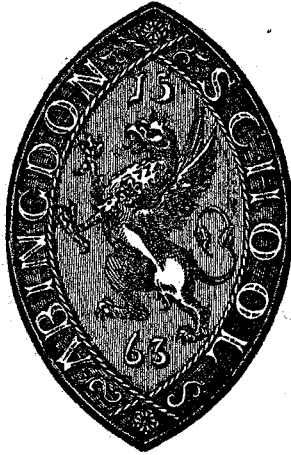


Vol. 5.

Nos. 11 & 12.

The Abingdonian.



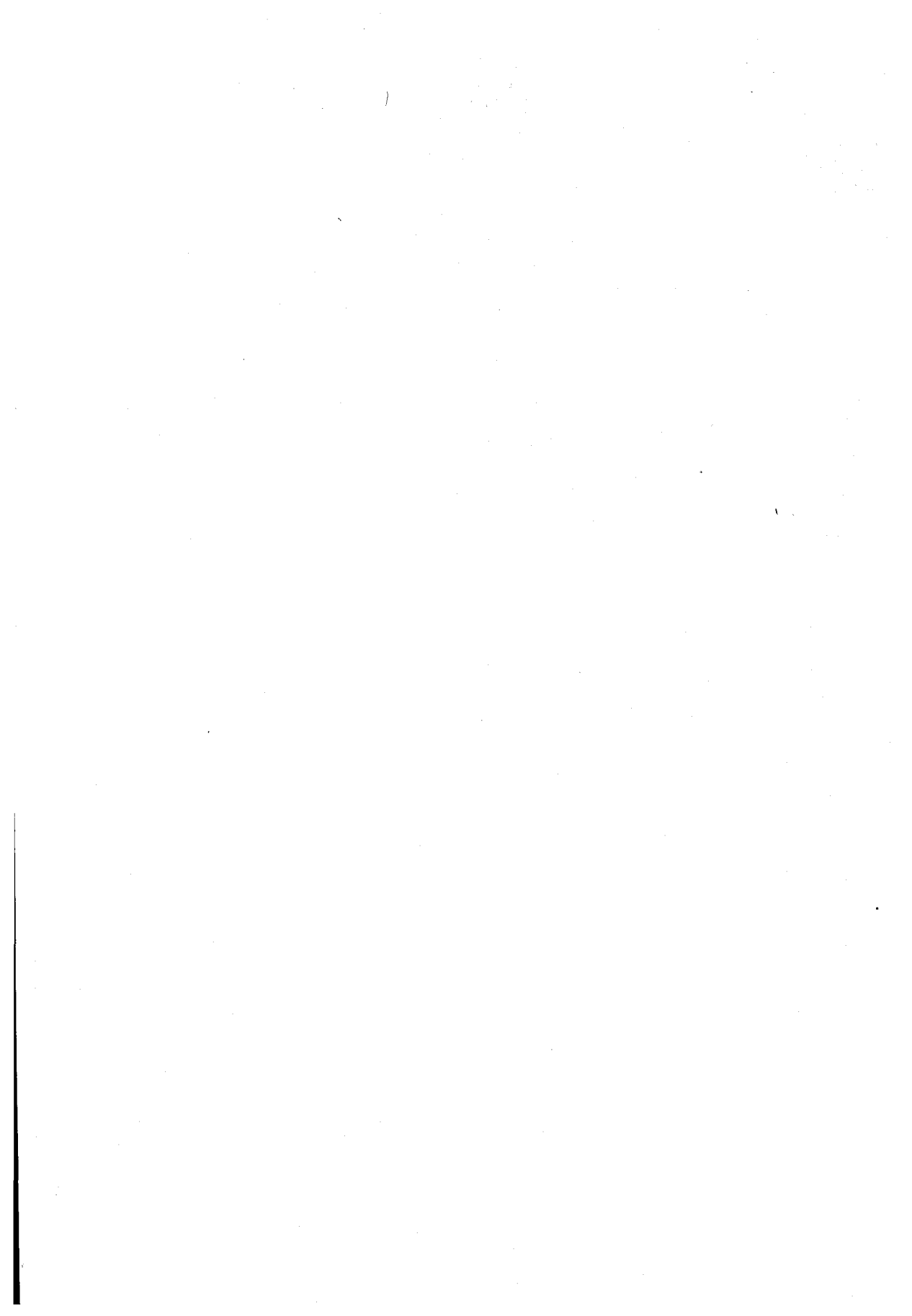
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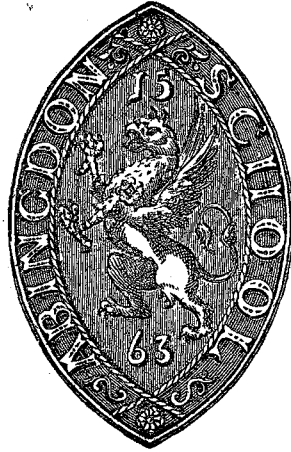
CHRISTMAS * NUMBER.

1914.

ONE SHILLING.



Misericordias
Domini



in aeternum
cantabo.

THE ABINGDONIAN.

No. 11 & 12. Vol. V.

DECEMBER, 1914.

Price 1/-

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Editorial—'O Tempora'.....	211	THE WAR:—	
'Freedom wears our English Rose'.....	213	Abingdon School Roll "In Freedom's Cause".....	218
Our Christmas Number.....	213	Casualty List.....	222
School Notes.....	214	<i>The Reveillé</i>	222
School Prizes, 216. Oxford 'Local' Results..	217	News from Old Abingdonians serving with the Colours:—	
Old Abingdonian News—The O.A. Club....	217	(i.) British Expeditionary Force.....	223
" Oxford Letter.....	217	(ii.) The Naval Brigade at Antwerp.....	228
A.S.O.T.C.....	241	(iii.) With the South African Forces....	233
Athletics—Cricket.....	241	(iv.) With the Public School Corps.....	233
" Football.....	242	(v.) With the "Old Boys" Corps.....	234
" The New Boat House.....	247	War Miscellanea.....	235
Matters Musical.....	248	including "OUR O.T.C.".....	235
Literary, Scientific and Debating Society....	249	" "To the German War Party".....	237
Births and Deaths.....	252	A Swiss Holiday.....	237
Games Club Accounts.....	253		

Illustrations:—Abingdon School from Sketches by C. O. Wright, facing pages 217 & 248.

"O TEMPORA!"

PEACEFUL little Abingdon!

Returning from surely the strangest holidays that ever were—some from a great town bustling with troops and motor waggons, or some returning from a busy sea-port with great transports moving to and fro, or where maybe a more melancholy sight might be seen—the departure of a Red Cross train for some inland hospital; or again, others returning from some quiet sea-side resort where many an old salt, with a curious sense of mystery

would scan the horizon daily—how strange and unreal it seemed to us as again we paced the streets of our quiet little country town!

And yet to others, Warlike little Abingdon!

For to these returning from some quiet country village where scarce a soldier had been seen, the eager little crowd waiting outside the news-shop, the occasional passing of a khaki motor-lorry, a drove of horses in the Market Place, or the time-honoured hiring fair so strangely unfair—

like—all these things were to them a reminder of how in a few brief weeks the world had become changed.

But as the term has passed, Abingdon has become more warlike. Though in class-room and play-ground we still perform our allotted tasks, whilst still the Classics stand as of old, unchanging, and Science and Mathematical laws take no account of human weakness, and whilst we must needs make strenuous effort to be sound of limb as well, yet somehow things are not quite what they were.

The old road-mender still cracks his stones by the wayside; the hedges, all ignorant of War, grown now too boastful must needs be pruned, and away on the Downs, on the great Ridgeway where stand immutable those strange memorials of our island race,—great camp or "castle," mysterious passage-grave and scoured White Horse,—here, where the spirit of the great King Alfred wanders, there reigns an unutterable Peace.

The sun sets in a crimson and golden glory, but away to the eastward, where, hidden from sight, horror and chaos, hatred, chivalry, and love are fearfully commingled,—there, the earth is smothered in a dull red haze, through which the affrighted moon, pale yet untarnished, seeks the calm blue heaven above.

Silence and solitude! Yet no, for surely two tiny white patches in the vale below tell of some human habitation; but wait! They flicker in the gathering haze; now only one white spot is seen, and now again the other. As we wonder what this may mean the breeze flutters a tattered fragment of paper to our feet, and on it we read in great black letters, — —

—A SPIRIT THAT CANNOT BE CRUSHED—

. an interpretation of the two mysterious signs, for the one which flickers in and out is the symbol of that same Spirit; for down in the vale below there flutters "the Banner of England's Might."

Yes, that proud banner "that comes from the Misty Ages" is waving there, and that other more visible sign is a symbol of suffering and compassion, and of riches turned to sacrifice, for far below us in the vale, a great Union Jack and Red Cross flag are floating over the hospital at Milton Hill.

Then in the early moonlight, back again to the Market Square where strange dark objects are massed round the statue of the Great White Queen, and where with glimmering naked bayonet a sentry mounts guard; protected, one would fain believe by Victoria the Good.

And so, whether we learn or whether we teach, thoughts such as these would sometimes seem to struggle for dim expression, and, peaceful or warlike as you will, things are no more the same.

* * * * *

Term commenced for us on Tuesday, September 15th, on that date the following poem, familiar now to some of us, was quoted in the "Times."—

Freedom wears
Our English Rose for her peculiar crest,
Whoso dares touch it bleeds upon the
thorn.

It may be that the time will come again
For one more desperate struggle to the
death:

The Devil's eye upon our England looks
With snaky sparkle still. . . .

Great starry thoughts grow luminous in
the dark !

The Bird of Hope goes singing overhead !
We cannot fear for England; we can die
To do her bidding, but we cannot fear;
We who have heard her thunder-roll of
deeds

Reverberating thro' the centuries;
By battle fire-light had the stories told,
We who have seen how proudly she
prepares

For sacrifice, how radiantly her face
Flasht when the Bugle blew its bloody
sounds,
And bloodier weather fluttered the old
Flag;

We who have seen her with the red heaps
round !

We who have known the mightiest powers
dasht back

Broken, from her impregnable sea-walls;
We who have learned how in the darkest
hour

The greatest light breaks out, and in the
time

Of trial she reveals her noblest strength;
We cannot fear for England; cannot fear!
We who have felt her big heart beat in
ours.

There's sap in the old Oak! She lives to
sow

The future forests with her acorns still.
Hail to thee, Mother of Nations ! mighty
yet

To strive, and suffer, and give overthrow !
For all the powers of nature fight for thee.

Spirits that sleep in glory shall awake,
Come down and drive thy car of victory
Over thine enemies' necks.

GERALD MASSEY.

Our present "Christmas Number" will
be read by our Old Boys in the trenches.
Others on active service elsewhere will
read it too, and we have endeavoured to
make it worthy of that distinction; need
we point out however that it is obvious
that those whose names appear in the
"Roll" can scarcely obtain the copies
for themselves; we trust that their friends
will not forget them; remembering also
that they will require their usual copy to
be kept for them at home.* A surprise
Christmas gift "from a brother Abingdon-
ian" would surely give real pleasure to
those with the colours.

May we also express the hope that
those who have not made a point of
buying their School Magazine, will feel
that on this occasion at least it provides a
record which should stir their hearts when
they are grown grey and old.

We must apologise for the non-appear-
ance of a November number. It was due
to the fact that our Editor, Mr. Chaning,
Pearce, had joined the colours; the present
number thus contains what should have
appeared in the November issue in addition
to being a quite unusual Christmas num-
ber; at the same time we have not thought
it advisable to combine the price of the
two issues; thus we have a claim on
"local" patriotism as well.

Mr. Edwardes has also enlisted, but
we hope to welcome him back again when
the war is over; some of our school-
fellows of last term will also be found in
the "Roll." We also miss the ubiquitous
energies of "Corporal," now, as we antici-
pated, a full-blown Sergeant. "Ted" (now

*If further details are unknown, Soldiers or Sailors
may be addressed as in the "Roll," with the addition
c/o G.P.O.

Private Edwards) is no more seen tending the School playgrounds, and "John" (Private Bradley) of other days is also serving his country.

We feel sure the illustrations† from Mr. Wright's drawings will be appreciated even as his etchings have found favour with lovers of art in Oxford, and elsewhere.

The past term has been memorable enough. In the studies War-maps are a feature of the wall-decoration, and warlike phrases echo along the corridors. The O.T.C. has been drilling vigorously, all the unmarried members of the staff having "swollen" it's numbers, and at other times, though in different capacities, it's members have been wielding pick and spade and shovel by the Boat-house "entrenchment" or in the Lower field. Football has relatively shone with less lustre than in former years, for we have lost many matches; not that we are a flabby generation, nor even unskilful, but through peculiar difficulties in making a team of our various players. Club matches have been conspicuous by their absence; except for our fixtures with Mansfield, all were scratched on account of the War, but the Masters who might have been playing in these have been stretching their muscles in many a vigorous practice game.

We have found our usual literary entertainment at the local Literary Society, and in addition, our own famous L. S. D. Society has roused itself from a somewhat unwilling slumber and has held very successful meetings, although some members are inclined to read essays rather than to make speeches.

Additional copies of this and of previous "Abingdonian" plates may be had for 3d. each, postage ½d.

We must certainly not forget to mention the great "Belgian Day."—That Abingdon could raise nearly £250 in a single day was remarkable enough, but had you Abingdonians whom we have not seen for many a year only been present you would have easily understood. Tired of knitting, and stitching, and sewing and knitting, all our fair sisters and cousins, mothers, aunts and nieces, (but especially the second mentioned), bombarded their easily moveable victims with irresistible appeals; with flags and banners waving overhead, and auctions and donkey rides, pigs to be bowled for, and all manner of midsummer madness let loose in the November rain, it was clear that something must happen!

But a truce to these ramblings; the Bill of Fare is before you!

SCHOOL NOTES.

We congratulate Major H.G. Henderson M.P., one of our Governors, upon his promotion to the rank of Lieut.-Colonel.

Dr. C. B. Heberden, M.A., Hon. D.C.L., Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, Principal of Brasenose, has been co-opted a member of the Governing Body in the place of the late Sir William Anson, Bart., M.P.

The School Officers for the term are—
Head of School, Football Captain and

Secretary—A. Eason.

Treasurer—A. Davenport.

Senior Prefect—A. Eason.

Senior House Prefect—A. Davenport.

Prefects—A. Eason, A. Davenport, L. A.

Weaving, W. H. Wood, J. Knowles,

W. R. T. Skinner, E. L. Parry.

"Abingdonian" Committee. Joint Editors (pro. tem.)—Messrs. S.H.Baker, M.A. and James Townsend, M.A., O.A.

Committee—A. Eason, A. Davenport, L. A. Weaving, J. Knowles.

House Librarians—F. Knowles, W. H. Wood.

We again have to thank Mr. J. B. Reeves, O.A., a member of the famous '82 School IV.; this time for a most welcome gift to the School of framed photographs of that same Four which won the Town Challenge Cup, and Mr. George Morland, O.A., for the loan of the photographs from which the prints were made.

The Lecturer of St. Nicholas, the Rev. M. W. Paterson, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Oxford, has now taken up active duties at the Church.

We have missed two familiar figures this term, namely, Mr. Wood and his energetic accompanist, for unfortunately no Dancing Class could be held.

Mr. Wright has been teaching Swedish drill on the Army system to the Gymnastic Squads.

A. Davenport has been Scholarship hunting at Cambridge. We gather from his description that the entries were about five times as large as usual (relative of course to the number of men in residence).

The usual November "Exeat" was rather spoilt by the weather.

The Bishop of Oxford held a confirmation at St. Helen's Church, on Sunday, Dec. 13th.

Whilst passing the final "proof," we learn that our heartiest congratulations are due to A. Davenport, who has been elected to an Open Mathematical Scholarship (£60) at St. John's College, Cambridge.

A new Changing-room for Day Boys has been fitted up with the aid of the Berkshire County Council. The room between the bicycle shed and the wood workshop has been partly tiled; and basins and a shower bath have been introduced. These are supplied with hot water from a small boiler, which, besides affording this supply, heats the interior of the lockers, which line two sides of the room. Each boy has a locker of his own and a pigeon-hole for storing his boots. Part of the old changing-room has been converted into a drying room.

