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The . . .

Loughburian.



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The Loughburian.

VOL. XXIII.

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SCHOOL NOTES.

The following boys were first and second in their respective Forms at the end of the Summer Term :—

Upper VI. : 1, T. L. Garner; 2, G. H. Beeby.
Lower VI. : 1, R. W. Payne; 2, C. L. Turner.
Form V. : 1, W. C. Brydson; 2, R. T. Hawksley.
Form IV. : 1, J. Keyworth; 2, F. S. Earp.
Form III. : 1, A. P. Chadbourne; 2, F. S. Milner.
Form II. : 1, H. H. Watson; 2, H. W. Rodgers.
Form I. : 1, S. R. Herrick (mi.); 2, F. B. Mallinson.

The following boys left the School in April, 1919 :—
Form V. : H. M. Moss, A. Shepherd (Gym. VIII., 2nd XI Football), A. L. Simpson.

Form IV. : B. E. Smith*.
Form III. : E. L. Harris.
Form II. : L. K. Berridge*.
Form I. : S. M. Johnson.

The following boys joined the School in May, 1919 :—
Form III. : C. E. A. Cooke*.
Form II. : W. G. Ball, A. E. Branson* E. F. Emmerson,
K. C. M. Symons, T. Webster.
Form I. : T. J. Newman, W. H. Towle, A. M. Wileman.
*Boarder at School House.

To the great regret of everyone connected with the School Mr. Turner handed in his resignation to the Governors in May, and at the end of Term we regretfully bade good-bye to him and Mrs. Turner. Mr. Turner was appointed Head Master in January, 1901, and the 19 years during which he has guided the fortunes of the School have been years of uninterrupted progress. His period of office has seen the building of the Reading Room, the Sanatorium, and the Cricket Pavilion, and the formation of the School Rifle Club with its later development into the Cadet Corps. But the best memorial of Mr. Turner's work here is to be found in his influence on the character of all who worked under him—no boy passed through the School in whom he did

not show a keen personal interest, and boys are quick to recognise this and to respond to it by doing their best both in work and play. Mr. Turner set the School a high standard of duty and efficiency, and expected us to live up to it. The way of the "slacker" was a hard one until he ceased from "slacking"—but his kindly interest in the welfare of each individual boy was so evident that it made the personal relations between Head Master and pupils of an exceptionally cordial and friendly nature. Mr. and Mrs. Turner carry with them into their retirement the heartiest good wishes of every member of the School for their future happiness and welfare.

On the Monday before the end of the term two interesting presentations were made to Mr. and Mrs. Turner. The Staff, past and present, gave Mr. and Mrs. Turner a handsome silver rose-bowl. The presentation was made by Mr. W. James, who eloquently expressed the very happy relations that had always existed between Mr. and Mrs. Turner and the Staff, our great regret at losing such old and valued friends, and our wishes for their future happiness. The boys gave Mr. and Mrs. Turner two handsome silver flower vases of similar design to the rose-bowl presented by the staff. The presentation in this case was made by T. L. Garner, who made an excellent little speech, voicing the regret at the coming severance of their relations, and both Mr. and Mrs. Turner responded, assuring the School how much they felt no longer having boys that they could call "their boys," and how much they had liked them, though Mr. Turner might at times have seemed to "dissemble his love."

The Boarders, at a supper given by Mrs. Turner, gave a beautiful revolving breakfast dish, and R. H. Vance took the opportunity of expressing their recognition of the thought and care which had been expended by Mrs. Turner in particular on their welfare and comfort.

A sum of £5 15s. 0d. was sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes on July 21, on behalf of the School. It was made up of a balance of £3 7s. 0d. collected in 1914 towards the cost of emigrating a boy; 14/6, being the prizes voluntarily resigned by the winners of the "sixes" in April, 1917; and various fines for unpunctuality imposed on Boarders, together with the proceeds from the sale of surplus books by Mr. Turner to members of the School.

A beautiful bronze by the art firm of Morris and Co., London, commemorating the gift of a clock and bells to the

school has been placed in the School corridor. The inscription is as follows:—

The Clock and Chimes
Were placed in the Tower above
In proud memory of
ROGER BINGHAM TURNER,
Lieut., 3rd Batt., Cheshire Regiment,
Scholar of Charterhouse and of Jesus
College, Cambridge, the beloved
elder son of Bingham Dixon Turner,
Headmaster 1901—1919, and Dora his wife.
After serving in Gallipoli he fell in action
at Sanna-i-Yat, Mesopotamia,
on the 9th of April, 1919, aged 20.
"Why then, God's soldier be he."

[The quotation is from Shakespeare's "Macbeth," being the words with which Siward greets the news of his son's death with "his wounds before."]

The Mayor elect, Mr. Charles, is an Old Boy of the School. It is some time since an Old Boy held the position, and it is to be hoped that he will not forget his connection with the place where he was educated.

Mr. and Mrs. Bingham Turner left the School House on Aug. 26, and Mr. and Mrs. Stinton came in the same day.

SIT PAX INTROEVNTI
SIT ET ABEVNTI
PAX.

Mr. Turner's address till October will be Upton Grange, Chester. After that they hope to get into the house they have bought, Bryn Estyn, Hough Green, Chester, and to make welcome there any of their old friends from Loughborough who may happen to be passing that way.

In another column will be found a list of the sums subscribed towards the Memorial Fund. Some subscribers wish that the plate should be somewhat larger than the sketch shown, so as to fill the wall better, and should have a raised and decorated border and the crest in relief. This would involve an expenditure of from £30 to £40 more, to meet which one of the original subscribers has promised a further five guineas. Mr. Turner will be glad to receive offers of other donations for this purpose. There are probably still many who would be willing to give who have hitherto omitted to do so.

The fixing of the Prize Distribution for the evening of Tuesday instead of the afternoon of Wednesday was a great success, and the Town Hall was very well filled. Colonel Jones, too, proved a very acceptable speaker. For both of these suggestions Mr. Imrie is to be thanked. Mr. James' carefully-weeded choir was a great improvement on previous years. Notwithstanding, it is to be hoped that in the future we shall revert to the pleasanter surroundings of our own grounds for this function. In fine weather it is incomparably better than the Corn Exchange.

EDITORIAL.

