: Ronald, Howard, Carr, Rolfe; 2nd class shots: Loosely and Percey.

A FORTNIGHT WITH THE LONDON RIFLE BRIGADE AT YPRES.

Pte. H. W. Daniel (O.R.), L.R.B.

After spending nearly six months in the firing line in the Armentières district, the L.R.B., along with its division, was relieved and sent back a few miles for a rest. I will start my chronicle from that date. It will be necessary to eliminate the names of places where we billeted, etc., because of that autocratic personage, "The Censor."

April 17th, 1915. We handed over the trench to the relieving regiment about 9 p.m., and filed out Indian fashion through the woods until we reached a road at a safe distance from the enemy's rifle fire; here we formed up in column of route and marched off to the strains of mouth organs, tin whistles, etc., *en route* for our rest billets some miles behind the trenches. A battalion on the march is always a merry and happy progress, but when that battalion has done Trojan work for six months and the boys know they are going back for awhile the scene is more on a par with the School Hall when "Roans" have unexpectedly been given a half-holiday. We reached our billets about 2 a.m., and like the usual billets in Northern France and Flanders, they were large barns attached to the numerous farms you find dotted over these large agricultural plains. After stuffing up the cracks in the walls with wisps of straw everyone turned in, absolutely worn out. I believe I awoke about twelve mid-day, and heard a great bustle going on—the boys had found a fine bathing pool behind the farm

about one hundred feet long, twenty wide and nearly six deep—inside a half-hour we were in *and* out—bathing in April is somewhat cold. The rest of the day we had to ourselves, so my chums and I repaired to the nearest *estaminet* and got the people to cook us *bifteck* and *pommes de terre frites* and omelettes.

April 18th—23rd. These days proved uneventful. Various parades and route marches were made to keep us fit. Arrangements were being made for regimental sports, but orders were received for the Battalion to entrain. Every man realised that we were in for it.

On April 24th the regiment was at the rail-head for the Armentières part of the line, into those mysterious trucks labelled with the legend "Hommes 40: Chevaux 8." When forty of you are in these trucks and equipments are thrown off you find that you have exactly one square foot all to yourself in which to manœuvre around. I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the above dimensions—they are, if anything, rather over-estimated. After a most uncomfortable journey we reached a large town which lies directly behind the historic town of Ypres. Here we tumbled out of the train and were marched off to barns, where we spent the night.

April 25th. We were roused at 4 a.m., and found that it was drizzling with rain. We breakfasted and marched off with the rest of the brigade about four miles, and were billeted in a large *Brasserie.* I routed out some old hop-sacks and made myself a very comfortable couch and listened to the tales of the Canadians and their charge. At 6 p.m. the Battalion was paraded and told that it had a most precarious and responsible work to do. (I may not tell you what had happened to the line, but the L.R.B. together with three other regiments in the brigade had to patch it up.) We left Ypres on our right and then we crossed the railway. This road was one of two which might be used to get into the position we required, but as the other was being shelled with 17in. shells we chose its twin, which was getting ordinary shrapnel and high explosives. The road was frightfully congested, infantry moving up and infantry coming down after being relieved, ration transports, ammunition columns, guns, Red Cross ambulances; and amongst them all the shells were pitching, killing men and horses. Yet somehow I regarded it all as a great spectacle. We passed along and the road got less crowded, and we went through two villages entirely demolished and burnt out by German incendiary shells—there is a peculiar odour left by the gases which escape when these shells burst, very much like the smell of lilac, only irritating to the eyes, nose and throat. We reached the desired position about 1.30 a.m. on Monday morning.

April 26th. The day broke about 3.30 a.m. that day so that we had only two hours in which to dig some sort of cover for ourselves. My company lined up behind a hedge and we dug for all we were worth, knowing that our lives depended on getting as deep as possible. I believe we found water at two feet, and by that time day had broken. To my dismay I found that we had dug ourselves shelter in an old 75 gun emplacement, and I remarked that the "Allemands" most probably had the range worked out to a yard. So they had, and very soon we had some shrapnel over, but this died off until noon, when a German aeroplane sailed lazily over, spotted us, and dropped a couple of smoke signals. Two hours afterwards we were shelled unmercifully with heavy shrapnel. The Battalion lost between sixty and seventy men that day.