Mr. M. Channing Pearce has been given a Commission in the 4th Battalion of the Dorset Regiment. He is now in India. We wish him all success. The second four on the river will miss his services next term.

Term ends Friday, Dec. 18th.

Next term commences Tuesday, Jan. 12th, 1915. Boarders return the previous day.

VALETE.

H.A.L. Donkin (Sept. 1914—July 1914)
VIth Form. Abingdon Scholar, Pembroke College, Oxon, 1914; 1st Class Honours O.S.L.* 1912; Meredith Latin Prose 1913-14; Head of School, Senior School and House Prefect 1913-14. Prefect 1911. 1st XI. Cricket 1910-14. Colours 1911, Captain 1914; 1st XI. Football 1910-13, Colours 1910, Captain 1911-13; 1st IV. Rowing 1912-14, Captain of Boats 1913-14; Sports colours 1911-14; Swimming VI. 1911-14.

F. W. Lupton (Sept. 1906—July 1914).
1st Class Honours O.S.L.* 1913; Prefect 1911. 1st XI. Cricket 1912-14, Colours

1912; 1st XI. Football 1912-13, Colours 1912; 1st IV. Rowing 1913-14; Sports colours 1912-14.

W.W.Tombs (Sept. 1909—July 1914). VI. Form. 3rd Class Honours O.J.L.* Headed Distinction list in drawing 1913. Won many School prizes.

W.W.Gilbert (Sept. 1910—July 1914). VIth. Form. O.J.L.* 1913. Won many School prizes.

S. E. Clack (Sept. 1910—March 1914). Vth Form. Sketching Club prize. 1st XI. Football 1913.

H.G.Cornejo (April 1913—July 1914). Vth Form.

D. Cullen (Sept. 1906—July 1914). Vth Form. 1st XI. Cricket 1914; 1st XI. Football and colours 1913; 2nd IV. Rowing 1914; Swimming VI. 1912-14.

G.E.C.Dacey (Sept. 1906—July 1914). Vth Form. O.J.L.* 1913.

H. T. Tombs (Sept. 1909—July 1914). Vth Form. Won School prizes.

P. N. Miles (Sept. 1908—July 1914). Vth Form. 3rd Class Honours O.J.L.* 1913. 1st XI Cricket 1914. 2nd XI. Football 1913.

A. J. Brett (Sept. 1910—July 1914). Remove. 2nd XI. Football 1913.

L. H. C. Creswell (Sept. 1912—July 1914). Remove. O.J.L.* 1914. 1st XI. Football 1913.

C.B.Edwards (Sept. 1911—July 1914). Remove. 1st XI. Football, and Colours 1913.

H. V. Ellison (Sept. 1909—July 1914). Remove. Swimming VI. 1913-14.

H. A. M. Jamieson (Sept. 1911—July 1914). Remove. 2nd XI. Cricket 1914.

G.H.Tinegate (Sept. 1912—Mar.1914). Remove. Gymnastics 1914.

V.C.Warwick (Sept. 1909—July 1914). Remove. 1st XI. Cricket 1913-14, Colours 1914; 2nd XI. Football 1912-13; Sports half-colours 1914.

A. J. Burt (Sept. 1913—March 1914). Shell.

I. S. R. Miles (Sept. 1911—July 1914). Shell.

F. Smith (Jan. 1913—July 1914). Shell.

SALVETE.

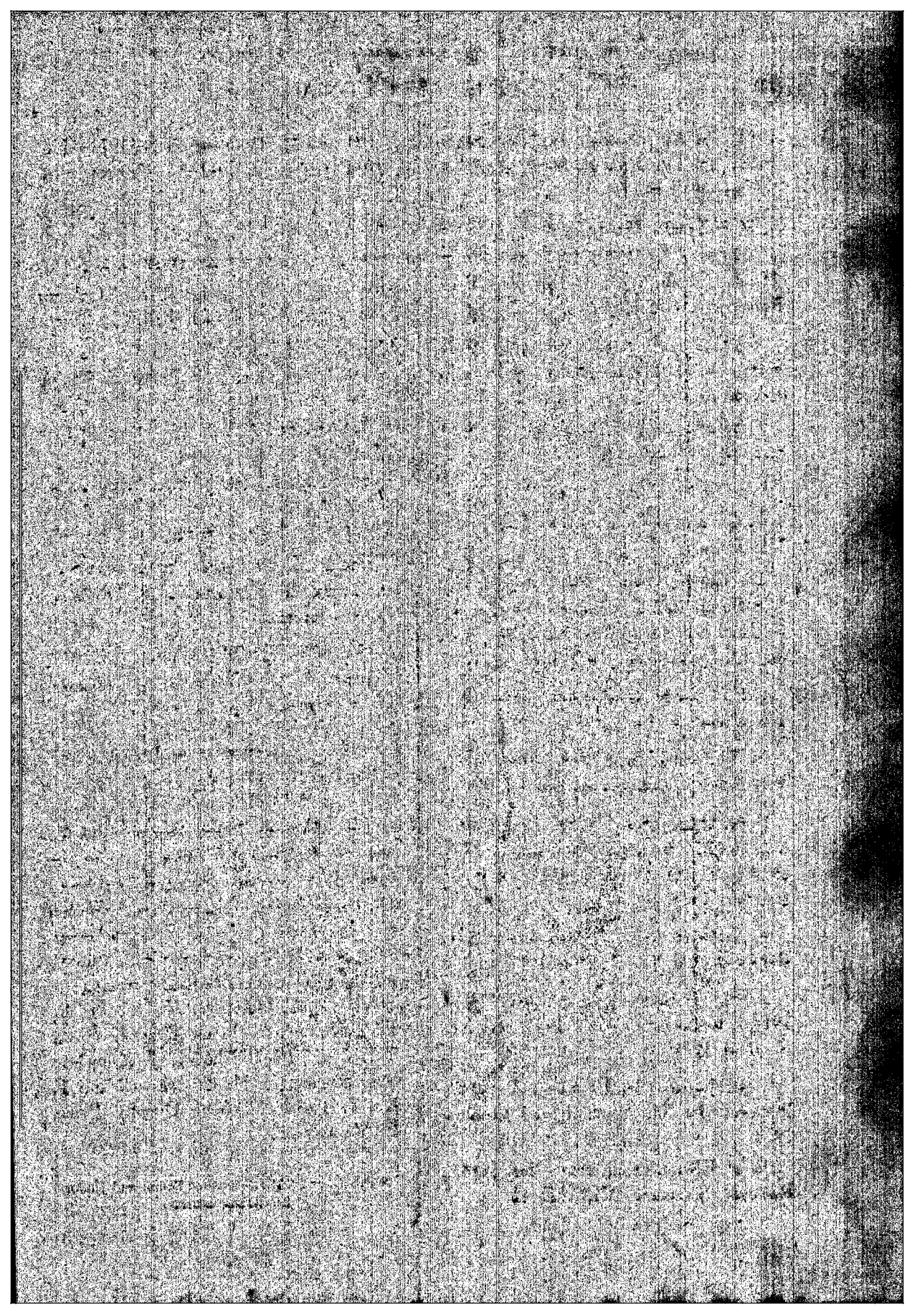
Shell.—E. C. Davies (May 1914), L. R. Crook, G. N. Carter, G. K. Hodgson, G. H. Ehrman.

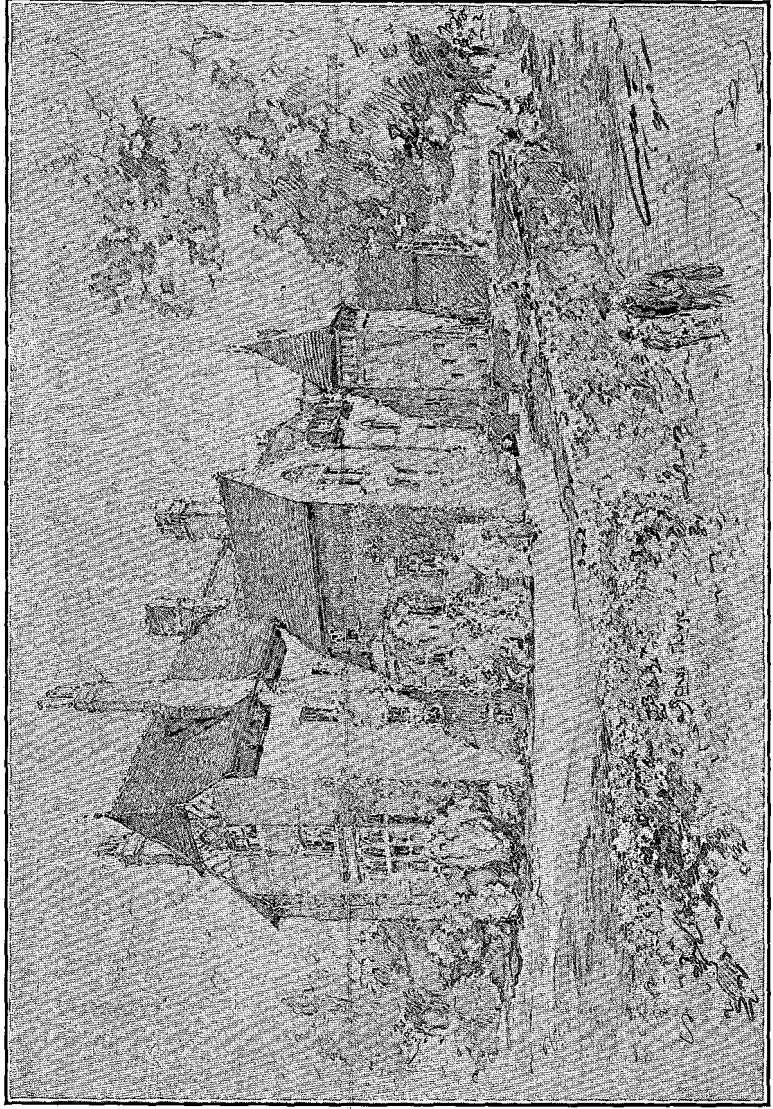
IInd.—W. L. M. Jamieson, H. T. Haynes, N. F. Deal, G. L. Thomas, G. S. Sturrock, G. R. Bradfield.

SCHOOL PRIZES.

The following Prizes were given at the end of the Summer Term. Forms :—Shell, F. Crossland; III., J. C. Brafield; II., R. J. Jackson. Latin Sets :—Shell : R. E. Eason; III., J. C. Brafield; Mathematical Sets :—Shell : R.E. Eason; III. and II., E. G. Ballard; French :—Shell: C. M. Humfrey; III. and II., R. E. Eason; Art:—Junior Drawing Prize, Tyrrell i.; Piano Playing, J. Knowles; Solo Singing, L. H. C. Creswell and T. N. T. Leach. School Divinity Prize, F. W. Lupton.

* O.S.L. and O.J.L.—Oxford Senior and Junior Locals respectively.





School House.

from the drawing by C. O. Wright.

OXFORD LOCAL EXAMINATIONS

SENIOR CANDIDATES.

First Class Honours—J. Knowles 31st;
W. H. Wood 38th; A. Eason and A.
Davenport.

Second Class Honours—D. E. Elford.

Third Class Honours—E. L. Parry.

Passed—P. L. Howard and R. C. D.
Lanning.

Distinctions—F. W. Lupton, English
Language and Literature; J. Knowles,
Latin (9th); A. Eason, Latin and Ger-
man; W. H. Wood, Latin and Greek;
D. E. Elford, Greek; A. Davenport,
Mathematics (9th) and Higher Mathe-
matics (3rd).

JUNIOR CANDIDATES.

Third Class Honours—C. V. Davidge.

Passed—L. H. C. Creswell, A. Ellis, J.
A. Howard, H. Humphries, P. W.
Morley, J. N. Sanders, W. E. Wheeler.

"OLD ABINGDONIAN" NOTES
AND NEWS.

OLD ABINGDONIAN CLUB.

At the meeting of the O.A. Club held
after the Cricket Match, Mr. A. W.
Morland, Mayor of Abingdon, was elected
President, and Mr. James Townsend, Hon.
Secretary and Treasurer, (Glenburn, The
Park, Abingdon).

Mr. N. Duncan, Sans-Souci, Pinner,
Harrow, is London Secretary.

The O.A. Dinner has been postponed.

* * * * *

A. W. Morland has been re-elected
Mayor of Abingdon.

A. O. C. Pryce has been elected Deputy
Registrar of Abingdon County Court.

Bromley Challenor, senior, F.R.G.S.,
is to be congratulated on his successful
return from a voyage round the world.

We have been specially fortunate this
term in receiving visits from Old Abing-
donians; apart from those mentioned under
"The War," and those who have played
in the Old Boys match and in S. E.
Clack's XI. we welcomed A. A. Brown,
home on sick-leave from Ceylon.

F. E. Parker has returned to Abingdon,
and has a post at the Council School.

Many Old Abingdonians have become
Special Constables. we regret we have
no authentic list.

OXFORD LETTER.

Dear Mr. Editor,

We bow to your inexorable will and
write this letter. Oxford, like everywhere
else, is suffering from the War. Soldiers
everywhere and little of anything else.
The O.A's up here are already reduced
to four in number, and they, too, no
doubt will have gone to worship at the
shrine of Mars 'ere next term begins;
all the others are already serving. Sports
have been almost non-existent, the O.T.C.
taking up all the time usually devoted
to pursuing the various elusive globules,
so the O.A's have not, as is usual,
covered themselves with glory in this
direction.

We must conclude this necessarily short
epistle with our heartiest wishes for the
health, happiness and safe return of all
the old School's soldier-sons.

Wishing all your readers a very happy
Christmas.

We remain,

Yours sincerely,

OLIM ALUMNUS.

CAMBRIDGE LETTER.

On account of the War we, at present,
have no Cambridge correspondent.

THE WAR:**IN FREEDOM'S CAUSE.**

- Ackling, P. C., 4th Bn. Royal Berks, T.F.
 Adams, V. G., Berks Yeomanry.
 Adcock, Lieut. W. R. C., West African Expeditionary Force.
 Aldridge, P. J., Corporal R.F.A., T.F.
 Aldwinckle, P., Acting Sergeant-Major, Berks Yeomanry.
 Aldworth, H. G., 8th Bn. Leicestershire Regt.
 d'Almaine, H. A. A., Lieut., Artillery, South African Forces.
 Andrews, P. E., O.S., P.S.B., Royal Naval Div. R.N.V.R.
 Ashwin, 2nd Lieut. G. J. H., 5th Bn. Durham L.I.
 Atherton, G. L., Royal Naval Brigade, R.N.V.R.
 Austin, Paymaster A. M., R.N., H.M.S. Hawke (Killed in action).
 Austin, W. M., Corporal, Hampshire Carabineers.
 Aubertin, Lieut. T., 5th Bn. Black Watch, T.F.
 Badcock, W. S., 2nd Bn. Royal Berks.
 Baker, H. S., Assistant Paymaster R.N.
 Baker, R. F., Corporal, Canadian Artillery.
 Bartlett, 2nd Lieut. A. G., 5th Bn. King's Liverpool Regt., T.F.
 Bennett, 2nd Lieut. F. A., 8th Bn. Wiltshire Regt.
 Berry, Lieut. E. F., Temporary Captain, 9th Bn. King's Royal Rifles.
 Blandy, S. H. B., Somerset R.H.A., T.F.
 Bowman, A. E., 6th Bn. Hampshire Regt.
 Bradfield, R. G., 3rd Co. of London Yeomanry (Sharpshooters).
 Bradley, F., "John," Oxon and Bucks L.I.
 Bruce, Sir Michael, Bart., Cape Police.
 Bruce, W. N. E., Honourable Artillery Company, T.F.
 Buckle, F. T., Royal Engineers.
 Burge, L. O., 10th Bn. Royal Fusiliers.
 Burkett, H. W. B., Oxford University O.T.C.
 Bury, B. J., Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars.
 Buswell, T. H., Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars.
 Campbell, H. V., 4th Bn. Royal Berks.
 Cannon, H. S., Despatch Rider, R.E. (Killed in action).
 Cantell, W. J., 2nd Bn. Grenadier Guards.
 Caudwell, C. C., Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars.
 Cazalet, Lieut. L. A., R.N., H.M.S. "Test."
 Challenor, Lieut. O. B., 4th Bn. Royal Berks, T.F.
 Chambers, E. H., Boy Artificer, H.M.S. "Indus."
 Collingbourne, A. W., Sussex Yeomanry.
 Comfort, 2nd Lieut. V., 2nd Mtd. Div. Supp. Col., A.S.C.