The current term closes one episode in the School's existence and opens another. All changes are disturbing, but most changes are beneficial. There is hardly one amongst us, or even amongst the 800 boys who in the past 19 years have come under his influence, or of their parents, who was not sorry to part last term with our old Headmaster, who had come here before any boy in the school was born, and had always had the interests and the reputation of the school so much at heart. But whatever regrets we may feel, and they are sincere, at the parting, we are glad to welcome his successor. It was our old Head's wish that he should be succeeded by a soldier, and in Mr. Stinton we have a soldier, and one who has won honour in the field. He is an athlete too of no small distinction, and it will give a tremendous impetus to the spirit of the School games which have necessarily waned during the war, and owing to the demands of the Cadet Corps to have a Headmaster who will be able to take a personal part in them. In numbers he will find the School almost filled to its limits, and he will need to re-cast the time-table and add one or even two classes to relieve the congestion from which the middle of the School has been suffering, and find class-rooms for them. Mr. Stinton, besides being a good classical scholar, has made a speciality of English teaching, and he will find plenty of scope for his energies in the reform and organisation of the teaching of this most important and difficult subject. He will have his hands full at first. Our old Headmaster has gone, as he told us, in order that changes may be made by a younger man. All boys are apt to be conservative, but they have all been warned to welcome salutary changes, and not to say, "Please, sir, Mr. Turner used to do" or "used not to do" this, that, and the other thing.

"The old order changeth yielding place to new

Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

OLD BOYS.

E. G. Phillips, who has been at Manchester University since he was demobilised, has passed Part I. of the Examination for Mathematical Honours in the Faculty of Science in that University, and has been awarded the Dalton Mathematical Scholarship of £30.

The Rev. W. Lockton has been granted the degree of Bachelor of Divinity at Cambridge for a Thesis on certain Liturgical obscurities.

A valuable collection of Mathematical and Scientific books has been presented to the School by Mr. Walter Moss, of the Parks Farm, part of the library of his son, F. W. Moss, who, after a distinguished career at Cambridge, where he entered from this School with an Entrance Scholarship at Jesus College, fell in the Great War.

G. E. J. Proudman has matriculated, and enters Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in October.

We regret to record the death of Mr. J. W. Taylor, the head of the famous firm of bell-founders, an Old Loughburian, and one who was always a staunch friend of the School. He was always ready to help the School in any way, and we owe our School bell to his generosity.

We record with much regret the death by accident in France last January of Robert Hay, at the age of 23. He had seen a great deal of fighting; he was wounded in the Messines operations, returned home to convalesce, and then went back to the front, and was all through the last offensive as acting-captain in the Loyal N. Lancashire Regiment, which formed part of General Plumer's, the Second Army. He was killed while on duty in Belgium, his horse taking fright at a fleet of motor lorries and throwing him under one of them. Robert Hay was the younger of two brothers who were both here as boys. He entered the School in November, 1907; left in July, 1909 to go to the newly-opened King Edward VII. School at Coalville, and re-entered here as a boarder in the School House in September, 1910, leaving finally in April, 1912, from the Vth Form to go into a bank. We remember him here as a quiet intelligent boy, very attractive to all who came in contact with him. As a lad he looked delicate, but he grew up into a fine man, well over six feet in height. We deeply sympathise with his parents in the loss they sustained when they had hoped that all danger for him was over.

Norman George Perkins, whose early death on June 23, just before his 20th birthday, as the result of war service, we have to lament, entered the School in January, 1908, in Form I., and left in July, 1915, from Form V. He went in the first instance into the offices of the Empress Works, but as his health was not good, he gave up his post there, and was ultimately obliged to undergo a severe operation. He might well have pleaded the state of his health as exemption from service, but such was his spirit that as soon as he was convalescent he enlisted in the R.N.V.R., in which he was serving in Scotland as wireless operator when he was seized with the illness which caused his death. He was at the School for nearly eight years, and it is no slight testimony to his charming disposition that during all these years there was no one of his teachers who did not feel a fondness for him. He was so sociable, so friendly, and so good-tempered and straight that it was impossible to be angry with him. He had quite a genius for drawing, and might have used this talent to effect if he had been spared, and he had his family's aptitude for music. Though he did not stay to rise to the top of the School, and though he was never very prominent at games, he was one of those boys who are as well remembered and esteemed as the most conspicuous. Our sympathy with his parents in their loss is all the deeper because an elder brother fell earlier in the war, and one only of three brothers survives.

The following O.L. students at the "Tec" have passed in the subjects and grades appended:—

- G. A. ALLCOCK.—Pure Maths., Grade II., 1st Class; Pract. Maths., Grade II., 1st Class; Theor. Mech., Grade I., 1st Class; Magn. & Electricity, Grade I., 2nd Class; Mech. & Heat, 1st Class; Plane & Solid Geom., Grade II., 2nd Class; Machine Construction, Grade II., 1st Class.
- W. A. BARSON.—Pract. Math., Grade I., 1st Class; Machine Construction, Grade I., 2nd Class.
- J. H. HOYES.—Pract. Math., Grade I., 1st Class; Machine Construction, Grade I., 2nd Class.
- A. M. WADE.—Pract. Math., Grade II., 2nd Class; Machine Construction, Grade I., 1st Class.
- C. R. TANSLEY.—Pract. Math., Grade II., 2nd Class.
- F. C. HUBBARD.—Electrical Engineering, Grade II., 1st Class.

EMPIRE DAY

As this year Empire Day fell on a Saturday, School began at 9-15 and the usual service was held at 10-50, the rest of the day being a holiday. After the service the Cadets paraded on the field and saluted the flag when it was hoisted on the Tower, and "God Save the King" was sung. Advantage was taken of the presence of the Rector of Loughborough to get him to address the boys, and his few words on "Playing the game" were listened to with the greatest interest.

In his address in the course of the service, the Headmaster, after mentioning the stock facts about our Empire, the amount of the globe occupied by it, and the proportion of the total population of the world included in it; the reality of the fact that the sun never sets on it; the way in which the three great oceans divided, or rather, thanks to our navy, connected its different parts; its favourable position in the temperate parts of the earth's surface, and the way in which the produce of one part is complementary to that of the other part; went on to say that Empire Day in 1919 was specially memorable on other grounds. The year was the centenary of the birth of the great Queen Victoria, under whom the Empire had seen such rapid expansion; steps had just been taken to draw closer the bonds between its various parts; and the connection between the Empire and the other great branch of English-speaking peoples had been cemented anew. The co-operation of these two great powers with similar ideas of law, justice and fair-dealing, would do more to maintain the peace of the world than any League of Nations. It might be fanciful to draw any deduction from the fact, but these two great English-speaking peoples were the great game-playing peoples of the world. Was it not the playing of games more than anything else that had taught us to "play the game" in warfare, to take the rough and the smooth with the same equanimity, to fight fairly ourselves and harbour no ill-feeling against a foe that fought in the same spirit.

FOUNDER'S DAY.

It was proposed this year to revive the pleasant custom of an excursion to Matlock on Founder's Day, but fares and other expenses were found to be so high still as to make the expenditure per head approximate to half-a-guinea, and it was not thought right to expend so much on a single day's pleasure. As Whitsuntide fell in the neighbourhood of our traditional date,

June 12, it was determined to merge the holiday in the Whitsun holiday, and to have Whit-Tuesday as well as the usual Whit-Monday, with the half term "merit half" on the Saturday morning previous. The usual Founder's Day service was therefore held on the Friday afternoon before the School separated for the holiday.