April 27th. We left the hedge at night-fall of the 26th, and making a detour of about two and a half miles, took up another position in a mustard field. Of course, trenches had to be dug again, and whilst the majority of men were digging, covering and skirmishing parties were sent out to get in touch with regiments on our flanks and to warn us of the enemy's movements. As we had four hours in which to make the trench it was a great improvement on the old position behind the hedge. We built up the one important part of a trench—a good bullet-proof parapet—and covered it over with turfs and mustard plants in order to disguise it. We remained undiscovered until the afternoon, when the terror of the infantry man, an aeroplane, again picked up the trench and we got some more "souvenirs." Many men were killed and wounded. Our boys were most cool and collected under all this shelling, for we were quite unable to retaliate, being only backed up by a small field battery. A friend of mine had two legs shattered by a shell and the poor fellow was in great pain, so two of our stretcher bearers said they could stand it no longer but would take him to the dressing station in broad daylight! They got him out of the trench with a German machine gun playing on them and actually got four hundred yards away when one of them was hit twice in the same leg—the freshly-wounded man set down the stretcher and his comrade bound him up, then they calmly took the stretcher on their shoulders again and carried their burden two miles into safety!

April 28th. We remained in these trenches another day and were shelled heavily; at night-fall we shifted across a road to some old deserted trenches, which we further disguised with brushwood and faggots.

April 29th. No shells actually ranged on the trench owing to our having effectually disguised it from aeroplane observation. To our dismay the order came down to pack up and be ready to move at dusk. Having found a trench where few shells dropped we had naturally expected to remain in it. About 8.30 p.m. we left this trench and retraced our steps until we were within four hundred yards of our original position behind the hedge. Here we found a trench occupied by British, whom we relieved. I cannot make out who built this trench; I'm sure the British didn't and it certainly was not an old German one, and yet it was not of the French pattern. It was in a filthy condition; two corporals were nearly buried alive by a dug-out falling in before a shell hit the parapet! We sent out listening patrols directly we took over the trench, and discovered the German first line was eight hundred yards away. Curiously we got very little sniping from them, although they had splendid opportunities of doing so from farm-houses just in front of their lines.

April 30th. The shelling was much heavier. As I was going along a road to draw rations at twelve midnight a shell burst fifty yards further up the road—I walked on, and to my horror stumbled over a man's head, his trunk and legs were blown all over the road. The whole length of this road to the ration dump was littered with discarded equipments, and here and there dead men and horses lay.

May 1st. Shelling still heavy—we suspected something was in the wind as there were so many of the enemy's aeroplanes making observations and dropping smoke streamers for their artillery observers to range on.

May 2nd. This proved the most eventful day of the week. The sun shone very brightly all through the day. About 9 a.m. the Germans commenced to shell and never ceased until night-fall. As the day wore on the shelling increased in fury—shrapnel, little Willies, high explosives, stink-pots—every description of shell found a billet in or near our trench. The cry of "stretcher bearers" was passed up and down the line incessantly, but there were no stretcher bearers left, so we bound up the fellows in a rough-and-ready fashion, and injected morphia into the poor chaps who had limbs blown clean off. In this modern trench fighting men may be hit quite early in the morning, but of necessity must remain in the trench until dusk before they can be got away. When they are badly hit and conscious it is pitiful to see them lying so still and patient and groaning at intervals. Well, to continue with the fight—several times shells pitched right on top of the parapet, burying the men with the clay and rubble, and their comrades had to dig them out. I myself was buried three or four times, and on examining myself in hospital later on found bruises all over my body. At 5.30 p.m. a sentry reported clouds of gas blowing up from the German trenches, and in consequence the order to stand to and put on respirators came along the line. Most people are acquainted with the fumes of chlorine and bromine, and I think it