- Cook, C. E., 2nd (Public Schools) Bn., Royal Fusiliers.
Coxeter, C. L., Army Service Corps.
Cullen, O.E., 4th Bn. Oxon and Bucks L.I., T.F.
Cullen, W., 2nd Australian Expeditionary Force.
Dalmassy, Lieut. P. M. C., French Army.
Deane, W. A., Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars.
Detmold, K. J., Public Schools Bn. Middlesex Regt.
Donkin, 2nd Lieut. H. A. L., 7th Royal Berks.
Drewe, L. G., Berks Yeomanry.
Duncan, N., Inns of Court O.T.C.
Edey, 2nd Lieut. F. H., A.S.C.
Edgington, C. W., Acting Sergeant 4th Bn. Royal Berks, T.F.
Edgington, E., Royal Navy.
Edwardes, H. F. E., 4th (Public Schools) Bn. Royal Fusiliers.
Edwards, A. L., Lance-Corporal 5th Bn. Warwickshire Regt., T.F.
Edwards, E., "Ted," Army Service Corps.
Ellison, H. V., Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars.
ForesheW, 2nd Lieut. R. H., Army Service Corps.
Gale, H. G., Corporal, Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars.
Gale, L. F., Corporal, Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars.
Gilbert, W. R., Berks Yeomanry.
Gillingham, R. C., Royal Berks.
Good, Capt. C. B., Hampshire Carabineers.
Graham, Lt.-Col. H. M., Acting Brig.-Gen., S. Wales Borderers.
Graham, Lt.-Col. H. S., 75th Carnatic Infantry, Indian Army.
Graham, 2nd Lieut. E. M., South Wales Borderers.
Graham, 2nd Lieut. R. M., Essex Regt.
Graham, P. N., 10th Bn. Co. of London Regiment.
Greatbatch, R. E., United Arts Rifles.
Griffin, 2nd Lieut. I. E., 4th Bn. Oxon and Bucks L.I.
Habgood, H. G., Ceylon Mounted Rifles.
Habgood, H. T., Berks Yeomanry.
Habgood, J. H., Berks Yeomanry.
Hancock, C. A., Sergeant, H.A.C., T.F.
Harris, F. L. M., Royal Naval Flying Corps.
Harvey, E. H., 5th Bn. Gloucester Regt., T.F.
Harvey, E. F., Wiltshire Yeomanry.
Harvey, J., Gloucester Hussars.
Haywood, 2nd Lieut. R., 9th Bn. Royal Berks.
Hedley, 2nd Lieut. J. F., Royal Artillery.
Hewer, R. T., Sergeant, Berks Yeomanry.
Hoare, C. W. E., Royal Horse Guards.
Hooke, W. N., Berks Yeomanry.

- Ingold, 2nd Lieut. G. J. H., Sheffield Bn. Yorks and Lancs. Regt.
 Johnston, T., R.N.R.
 Jones, M. E., Royal Engineers.
 Layng, 2nd Lieut. T. M., Indian Army, attached 2nd Bn. Durham L.I.
 Layng, G. R. S., Public Schools and University Corps, O.T.C.
 Leach, 2nd Lieut. Richd. B., 4th Bn. West Yorks Regt.
 Leach, W. W., 6th Bn. Royal Berks.
 Lodge, C., Sergeant, 4th Bn. Royal Berks, T.F.
 Long, P. E., Corporal, Berks Yeomanry.
 Long, W. E., Berks Yeomanry.
 Louth, H. G., 4th Bn. Seaforth Highlanders, T.F.
 Marcus, D. H., 16th Bn. Co. of London Regt., T.F.
 Mathias, L. S., 90th Winnipeg Rifles, Canadian Contingent.
 McCreery, Capt. A. T. J., R.A.M.C.
 Meredith, Lieut. H., 4th Bn. N. Staffs. Regt., attached 7th Hussars.
 Michelmores, T. G., R.N.R.
 Mills, A. A., 4th Bn. Royal Berks, T.F.
 Milne, 2nd Lieut. J. T., 4th Bn. Oxon and Bucks L.I., T.F.
 Mitchell, J. McG., 4th Bn. Oxon and Bucks L.I., T.F.
 Mortleman, J. W. G., Motor Transport Col., S. African Forces.
 Mortleman, W. R., Bombardier, B. Batt., H.A.C., T.F.
 Mortleman, E. A., B. Batt., H.A.C., T.F.
 Nowill, C. M., Sheffield Bn. Yorks and Lancs. Regt.
 Northam, V. S., 4th Public Schools Bn. Royal Fusiliers.
 Painter, C. C., 4th Bn. Oxon and Bucks L.I., T.F.
 Parker, R. R., 1st Bn. Leinster Regt.
 Parker, F., 3rd Bn. Royal Berks.
 Parr, C. G., Grimsby Bn. Lincolnshire Regt.
 Payne, A. S. B., Bristol Bn. Gloucester Regt.
 Payne, C. H.
 Payne, H. A., 5th Bn. Gloucester Regt., T.F.
 Pearce, 2nd Lieut. M. C., 4th Bn. Dorsetshire Regt.
 Perrin, C. E., Acting Sergeant, 4th Bn. Royal Berks, T.F.
 Perrin, N. C., 4th Bn. Royal Berks, T.F.
 Powell, Capt. W. R., Royal Guernsey Artillery, C.I. Militia.
 Pratt, A. F., 7th Bn. Royal Berks.
 Price, Lieut. W. D., Cyclists Corps, Hants Regt., T.F.
 Pritchard, 2nd Lieut. I. T., Worcester Regt.
 Read, C. M., Royal Naval Brigade, R.N.V.R.
 Read, F., R.N.V.R., H.M.S. "Lion."
 Read, W. J., 10th Bn. Royal Fusiliers.
 Rice, A. G. C., 4th Public Schools Bn. Royal Fusiliers.

- Rice, G. C., South Midland Division, A.S.C.
 Rice, R. G., 4th Bn. Royal Berks, T.F.
 Robinson, 2nd Lieut. L. W. F., Royal Engineers.
 Rutter, F. J., 4th Bn. Oxon and Bucks L.I.
 Shepherd, Sub.-Lieut. A. G., Royal Naval Flying Corps.
 Shepherd, G. H. G., Inns of Court O.T.C.
 Shepherd, J. G., Inns of Court O.T.C.
 Shepherd-Turnham, Lieut. N. P., 6th Bn. Yorkshire L.I.
 Short, H. W., Royal Navy.
 Slade, R. B., 95th Saskatchewan Rifles, Canadian Contingent.
 Smith, Lieut. C. F. B., Sussex Regt.
 Smith, F. D., Corporal, Gloucester Hussars.
 Smith, H. W., Corporal, Gloucester Hussars.
 Sparkes, Capt. R. A., 54th Sikhs, Indian Army.
 Spokes, F. E., Lance-Corporal, 4th Bn. Royal Berks, T.F.
 Staniland, W. E., 10th Bn. Gloucester Regt.
 Stevens, K. G., 5th Bn. Queen's W. Surrey Regt., T.F.
 Stevenson, H. M., South Midland Div. A.S.C.
 Stockton, Lt.-Col. A., 4th Bn. Oxon and Bucks L.I., T.F.
 Stone, H. V., Lance-Corporal, Berks Yeomanry.
 Thomas, E. H., Public Schools Bn. Royal Fusiliers.
 Tinegate, G. H., Oxon and Bucks L.I.
 Townsend, R. A. R., Public Schools Bn. Royal Fusiliers.
 Tubb, O., "Corporal," Sergeant, Royal Berks.
 Tubb, O., Royal Navy.
 Vivian, A. C., London University O.T.C.
 Ward, J. F., 3rd Bn. Royal Berks.
 Weaving, 2nd Lieut. H. W., 4th Bn. Royal Irish Rifles.
 Weaving, R. V., 4th Bn. Royal Berks, T.F.
 Whelpton, 2nd Lieut. E. G., 4th Bn. Royal Berks, T.F.
 Wilding, 2nd Lieut. T. S., 4th Bn. Loyal N. Lancs. Regt., T.F.
 Williams, 2nd Lieut. A. J. F. de Courcy, West India Regt., att. 4th Bn. Middlesex Regt. (Killed in action).
 Williams, 2nd Lieut. W. C., 12th Bn. Hampshire Regt.
 Willis, G. A., Berks Yeomanry.
 Winship, A., 7th Bn. Warwickshire Regt., T.F.
 Woods, 2nd Lieut. G., 9th Bn. Co. of London Regt., Queen Victoria Rifles, T.F.
 Woodward, F. C., with the Territorial Artillery in Egypt.

Additions to the above or corrections of the same should be sent to—

W. A. RUDD, School House, Abingdon.

**CASUALTY LIST.
KILLED IN ACTION.**

AUSTIN.—On October 15th, by the sinking of H.M.S. Hawke, Acting-Paymaster Alan M. Austin, youngest son of the late Archdeacon Austin, of Ock House, Abingdon, aged 30 years.

[Alan M. Austin entered Roysse's School in the Autumn term of 1895. He quickly became prominent both in and out of school and shewed signs of considerable Classical ability. He elected, however, to adopt a Naval career in preference to a University course and in December 1901 he was placed First on the List of Candidates for Assistant Clerkships. In 1905 he was one of the Officers appointed to the Renown when the present King and Queen made their voyage to India. His contemporaries at school will remember him as a strong swimmer and as a member of the Football Team in 1899 and 1900, and of the Cricket Eleven of 1900 and 1901. But he left school somewhat early, before his real gifts as an athlete were realised. He leaves a widow and one infant daughter.]

CANNON.—Killed in action on October 31st, near Ypres, Hugh Stanley, Motor Dispatch Rider, second son of the late Alfred Cannon, Esq., of Sandford-on-Thames, aged 26 years.

[H. S. Cannon joined his elder brother "Freddy" at the School House in September 1900. His promising career at Abingdon was all too short. Owing to his father's illness he left early to become a Day Boy at Magdalen College School. He went subsequently to the Grammar School at Newbury.]

DE COURCY WILLIAMS.—On October 21, from wounds received at Bethune on the previous day, Almericus John Falkiner de Courcy Williams, only son of Dr. and Mrs. de Courcy Williams, of St. Etchens, Killucan, West Meath, aged 19 years and 6 months.

[He came to Abingdon in May 1908, and left for Sandhurst in 1912. We reprint from "The Times" the following: "He passed out of Sandhurst last July, and was gazetted to a West Indian regiment, but was attached to the 5th Battalion Middlesex Regiment at Chatham in August, and was sent to the front on September 5th, attached to the 4th Battalion Middlesex Regiment. He was severely wounded at Bethune on October 20th, and only lived until the next day."]]

WOUNDED.

Second Lieut. I. T. Pritchard, Worcester-shire Regiment.

Second Lieut. Eric M. Graham, S. Wales Borderers.

Trooper B. J. Bury, Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars.

INTERNEED IN HOLLAND.

Seaman G. L. Atherton, "Benbow" Battalion Naval Brigade, R.N.V.R.

Seaman C. M. Read, "Benbow" Battalion Naval Brigade, R.N.V.R.

THE REVEILLE.

Hark ! I hear the tramp of thousands
And of armed men the hum ;
Lo ! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick alarming drum,—
Saying, " Come,
Freemen, come !
Ere your heritage be wasted," said the
quick alarming drum.

" Let me of my heart take counsel :
War is not of Life the sum ;
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days shall come ?"
But the drum
Echoed, " Come !
Death shall reap the braver harvest," said
the solemn-sounding drum.

" What if, 'mid the battle's thunder,
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,
When my brothers fall around me,
Should my heart grow cold and numb ?"
But the drum
Answered, " Come !
Better there in death united than in life a
recreant,—come ! "

Thus they answered,—hoping, fearing,
Some in faith, and doubting some,
Till a trumpet-voice, proclaiming,
Said, " My chosen people, come ! "
Then the drum,
Lo ! was dumb,
For the great heart of the nation, throbbing
answered, " Lord, we come ! "

BRET HARTE.

NEWS FROM OLD ABINGDONIANS
WITH THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

*Letter from Trooper B. J. Bury, Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars
(Wounded at Messines, writing from Grafton Ward, St. Mary's Hospital,
London, W.)*

Dec. 2nd, 1914.

I am glad to say I am much better, although not out of bed yet; I do not expect to get up for a time yet. I was shot through the top of the right lung, about 1½ inches under the collar-bone. The lung has been on strike ever since, but I expect he will come back to work in time.

You asked me for an account of my experiences, so I will try and tell you something about what really did happen in the short time I was in action. Mr. Kaiser would not have me against him more than 30 hours, but perhaps I shall be more fortunate next time.

About the 10th September, we (Q.O. O.H.) left Southampton for an unknown destination; we all thought we were going to Africa, one or two thought Egypt; however after a rough crossing of about two days, upsetting the horses and some of the men, we eventually landed at Dunkirk.

Well, the first few weeks were not very interesting, we spent a good deal of time practising sword exercise, and getting ourselves and our horses fit. After this we searched for stray Uhlans in the Hazebrouck district; one day we did get up against almost 8,000, but on second thoughts the Colonel gave the order to retreat, so we left them to a large French Cavalry Corps.

We spent some little time at St. Omer,

as body-guard to General French. On the 30th October I met Bruce ii. It was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon when he came and spoke to me. For the moment I did not know him, but I soon recognised his 'ridiculous' grin. We arranged to meet again at six, and have a beef-steak together. At five o'clock we got the order to saddle-up and be on parade in full marching order at 5.45 o'clock. This was a surprise to everyone; it was raining and dark when we got on parade, so you may guess we were a bit miserable.

The Colonel informed us that we were "for it." Then there was a huge cheer; well, off we went, and marched all night. We arrived at a village about three miles west of Messines; here we had some coffee, and anything else we could lay hands on. After a half-hour's halt, we went on about another mile; here we left our horses, with a few men to look after them. We tramped a mile or so, halted, and dug some most elaborate trenches; here we thought we were going to get a rest, but no; no sooner had we finished digging than we got the order to advance. We were now about a mile from Messines.

On looking overhead, I saw a German aeroplane with his beautifully curved wings, like a dove; he began to pitch and toss about, presumably making signals, for almost immediately over came, I should think, twenty "coal-boxes," landing

all round our beautiful trenches. Now and again, one pitched right in them, but the "lads" were not there. This was our first smell of real warfare.

Well, we advanced with some Indians and several famous cavalry regiments, and by middle day, we had collared the village of Messines. I should think there were two German shells dropping in and close round the village every second (without stretching it). My jingo, the lead didn't half fly, but we were awfully lucky and had only about four men wounded up till two o'clock. The whole place was in flames. I have never seen anything like it; it is absolutely impossible to imagine. The rest of the afternoon most of our people spent in the trenches. I was less lucky. I only managed to find a ditch, which, with my bayonet and hands I soon made fairly comfortable. I "think" I had enough earth in front of me to keep away any bullet. "Coal-boxes" fell all over the place, making holes big enough to bury 20 men easily, but unless they actually hit you, or fall on the edge of a trench, there is very little damage done. Shrapnel is far more effective, except for bombard-
ing.

Well, I stayed in my ditch until dark, when we were relieved by the Scottish Borderers. We went back about 200 yards, for some rest behind a bank; here we curled up together without big coats on the damp ground, and slept like a lot of rabbits. Horses and cattle were to be seen strolling about, many of them wounded. At 12.30 we left our billet and went to some barricades in the village, which was still being shelled. I can assure you it was not a very nice feeling, holding them against shell fire. We had

a Maxim on the barricade where I was posted, and we could see the Germans by the light of the great fire. They too were building a barricade, but when there were about 30 in a nice little heap, about 10 of us with rifles, and two men on a Maxim, all let drive together; every man dropped. "They" gave us no more trouble; no doubt the Maxim accounted for the greater part.