In his address the Headmaster showed how Grammar Schools in England had originated with necessity felt by the early missionaries who visited their islands for a means of teaching young converts to read and understand Latin, the language of the Church services; just as, though in a less degree, modern missionaries find the establishment of schools a prime necessity. Thus the earliest schools were really vocational, preparing their scholars for one definite purpose, just as vocational schools now prepare those in attendance to meet the requirements of one particular branch of trade; and in some subjects such as arithmetic and science, all schools may be looked on as in part "vocational." Fortunately, the grammar schools in our country were not supported by monastic communities, but by the ordinary clergy of the Church. This fact prevented them from having the narrow tendency which they have might have received under the control of monks, and their lives and studies were widened by contact with the less restricted views and sympathies of the clergy outside the monasteries. This educational width has been of the greatest value. A boy cannot be educated only as an isolated unit; he can never live for himself alone and to serve his own selfish interests only; he must be looked at as a member of a society, and be taught to be a useful and public-spirited member. It is too often a fault that men will not join in the common government of their locality or their country. The small proportion of votes actually cast at any election show how weak members of a community are apt to be in public spirit. Actual study in school is too apt to be selfish; a boy will work to avoid being personally punished, to advance himself, to win for himself a prize, but not to advance the interests of the school he is at. It is in games that this motive is most easily recognised and cultivated, and that is why games, as representing the corporate activity of a school, will always rightly hold a prominent place in a scheme of school education. To create public spirit in a boy is to help to train him to be a good citizen. Lastly there is a higher citizenship than that which we enjoy on earth. Our citizenship is in Heaven, and the highest task for a school is to train its pupils to be citizens of a city whose maker and builder is God.

END OF TERM SERVICE.

The usual End of Term Service was held in Big School at 11 on the morning of Prize Day, Tuesday July 29. The Headmaster took for his address the incident of Martha and Mary contained in St. Luke x. 38-42. Our sympathies, he said, were apt to be with Martha, who seemed hardly treated by her less active sister. Martha seemed to be doing her duty, Mary neglecting it. It was strange that the word "duty," at least in our modern impersonal and abstract sense, was hardly known in the Bible; yet it was often on our lips; the men who went and fought and died for us did, as we say, their duty. If we ask what we mean, we find that we mean that they acted up to their ideal of right and justice. But we want to get further back still; we want to realise where we get these ideals from. Wordsworth calls duty "Stern Daughter of the Voice of God." Edith Cavell at the end told us duty and patriotism were not motives enough; there must be the personal love of God from whom all sense of duty comes. It is to emphasize this need of love as surpassing and transcending duty that the evangelist, by the setting he gives to it, narrates the incident. There was once a schoolmaster who was accustomed to head the blackboard on which he was demonstrating with the letters A.M.D.G. (*ad maiorem Dei gloriam*), as though to refer even the humblest of actions to God. If we do not do it so manifestly, we should do well to bear in mind the aim that he set before him.

THE INVESTITURE.

We are young and do not think before we speak. No one believes over much of what we say, we do not mean them to; besides, do we not all know that criticism by the young shows the budding brain. And so for months we have heard of "Decorations gone wrong," "Aching legs," "Why not send mine by post?" the "Frozen Limit," etc., etc. Not so for me. Look at the other side. Just think of the unexpected beauty of this "Show" in the Palace Yard, our King in the centre, his sympathy so obvious we all can feel it, and then they come one by one, down the long stair from his right, our Heroes; for 2½ hours they pass, men and women. Where is our own dear face? and so they pass. Am I dreaming that I too get a Reward. Is it not Jacob's Ladder that I see, and just a peep beyond. For one short space—ah, let no one spoil my day.

BARCA.

PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.

The distribution of prizes took place in the Town Hall on Tuesday evening, and the ceremony also represented the leaving of Mr. Bingham Turner, who retires from the headmastership this term. Ald. A. A. Bumpus, the Chairman of the Governors, occupied the chair, and was supported by Col. C. H. Jones, C.M.G., who presented the prizes, Mr. B. B. Barrow (Vice-Chairman of the Governors), the Rev. G. W. Briggs, Messrs. A. Chapman, H. Clemerson, G. T. Levers, J. Moss, M. T. Woolley, and the Headmaster. Mr. Brockington, County Director of Education, had intended to be present, but was prevented by ill-health.

The Chairman said notwithstanding war and armistice conditions the school had had a very satisfactory year as to quality and quantity. As to quantity he could speak with great confidence, because in September the school would be absolutely full and its accommodation strained; a thing that had never happened before in the history of the school. The one outstanding event in their minds that evening was that it was the last distribution of prizes at which they would have the pleasure of the presence of Mr. Turner as headmaster. Mr. Turner felt that his period of service in the school had come to an end, and they were under great obligation to him for the nearly 20 years during which he had served the school with great faithfulness, great energy, great devotion, and great ability. (Applause.) He was speaking the minds of all the governors and of those associated with the school as parents and friends when he said that they terminated their connection with extreme regret, and they could only hope that Mr. and Mrs. Turner, who had assisted greatly in the welfare of the school, would enjoy a very happy period of retirement from the duties of the conduct of the school. (Applause.) The retirement of one headmaster involved the accession of another, and a headmaster had been appointed who, he sincerely trusted and confidently believed, would carry on successfully the traditions of the school. He was well qualified academically, highly recommended by those who had been associated with him, and had a record of wide experience, and, what was also to his credit, he went on service during the war and distinguished himself very greatly and was recognised by the Italian Government especially for the great service he rendered in the war. The Chairman also extended a hearty welcome to Col. Jones, who, he said, had rendered distinguished services in the war.

Mr. Turner, the retiring headmaster, presented the reports of the Oxford examiners. Mr. J. H. Maude, M.A., who examined the school in Latin, French, English, history, and geography, said the general impression left on his mind by the examination as a whole was that the work throughout was carried on upon sound lines, and, although none of the results which came under his mind were exceptionally brilliant, a great deal of the work was good. Mr. W. C. Burnet, M.A., who conducted the examination in mathematics, said the work of the forms examined appeared to reach a satisfactory but not a distinguished standard. Mr. M. P. Appleby, M.A., B.Sc., reporting on the examination in chemistry and physics, said in chemistry Forms VI. and V. showed a creditable knowledge of the subject, and the work of Form IV. in physics was satisfactory, a large proportion of the form obtaining good marks.