was one of these gases, or a mixture of them, that the Germans used. We were all more or less affected by this gas, which almost chokes you; several men lost consciousness. As the cloud rolled by we saw the Germans leave their trenches and commence their attack on our trenches—they had a distance of about eight hundred yards of open field to cover before they could reach us. As they attacked in their old senseless fashion, clusters of forty or more, our machine guns and rifle fire played havoc among them. Whilst we repelled this attack I lost all sense of danger—the excitement carries you away and you instinctively go on firing away and take fiendish delight in seeing men drop before your fire. Our artillery were dropping shells right into clumps of Germans, and they were "going west" in a fashion highly gratifying to a battalion that had put up with their shelling for a week. After about an hour of scrapping the Germans got to within four hundred yards of us, and another cloud of gas was wafting towards us—many of us thought it wouldn't be long before our time came, but here a miracle happened--the wind changed suddenly and blew the gas back on to the Germans, and didn't they go down--like skittles! Of course, we lost a lot of men from their shells and machine gun fire, so much so that it was difficult to get along the trench at all as there were so many dead and wounded lying along the bottom. Just before 7 p m. the Germans direct to my front got into "dead ground" and so my section ceased fire for a time; during this lull I was struck by a splinter of a shell. It seemed for all the world as if somebody had given me a tremendous kick. I found my left leg useless so I flopped to the bottom of the trench, and after awhile my corporal cut open my trousers and put on my field dressing. At 8 p.m., as it got dusk, I crawled out of the trench with two other men, and somehow or other we limped and hobbled about two miles to a dressing station—a tumble-down cottage with its thatched roof just holding together—and inside we found an R.A.M.C. doctor and an orderly, both with a week's growth on their chins. We were bound up and went out and lay in some straw together with about thirty men, and only three walls to protect us from the shells, which still were bursting perilously near. After two hours had dragged by two motor ambulances drew up and my companions and I were driven to a clearing hospital. After examination I was put on board a Red Cross train and sent down to Boulogne. The next day I was landed in England. On entering the harbour a cruiser stationed there "manned ship" and had the Royal Marines' Band out on the quarter-deck. Altogether it was a very fine welcome home to England after spending six months in France and Belgium, an experience I would not have missed for worlds!

P.S.—Needless to say the Germans never got to our trench!

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

The following extracts are from a letter received from Mr. Triebel, dated June 2nd. We feel sure the whole School will be glad to hear that he was hard at work and feeling fit and happy. He has been transferred from the 4th London Field Ambulance to the 1st Wessex, mostly men of Cornwall and Devon. He says:—

"It's pretty decent with them, and they've got a D.S.O. and two D.C.M's already. As soon as we were clear of the station from which we marched 'here,' they informed us that it had been shelled the day previously. On the way we were entertained by German attempts to bring down an aeroplane; the white clouds of smoke hung in the blue for quite a while. Then into billets—not under canvas—dry and comfortable and not shelled as yet. A few days later, during breakfast, we heard heavy firing, and we went down the road a short distance to see the Jack Johnson holes made near the billet of the——— and to pick up a few pieces of shell. My first two days on duty were spent at the baths, assisting with the laundry and acting as bath attendant to the fellows fresh from the trenches that morning. I have been out collecting three times. It was just dark when I took my seat in a motor-ambulance as orderly-in-charge and we whizzed off to the first regimental dressing-station, which was the regimental aid-post of the ———. We stop behind the damaged building and you can hear the splashes of chance bullets on the ground on both sides. I jump out, and two regimental bearers support a sergeant, wounded in the head, and together we seat him in the car and put a couple of blankets round him. The poor chap was in great pain and I shall never forget 'my' first case, for we whiz from station to station, leaving slight cases till the return. Now and then, again, we pass troops entering the trenches, and whenever a star-shell goes up you can see the dug-outs. It is very quiet except for the rattle of rifle fire, as there is no shelling, and the challenges of the sentries and our replies ring out clearly. My car is now full—a case of fever and several slight 'sicks' besides the sergeant. Back at the field hospital we put the sergeant on a stretcher and carry him into the operating room. The rest have particulars taken in the receiving room and are then labelled and given over to the hospital orderlies.

"Back to 'bed' (I don't suppose you think it's a real one), but not for a night's rest. Soon after four I'm called—two cases to be fetched from the ———, one an officer. Off again, and I prepare the car for two stretchers. A shell had killed one and wounded two of the —— at dawn. The private is the more serious case, and his stretcher is wheeled up from the communication trench to the car. We lift the stretchers into the car, leave two others in their place,

and are off. On arrival I unfasten both, and the wounded officer beckons me to have the other man out first.

"This is the average procedure when 'nothing' is doing, but in case of an attack a field ambulance follows up, and only a week or two back our chaps went over the parapet to fetch men, and two were recommended for the D.C.M. Of course, patients don't stay here long, but, if serious, go to the clearing hospital, or further back still, to the base.