At 6 a.m. we were relieved by some of the Yorkshire L.I. The village was in an awful state, wounded, dead and dying, all over the place. We went back to our horses, and soon I had my big coat off the saddle, for I was nearly frozen. Our cooks had some bacon frying, and a cup of hot tea was good, as I had had nothing for 24 hours. I had just got a piece of bread and bacon in one hand, and bread and jam in the other, when the order came to "fall in" at once.

We were told that 200 Uhlans had broken through, and we naturally thought we had a soft job, so we set off in the very best of spirits, to take these few men. However, after manœuvring for about an hour to get a good position, a message came that Messines had been re-taken by the enemy, and 12,000 Germans were up against us; however, with the London Scottish on our right, and Indians on our left, we went for them, with about four to one against us. They soon stopped our advancing, and after holding them for a time, we had to retreat. We took up another position, but it was not a good one, and after some heavy firing, we re-treated again; before this retreat, I should think every man in our regiment fired 50 rounds, and the officers said they could plainly see the brutes falling. I hope I

hit one or two. Well, it was in this retreat that they rolled me over; my troop officer quickly bound me up, and he and a friend of mine carried me to a rick, where I was left for an hour, with the Germans advancing. When two fellows volunteered to come back and fetch me, they were not more than 150 yards away. By Jove, I was jolly glad to see them. Why we three were not shot, I do not

know, but perhaps this particular little party were not some of those who actually do kill the wounded; they could have done so easily.

This is the end of my experiences in action; short as they were, I saw a great deal. I hear that the Regiment has been in trenches nearly ever since I left them on Nov. 1st.

From Lieut. H. Meredith, North Staffordshire Regt., (attached 7th Hussars).

Sunday, Nov. 1st.

It seems funny to write Sunday as it's not a bit like it. In fact it's jolly hard to tell what day it is here. I'm writing this from my trench.—We had to dig ourselves in under shell-fire, except that for once they didn't shell this field. Having some cover, we managed to get some straw, and passed a rotten night. Since then I've improved mine considerably and it's now quite comfy.

They often shell us here, and at the present moment they are giving us 3's, their usual game. Two are Black Marias and one a Lyddite. The first two give a black smoke and the third a yellow foggy smoke. They have got our range perfectly, so we have had heavy artillery to try and smash in with 120 lb. shells of lyddite. We thought we were successful, but the cannonade now going on disproves it.

Their artillery is really awfully good, and yesterday—which was our worst—we lost 50 killed and wounded from shell fire, without returning a shot. Last night the Huns set fire to a church in a village we can see from here. It's rotten luck, but they can't help it as they think it is

used as a look-out post for artillery fire. Our shells we can hear passing over our heads with a long drawn out sighing whistle. At night the Maxims are going and sound just like blowing a quick succession of bubbles in the water, or a copper-full of water bubbling. When a large shell passes over our heads into the night, it sounds like a tube train passing away into a tunnel. Their shells are still dropping about 100 yards away. We hear them fired, whistle and bang, and can judge by the whistle how far off they are going to explode, but even from 200 yards away, the pieces blown off are dangerous. I am now in the support trenches, and to-night at dark we are to go to the relief trenches, of which the enemy have the range fairly well. We go in for 24 hours in each trench. We live fairly well on hard biscuits, tinned brawn and tinned jam, with tea.

Nov. 8th.

It's like being at School and receiving a hamper, to receive a parcel here. The last day or two has been a deep fog and everything has been wet and slimy, and a jolly sight colder than a frost, especially to the feet, which are always caked in

mud. We have robbed the hay ricks to some purpose and made ourselves as nice and as cosy as possible. To protect ourselves from shrapnel we undermine the banks and creep in like miners, but this is falling into disfavour as 'coal-boxes' have a nasty habit of knocking the lot down, and you stand a good chance of being buried alive. We manage fairly well with grub, chiefly tinned, and a chicken from the roost by way of a change. The farms are all knocked down and burnt, so all the cattle is free property, the owners being heaven knows where. The one thing we do look forward to is hot tea, which we don't get in the firing line. We have no idea how the war is going on, but heard heavy firing on our left to-day and all last night. After eleven days in the trenches we look forward to being relieved for three or four days, the only chance we get of washing or shaving or changing our togs at all.

A month or so of this is enough for—(here a dive for the trenches as one hears a shell whistling along—4 in succession—shrapnel), so I finish this safely under cover. We are very like ostriches for as long as our heads are hidden we think we are safe. One has to wait about 30 secs. after the first rush, for the back pieces which come whistling along and would cause a very ugly wound.

A 'Jack Johnson' as a rule gives one some time, but shrapnel doesn't. It comes and bangs before you can get to your hole like a frightened bunny. Often after such a wild rush you hear peals of laughter, and find that three people have jumped into the same hole, falling on top of one another. Their artillery is jolly good and they spend ammunition like water.

Nov. 12th or 13th.

The rainy season has started and I am writing this between the drops. My rest-trench is covered by two doors from a neighbouring farmhouse, covered with straw to make it warm, and earth to make it splinter proof, but the rain has found the cracks, and it's dropping in all over the place. Still it's better here than in the firing trenches where we were when it started. That was a great night. 'T was very dark and we were to move from the relief to the firing trench, when a shrapnel shower started right on the field where we are. It lit up the trench in a most marvellous manner like sheets of lightning and the bullets shrieked overhead. We thought it was an attack, and should have to go out in it.

Then it started to rain and suddenly became as light as day. We cautiously looked out and saw a village in flames, which lit up the whole sky and would incidentally light us up when we started to move. So we thought we'd stay here—but no. Orders came to relieve the other party, and the shrapnel shower being over, we succeeded, much to the relief of the people coming out. We hadn't been in the wretched, greasy, trenches 15 mins., when someone on our right got wound up in the brain and started firing at the sky line. They answered with a mixture of shrapnel and Black Marias, and you can bet we shrank into ourselves, with an occasional bob up to see if the Huns were coming. I had to crawl on my hands and knees about 100 twisty yards to my hole. When it slackened we could notice when the shells were coming by stars sent up into the air at the moment of firing, presumably by the fuse. I was looking

over the parapet once when the star didn't go up and a wretched shell burst about six yards in front, and I dodged mighty quickly, you may imagine. Then gradually it finished, but it was certainly the worst 40 mins. (seemed like two hours) I've spent so far. Then started for me an all night vigil, as I was wet through, caked with mud from shoe to shoulder, couldn't smoke, and no dry place to lie down in. We were jolly thankful when the next evening came as they gave us a day of it as well—one burst six yards from me and splashed me with dirt. I've got two shrapnel splinters in the tail of my coat (which is as stiff as iron). The Huns are very busy digging trenches in front of us, and at one place are about 150 yards away. I wish I could jump from here to home and give you a shock, for I haven't washed or shaved for a fortnight, am

caked in mud, and my boots have grown on me. This morning, I and a party had to get up at five and dig some more trenches for two hours and then the men had to come back and cook their own breakfast—which reminds me I didn't get my tot of rum this morning. Still we had a jolly good dinner to-day. Stewed chicken, as tender as one could wish, potatoes and cabbage (served lovely on some plates fetched from somewhere) followed by some hot tea, little sugar and no milk. Then a bar of wet chocolate, and then a pipe—two pipes, and perhaps three pipes.

I have more clothes on now than I have ever worn before. Fancy walking about in a vest, a flannel shirt, a sweater, a woollen cardigan waistcoat, a coat, and an overcoat!

From No. 852 Private W. N. E. Bruce, No. 3 Co. H.A.C. Infantry, British Exped. Force.

We left England on Sept. 18th, and were inspected by the King on Sept. 12th. Only 900 of us have come out as far as we know. The batteries we know nothing about. We have tons of work to do—fatigues of all descriptions—guarding wounded prisoners, working in docks, loading trains, etc. I joined with a great pal of mine, and we are both together. We have a topping camp here. Fruit,

etc., is hurled at us from all sides. We do route marches, on which we sing lustily. The Frenchmen are absolutely captivated by our lovely voices.

Please remember me to all the other masters and anyone else I knew.

P.S.—Mike is in the B.S.A. still, and with a party of his men arrested nine German farmers.

WITH THE NAVAL BRIGADE AT ANTWERP.

From Seaman C. M. Read, Benbow Battalion, Naval Brigade, R.N.V.R. (now interned at Groningen, Holland).

The whole thing came on us suddenly. We were woken up about five o'clock on the Sunday, Oct. 5th, by our Commander, who came round the tents and told us we were to fall in, in five minutes. Naturally great excitement prevailed as it was quite an unknown thing for our Commander to do anything so undignified as to come round himself. Anyway we fell in, and were told we were to embark at Dover at 2 o'clock; as a matter of fact we did not leave Deal until one o'clock, arriving at Dover about three o'clock, and we did not embark until nearly midnight. Nine hours we waited on that wretched pier with no grub except a biscuit or two at 10 o'clock, and all the time it was bitterly cold. Anyhow, when we had loaded up I went to sleep like a top, and when I woke at 7.30 we saw land to starboard, but we did not reach Dunkirk until somewhere about 9.30, and did not land until mid-day. We stayed at Dunkirk until night, and while strolling about I ran into A — — — who is a Naval writer, who told me that he thought we were going straight to Antwerp. Of course that caused huge excitement, and we entrained about 8 o'clock on the Monday night, arriving at Antwerp station about five o'clock on the Tuesday morning. The people in Antwerp turned out in scores, showered all sorts of food and drinks upon us, which by the way was practically all we got save a few biscuits during the

whole siege. We marched through Antwerp to a little village and were billeted in a pub., where we thought we were going to spend the night, but at mid-day all the 1st Brigade were fallen in and we were told we were going straight to the trenches. Great Cheers! We marched a few miles and passed numbers of Belgian soldiers who looked as if they had been through a good deal of hardship, but all the same for that they encouraged us with smiles and drinks as we marched along singing merrily. We got to a Station called "Vieux Dieu," and entered some trenches: nearly all this time we could hear firing, but it sounded a long way off. We stayed in the trenches for an hour or so and were told that our Battalion (Benbow) had to go into the firing line to relieve some Belgians. We fell in again and marched towards the trenches, the firing all the time getting nearer. On the way we halted, and some marines came along and spoke to us. Poor fellows, they seemed to have been through a bad time. "Ah," said one to me, "you might as well leave your rifle here for all the use it will be to you; those little pea-shooters are no good against 15-inch guns."

I forgot to mention about the armoured train which was running all along the rails and doing a good deal of damage to the Germans. We had to dig trenches that night and sleep with fixed bayonets by

our sides. It was cold, and shells that were whizzing about were not guaranteed to make things more comfortable. We soon got used to them, however, and after a time ceased to notice them. None of our men were hurt, but the marines, who were dug in in the same line of trenches, had a pretty thick time. I believe about fifty were killed, the papers say there were about 300,000 Germans besieging Antwerp. Well, if they had only had the grit to charge our trenches that night I should not be writing to you, but their infantry is no good at all, it's those marvellous guns of their's that did the damage. The whole lot of us retreated that night, or rather early Wednesday morning, and took up a new position about 8 o'clock. Of course the times are only guessed, as none of us had watches. We started digging new trenches there, and had some corned beef, my word, it did go down well! I think the saddest sight to be seen was those refugees leaving their homes. It was enough to tear one's heart out.

There was a farm house by those trenches and we were having coffee in the kitchen when some Belgians came in and gave the people notice to quit. The dear old lady there broke down absolutely. I ran off, it was too much.

We saw a German airman hovering over us taking note of our position, and although the Belgian artillery had several sporting shots at him he escaped, and I suppose carried some useful information to the Germans, anyhow, shells came flying over our heads on their non-stop route to Antwerp. We stayed in these trenches until about three o'clock on Thursday,

when we were told we were to relieve the Collingwood Battalion. We had just made ourselves comfortable, when the Collingwoods returned and we had to hop it. Then began the fun, we were told off to hold fort 4, and to get there we had to pass through an absolutely exposed piece of country, and the Germans had the range. "Bob down when you are spotted," was our motto, so we kept on dropping down as a shell came too close to be exactly pleasant. We reached the fort without any casualties, which was a marvel. "Fix bayonets," was the order. Something was evidently in the wind, for our Commander gave us a thrilling little speech and said we might never come out again, but he relied on us to fight to the last. We then commenced to get the other side of the fort. We went a little over the draw-bridge and were passing a piece of water when zip-zip—bullets came pouring in apparently from our own men, the Collingwoods evidently mistaking us for the Germans. Our Company Commander yelled to them "We are English," and the firing ceased. We got into our position and began to dig ourselves in. I shall never forget the night. There was Antwerp blazing furiously behind us, shells flying overhead and somewhere in front the Germans' bullets were coming from somewhere, off and on, all the night, but we had no order to open fire, so we passed the word down for our Platoon Commander, and were told he was shot. There we were in the trenches without an officer, but another came up and we retired a few yards behind a small rise in the ground. I was so tired and cold that I nestled close to someone—Heaven knows

who—and dropped off to sleep. We were ordered by our Commander to retire somewhere between 2 and 3.30, and found all the other battalion and two Companies of the Benbows had retired, and so B and C Companies were left on their own, and when we got out of the fort half our Company got adrift from us, and about a hundred and twenty of us with two officers were left to get out of the town as best we could. We then marched by a round-about route to Antwerp. Personally I had no idea the city had actually fallen, but I thought we were going to take up another position nearer the town. We then went into a big garden and were told we might sleep until six o'clock, but as a matter of fact we had to get up considerably sooner, and I only had about half-an-hour's sleep. Then, and only then, did I realise what a tricky position we were in. We marched through Antwerp to the Quay, and the sight we saw will be in my mind as long as I live—half-starved dogs, dead animals and men lying by the roadside, blazing houses and great holes in the road where the shells had fallen. Shells were still falling into the town, but I was too dazed to take much note of anything. Trudge, trudge, trudge, and at last we were at the Quay, where there were crowds of people who evidently did not intend leaving the town. Then a Belgian fort spoke out from the riverside. It was pitiful to see the way the children clung to their mothers and wives to their husbands. We then started to cross the pontoon bridge over the Scheldt, but dis-

covered the other end had been fired to prevent the Germans crossing. We managed to get a sort of pleasure steamer which took us some way down the river, and we landed a few miles the other side. We thought we might get some food and rest there, but no—on we went again and kept on marching until mid-day, when we stopped for three hours to rest. We were then ordered to go to a village called St. Gilles, a distance up of about fourteen miles. We were about four miles from the place, when we were told some Uhlans had been seen in front. We opened out in extended order and proceeded for a few miles, but apart from the fact that some silly ass fired his rifle by mistake, nothing happened, and on we went every minute expecting a cavalry attack. We reached St. Gilles at dark, and found the railway had been blown up and German cavalry was in the neighbourhood; we were all done up but we had to go on, and then our senior officer told us that the only feasible thing to do was to go into Holland. Personally, I did not care what happened, All I wanted was sleep, which we got in a barn just outside the frontiers, a most foolish thing to do with the Germans so close. We got up about 5 a.m. and I know I could have slept for hours, but we had to get up. Then we marched across the border and I know I could hardly have gone a step farther. We then laid down our arms and now here we are at Groningen.

*From Seaman Atherton, 3338 (Benbow Battalion, Naval Brigade, R.N.V.R.
(interned at Groningen, Holland).*

Dec. 3rd, 1914.