Those reports showed, said Mr. Turner, that they were below the standard of four years ago, they had suffered from the war. It was not the fault of the school, of the boys, or of the parents. But it was a fact, and next year he confidently expected that Mr. Stinton would be able to say that the ground had been regained, and that the old standard of the work of the school had come back. He could not speak that evening without reference to the losses the school had had during the year; Dr. Little, whom everyone loved who came under him; Mr. William Paget, in whom the school had lost a very kind and constant supporter; and Mr. William Moss, who had also disappeared from the list of governors on account of death. Both the last-named were life-long friends of the school, and the school would always miss them. He was glad that when he was leaving them the school was on the up-grade. It was not to his credit that they were in larger numbers. One reason, perhaps, why they were going up was because parents were getting to value education more, which was the best of all reasons. Another reason was the very advanced and far-sighted policy of the county of Leicester on education. (Applause.) Dealing with his departure, he said the main reason was that he was the old man, and the new comer was the young man. He had had one great sorrow, but he had had many joys, and he had had wonderful health. The boys were the last things he wanted to get rid of. He wished to say with all emphasis and feeling that it was a very sad day for him when he technically bade good-bye to his life's work and to so many boys whom he had been proud and glad to teach. His old gown, he said, he had packed away, his books he had been getting rid of, and his wand—(laughter)—he had left to his successor. (Laughter.)

Col. Jones, in an address prior to presenting the prizes, referred to the visit which he received from a distinguished Japanese who stayed with him while studying English education in an endeavour to ascertain why English education was superior to all other education in equipping men for life. It used to annoy him before the war, he said, that some of our statesmen and education authorities were always flirting with German education, and impressing upon poor schoolmasters that they were not up to date if they did not study German education. They saw now that those who opposed German education were perfectly right, first from Germany starting such a war, and also because of their inability to finish it victoriously. He hoped that our educational authorities would build on our old British system of education. His Japanese friend asked him why our education was superior to any other. There was a spirit and a soul in our education which was quite lacking from the education which we know as German. Education in Germany was entirely mechanical. A German boy might know his facts like a living encyclopædia, and a British boy would come to the front. The best Germans admitted that their education came to nothing, and that there was a soul in British education which was absent from theirs. A German who served against us in the Boer war said "the British both in character and tactics know only one word, straight." (Applause.) That was wonderful testimony from a foreigner. We were straight in our dealings and straight in our business, and we trusted one another. Confidence could not exist unless it was reciprocated. British education taught boys to be perfectly straight. We taught them ethics on the cricket field—lived it, and made it part and parcel of our lives.

In his concluding remarks, Col. Jones said he wished to add to the thanks he was able to give to Loughborough people for their kindness when he was with them for a short time at the commencement of the war, and, in glancing through the list of the glorious dead, he had found another link which would bind him more closely to Loughborough. He saw there the names of boys who had served with him. He felt that he was drawn to those boys very closely. He then presented the prizes as follows:—

Form, English, language, mathematical, science, drawing and manual work prizes. The prizes for science are given by Mr. W. C. Burder, M.B.E., J.P.; those for manual work are the "Howard Gibbs Memorial Prizes."

Form I.: S. R. Herrick, form; F. B. Mallinson, writing; H. F. Johns, drawing (II. and I.). Form II.: E. M. Barnes, form (winter), manual work (III.); W. Cooke, form (spring); W.

R. Haw, English, mathematics, writing; H. W. Towers, languages; H. H. Watson, form (summer), manual work. Form III.: D. Browne, form (winter); J. A. Dickens, form (spring); A. P. Chadbourne, form (summer), mathematics; F. S. Milner, science; H. M. Ware, English (languages prize not awarded). Form IV.: J. Keyworth, form (spring and summer), languages; F. S. Earp, form (winter), drawing (IV. and III); J. D. Peabody, mathematics; W. K. Hall, English, science; K. F. Allen, manual work; M. E. Percy Metal work. Form V.: R. F. Hawksley, languages; W. C. Brydson, form, English; W. C. Herrick, science; G. K. Elliott, mathematics. Lower VI.: R. W. Payne, form, languages, science; G. R. Topping, English; A. Thorley, mathematics. Upper VI.: G. H. Beeby, drawing (VI. and V.).

Wallace Prizes: T. L. Garner, G. H. Beeby, F. Bourne.

Scripture Prizes (given by the Headmaster for the best knowledge of the passages taken in morning prayers throughout the year): Lower VI., G. T. E. Chamberlain; IV., J. Vance; III., F. Somerville; II., H. W. Rodgers.

Curzon-Herrick Prizes (given by Mr. Wm. Curzon-Herrick for holiday reading): VI., G. H. Beeby; V., J. C. Brydson; IV., F. S. Earp.

School Reading Prizes (presented by Mr. E. H. Warner, J.P.): VI and V., C. R. Topping and C. Ll. Turner (equal); IV. and III., C. W. Smith; II. and I., W. G. K. Parker.

Dexter Memorial Essay Prize: G. H. Beeby.

Gymnasium Medal: R. H. Vance.

Special Prizes presented by Dr. W. D. Spanton:—

Drawing Prizes: VI., V., and IV., T. L. Garner; III., II., and I., J. E. Brown.

Cadet Corps Prizes: Shooting, Cadet L. C. P. Wooler; company drill, C.S.M. W. H. Bond; ability to instruct, C.S.M. W. H. Bond.

The audience stood while the Headmaster read the roll of honour to the school.

Votes of thanks were accorded to Col. Jones, on the proposition of Mr. B. B. Barrow, seconded by Mr. J. Moss; and to the Chairman, on the proposition of Mr. H. Clemerson, seconded by Mr. G. T. Levers.

A short musical and dramatic programme followed. The programme was as follows:—Song, "Where the Bee sucks" (Dr. Arne), Forms II. and I.; piano solo, "Polonaise" (Chopin), G.

K. Elliott. Scenes from "L'Avare" (Molière): Harpagon, R. Parkinson; Cléante, his son, C. Ll. Turner; Valère, R. W. Payne; Maître Jacques, cook to Harpagon, V. H. Baguley; La Flèche, valet to Cléante, B. C. Oldham; Le Commissaire, H. K. Wright. Variations on the air "The Last Rose of Summer," H. Farmer; violin, R. Parkinson; piano, G. K. Elliott. Scenes from "She Stoops to Conquer" (Goldsmith): Hardcastle, T. Pritchard; Dig-gory, R. Parkinson; Roger, V. H. Baguley; First Servant, E. C. Burrows; Second Servant, J. Vance; Third Servant, W. Vance. Song, "England" (C. Hubert Parry), Forms II. and I.

OXFORD LOCAL EXAMINATIONS.

July, 1918.

THE following are the results:—

SENIORS.—Honours: Class I., Div. 2., T. King. Class II., Div. 2, S. H. Hawthorne. Passed: W. H. Bond, F. Bourne, T. L. Garner, R. H. Lowe, J. B. S. Marsh. Distinguished in Physics: T. King.

JUNIORS.—Honours: Class I, Div. 2, R. W. Payne. Class II., Div 1, R. H. Vance. Class II., Div. 2, L. A. Reynolds. Class III., G. T. E. Chamberlain, W. J. Dyer, B. C. Oldham, A. Thorley, C. Ll. Turner. Passed: T. W. Gent, M. O. Hooley. Distinguished in Chemistry: R. W. Payne.