"I'm quite an old soldier now, after nearly six months of it, and my hope is that I shall be able to stick it 'for the duration of the war.'"

Lce.-Cpl. H. D. Champion (O.R.), who is in Egypt, writes to Mr. Potter as follows:—

"At last we have arrived at somewhere in the Mediterranean, but at present are encamped on thick, dusty sand, and the plague of flies which we learnt so much about at school still appears to be going on! Will you please read through again and let me know whether it was really stopped or whether the flies were left there after the Israelites rushed for the Red Sea?

"I hope I shall receive an early notice of the next O.R.'s dinner in case I have a long way to come! I was very pleased to see the School had started a Cadet Corps. Good luck to it."

Lieut. C. W. Clout (O.R.), 20th London, writes to Mr. Crofts from "Somewhere in France" in April:—

"We have been twice in the trenches now. The first time I went up I was attached to a regular battalion, 'under instruction' to gain some experience before taking in my platoon. I had my 'baptism of fire' on Easter Sunday.

"The defences in this part of the line were not 'trenches,' but sandbag barricades with just a little hollow behind them.

"It is impossible to dig trenches here as they are immediately filled with water. We entered the 'butts' at dusk—had to walk up the open road to within about 50 yards of the front line, with scores of bullets whistling round. It is rather alarming at first, but one very soon gets used to it and it doesn't take long to realise that by the time you hear the bullet its danger is past, so you save yourself the trouble of ducking for them. Most of the German shells give plenty of warning of their approach, with the exception of the small field-gun shells, commonly called 'pipsqueaks,' 'whizz-bangs,' or 'Little Willies,' which give practically no warning at all.

"I have twice been under fairly warm shell fire, the second time when in charge of a working party in the support trenches. The Germans probably noticed the earth thrown up and shelled our trench with shrapnel and explosives for about ten minutes.

Fortunately we had got fairly deep down and were able to lie safely in the bottom of the trench during the bombardment.

"After a pause of about 15 minutes we tried to start work again, but were immediately shelled, and had to vacate the trench after the third attempt.

"The Germans blew up five mines in the three days we were there, all of which were from ten to thirty yards short of our trenches.

"It is very unusual, however, for their mines to be short, so it is thought that their object must be to place further obstacles between our lines and theirs.

"The system of communication and support trenches behind our lines is very intricate, quite an underground city, so to speak, and every street is named after some London street, such as 'Harley Street,' 'Glasgow Road,' 'Hertford Street,' etc.

"There are two communication trenches for each route, as they are too narrow to pass in. The up trenches are all labelled, 'To Berlin,' or 'For Berlin traffic only,' and the down, 'To London.' The troops have names for all the objects of interest near the front. Most of the names of places have an obvious history, such as 'Dead Cow Farm,' 'Bomb House' or 'Indian Village.' A big naval gun which was firing all day just behind my billet, in support, was known affectionately as 'Hungry Hubert.'

"Mahony and Mace are both out here. I was talking to Mace the other day; he seems to be enjoying himself. Both the Bonds are here too. The elder one has been in my platoon since last September, so I know him fairly well. Other O.R's out here are Bennett, Cash and Machen, and I believe Clifford is at the base with the first reinforcement, but am not sure. There are several others here, but I can't think of their names at present.

"I like your remark about 'living, at least, while it lasts.' We had a lecture two nights ago from a staff-officer who has been out here since August, and he carefully emphasized the fact that the main principle of the attack is depth—wave on wave of attacking lines—it seems to work out that the first 19 lines get wiped out, preparing the way for the victorious 20th line. By the time the advance comes off we shall be sufficiently seasoned to be in some of the first lines, I expect, which is a cheering thought."

Lieut. H. L. Ambler, R.F.A., writes from "Somewhere in France":—

"I am up here observing the shell fire of my battery, with a telephonist by my side. It is good sport watching a 35lb. lyddite shell bursting in a trench full of Germans. The Army telephone system is wonderful. Each battery has anything from 3 to 8 miles of wire out over the roads, fields and ditches, and so the various batteries and units are linked up and controlled. Just now a wireless operator is close to me taking down observations of fire

passed down from an aeroplane. Just as I started to write I caught sight of some of our infantry coming over a crest about three-quarters of a mile away. Almost at once I heard a faint report and then a whistle, growing louder and louder, until, when it reached it's full intensity, up flew a considerable portion of the road near them. As each shell approached, every man dropped flat until it had landed, then all sprang up as one and dashed forward to cover, only to drop again as another came along!"