On Sunday, Oct. 4th, at 5.45, we were surprised to hear the Commander of our Battalion order us all to get up and fall in on the parade ground in 5 minutes. When we fell in he said we were to embark from Dover at 2 o'clock that afternoon, but he didn't know our destination. As might be expected we were very much behind, and after loading the transport boat with provisions, ammunition, we finally left the harbour 12 hours late, I didn't get more than 2 hours sleep that night, as we were loading the boat ourselves and at 9 o'clock Monday morning we arrived at Dunkirk, with the band playing, and a very hearty reception was given us by the populace. Unloading the boat and loading the train took the whole day and at 8 o'clock we were served out with 100 rounds each and told that we must be prepared to fight our way through the German lines to Antwerp. However, we arrived there at 5 o'clock after a 9 hours' journey without any disturbance, and were marched through the town to a picture palace, where they billeted our battalion. Just as we were going to get a little sleep—being dead tired—we were ordered to fall in "en route" for the firing line. As a matter of fact we were made to erect trenches of sacks of sand and trees until about 6 p.m., when we were marched up to some trenches 200 yards away from the enemy. The space between us and the Germans was rough ground and covered with trees, so we didn't come to blows, notwithstanding a number of

Uhlans were in a wood 50 yards from the trenches. We didn't fire on them as we were on the defensive and didn't want our position given away. At about 4 o'clock Wednesday morning we retired for about three miles behind the inner line of forts and converted a ditch along one of the roads into a covered trench. Wednesday night we spent in this trench and the enemy were shelling our position the whole time so you can imagine we got very little sleep. One of the men was told to get a bucket of water in case the top of the trench caught fire, and he emptied it down another chap's neck. Most amusing, but oh! the language! At 12 o'clock the next day—Thursday—I was chosen as one of a cyclist corps, which consisted of 25 men, and our business was to go as escort to a transport party of three motor 'buses which were to go into Antwerp—these being shelled—and get provisions for the defending forces. We were taken in on the 'buses and loaded them up. Then we unpacked our bicycles and cycled back. On three occasions the shells burst 20 yards away from us, and the roads were covered with broken glass from the windows. However, we arrived back at the trenches safely, except that the Chief Petty Officer in charge was missing—he hasn't been heard of since—and at 10 o'clock we had the order to retire. We marched with bayonets fixed and in absolute silence, and the order was, "If you meet the enemy, charge—don't cheer!" The reason was that we were surrounded and had to pass through the enemy's lines.

The guide was dressed as a Belgian soldier, and after he led us into the German shell fire we discovered he was a spy. He escaped by saying he wanted some directions from some Belgian soldiers standing near by, and went off not to show his face again. Our Battalion consisted of about 600 men, and at one time the shells were bursting all around us, and one killed six Belgians who were 20 yards ahead of the column. The men were so demoralised that they fell down on hearing a shell coming. It was a very trying experience for new troops. At this point, having got safely through the German lines, we had to cross the Scheldt, and as the bridge had been blown up by the Belgians to prevent the enemy crossing, we had to cross by two tugs. Also, although it was four o'clock in the morning it was as light as day, as the Belgians had also set alight the five oil tanks belonging to the American Oil Co., to prevent it falling into the enemy's hands. All that day we marched until about six o'clock when we reached a place called St. Nicholas, where we were to have taken a train to Ostend, but as the Germans had blown up the railway line and cut off our retreat, we had to retire into Holland.

Throughout the defence of Antwerp there were only at the most 20,000 of the Belgians and Naval Brigade, while the Germans numbered 150,000, and were supported by large guns, while our guns in the Belgian forts were defective—having been supplied by the Germans and only lasting one or two rounds. Some even exploded at the first shot, killing the gun's crew.

Groningen,

Holland,

Thursday, Nov. 5th.

After it was decided to evacuate Antwerp we were compelled to pass through the German lines, and as no communications got through to the Commodore we were without food or news of the enemy's movements. We were shelled while retiring, and one passed 20 yards in front of our column, wiping out half-a-dozen Belgians on outpost duty there. We started at 11 at night and marched till 6 o'clock the next evening without food or rest, having travelled 60 miles in about 20 hours. At the end of the march we intended to entrain for Ostend, but found that through no information getting to us we had been cut off by the Germans, and our only course was either to fight our way through against greatly superior numbers or retire into Holland. In view of our condition the Commodore didn't think that we were fit for fighting, so we took the latter course and it looks as if we shall have to stay here now unless Germany breaks Holland's neutrality. We are very comfortable here and the food is not bad, although it doesn't suit us very well. I hear there are 104 O.A.'s serving. Quite good, isn't it? Impromptu concerts are arranged about twice a week, and we have football practically every afternoon. We are supposed to be moving at the end of the month, to a place called Assen. We are not allowed outside these grounds without a military escort, and every other day we go for a route march with a mounted escort. Read iii. wishes to be remembered and please remember me to all friends.

WITH THE FORCES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

News from Sir Michael Bruce, Bart., with the Cape Police.

About six months ago Sir Michael Bruce won his Tent Pegging Competition, with 40 entries, of Police and Cape Volunteers. He was also second in the "Endurance Race," 40 miles go as you please,—horse's condition considered. He has just recently had a "nice little scrap" in Southern Rhodesia.

As senior trooper, with another trooper and three blacks he went to order six German farmers to give up their rifles. They found all six in one farm with three blacks—who laughed at them and said, "Clear off this farm in ten minutes or we shoot." Bruce i. withdrew his men, and sent one to the Sergeant at Inyanga, "Bring mules, gatling gun, and 2,000 rounds of ammunition, also 100 rounds

303 amm. to Ngarve Farm." The Sergeant came and asked if they were drunk, but on explaining they brought the gatling. Bruce made a white flag, held a parley and asked them to surrender.—No.—

So he and the others lay behind stones and fired at doors and windows. The Germans replied, but Bruce said he had never seen worse shooting. Then the gatling came, so he placed it on a Kopje and trained it on a barricaded door. They still refused to surrender, so their water furrow and ten head of their cattle were shot down. That did it—they finished.

The Germans were escorted in State to gaol. They are being sent to Kimberley to be treated as prisoners of war.

WITH THE UNIVERSITY AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS CORPS.

From Private H. F. E. Edwardes, 4th Co., 4th Batt. Royal Fusiliers, Ashstead, Surrey.

I am billeted with some 60 others in a sort of tin shed arrangement. All my Battalion are billeted on this village of Ashstead and most of them are very well off, as most of the houses belong to prosperous retired London merchants who treat their billetees very well. My own billet however is more Spartan in character, more like camp life—we have to sleep in our blankets and overcoats and do our washing in the open air and the old woman who runs the show has a keen eye for business. I am not sorry to be here rather than in more luxurious quarters, as the change will not be so great when we do go into camp. They are building a hundred huts, each holding a platoon, on Epsom Downs, and part of our fatigue duties consist in going up there and assisting in the building operations. I spent one day in carting timber from Epsom Goods yard,

and another in sawing up wood, and now we have to go and dig the trenches for the drain pipes. When we happen to be the the Company in waiting we have to provide a night guard—which means 16 hours sentry go—not too attractive a job on a wet night with the wind whistling over the Downs. However, we all remain merry and bright and extract a great deal of fun out of most unpromising situations. They are a sporting lot of fellows here.

I am just recovering from vaccination. They gave us an extra strong dose—just to make certain, I suppose—and most of us have had arms about three times the size of Sandow's.

The latest rumour is that we are going to France early in January, but there are so many rumours about that one does not know what to believe.

WITH THE "OLD BOYS" CORPS.

There has been a deal of correspondence in the newspapers as to what civilians can do in the event of an invasion by the enemy, even if it is only a raid. We all feel we should like to do something, and as one of those who unfortunately are over 38 years of age, and therefore are not eligible for enrolment in the official forces of the Crown, I have joined this Corps. There are branches in various parts of London, and personally I am a member of the North London Branch. We drill at the Ambler Road Schools, close to Finsbury Park Station, at 5.15 and 6.30 p.m., on our way home from the City, and any evening from Monday to Friday, we may be seen being put through our paces, forming fours, right incline, left incline, etc. On Saturdays and Sundays, we drill at a week-end camp at Wembley Park for Company and Battalion drill, Rifle practice and Field training. The Commandant of the Corps is Brigadier-General Sir Eric Swayne, K.C. M.G., C.B. The Corps is self-supporting and numbers over 1,200 men.

The recruits are drilled by non-commissioned officers and a warm time they give us. "Now then, don't you know your right hand from your left, do you want me to placard you?" "If the rear rank can't keep two paces behind the front rank, I'll walk down between you and tread on every one of your toes." "Confound his impudence," murmurs my right-hand neighbour, a prominent member of the bar. "Silence in the ranks, I'll do all

the talking there is to be done," says our peppery little sergeant, but he is a good man, and although we half grumble, we really like him to be strict and smarten us up. Presently we break off to tea and lining up two deep with our tin mugs and plates, we get our roll, butter and jam, and we all agree we never enjoyed a meal more.

The other day we had a route march, 600 strong, from Baker street to Wembley, all in mufti of course, and the spectators along the route cannot quite make us out, we are taken to be German prisoners bound for a concentration camp, or for Belgian refugees off to hospitable homes.

The earlier companies formed really drill very well, and a good many have had commissions, four this week—we feel that if the worst happens, the Government can call on us, and that we shall be able to line up in the last ditch, and that we may have the extreme satisfaction of disposing of a few "All Bosches" and stop them getting back to their dear Vaterland.

I daresay a good many of you have read some very amusing articles written by "A.A.M." one of our members which have appeared in Punch.

Attendance at drill and camp are optional, but members are expected to come as often as possible. There are always recruits joining and if any Old Abingdonian would like to become one, he can obtain all particulars at the Headquarters, 25, Victoria street, S.W.

AWKWARD SQUAD.

WAR MISCELLANEA.

We thank all those who have so kindly lent us letters from which we have been able to make the extracts given above.

We deeply regret to learn that Lieut. L. A. Filleul, Somerset Light Infantry, the kindly rowing coach of our old rivals at Monkton Combe, was killed in action on October 22nd.

Many wounded soldiers found enjoyment in watching our match against Mansfield College at Oxford. The City was veritably a Khaki-city, the unfamiliar Belgian uniforms of some convalescent officers looking strange by contrast.

A collection in Chapel for the Prince of Wales' Fund amounted to £5 0s. 0d.

Some of the members of the Old Boys team (and they have since obtained commissions) came over in uniform.

Members of the Staff visited the Berks Yeomanry when at Churn, to find nearly a dozen O.A.'s encamped there; they were threatening to challenge the rest of the camp to a football match!

J. Townsend, O.A., is Chairman, and W. Bevir Hon. Sec. and Treas. of the Local Belgian Refugees Committee. There are now a number of Refugees in the town.

J. B. Reeves, O.A., is very much alive in London. His modesty forbids us to say more.

The Colonel of the 6th Batt. Gloucester Regiment wrote a letter of thanks to S. H. Baker for instructing some 500 recruits in Rifle-shooting.

Lieut. H. A. A. d'Almaine, O.A., was two days out from Durban on a voyage home after an absence of 16 years; we learn he "got chased by a German cruiser off Zanzibar and had to double back to

Durban, lights out and the Captain sitting on the safety valve, and when he got in, orders for the front."

O.T.C. QUERIES.

- (i.) How many rope ends would be necessary to make the Abingdon O.T.C. "form Mass?"
- (ii.) At what range would canting the sights to the left send a shot "high-right?"
- (iii.) At how many miles per hour would our Corps advance, marching at the rate at which they "mark time?"

THE O.T.C.

My friends I'm sure you'd be quite thrill'd
A noble sight to see;

Then why not come and watch us drill'd?

We don't charge any fee!

A whole platoon we call our lot,

For forty strong are we

When tired of this the name we've got,

We form a company.

I've heard it said (I'm not to blame)

It must have been for fun,

The O.T.C. once took the name

Of a Battalion.

If good big breakfasts now we eat

Of eggs and marmalade

Then soon by chance you'll have, to greet

An excellent Brigade.

Now if you put us to the test,

In section drill we're fine

But if you wish to see us best,

Then form us into line.

Our line is straight as any bar,

Perhaps a crooked one;

'Nous savons' shoot,—'ne pouvons pas'—

Our rifles haven't come.

This O.T.C. we ought to send

To aid the Allied line

The sight of it I'm sure would bend

The Huns back o'er the Rhine.

W.H.W.

Amongst other O.A.'s we have received visits from 1st Lieutenants W. D. Price (passing through Oxford with his Cycle Corps), T. S. Wilding (billeted at Swindon), and O. B. Challenor (home on leave) 2nd Lieutenants R. Haywood, G. Woods, H. A. L. Donkin, W. C. Williams, all four on leave after receiving their commissions. Bombardier W. R. Mortleman (billeted near Wantage), Private R. R. Parker (recalled from India for active Service), whilst our three friends mentioned elsewhere, "Corporal," "Ted," and "John" have all returned to see us and to recount their experiences.

W. J. Lightfoot, O.A., has sent us a long letter from which we quote the following:

Benhilton, King Island, Tasmania.

Oct. 4th, 1914.

Things are very stirring at present with the War and the drought here at home. We get the War news about fourteen hours later than you do at home, and shorter than that too at times, by the wireless station here; it is posted up every night outside one of the Stores in the township, so we are not so cut off. They are having no trouble to get men out here to enlist, in fact they are refusing them now as they have a sufficiency at present. A troopship left Melbourne the other day and hadn't gone far before they discovered a bomb in the coal which was set for six days, so it was fortunate it was discovered, as the boat had no escort.

We take the following from a beautifully illustrated article in the December Badminton Magazine, written by S. Harold Baker—

"And so the summer comes again, and northward and eastward we may wander yet further afield round about the "Culture Capital." Two pictures stand

out clearly in the memory. Leaving Berlin at Westend, a fashionable villa suburb that speaks plainly enough of the ever-growing wealth of the German people, we may reach Spandau, that grim old fortress town. In the tower of the citadel are locked the hundreds of millions of marks *reserved for war!* Circling round to the northward we come to a desolate sandy waste. Strange buildings are dotted about; over there the powder-magazines; here an explosive laboratory; and further on the Airship barracks, and then the Rifle-butts. In the hazy distance a drab grey cloud moves slowly onward, now it comes nearer, and a grey blue line spreads out in front of it. A column of soldiers is marching home trailing a cloud of dust behind them, their bronzed faces a contrast with their dusty grey garments.

A *Stimmungsbild aus Berlin*, the Germans might call this—"a peep into the soul of Berlin"; but look upon this other picture. Circling round to the eastward we pass through little lakeside villages, and here we meet a goose girl with a great flock of geese. Slight toil for the maiden, and a mint of money later for the farmer-owner, for does not the Berliner dearly love his dish of roast goose? Here comes a waggon-load of straw, two great oxen hauling it lazily, and the rustic drover greets us with a cheery "Good-day"! Another *Stimmungsbild* for you, and which will you choose? But we are trifling; for it is "Culture" that must choose, and what says "Culture"?—"The oxen shall visit the butcher, the geese are now fit for the slaughter, for the rustic must join the grey column!"

But the lonely goose girl stays at home and waits!

TO THE GERMAN WAR PARTY.

Shame upon the accursed braggarts,
 weltering in a nation's gore,
 Think ye, by dread rape and carnage, gain
 the praise of men of yore ?
 Slaughterers of guiltless thousands, o'er
 whose mangled frames ye strode,
 This the strain of your great pæan, death
 and rapine fire and blood !
 What care ye for babes and widows,
 homes destroyed, their living gone ?
 Care ye for the lives of millions rallying
 to war's dread song ?
 What your grief for priceless sculpture,
 hurled in ruins o'er the earth,
 What your grief for priceless treasures,
 what, for art of untold worth ?
 O ye worse than vilest mortals, may your
 pride be broken soon !
 May you shudder, pale with terror at your
 ending fraught with doom !
 Though ye scoff and talk of 'Culture,'
 streaming with your victims' blood,
 Think, when comes the Day of Judgement,
 what ye can reply to God !

J.K.

A SWISS HOLIDAY.

July 26th to August 28th 1914.

The cloud was already bigger than a man's hand on July 26, but so many war scares had come and gone, notably in 1912, that we started contrary to our judgement from Charing Cross. Amiens, Laon, Châlons, Chaumont, Belfort, soon to be points in a great battle-line, were only familiar stations in a summer-night's journey.