July, 1919.

THE following are the results:—

SENIORS.—Honours: Class II., Div. 1, G. H. Beeby and R. H. Vance. Class II., Div. 2., T. L. Garner. Class III., R. P. Allcock and F. Bourne. Passed: R. Barker, W. H. Bond, G. T. E. Chamberlain, W. J. Dyer, M. O. Hooley, B. C. Oldham, R. W. Payne, A. Thorley, C. R. Topping and C. Ll. Turner.

JUNIORS.—Class I., Div. 2, W. C. Brydson. Class II., Div. 2., G. W. Browne, R. F. Hawksley and W. C. Herrick. Class III., F. J. Hibbert, N. F. B. MacLean and T. C. Shepherd. Passed: E. C. Burrows, L. C. P. Wooler, V. H. Baguley, G. K. Elliott, H. K. Wright, J. S. Wright.

1st XI. CRICKET, 1919.

The cricket this season has been about as bad as usual. We have played matches against Quorn, Alderman Newton's,

Coalville, the "Brush A," and the Old Boys. One only of these matches was won by us—the return match at Quorn, when, thanks to Hawthorne and King, our opponents were all out for 17.

The two highest scores by members of the XI. were: a brilliant 43 by Hawthorne against Alderman Newton's; he commenced his score with three splendid sixes hit to leg right out of the ground; and 14 by another "batsman."

We had a good game against the Old Boys, for the last match of the season, and Mrs. Turner very kindly provided tea during the match.

We sincerely hope that next year we may be able to get a groundsman and pro., and that the number of victories will be somewhat increased.

The Cricket Cup was won by the Blues.

New members of the XI. to get their cricket colours were: Haddelsey, who has helped greatly in the bowling; Hooley, Beeby, Thorley, and Topping.

EXTRACTS FROM A GUNNER'S DIARY.

DECEMBER, 1915.—I was taken to the front by Major L, who did his best to put the wind up me, but without success, for I was much too interested in what I saw to be frightened—the infantry all muffled up crouching over braziers filled with coke or charcoal; the occasional sniping; the mine saps; and a hundred other things I had read of but had never seen. I had been warned to keep well down, being tall, and this I took very good care to do.

MARCH, 1916.—The two days at O.P. were apt to be tiresome after a bit, as the hours were long. I used to reach O.P. at 4.30 a.m. and stay till 8 p.m., when the light failed. During these hours one was supposed to keep a look-out the whole time through a powerful telescope. This was bad for the eyes, so I used to do it in spasms. When one has looked at a stretch of ground fairly constantly through a telescope for a few months, there is not much you don't get familiar with, and I don't suppose a sandbag or a brick could be moved by the Hun without my noticing it, especially round any suspected place. As a rule we did not do much observing till after mid-day, as the sun was in our eyes, and the reflection of its rays by the object glass of the telescope is the cause of the speedy evacuation of many an O.P.

APRIL, 1916.—The largest mine I ever saw exploded was the one which blew up the Hohenzollern Redoubt. Being in

the O.P. at the time I had a fine view of it. I did not know it was going up, and my first knowledge of it was when the whole earth gave a heave, and I thought O.P. was going to tumble down with me in it. When I had recovered enough to look out, it seemed that a good part of France must have been blown up, as a column of smoke and soil several hundreds of feet high was in the air.

JULY.—We came into action at Marlborough Copse, one of the few vacant spots. We put out guns on a soft bit of ground, as opposed to chalk elsewhere. This saved us many casualties, as the Hun shells required hard ground to detonate them. During our stay in this spot we had many 8in. shells in our position, but they went into the soft earth and expended their energy in throwing up the soil instead of scattering splinters. There were two solid lines of field guns just behind us and heavy guns behind them, and our chief source of casualties was the prematures, which were frequent at that time, and due to bad American shells. . . . We started the battle with four guns, but owing to the excessive shooting we never had more than two in action after the first week, as the supply of springs used in the recoil buffers was inadequate. . . . When I was doing O.P. duty in a shell hole near Bazentin-le-Grand, I was witness of a scene which amused me. There were a number of other O.P.'s near, and we had been shelled pretty heavily that morning. A Professor of Greek was a subaltern in one of our batteries, and he was doing the same job as myself about 100 yards away. A shell fell fairly near his hole and I laid my telescope on him, wondering if he would bolt or stick it out. He bolted towards me, and just as he left his O.P. another shell came; he heard it coming, and the expression on his face as seen enlarged by me was a perfect study. . . . I saw a very fine sight from that O.P. One of our Scottish Battalions was having a very bad time in High Wood. The 2nd R.W.F. were ordered up to support them. For some reason the R.W.F. did not deploy till they reached the wood, but marched up in fours under direct observation of the Hun. Of course, his gunners made the most of their opportunity, and the R.W.F.'s had the most terrible casualties. They never wavered, however, and reached High Wood leaving quite a quarter of their number on the ground. It is worthy of note that the 33rd division entered this battle 9,000 strong and were taken out to reform four days later only 3,000 strong. We gunners were only a little more fortunate, for our Brigade lost 50 per cent. of officers and men in the six weeks we were in action on the Somme. . . . Shortly after coming into action I was given a pretty dirty job. I had to lay a heavy steel

telephone cable from the H.Q. in Bazentin-le-Petit to the battery position, a distance of about 2,000 yards. The Hun was very angry that day, but by good luck I managed to get my party of signallers carrying the cable to H.Q. safely. Just as I arrived, I met Col. ———, our brigade commander. I had scarcely begun to talk to him when a piece of shell got him in the leg, and he went down heavily. I tied him up as best I could and got some stretcher bearers to take him to a safer spot, and then I started to lay my cable. Over one bit of ground in particular it was blown up as fast as I could lay it, and eventually after having had one of my signallers killed and having used almost all my cable, I gave it up as a bad job. Next day I was told to go up to High Wood and see what chance there was of getting a wire through to the infantry there. I do not think I was meant to go right up to the wood, but I could see no other way of doing what I set out to do, so I determined to try, although I well knew it was a bad spot to get to in daylight. I took with me one good signaller, and all went well till I was within 300 yards of the wood, when I had to emerge from a little sunken road and go across the open. Scarcely had we started when the Hun who held the wood began sniping us. Discretion is always the better part of valour, and we dropped to our hands and knees and crawled the remaining 300 yards over the open, plentifully sprinkled with the dead. Having arrived in our front trenches in this somewhat undignified fashion, I had a good look round, begged a drink of water, and started back, eventually reaching my sunken road by the same method. Unfortunately I had put on a new pair of breeches that morning, and 600 yards of crawling reduced them almost to rags. To add a final touch to the proceedings, I was hailed on my arrival at the battery with shouts of laughter by T., who had watched my tedious progress from the O.P. with a telescope.