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Brown, E. J., Queen's Westminsters.
Brook, L. D., Royal West Kent.
Baxter, R. R., R.G.A.
Bowles, L., R.A.M.C.
Berry, C., Middlesex.
Banks, W. H. (Sergt.), 20th London.
Bell, H. G.
Cooney, B. (Lce.-Cpl.), Queen's R.W. Surrey.
Cheeswright, R. S., R.F.A.
Christmas, S.W., Royal West Kent.
Clark, P., Australian Light Horse.
Crabb, W. H., 22nd London.
Cretchley, W. R., Armourer Staff-Sergt. A.O.C.
Conolly, E. S. B., Vancouver Light Infantry.
Conolly, L. M. S. N. (Lce.-Cpl.), 7th London.
Dickinson, A., 8th London R.F.A.
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Defrates, A. (Sub.-Lieut.), R.N.R.
Frost, J. G. (Sergt.), 4th London R.F.A.
Ford, H. J., 5th Batt. 2nd Canadians.
Gilbertson, M., 5th Canadians.
Hatcher, A. G., Queen's Westminsters.
Heasman, H., The Buffs.
Hiscock, J. (Cpl.), A.S.C.
Huskinson, F. J. (Lieut.), 4th Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.
Humphreys, W. J., 20th London.
Ince, H. G. (Lieut.), R.E.
James, S. C., Westminster Dragoons.
Jones, R. E , London Scottish.
Jimson, P. J., 8th London R.F.A.
Knight, H. J., 20th London.
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Kerslake, E., R.E.
Latter, W. W., R.A.M.C.
Martin, H. H., H.A.C.
Mackenzie, J. A. (2nd Lieut.), A.O.C.
Meager, R. G., 2nd Officer H.M. Transport 6801.
Parker, J., at Sandhurst.
Park, R. J., 15th London.
Park, H. W., 17th Royal Fusiliers.
Playford, L. E., 4th London R.F.A.
Reynolds, L., 1st City of London (Royal Fusiliers).
Roberts, R. H. W. (2nd Lieut.), 9th R.W. Kent.
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Snee, E., unit not known.
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Tompkins, G. E. J., Duke of Cambridge's Hussars.
Turner, H., 20th London.
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Wooff, Lyle, A.S.C.
Webb, L. A. W., 20th London.
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Kaye, R. J. (2nd Lieut.), Cornish R.G.A.
Owen, D. E., R.N.A.S.
Stokes, J. P. (Lieut.), King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment.
Stone, E. W. (Lieut.), Wiltshire Regiment.
Gregory, W. T. (2nd Lieut.), 3rd Liverpool.
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could easily be arranged if a sufficient number turned up. A card in advance to the Secretary would help matters. Please note the date—Saturday, July 3rd.

The date of the General Meeting has been fixed for Sept. 25th.

R. E. Marsden, B.Sc. (Lond.), (O.R. 1889–91), has been appointed an Assistant Inspector by the Board of Education. Mr. Marsden is the first Manual Training Teacher to go straight from the teaching of handwork to the Inspectorate.

We regret to have to announce the death, on May 31st, of F. Williams, who left School only last Summer. He was on a cycling tour with a cousin, and on reaching Watford the two went for a row on the river. The boat capsized and both were drowned. We feel we are speaking for the whole School in tendering our deepest sympathy to his parents.

H. W. Daniel (O.R.), L.R.B, some pages from whose diary are printed in this issue, was wounded near Ypres on May 2nd, is in hospital at Bromley, Kent, and is making good progress towards recovery.

E. Lemmy (O.R.), R.F.A., has been at the Front six months, and is now convalescent from a bullet wound in the forearm.

G. J. Smith (O.R.), whose last voyage was from New York to Sydney, has visited the school at Greenwich with which we exchanged flags, and met with a very hearty reception.

F. J. Huskinson (O.R.) was wounded at Ypres and is now convalescent.

E. S. Mace (O.R.), late Secretary of the O.R., left for the front in March last with the 1/20th Batt. London Regiment. He went straight to the trenches, but was invalided to the base for some weeks with German measles! He has now returned to the trenches with the 2/20th Batt.