At Spiez we stopped for a night to refresh, and meet friends, and so reached Zermatt, July 28, to find it crowded with all nations, who paraded the little street

after dinner and talked mountains as had always been the custom. The next day the greatest change of a century had begun: the Austrians were off first, recalled by mobilisation orders. The Germans followed next. Among the English the rush to get back home came on the Friday and Saturday, July 30 and August 1, but many of them were too late to cross the frontier and had to wait for weeks in the heat and turmoil of the towns or frontier stations, some without luggage, some without money or credit. Of those that got through, some had fairly continuous journeys, others took many days and suffered real hardship. At Zermatt there remained a few Italians, who had a short road home if matters got worse. Otherwise the remaining visitors were almost entirely English, about 130 in Zermatt, about 80 up at the Riffel Alp. For several days there was a period of painful suspense, while people waited (with the English and French papers now cut off and the post held up) to learn if the English Government meant to fulfil its obligation of honour to France. Finally the news came that England had declared war; terrible indeed, but a relief from that suspense. The isolation of Zermatt was increased by the mobilisation of the Swiss army which monopolised the railways. For twenty years the Swiss had worked for this task, and the reward came with the crisis: in 48 hours 200,000 soldiers were at their posts fully equipped to maintain their frontiers, and the well-grounded fear of a fate like that of Belgium was averted for the time. When the summons came, the men left their work, in the fields, in the hotels, on the mountains, many of them under the

impression that the frontier had already been broken in the north, and that Italy was bound to come in with the Triplice. It was a strange sight to see soldiers in barracks at Zermatt, soldiers guarding the line, soldiers watching the snow passes towards Italy high up by the Theodule and the Lyskamm Joch.

The money question was extraordinary, and more was learnt about economics and the essential difference between gold and paper in a day's experience than in a course of academic lectures. On the door of the bank a notice was posted that the manager had joined his regiment and that clients could apply to the bank at Lausanne. Some had large credits at the bank, but no money; others had notes that they could not change, at least for a time; others, including large parties of school-teachers, had simply taken cheap inclusive tickets in conducted tours and were entirely unprovided for the emergency. After some delay the bank at Lausanne allowed its clients to draw a percentage of their credit per week; but in no case, however large the credit, was the weekly remittance to exceed 100 francs.

The visitors were gradually concentrated in two hotels, the Cervin and the Riffel Alp. At the Mont Rose, for instance, they were told one morning that no more meals could be served there as the chef had joined the French Army and the two Swiss cooks had been mobilised. A day or two later the Mont Rose was sleeping as well as dining at the Cervin. Monsieur Seiler, landlord of many hotels and a member of the National Council at Berne, behaved nobly: he gave credit to all in his own hotels and took in people from other places, with a prospect of much

delay in getting cheques passed through and little prospect of payment in some cases. He cheered his house to the end with good living and a band, and supported the few nervous and troublesome guests—most of this type had departed in the rush—with equanimity.

The guides had of course departed, but the English people continued to do the many walks and minor climbs, and lunched from time to time at the Riffel Alp, where the hotel credit extended. By this time most of the shops were shut and boarded up as if for a premature winter in mid-August. By a cruel irony, after a week of rain, a spell of perfect Alpine weather had set in—the finest August in the Alps with one exception for many seasons, and this the August of the war.

As was learnt afterwards letters and cards to England got through fairly regularly, but letters from England to Switzerland in belated batches, and newspapers became obsolete on the way. Imagine the *Standard* of July 29, 1914, arriving on August 12: it seemed to smack of the middle ages, for between the two dates Europe had passed from one epoch to another.

The Swiss papers and the Italian continued to arrive, sometimes regularly, sometimes not. The Swiss papers at first were poorly served with news, perhaps they were shy of giving offence across the frontiers. The Italian papers were quicker with news, and published all alike, official and alarmist telegrams from all sources, with the detachment of a neutral. After the French and Swiss mobilisations were developed, the communication between France and Switzerland became more free and the Swiss papers gave more news.

Naturally the English in Zermatt thought they were being starved of news, and yearned for a large English paper, but probably they got as much news as the people at home at the same date, but different news and news from other points of view.

During those three weeks the British representatives in Switzerland, bombarded by letters, telegrams and telephones from the unrestful and unreasonable sort, were endeavouring to arrange for the passage of trains for the stranded tourists who numbered some thousands (some estimates were as high as 16,000). A committee was formed at Zermatt, as elsewhere, and received its share of worrying. A census was taken of the wealth, return-tickets, passports, etc., or of the absence of these, and everything was splendidly organized—but no trains were forthcoming. France was absorbed in something graver than the convenience of a few tourists.

News came up from Berne, on August 18, that the attempted arrangements had for the time broken down. Thereupon the great majority decided to stay on in the hope of being taken home some time. They were justified in the event, for at length trains were forthcoming: armed with provisions, numbered and marshalled, they left Zermatt at 4.0 a.m., in a blinding snow-storm, travelled via Lyons (where the French gave them a great reception on the platform), and reached Boulogne in 42 hours from Zermatt, and so to England by the end of August.

About a dozen however decided that it was urgent for them to get back to England for various business, and not to risk being shut up in Switzerland for the autumn and perhaps the winter, as there

was a grave possibility that Italy would come in before the end of August on one side or the other and so shut up Switzerland within a ring of combatants.

And so the afternoon train of August 18 conveyed this group with their luggage (one of many problems) down to Viège—we have renounced the name of Visp. Here the group divided: part faced the journey across France, spent many weary hours in queues waiting to show their passports, but got through with hand-luggage to England fairly rapidly for the times.

The remainder journeyed that evening to Brigue. They had wired from Zermatt to Genoa for berths on the "Neuralia," which was expected to call, and had been promised them at £12 by the agents. At Brigue a telegram was received from the agents altering the price to £20. The next day's long railway journey began at six a.m. It is a change to shave by the light of the moon setting over the Furka; for to rise early for the mountains seems different from catching an abnormal train. After the Simplon tunnel came the great scenery of Italy, the rock-sides warmly coloured, and then Maggiore with its richer vegetation. At one station there were rolls to be had, at another peaches, in supplement to a breakfast that had been taken under protest at daybreak. For these matters, and for the purchase of newspapers, there was ample time; for, although Italy was not at war, the great expresses were not running, and Italy was moving troops and mules, and so the train trotted on about noon to Milan, now embroidered with many factories. At Milan a generous halt, devoted to lunch, and then the drowsy afternoon saw the great

plain roll by, with a moment of interest at Pavia. The evening lingered among the Appennines, the hill-towns- and towers, while more troops and mules went by. After dark some little carriages bore us uneasily to an "hotel garni" near the port, and we dined late and well at the Ristorante Fossati, a bourgeois room in a cellar, where the fresh sardines and wine and macaroni and fruit are good. All the noises of Genoa, that all-night city, could not prevent sweet sleep, but were as the murmur of innumerable bees. The next day was spent, not in seeing Genoa, but at shipping agents, at Cook's, at the Consulates, French and English. Towards evening it transpired that the "Neuralia" would probably not call, that there was no immediate prospect of a passage to England, except at a great price in a little cargo boat which might be requisitioned by the Government and so not start. Finally, travellers were advised to get out of Italy at once by the midnight train, as the order to mobilise at once was expected. This was accompanied by the injunction to get passports visaed: the French consul would not sign until the English consul had signed: another journey: the English consulate was shut Another dinner at Fossati's, another night in Genoa; this night the all-night traffic was heard. Next day the passports were visaed slowly and at a price, and at night the train crawled along the splendid, unseen coast to Ventimiglia, which boasts the worst hotel in Europe. The next day fifteen hours to Marseilles, of which four at Nice, Nice in August. The last three hours from Toulon to Marseilles there was a mighty crowd of French reservists on the train, friendly and most interesting.

if only there had been space to breathe. Sunday morning, no prospect of a train to Paris, as all permits were stopped for that day and perhaps for several. Then the news came that the "Orama" was in, and just going to sail. In an hour Cook had supplied the tickets at £10, the normal fare, the commissaire of police had visaed the passports once more, and the land-journeys were over.

On a good ship the Mediterranean was delightful after the heat and dust, and there were many travellers' tales to hear, tales of Corsica and tales of the Indian Ocean under strange conditions; and there were schools of porpoise to watch, and later whales at play. At daybreak Majorca was visible, and later serrated Ivica was quite close. The next day the coast of Africa came in sight, and the great rock of Gibraltar with the sun shining on the cemented face for the catchment of rain. In forty-eight hours from Marseilles the "Orama" was waiting for orders in the famous bay. Among the shipping could be picked out five German prizes and one Austrian. Algeciras and San Roca, the hills of Spain and the mountains of Africa made a great setting for the great fortress, with its long guns showing against the sky-line. And so out to the Ocean with a distant glimpse of Tangiers. The next four days to Plymouth gave faint glimpses of the Portuguese and Spanish coast, a cruiser watching off Lisbon, many ships at first. A daily summary of war news was allowed to be received by wireless from Poldhu, and covered the early fighting at Mons. And so this chronicle of a Swiss holiday has an end, and the reader is excused much more than has here been set out.

A.S.O.T.C.

In addition to the £225 4s. 5d. already promised, and acknowledged in our last issue the following have very kindly subscribed to the fund for starting an O.T.C.:

	£	s.	d.
Mr. H. Hughes ...	1	1	0
Mr. J. H. Meredith	2	2	0
Rev. F. K. Clarke...	1	1	0
Mr. J. B. Reeves ...	1	1	0
Mr. G. E. Grundy...	1	1	0
Miss Cope ...	1	1	0
Prof. W. Esson ...	3	0	0
Mr. J. Sanders ...	2	2	0
Mr. S. Elford ...		10	0
Mr. F. W. Ballard...	1	1	0
Mr. C. W. Davidge	1	0	0

As £50 has been granted by the Berkshire Education Committee to the building expenses involved in supplying a new changing-room to take the place of the old one, which is being converted into an armoury, the total sum obtained is £290 3s. 5d., which has enabled the O.T.C. to make a start. The warmest thanks of the School are due to those friends whose generosity has enabled us to give to Abingdon boys the military training which now-a-days a citizen must have, to be fully serviceable to his country.

A good start has been made with 44 members in the Corps, including five Masters. Extra time has been devoted to Company Drill with excellent results. It is hoped that it will soon be possible to get properly started with field work. The uniforms have been made and the Service caps are expected every day. At the present time it is of course very difficult to get equipment. We have to be content at present with some old carbines, which

have long been in the possession of the School and are a useful make-shift pending the arrival of rifles, though they are incapacitated for firing even blank cartridge. A wall has been built dividing the old day-boys' changing-room into two parts, the larger of which is now being fitted out as an armoury.

Extract from the London Gazette of December 14th, 1914.—Unattached list for the Territorial Force, W. Bevir to be Second Lieutenant for service with the Roysse's School O.T.C.

 CRICKET.

A.S.C.C. v. ABINGDON TOWN.—The School played on the Culham Road ground on Saturday, July 18th, and winning the toss batted first. Lupton played another excellent innings and from the very first seemed to be on his day. Mr. Grundy helped him to put on 50, and Mr. Edwardes 40. Later Mr. Edwardes and Davenport put on 50, the former making some nice off-drives and the latter hitting well. The innings was declared closed at 202 for 8. Bradfield played a sound but slow innings for the Town, and Lock, Macpherson, Lowe and Lay all made runs. After the latter was out, wickets fell quickly, Mr. Grundy taking 3 for 4, Mr. Bevir and Edgington being responsible for two very fine catches in the long field. Another over would have seen a win for the School, in fact most of the team imagined they had one in hand. As it was the Town were 75 runs behind with one wicket to fall; a virtual win for the School.

A.S.C.C.	
F. W. Lupton b Lay	62
H.A.L. Donkin c Parker b Macpherson	5
Mr. S. H. Baker b Lay	0
Mr. W. M. Grundy c Bradfield b Macpherson	20
Mr. H. F. E. Edwardes b Holmes....	49
Mr. W. Bevir b Allison	1
A. Davenport b Holmes	31
T. T. G. Race b Lay	20
H. J. Edgington not out	0
V. C. Warwick } did not bat	
A. Eason	
Extras	14

*(8 wks.) 202

*Innings declared closed.

ABINGDON TOWN.	
G. E. Bradfield c Eason b Race.....	46
A. E. Lock c Davenport b Bevir	16
A. C. Macpherson b Warwick	16
H. A. Lowe c Lupton b Warwick....	16
W. F. Lay c Bevir b Grundy	21
F. Parker b Grundy	2
P. H. Holmes c Edgington b Grundy..	0
W. Lay run out.....	0
A. E. Allison not out	4
T. W. Pratley b Bevir	0
R. Legge did not bat	
Extras	6

(9 wks.) 127

FOOTBALL.

A.S.F.C. v. BLOXHAM SCHOOL.—This match was played at Bloxham on Saturday October 10th. The School team was not quite at full strength, Davenport not being able to play. During the first half the visitors did most of the attacking, but the forwards even when in the mouth of the goal could not put through. At half-time there was no score. After the interval the home team broke away several times and scored from a centre from the left wing. Soon afterwards Howard scored for the School, and the game ended in a draw, 1—1. The game was rather slow throughout and the visiting backs were never very hard pressed. The halves played well, especially Morley, but the forwards were weak.

School team—E. Arias (goal); D. E. Elford, A. Eason (backs); P.W. Morley,

J. Knowles, N. G. Cornejo (halves); W. H. Wood, W. E. Wheeler, H. J. Edgington, T. T. G. Race, J. A. Howard (forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. LEIGHTON PARK SCHOOL. This match was played at home on Saturday, October 17th. The School team was again weakened by the loss of Wood and Elford, Davenport being still unable to play. The home team, however, started off well, Edgington putting through from a centre by Race in the first five minutes. Soon afterwards the visiting forwards broke away and scored, but before half-time two more goals were added by Race. After the interval Leighton did most of the attacking and were in their opponents' half most of the time. They broke through and scored three times, while the School forwards were unable to reply. The last goal was scored about two minutes from time. A very fast game resulted in a win for Leighton by 4—3.

The School forwards played much better especially Edgington and Race. The team was the same as against Bloxham, with the exception that Wood and Elford were replaced by Gibbs and Parry.

A.S.F.C. v. OXFORD HIGH SCHOOL.—The School team visited Oxford on Saturday, October 24th, when the ground was soft and the ball slippery. The home team were pressing most of the time and about ten minutes from the start they scored their first goal. Edgington then scored for the School, but before half-time the home team had added three more goals. After the interval Edgington again scored, but before the whistle blew, two more goals were added for Oxford High

School, the match thus ending in a victory for the latter by 6-2. Considering the weather and the condition of the ground the School team on the whole played quite well.

The team was the same as that against Bloxham, except that Davenport and Taylor played instead of Elford and Race, Howard playing inside-right.

A.S.F.C. v. MANSFIELD COLLEGE.—

This match was played at Oxford on Wednesday, November 4th. The visiting team playing down-hill in the first half did most of the attacking. Several times the forwards had hard luck in not scoring, and just before half-time Mr. Grundy netted the ball. After the interval the home forwards broke away more often and forced several corners, none of which proved dangerous. Wood added another goal for the School after Edgington had hit the cross-bar from a centre by Race. Another goal was afterwards scored by Mr. Rudd, the game thus ending in a victory for the visitors by 3-0. All the forwards played well, especially Mr. Rudd and Mr. Grundy, but they seemed to be rather hampered by the small size of the ground. Mr. Bevir at centre-half played an excellent game and Davenport also was good.

School team.—E. Arias (goal); A. Davenport, A. Eason (backs); P. W. Morley, Mr. W. Bevir, J. Knowles (halves); W. H. Wood, Mr. W. A. Rudd, Mr. W. M. Grundy, H. J. Edgington, T. T. G. Race (forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. OLD ABINGDONIANS.—

This match was played on the School ground on Saturday, November 7th. Owing to the war the Old Boys had a

slightly weaker team than would otherwise have been the case. The School started off well, and soon Edgington scored. The Old Boys then broke away and forced a corner, from which Crook netted the ball. Before half-time Wood added another goal for the School. The second half of the game was much faster, and the Old Boys attacked vigorously, Williams scoring after the ball had hit the bar from a shot by Trinder. Soon afterwards Leach gave the Old Boys the lead, but just before the whistle blew Race equalised, a hard game thus ending in a draw, 3-3. The School team played much better on the whole. Davenport played a hard game at back, and Arias showed great improvement.

School team.—E. Arias (goal); A. Davenport, A. Eason (backs); P. W. Morley, J. Knowles, N. G. Cornejo (halves); W. H. Wood, W. E. Wheeler, H. J. Edgington, T. T. G. Race, J. A. Howard (forwards).