JULY, 1916.—Poison gas shells were first used by the Hun on the Somme. At first he only used it in field gun shells, but later even in his heaviest. I remember the first he put anywhere near us very well. They fly through the air with a whirring sound peculiar to their kind, and hit the ground with a thud, having only enough explosive inside to break the shell case and allow the gas to escape. The first of these we heard, amused us, as we took them for "dud" shells until we got a whiff of the gas and realised our danger. We had nothing of the kind with which to reply, but the French lent our Division two batteries of 75's provided with gas shells. They used to gallop into action, fire off about 500 gas shells each, limber up and be off before the Hun realised what had happened. This

was a huge delight to us, as it was the first we had seen of the French guns in action. The shooting was so fast that it sounded like machine gun fire. Of course it did not stop the Hun firing at us, but it relieved our feelings to know that he was being paid back in his own coin.

APRIL, 1917.—When I rejoined the battery after leave, I found them in the railway triangle east of Arras. They had advanced in the morning, and we had no kit so we lay down in the open under cover of some camouflage and tried to get to sleep. The cold, however, prevented much in that line, and we woke up at 5 a.m. to find ourselves covered with snow. . . . The Hun artillery was very persistent, and fairly drenched our positions with gas. It was not safe to go to sleep at night for fear of being gassed, and we had already been 48 hours without a wink. T. showed up best at this time, and he probably saved my life two or three times during the next two nights, keeping me awake and making me put on my gas helmet. He was very wonderful; though dead tired himself, he was always cheery, and kept up our rather drooping spirits.

One day, the Major, having gone home sick, H. and T. were sitting in our dug-out in the battery position when a H.V. shell entered via the roof and stuck in the side of the wall in between them without exploding, a close shave; but worse was to come. As they were coming back from dinner, the same gun put a shell about twenty yards from them. H. was killed outright, and poor old T. had his leg blown off just below the knee. He bled badly, but our doctor was quite close at hand to tie him up, and we quite hoped he would live; however, he died next day. It was a bad knock for us, for we all loved him. This left me in command with two other subalterns, one of them down at wagon lines.

JULY, 1917.—Picking positions (near Nieuport) was difficult because only positions in the dunes had sufficient flash cover, but these were much "strafed." The other place was in the Polder country, where it was as flat as a table. In the end, one of our batteries chose the dunes and one the Polders. These latter were supplied with smoke candles which, when burnt in front of the guns, formed a smoke screen through which flashes were not visible. In practice, however, although it hid the actual flashes, it was a dead "give away" of the battery position, and the area where smoke screen was seen was promptly "strafed."

SEPTEMBER, 1917.—On return from leave I found the Brigade at Reninghelst, just west of Dickebush, waiting to go into action at Hooge. We stayed in action till November 5th, and this period was the most miserable we have ever had; we sup-

ported countless futile attacks on Gheluvelt and Polderhoek Chateaur, and got badly shelled in return, losing 450 men out of the Brigade.

JANUARY, 1918.—When I came back from leave, I found the battery still on the Abraham heights near Paschendaele. There was very little firing owing to scarcity of ammunition which it was very difficult to bring up. There was only one plank road over a sea of mud, continually shelled. Dawn was the favourite time for taking rations and ammunition up. The road was then alive with pack animals, all trying to finish their job before the Hun started to shell. Any horse slipping off the side had to be shot and left where he lay, as even if there had been time to try, there was little hope of pulling him out. Even when all the planks of this road have been removed, it will be possible in future years to trace its course by the derelict guns and wagons on each side.

FEBRUARY, 1918.—We marched back into a position rather further back than our previous one. It possessed two dug-outs, strong and deep, but very wet and requiring constant baling. H.Q. was in a "pill-box" too small to contain the gunnery officer on liaison duty, who was accommodated in a lean-to outside. The area was under constant shell-fire, and many a time have I crouched in this shelter while the Boche "strafed," too proud to ask for shelter in H.Q.

APRIL, 1918.—On the 9th we were awakened early by a terrific bombardment on the right of our position near Poperinghe, which we judged to be the long expected attack. News of the Boche break-through on the Lys reached us next day. At 2-30 p.m. orders came for us to march at once to Dranoûtre, west of Mt. Kemmel, at which I was secretly pleased as I knew the country round there by heart. I was chosen to ride forward to choose wagon lines and mount guard over them till the rest came up. By riding hard I reached Dranoûtre by 4-30, good going considering the state of the roads. On arrival, I found the condition of the village chaotic, nobody knowing anything or caring as long as they were able to drift westward with the tide. I chose my spot and left my groom to guard it. At 8 p.m. the first part of our divisional artillery began to arrive, and as I knew "A" battery would be near the rear of the column, I sat down by the roadside and watched. After two or three batteries had passed, the whole column stopped, and I wandered to the cross roads to see what the trouble was. I found the decrepit old Colonel of one D.A.C. at the head of his outfit halted in the middle of the road, not knowing where to go, having lost his guide. It was getting dark, and I had my trench coat on, hiding all marks

of rank, so I made a noise like a brigadier general and told him he was holding up the whole army and must get a move on. This had the desired effect, and he marched on, goodness knows where, out of our light. Not long after our battery came in sight, but again there was a stop. This time it was a block at the cross roads produced by our people and some empty ammunition wagons coming back from the front. The policeman on point duty was paralytic, so regardless of consequences I took his place, and with the use of much foul language and false authority at last disentangled the mess, and our battery drew into my field,—only to stay there long enough for us to make a drink of tea for men and officers, for we received orders to go into action just north of Kemmel village. On starting again we made very slow progress; troops, many of the units having lost their bearings, were moving both ways along the road in pitch darkness. Intense long range shelling, too, caused delay when a wagon or team in front was hit. Accordingly we decided to cut across country to Kemmel, an operation not without risk in the darkness, but both the Major and I knew the country, and after many adventures we hit the Vierstraat-Kemmel road, and got our battery into action at dawn, and I went forward to find a good O.P., which I did in the shape of a shell crater in Wyttschaete village, about 500 yards from where the Hun now was, and for the rest of the day I had good shooting at the enemy in the open, for he had evidently not expected to find any English guns in position. Next day we received orders to turn our guns due south instead of east, to meet an expected attack from Wulverghem, but at dawn on the day after, with a clap of thunder, the Hun attacked the Wyttschaete ridge in front of us. There was a dense fog, and we could see nothing and do less with our guns pointing due south. Meanwhile, alarmist rumours spread; our telephone lines were broken, and we could only hope the fog would lift so that we might put up a fight before being taken. At 9-30 a.m. the fog lifted for us to see plainly the Huns walking calmly about on the ridge in front of us. The opportunity was too good to be missed, so we swung two guns round and ran them up by hand to the higher ground, and started blazing away point-blank. We could see that we were killing lots of Boches, but the fun was too good to last, and about 11, having fired all our ammunition, we ourselves retired to a flank while the Huns tried to blow up our guns. It was, perhaps, just as well that our ammunition was finished, as both guns were almost red hot and the oil was boiling in the buffers, so that it seemed they might burst at any moment. It was now probable that the Hun would again advance, so we deemed it wise to clear out, *if we could*.