Old Abingdonians.—D. Cullen (goal); W. H. Enoch, A. E. Trinder (backs); G. Woods, H. A. L. Donkin (Captain), H. W. B. Burkett (halves); R. W. B. Reynolds, E. E. Crook, S. Leach, W. C. Williams, P. N. Miles (forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. MAGDALEN COLLEGE

SCHOOL.—This match was played at home on Wednesday, November 18th. The game was fairly even throughout, and at half-time there was no score. After the interval the visiting forwards broke away and scored through a mis-kick by one of the backs. The School forwards, however could not reply, and the game resulted in a victory for the visitors by 1-0.

The halves played a hard game, especially Morley, but the forwards seemed

to be off colour.

The team was the same as that against the Old Boys with the exception that Cornejo played in goal and Elford took his place at right-half.

A.S.F.C. v. MANSFIELD COLLEGE.—

The School team visited Oxford on Wednesday, Nov. 25th, to play the return match with Mansfield College. The latter had a stronger side out, while the School team was slightly weaker than in the other match. The visitors had the best of the game and quite deserved to win. About half-way through the first half, Mansfield scored their first goal and five minutes afterwards Wood equalized. Just before half-time Mr. Baker put in a good centre, and the ball glided off one of the opponents' backs into the goal. The whistle blew for half-time with the score 2—1 in favour of the School. After the interval there was no scoring for some time, but the home forwards were pressing and forced several corners. At length they scored through a mis-kick by the goal-keeper, but no more goals were added, the game thus resulting in a draw, 2—2.

The School team did not play so well. Of the forwards, Mr. Rudd played a good game and Wood put in some good centres.

School team—E. Arias (goal); A. Davenport, A. Eason (backs); P. W. Morley, Mr. W. Bevir, D. E. Elford (halves); W. H. Wood, Mr. W. A. Rudd, H. J. Edgington, Mr. S. H. Baker, T. T. G. Race (forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. LEIGHTON PARK SCHOOL.

The School team visited Reading on Saturday, Nov. 28th. The ground was very wet, but it kept fine during the match. The School started off well and Race

scored with a good shot. From the kick-off the home forwards broke away and scored. In the beginning of the second half, Howard scored another goal for the School, but Leighton who were a much heavier team, were continually pressing. The light grew very bad and before the whistle blew, the score was 6—2 in favour of the home team.

Of the School team, Morley played well and Cornejo played an excellent game in goal in spite of the fact that he was partly disabled in the first ten minutes. The team was the same as against Magdalen, except that Elford played back and Eason centre-half.

A.S.F.C. v. BLOXHAM SCHOOL.—

The return match with Bloxham was played at home on Saturday, December 5th. The visitors winning the toss, played with the wind in the first half. On the whole the School had the best of the game. About half-way through the first half Wood scored the first goal for the School, after a scrimmage in the mouth of the goal. Soon afterwards the visitors scored a goal, one of their forwards shooting from outside the penalty area, and the goal-keeper letting the ball through his legs. Before half-time, however, Edgington ran through and scored, thus giving the School the lead. In the second half the home forwards were pressing most of the time, and Race scored another goal for the School. The Bloxham forwards broke away and forced several corners, but they failed to score again. The match thus ended in a victory for the School by 3—1.

The team, which was without Davenport and Cornejo, played quite well. The forwards showed more combination and

shot more often, Race especially. Knowles played a good game and Elford was quite safe at back. Arias, with the exception of his one fatal mistake, played quite well.

School team.—E. Arias (goal); D. E. Elford, A. Eason (backs); P. W. Morley, J. Knowles, W. H. Jackson (halves); W. H. Wood, W. E. Wheeler, H. J. Edgington, T. T. G. Race, J. A. Howard (forwards).

A.S.F.C. 2nd XI. v. BLOXHAM SCHOOL 2nd XI.—This match was played at home on Saturday, October 10th, and the result was a win in favour of Bloxham by 1—0. The home team had the better part of the play, but the forwards, though trying hard, failed to score. The visitors scored their only goal in the last minute of the game. All the team played well, especially Parry and Eason.

School team.—E. C. Davies (goal); E. L. Parry (Capt.), T. N. T. Leach (backs); W. H. Jackson, R. E. Eason, J. N. Sanders (halves); R. E. Gibbs, A. Ellis, W. R. E. Scrivener, H. E. Betteridge, C. Taylor (forwards).

A.S.F.C. 2nd XI. v. LEIGHTON PARK SCHOOL 2nd XI.—The 2nd XI. visited Reading on Saturday, October 17th. The home team, who were much stronger than the visitors, had the best of the game. At half-time the score was 4—0 in favour of the home team. After the interval Leighton continued to press and scored six more goals, while the visiting forwards were unable to score.

The two backs played a good game, but Davies was disappointing in goal, allowing several goals to be scored when he might easily have got his hands to the ball.

The team was the same as against Bloxham, except that Stacey and Jackson ii. took the place of Parry and Gibbs.

A.S.F.C. 2nd XI. v. OXFORD HIGH SCHOOL 2nd XI.—This match was played at home on Saturday, October 24th. The visitors were by far the better team, and during the first half they scored three goals. After the interval four more goals were added, whilst the home forwards were unable to score. A one-sided game resulted in a win for Oxford High School by 7—0. Amongst the forwards Ellis and Scrivener showed most dash, but on the whole they were disappointing. Parry and Jackson, as usual, played well. The team was the same as against Bloxham.

A.S.F.C. 2nd XI. v. S. E. CLACK'S XI.—This match was played at home on Saturday, November 14th. The home team started off well, and soon two goals were scored. The opposing forwards broke through and scored twice, but before half-time another goal was added for the School by Jackson. After the interval the home team had by far the better part of the game, and three more goals were scored. The visitors, however, could not reply and the game resulted in a victory for the School by 6—2. The goals were scored by Jackson, Gibbs, Ellis (2), and Scrivener (2).

Of the forwards, Ellis and Scrivener played well, but they all showed more dash. Parry and Jackson were good, as usual.

School team.—W. R. T. Skinner (goal); E. L. Parry, R. D. C. Lanning (backs); W. H. Jackson, D. E. Elford (Capt.), R. E. Eason (halves); R. E. Gibbs, A. Ellis, W. R. E. Scrivener, C. Taylor, H. E. Betteridge (forwards).

A.S.F.C. 2nd XI. v. MAGDALEN COLL. SCHOOL 2nd XI.—The 2nd XI. visited

Oxford on Wednesday, November 18th, to play Magdalen College School 2nd XI., and the game resulted in a draw 2—2. The game was fairly even throughout, the team on the whole playing quite well. The goals were scored by Ellis and Taylor, the latter showing great improvement when playing inside. Betteridge also seemed more at home at outside-right and got in some good centres.

The team was the same as that against S. E. Clack's XI., with the exception that Skinner and Elford were replaced by Arias and Leach.

A.S.F.C. 2nd XI. v. LEIGHTON PARK SCHOOL 2nd XI.—This match was played at home on Saturday, November 28th. The visitors, who had a strong team, had the better part of the play, but the home backs tried hard to keep them out. At half-time the score was 2—1 in favour of the School, but after the interval the visiting forwards were pressing most of the time and scored three more goals. The game thus resulted in a victory for Leighton by 4—2.

The School team on the whole played well, the goals being scored by Ellis and Taylor. The team was the same as against Magdalen College School.

A.S.F.C. 2nd XI. v. BLOXHAM SCHOOL 2nd XI.—The 2nd XI. visited Bloxham on Saturday, December 5th, when the match resulted in an easy victory for the School. During the first half the visitors had it almost their own way, and Taylor scored three times. The backs kept out the Bloxham forwards well, Skinner being called on to save only once or twice. After the interval two more goals were added for the School by Gibbs, while the home team were unable to score at all.

The team on the whole played well, especially Taylor and Gibbs, but the whole forward line showed considerable improvement.

Team—W. R. T. Skinner (goal); E. L. Parry (capt.), R. D. C. Lanning (backs); T. N. T. Leach, R. E. Eason, J. N. Sanders (halves); R. E. Gibbs, A. Ellis, W. R. E. Scrivener, C. Taylor and H. E. Betteridge (forwards).

FOOTBALL CHARACTERS.

N. G. CORNEJO (goal). Played right-half at the beginning of the season. Has played well in goal, but should learn to get the ball away when pressed, and not try to dodge the forwards. Kicks well with either foot.

A. DAVENPORT (left back). Colours 1913-14. Kicks hard and tackles well, but should learn to use his left foot more often. Plays a hard steady game and is always safe.

A. EASON (Captain) (right back). Colours 1912-13-14. Throughout the season has been the mainstay of the defence, and has been indefatigable as captain. Tackles splendidly and kicks well with either foot, and shows excellent judgment in feeding his forwards. It is mainly owing to his fine example in the field that the team has shown so much improvement in its later matches.

P. W. MORLEY (left half). Has improved out of all knowledge since last year. A steady hard-working player who tackles well and worries his man. Passes well to his forwards, but is apt to keep the ball too long.

J. KNOWLES (centre half). Plays a vigorous game, but sometimes kicks very

wildly, and often forgets to come back to help the defence. Should learn to pass along the ground to his forwards and must remember that a centre half takes no breather. Has improved since the beginning of the season.

D. E. ELFORD (right half). A very steady player, who tackles well, but should not give up when his man has got past him. At back he kicks neatly, but at present rather lacks pace.

W. H. WOOD (outside left). Has played well and been very keen throughout the season. Drops the ball nicely in the mouth of goal, but should centre sooner and also pass to his half when in difficulties. Shows considerable pace at times, but is apt to dribble the ball over the touch-line.

W. E. WHEELER (inside left). Has improved greatly since the beginning of the season. Feeds his outside man well, but should improve his passing. Lacks pace and is a weak shot.

H. J. EDGINGTON (centre forward). Showed great promise at the beginning of the season, but has not come up to expectations. Is by far the smartest of the forwards, but should keep the ball to himself more often and pass along the ground to his forwards. Can shoot hard with either foot, but has only scored in a few matches.

T. T. G. RACE (inside right). A rather disappointing forward who has only come off two or three times. Might make much more use of his pace and should learn to make straight for the goal and shoot more accurately. Has played better on the wing. Played well against Leighton Park School.

J. A. HOWARD (outside right). Played well at the beginning of the season, but has not come up to his usual standard in the last few matches. Must keep on his wing and would then stop more passes. At times centres quite well, but usually keeps the ball too long. At present is lacking in pace.

THE NEW BOAT HOUSE.

With the untiring aid and supervision of Mr. Southern, the School has now built a boat house of its own, which is nearly completed. We owe him a debt of gratitude for the energy he has shewn in making a very necessary and handsome addition to our Athletic equipment. At the same time the foreman of the works W. R. T. Skinner is to be congratulated on the ready response with which boys and Masters alike met the calls upon their time, which the erection of a large building, 15ft. by 45ft., inevitably entails. Mr. J. G. T. West, O.A., gave us very kind assistance in mapping out the plans of procedure. Space will not permit us to enter into elaborate details. The structure is of weather-board on a frame-work of wood. The roof, a triple one of match-board, felt, and corrugated iron, is supported on two wooden and four iron arches. The foundations consist of a few courses of bricks, which were laid professionally. The exterior of the building has been coloured a dark brown with a creosote mixture. The windows have still to be inserted. A cutting through a steep bank has been made with a great expenditure of energy by gangs of active sappers, in order to give access to the river. A fence of elm posts is in process of erection.

MATTERS MUSICAL.

Seek ye knowledge of our doings in matters musical? Behold! I with unskilled pen will strive to help you, groping amid a mass of uncanny sounds inextricably mingled, and so, cutting the Gordian knot, to gain a clear conception of the progress of the cult of the Muse in the past thirteen weeks.

We have had this term to prepare for the Concert, and limited time is at our disposal. Since the great change, when we were equipped with a full complement of tenors and basses, glorying in their new voices, we have made great strides. And so we find ourselves confronted with a large array of part songs of varying difficulty. 'Twas but yesterday that we began to learn them and now we need but the final polish. This speaks well for our progress, and well for our tuition. The scheme of the whole school singing together, has acted remarkably well. Now that the tenors and basses have more or less found their 'sea-legs' we are getting quite good effects. The great difficulty seems to be the blending of the parts, but this only needs practice, and judging from the energy which the school puts into the singing, the day is not far off, when we shall hear many voices blending in perfect harmony. Yet we cannot say other than that the whole school produces a very fine effect, and I am sure that if only the real appreciation of music was to be found in each individual, we should achieve extraordinary results.

So much for the school at large. In particular, the trebles and altos maintain the high standard they have always shown, and the blending of their voices is good. This term we have heard them singing

in four parts, and the result has been excellent.

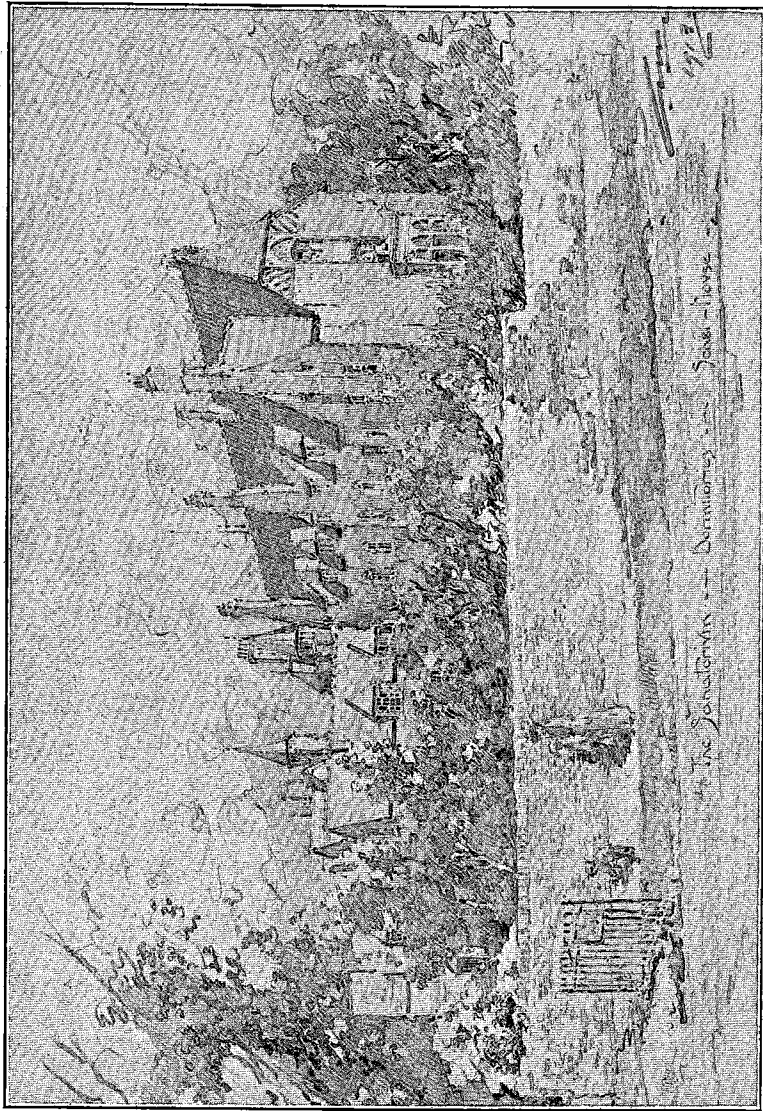
The tenors and basses are rather rough, though very ready, and it is hardly fair to pass judgment on them yet. However, they are doing well, but they suffer mostly from the lack of tenors. There is a tendency among them, and among others, to strain too much and thus we get beautiful results of parts not in the music. We must not be severe though, for their voices are but new and will in time develop.

Of the piano little need be said, some are new to the art, others are old stagers who have dabbled in Schumann, etc., from time immemorial; but since of late there has been no opportunity of reviewing them, we cannot pass accurate judgment upon them. We merely express the hope, that by insistent practice and patience they will develop into virtuosos of the sublime order.

Thus we are in a transitional period, passing from the two part system of singing to four parts, and taking up music more from the view of understanding it than formerly. And at such a period it is difficult to criticise fairly, but in time we shall have welded together our new principles and then will bring forth something that will be worthy of some abler penman to criticise.

J.K.

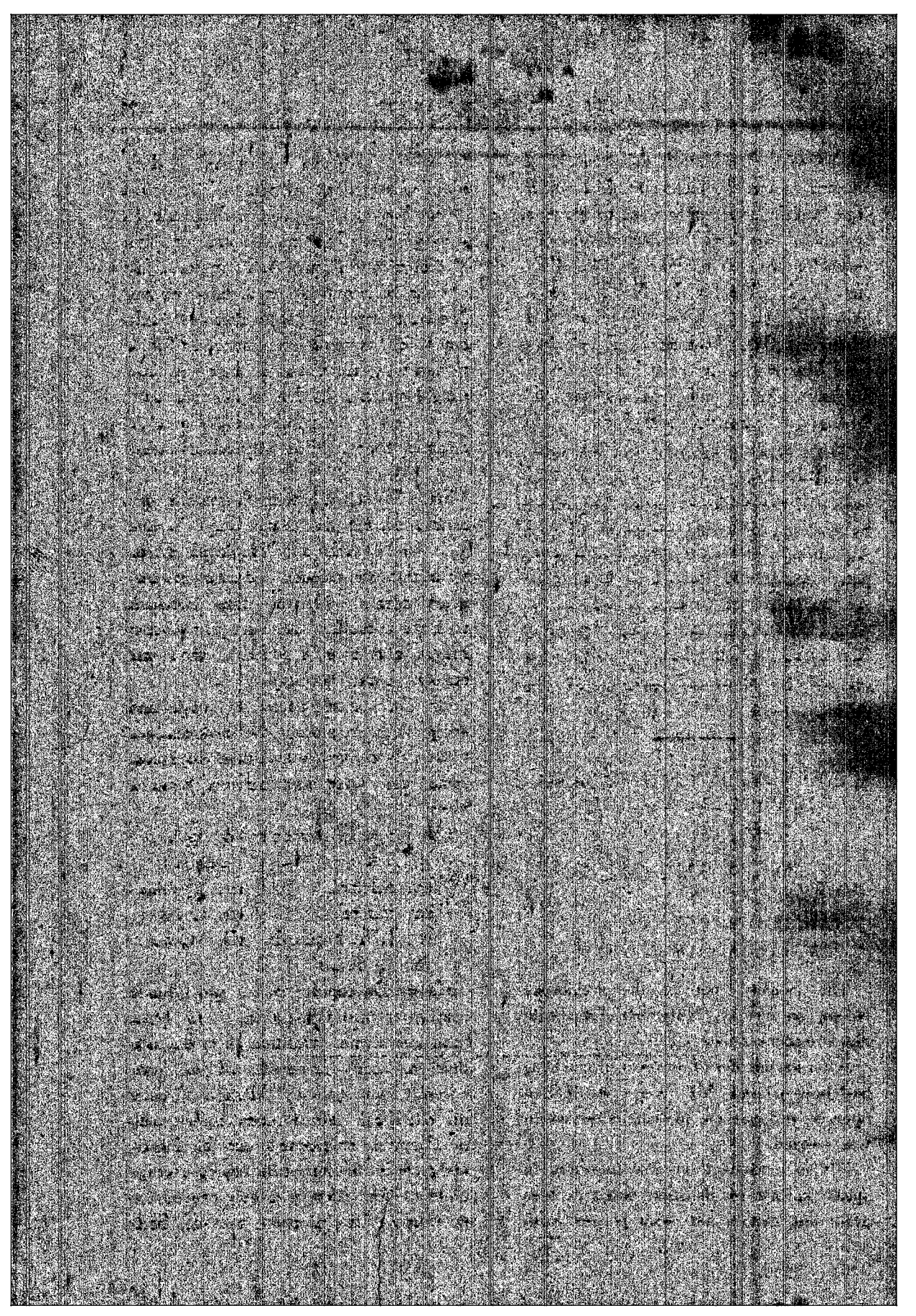
We would add that what we believe to be quite an unprecedented event was passed over unnoticed in our last issue. Hitherto the Founder's Day choir has depended on Old Abingdonians and masters to fill the tenor and bass, and it may be that some Old Boys rather regretfully missed their invitation to take their accustomed part. They may not be aware that the choir this year consisted entirely



The Schoolhouse - Dimensions - One-House - 1913

School Buildings from the North West.

from the drawing by C. O. Wright.



of present members of the School, including, naturally, members of the staff. The Anthem was perhaps one of the most ambitious we have attempted, and the quartette was well rendered by the following boys:—Treble, T. N. T. Leach, Alto, L. H. C. Creswell; Tenor, J. Knowles; Bass, A. Eason. The Anthem was Mozart's magnificent Motet "Glory, Honour, Praise and Power," and the Magnificat, Stanford in B flat.

The Concert takes place on Thursday, December 17th, and it will be a failure indeed if the audience cannot feel stirred by even our unworthy rendering of such fine pieces as Elgar's "It comes from the Misty Ages" (The Banner of St. George) or Taylor's "Grey Mother of Mighty Nations," or again the rousing "Song of the Vikings," and perhaps not least of all by the National Anthems of the Allies. [Ed.]

LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

OFFICERS :

President : W. M. Grundy, Esq.

Vice-President : S. H. Baker, Esq.

Hon. Secretary : A. Eason.

Hon. Treasurer : A. Davenport.

The Society met in the Pembroke Room, on Friday, November 13th, with the President in the Chair.

After the minutes of the previous meeting had been passed, Mr. Wood was called upon to propose the motion below, which was carried.

"It is incumbent on new members to speak in one of the first three debates after this motion has been passed, with

the penalty of losing membership on their not fulfilling this requirement."

Mr. Knowles was then called upon to propose that "In the opinion of this House, a professional Army shows highly superior fighting qualities to those of any Conscript Army." He declaimed fluently upon the unparalleled patriotism of a professional Army, and objected to a man being compelled to fight against his will. He discussed the results of a Conscript England invaded by a professional Army from without.

Mr. Wood, in rising to oppose this motion, carried the House back to 200 B.C., the Crusades and Napoleonic Wars, to illustrate the frequent successes of mercenary forces. Of the three instances cited, the Crusaders only were professional fighters, and as such failed to show any sign of "Esprit de Corps."

Mr. Skinner seconded the motion and brought into prominence the inconvenience of compulsory service at a time when most young men were just entering upon a career.

The following members also spoke:—

<i>For.</i>	<i>Against.</i>
Mr. Sanders.	Mr. Weaving.
Mr. Elford.	Mr. Lewis.
Mr. J. A. Howard.	Mr. Morley.
Mr. A. Eason.	

Messrs. Davenport, Baker and Grundy took up a neutral position. The Hon. Treasurer seemed uncertain as to the side which he really favoured, and was consequently squashed by Messrs. Grundy and Knowles. Mr. Grundy agreed with the Proposer in pointing out the intoxicating effects of patriotism among average soldiers. Mr. Morley clearly proved the superiority of the Germans over the Brit-

ish! Mr. Baker explained at great length his inability to speak at all clearly upon the subject. He failed to discover anywhere the existence of a purely conscript Army. The Hon. Opposer rose in answer to the Hon. Treasurer, introducing wild mathematical illustrations of A and B which completely fogged the whole House. In replying, Mr. Knowles merely questioned the historical accuracy of the Hon. Opposer's remarks.

The motion was carried by eleven votes to five.

The Society met in the Pembroke Room, on Friday, November 20th, with the President in the Chair.

After the minutes of the previous meeting had been passed, Mr. Wood was called upon to propose that "In the opinion of this House, the rapid progress of China as a nation is detrimental to the future welfare of Europe at large." He called attention to the huge majority of the population of China as compared with that of the whole of Europe, to the inbred hatred of foreigners to be found in every native, and to the recent strides they have made in civilization.

Mr. Elford in opposing the motion, brought into prominence the unaggressive nature of their religion; their motto was "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you." The transportation of their troops, in the possibility of war, would be of immense difficulty and, in fine, their Army, for all its teeming millions, was highly inefficient.

Mr. J.A. Howard seconded the motion. He pointed out the rapidity with which the imperial forces had quelled frequent rebellions, and vaguely spoke of numbers, introducing hundreds of millions. In

opposition to Mr. Elford's statements concerning their peaceful religion, he quoted as examples the massacres of missionaries and the Boxer Rebellion.

The following members also spoke:—
For—Mr. Morley, Mr. Lewis, Mr. R. E. Eason.

Against—Mr. Skinner, Mr. P. L. Howard, Mr. Knowles, Mr. Weaving, Mr. Davenport, Mr. Baker, Mr. Davidge, Mr. Elford, Mr. Grundy.

Mr. Lewis explained that, in reality, China had an Army in every country, and was a menace, not only to Europe, but to the whole world!

Mr. Baker turned to the sedition which was continually rending the country, and showed that China's teeming millions were merely a million teams which would not pull together. He thought the Hon. Proposer imagined that the average Chinaman would covet the Isle of Man, and drew a vivid contrast between the proverbial bull in the China shop and the future Chinaman in a John Bull shop.

Mr. Grundy quoted a delightful poem in which he proved the domestic qualities of the Chinese. He proved conclusively that if one Englishman could face ten Germans, then he could face twenty Chinese.

The motion was lost by ten votes to five.

The Society met in the Pembroke Room, on Friday, December 27th, with the President in the Chair.

After the minutes of the previous meeting had been read and passed, Mr. Baker opened a discussion on "Bernhardismania" contenting himself mainly with quotations from "Germany and the next War," and similar works. Mr. Grundy followed with

a good description of his conception of the subject.

Messrs. Davenport and Knowles also addressed the house, and Messrs. Davenport and Sanders put questions to Mr. Baker. The house adjourned at five minutes past 8.0 p.m.

The Society met in the Pembroke Room, on Friday, December 4th, with the President in the Chair.

After the minutes of the previous meeting had been passed, Mr. Weaving was called upon to propose that "In the opinion of this House, Machinery does not diminish individual labour."

Mr. Weaving pointed out that though there had been an increase of unemployment since the invention of machinery, yet the same had been found even before that time: that therefore some cause other than machinery must be found. As machinery increased cheapness of product, more men must be needed to cope with the increased demand. The true cause was to be found in the yearly increasing predominance of the labouring class.

Mr. P. L. Howard opposed the motion, tracing the history of machinery since its first invention, and endeavoured to disprove the proposer's statements by the fact that frequent anti-machinery riots had broken out. In earlier times unemployment had been caused by idleness, now the fault was in inability to obtain work.

Mr. Morley, in seconding the motion, pointed out the labour involved in the making of the machines themselves, and the obtaining of oil and coal to work them.

The following members also spoke:—

<i>For.</i>	<i>Against.</i>
Mr. Skinner.	Mr. Wood.
Mr. Sanders.	Mr. J. A. Howard.
	Mr. Knowles.

Mr. Baker proposed, as an improvement to the motion, that for the word 'machinery' should be substituted 'machinery of this House.' Mr. Knowles seconded the amendment. When asked by Mr. Parry to explain himself, Mr. Baker proceeded to enlarge upon the huge labour involved in preparing a room for the meeting, and in electing officers of the Society. The amendment was rejected by a majority of two.

The former motion was then put to the vote, and was carried by a majority of seven against six.

NEXT TERM'S PROGRAMME.

Friday, January 15th.

Mr. W. R. T. Skinner will read a paper on Wireless Telegraphy.

Friday, January 22nd.

In the opinion of this House, Life in the country is highly superior to city life.

Proposer: Mr. A. Eason.

Seconder: Mr. R. D. C. Lanning.

Opposer: Mr. A. Davenport.

Friday, January 29th.

In the opinion of this House, Mathematics both as a subject and in its uses is superior to Classics.

Proposer: Mr. A. Davenport.

Seconder: Mr. E. L. Parry.

Opposer: Mr. J. Knowles.

Friday, February 5th.

In the opinion of this House, Uncivilized races are in their own estimation no worse off than Civilized races.

Proposer: Mr. W. R. T. Skinner.

Seconder: Mr. J. N. Sanders.

Opposer: Mr. A. Eason.

BIRTHS.

DUNCAN.—On Sept. 22nd, at Sans Souci, Pinner, Middlesex, the wife of Norman Duncan, O.A., of a daughter.

CHALLENGOR.—On Nov. 9th, at Sandford-on-Thames, the wife of Norman Bowen Challenor, O.A., of a son.

DEATHS.

HARVEY.—On Sunday, Sept. 20th, at the Royal Infirmary, Gloucester, as the result of an accident on the preceding day, Bernard Harvey, aged 18 years, youngest son of Mrs. Howard Harvey, of the Redlands, Minsterworth, Gloucester.

[“Bunny” Harvey was the youngest of the three brothers who will be so well remembered by many Abingdonians. His untimely end is made even more tragic by the fact that he was the only son left at home, his three elder brothers having joined the Colours. He was riding a motor cycle, when, travelling at only 10 to 12 miles an hour, he met a cyclist who had just passed a string of horses. The cyclist was in the middle of the road and turned first one way and then the other and in endeavouring to avoid her the fatal accident occurred. Although Harvey iv. was naturally modest and unassuming by disposition, this could not hide his sterling qualities and good nature from his friends at school and at home. A tribute of affection for the deceased and sympathy with the bereaved was manifest in the thronged attendance at the funeral at Minsterworth.]

KIMBER.—On Nov. 28th, at Fyfield Wick, near Abingdon, James Weaving Kimber, J.P., aged 81 years.

[Mr. Kimber joined the School in the earlier days of Dr. Strange and passed on to the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester where he took his diploma as far back as 1854. He occupied for many years a leading position as an Agriculturist in North Berks. He had made a special study of the Berkshire pig, and at Fyfield kept one of the leading herds in this country, and was welcomed at the chief Agricultural shows as an acknowledged expert. He was also regarded as an authority upon Poor Law Administration. He will be remembered as a very efficient Chairman of the Abingdon Board of Guardians of which body he was a member for more than fifty years. He was Chairman of the Abingdon Rural District Council from its inception as also of the Isolation Hospital Board, and for a time had a seat on the Berkshire County Council.]

MARTELL.—On Sept. 24th, at Harting, near Petersfield, the result of a carriage accident, Edward Arthur Martell, M.A., elder son of the Rev. A. W. F. Martell of Ditton Hill Rectory, Surrey, aged 34 years.

[Mr. Martell was educated at St. John's School, Leatherhead, and at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he gained a Choral Scholarship. He held a Mastership at Abingdon from September 1904 to August 1910, and will be well remembered by his contemporaries. After this, he joined the staff at Christ's Hospital, Horsham. The funeral took place in Harting Churchyard on Saturday, Sept. 26th.]

OUR “CONTEMPORARIES.”

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following Magazines:—The Bloxhamist (two numbers); Ipswich School Magazine; The Leightonian.

GAMES FUND.

1914.	£	s.	d.
<i>Easter Term—</i>			
75 Boys Subscriptions	18	15	0
Arrears 1913		5	0
Sports Subscriptions	12	5	0
Boys Form Subscriptions	3	6	6
Sale of Sports Programmes	1	2	3
<i>Summer Term—</i>			
73 Boys Subscriptions	18	5	0
Sale of Cricket Cards		5	2
Sale of Regatta and Swimming Pro- grammes		7	10
<i>October Term—</i>			
66 Boys Subscriptions	16	10	0
Returned from Aylings (carriage) ..		6	0
From Playground Improvement Fund (labour)		13	6
Dec. 18. Balance due to the Bank ..	25	17	8

£97. 18 11

Dec. 31, 1913. Balance due to the Bank	£	s.	d.
<i>Easter Term—</i>			
Carriage of Boats	4	2	6
Sports Prizes	9	13	6
Petty Cash	1	0	0
Laths, Sawdust, etc.	1	4	7
Interest on Account		2	3
<i>Summer Term—</i>			
Hire of Four	5	2	6
Hire of Horse	3	5	0
Painting Pavilion and Repairs ..	6	3	6
Printing	6	5	0
Repairs to Bats		16	0
Football Medals	1	19	0
Cricket goods	1	11	2
Petty Cash	2	0	0
Boating Account	14	12	0
Stamps		2	1
Regatta Prizes		15	0
Shears, Weed Killer, etc.		16	3
Wages	19	7	1
<i>October Term—</i>			
Interest on Account		7	0
Hire of Revolver		9	0
Hire of Horse	6	10	0
Footballs	1	5	6

£97. 18 11