The two guns from which we had been firing were still isolated by the heavy shelling, but we fixed drag ropes to the other four and pulled them to comparative safety, where horses could take them right away, packed up our traps and waited for gun teams to come up. It struck me, meantime, as a little pathetic to leave two perfectly good guns to the Boche without making an effort to save them, so I decided to try and reach one at least. I called for volunteers to help me. All the best men wanted to come, but I thought eight would be enough, and, armed with ropes, we sallied forth for the dirty work. Somehow we all reached the first gun and got it away in record time to our place of safety. We were very pleased with ourselves, and after a breather started off for the second brute. We again reached the beast in safety and, hooking on the ropes, started back. We were just on the move when a big shell, fortunately a dud, fell right under the gun and heaved it on its back. This was a blow as I did not think we were strong enough to right it without help. However, fear is a great strengthener, and after much cursing and heaving we righted her again and started off. Troubles never come singly, and we were no sooner moving than another shell wounded all four men on the off drag rope. After a hurried distribution of forces, I and four men pulled the gun the remaining 400 yards to safety. Fortunately all four men hit were only lightly wounded and eventually recovered.

Next day, things were quieter, and we spent it patching up our guns after the overheating of the previous day. One gun had a small burst in the buffer, and we plugged up the hole quite successfully with "spearmint." On April 23rd, we moved our guns into a new position, about 200 yards forward, where we had prepared six gun-pits in a line of willows on marshy ground to be ready for another attack which was imminent. We were greatly cheered by the arrival of French troops which took over the line at Kemmel, just south of us, and subsequently relieved also our garrison on Mt. Kemmel. This French division had been resting for three months, and the infantry were very good. Their gunners, however, disappointed us when the real test came. The Major and I were the only two with the guns, F. being with the gun teams close behind the gun position, and the rest in wagon lines well behind. At 2-30 a.m. on the 25th, we nearly jumped out of our skins with fright. Every gun on the Hun front for miles each side of us fired at the same moment, and you never heard such a rattle and roar. I was scared stiff and so was the Major, but we dashed out after putting on our gas helmets, and in the pitch dark aroused the men, and with the aid of invaluable Sergt. H. soon got the guns firing back.

There was a slight mist, and as far as the eye could see the sky was lit up by the bombardment. We saw our old position going into the air, and thanked our stars we had moved in time. The French 75's had started when we did, and the noise was deafening, but after an hour they slacked off and were soon silent, apparently not liking the Hun shells. We soon began to lose men, and casualties from batteries in front began to come fast, but few got safe through the Hun barrage. We could see nothing, and all telephone wires were cut, but when the barrage quickened about 4 a.m. we gathered the attack was launched, and quickened our fire as well. By this time we were reduced to two men per gun and Sergt. H., who was a tower of strength. At 5, the Major decided to go and see what was happening down Kemmel way, as M.G. bullets were coming into our right flank from that direction. This left me alone with six guns, a situation I did not all appreciate; I did not think the Major would ever get back to us. However, I walked up and down behind the guns, trying not to mind the shells falling round, and I must have had the luck of the nineteen blind devils not to get hit. After an hour and a half I was rejoiced to see the Major return. He had not been able to discover much, but he did not think the Boche had broken through, and as we could not possibly have got teams up to retire the guns, we perforce carried on, trusting that the Hun, if his guns were as hot as ours, must soon slacken his fire.

A runner sent to order up our gun teams reported that all the horses had been killed and the back wagon lines scattered by long range shelling, but that F. was trying to get others. A burst of M.G. fire killed two gunners, and we ordered sights to be removed in case we had to abandon our guns, as two other batteries had already done in front of us. Luckily, F. now appeared with a scratch team, and we were able to send back three guns to safety. We could not spare any gunners to go with them, but we packed the limbers with wounded. An hour later more horses came up, and we pulled back about 1,000 yards and resumed firing to cover the retreat of other batteries. While thus engaged, I spotted a litter of pigs in a farm near by, and sallying forth with the Major and our revolvers, we shot a couple. About 2-30 we were able to get our forward guns back to the other half of the battery, and to get our first meal that day, and I put on a collar. Next morning I was horrified to find that a French battery had dug in during the night about 40 yards behind us and were firing over us. This would have been a hideous breach of etiquette in the English army, and it somewhat strained the *entente cordiale*, for 75's are notorious for the frequency of

"prematures." At dawn we found that Kemmel completely dominated our position and was now in the enemy's hands. The day passed more quietly than might have been expected, but as the Hun was overlooking our position and only 1,000 yards away, and as the French battery was shooting up our tails, the major and I reconnoitred for another position, but could only find an indifferent one at De Goed Windmill, near Ouderdom, where we dug in during the night, and by our move escaped the worst of the shelling on the following day. The day after, however, a fatal shell fell into a splinter-proof shelter where 13 of our gunners were, killing ten and wounding three, most of the dead being unrecognizable. We shifted again the following night, 1,000 yards north, in case the Hun had registered our old position for his next attack. Here we gladly welcomed an officer from each battery of the 38th Division, which was to relieve us. By our move we escaped much damage in the attack two days later, though our guest from the 38th was wounded, and the following day we were relieved.

SEPT. 16, 1918.—On my return from leave I went as Captain to "C" Bty., very sorry to leave my old friends in "A." I arrived just in time to take the battery into action at Heudicourt, where I was to meet my new major, B. The journey up was uneventful, but coming down at night with empty waggons I decided to take a short cut by map-reading. The way led back over the Canal du Nord, but, as luck would have it, the bridge had been blown up, and if my horse had not refused to go another step I should have fallen into the deep cutting and some of my column after me.

SEPT. 30, 1918.—Another big battle. The battery was ordered to advance over Chapel Hill. We knew that the Huns had not been driven back enough to render this a wise move, but the staff were adamant. The Boche had direct fire on the road over the crest, and our only chance of getting through was to gallop one team through at a time. We had one gun team hit and all the horses had to be shot, but the others got safe through by good luck.

OCT. 23.—My Major, B., was too ill with the "flu" to carry on, so I took command.

OCT. 27.—The Hun had one 77mm. trained on our position, which he fired a few times every day. Gunner H. had a leg blown off by it.

OCT. 28.—Same gun wounded Lieut. B. Got a bit sick of it, so moved all bivouacs to the other end of the battery.

Oct. 30.—Relieved at 9 p.m. and marched back to Bertry, expecting a rest; however, orders came to clean up ready for inspection by G.O.C. Much cursing by men in consequence.

Nov. 4.—Marched back into action.

Nov. 6.—Lieut. E. and my servant were badly wounded by the old 77mm. This left me with only L. At 7.30 a.m. started forward with L. to look out for battery position. L. got nearly killed almost at once, which left me by myself. I got hit at 8.10 a.m. in the thigh, but beyond a bit of blood, no harm was done except to my breeches. Eventually came into action at Englefontaine. Had to borrow a subaltern from "B" battery.

Nov. 7.—Started advancing through Mormal Wood, but found it difficult work, as big trees had been felled across the roads and mines blown at the cross-roads. My horse was wounded by a bit of shell, and we were glad to get through the forest by mid-day. We came into action against the Hun, who was putting up a stiff rearguard action west of Berlaimont. Two cottages near the guns were occupied by civilians, but after a little persuasion they vacated them in our favour, and we lit fires and dried our clothes and had a meal and lay down to sleep. Unfortunately I tried a French mattress, and was much troubled for days afterwards by fleas, which, with orderlies constantly coming and going, made sleep impossible.

Nov. 9.—Crossed Sambre on pontoons. We chased the Hun to Pot-de-Vin, where he made a stand. We were shelled out of our first position, and had to spend a wet night without cover in the middle of a field. Next morning we reached Wattignies-le-Victoire, where we found another river unbridged and were ordered to sit down and wait for the remainder of the army with sappers. I rode on with my groom to find the enemy and ran into a squadron of Strathcona's Horse, by whom we were hospitably entertained at breakfast. At 10 a.m. we went on with them, and having got into touch with the enemy in the shape of some bullets from a M.G. at Sorrel-le-Chateau, I rode back to fetch up the two batteries. "B" and "C," selected to continue the pursuit, the rest of our army not yet having crossed the Sambre.

Nov. 11.—Armistice signed.



MEMORIAL FUND.

The total collected up to the end of July was £111 14s. 0d., as in the following list.

The only expenditure up to that date was 25/- for printing and 7/6 for postage, a total of £1 2s. 6d.

Further estimates and designs for the plate are being obtained, and it should be possible to have it fixed in the course of next term. For a more elaborate plate, with raised border, and longer and broader than the sketch exhibited, some £30 or £40 more are needed. I am very grateful for the response already made.

B. D. TURNER.

One @ £5 5s. :		£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Albert Chapman	...	5	5	0
One @ £3 3s. :				
J. E. Barker	...	3	3	0
Ten @ 42/- each :				
W. H. Purnell, Alfred Moss, Canon Pitts, E. Chapman, A. A. Bumpus, J. Daly, E. A. Gimson, G. Main, C. Moss, Mr. and Mrs. Bingham Turner	...	21	0	0
One @ £2 :				
C. V. Lane	...	2	0	0
Some Members of the Staff	...	1	5	0
Thirty-eight @ 21/- each :				
A. J. Pilsbury, Mrs. Allocck, H. H. Gibbs, J. Palmer Mack, Rev. G. W. Briggs, W. H. Price, Jas. Findley, M. McCarthy, Dr. F. J. Fletcher, J. W. Barker, Lt. H. G. Harper, R.A.F.; A. Tucker, G. R. Barrow, M. T. Woolley, Mrs. Z. Onions, T. Z. and H. Onions, T. B. Jones, Capt. E. H. Marsh, B. Barker, W. H. Moss, W. E. Corah, N. F. B. McLean, S. E. H. Lowe, H. and F. Fletcher, Mrs. Cotton, R. T. H. Davis, R. W. Jamie, T. Y. Hay, Mrs. J. Clarke, W. E. Bailey, R. Moss, H. Perkins, J. H. Corah, Rev. R. H. Fuller, A. J. E. Main, B. W. C. Main, Mrs. Cresswell, W. T. Tucker	...	39	18	0

Eleven @ 20/- each :				
Mrs. Handley, H. Clemerson, W. W. Leslie, R. Paul, W. A. Deakin, J. W. Storey, Mrs. Porter, W. C. Herrick, Rev. A. Holt, A. E. Shepherd, Mrs. W. H. Moss	11 0 0
Sixteen @ 10/- each :				
M. Bourne, Mrs. Woolidge, A. Whitaker, I. Hutton Balfour, K. E. S. Dowland, R. C. S. Jamie, Capt. J. P. Jamie, W. P. Hall, F. Highton, W. Fisher, C. H. Tuckwood, A. Shepperd, G. Ryle, A. E. Limehouse, F. B. Kent, Mrs. W. J. Gibbs	8 0 0
Nineteen @ 10/- each :				
S. R. Hill, H. Tyler, J. W., N. E., and M. O. Hooly; W. A. Nightingale, J. Hutton Balfour, Mrs. W. E. Clarke, H. Bass, F. J. Brain, B. J. Hartley, E. Kirkman, H. W. Imrie, K. S. Topping, C. W. Jelley, Mrs. Moore, F. Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. Yallup, Mrs. Aldershaw, W. H. Wootton, S. E. Grayson	9 10 0
One @ 7/6 :				
G. W. Johnson	0 7 6
Thirty @ 5/- each :				
H. E. Wright, Miss Tasker, O. Morgan, K. F. Allen, L. T. Garner, F. S. Earp, T. C. Shepherd, F. J. Skinner, Mrs. Parker, J. Cook, Mrs. E. Ball (Stanley-street), T. Gib- son, H. E. Bennett, H. J. Pearce, R. W. Payne, H. Moseley, Mr. and Mrs. H. Clarke, T. A. Wilkinson, C. Kirk, H. Rowbotham, C. J. Ward, W. E. Ball, Mrs. Reynolds, T. Webster, D. Arlton, G. H. Beeby, C. V. Young, Mrs. Ball, E. R. Richards, T. E. Stubbins	7 10 0
One @ 6/- :				
T. P. Towle	0 6 0
One @ 4/- :				
F. J. G. Cox	0 4 0
Two @ 3/6 :				
J. C. Taylor, T. A. M. Johnson	0 7 0

One @ 3/- :				
F. Willis	0 3 0
Nine @ 2/- :				
L. M. Wilde, R. M. Pimm, H. H. Watson, J. Cooper, J. R. C. Jones, E. C. Oliver, K. C. M. Symons, R. Haw, L. M. England	0 18 0
Seven @ 2/- :				
E. Case, E. C. Cashmore, B. Palmer, J. W. Godfrey, C. V. Towers, J. W. Hardy, G. Wortley	0 14 0
One @ 1/6 :				
J. A. Dickens	0 1 6
Two @ 1/- :				
A. J. O'Dell, W. Cooke	0 2 0
				£111 14 0



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Each Boy in the School is entitled to one copy of the Magazine free.

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All contributions should be written on one side of the paper only. Correspondents may use a *nom de plume* but must always enclose their names and addresses.

All those who are leaving the School are requested to subscribe to the "Loughburian," and to hand in their names and addresses to the Editor before the end of the Term.