

# THE GRESHAM.

*Vol. VI.*

*JUNE 5th, 1915.*

*No. 5.*

## EDITORIAL.

**T**O our eyes, never has the country, and in particular this part of the country where the School lies, appeared more beautiful than it does this Spring. Perhaps the cause is subjective, and the increased splendour of the countryside is due to the growth of our powers of aesthetic appreciation. Perhaps the lateness of the seasons this year has preserved for us beauties which hitherto have been merged in the maturer beauties of Summer before our return. Whatever the cause, the effect is very clear to us.

And sometimes we cannot help being struck by the force of the contrast between the peaceful loveliness of this

quiet countryside and the horrors of the battlefields of Flanders. It seems almost an incongruity that Nature should continue to deck herself in her best during such a calamity.

And to us, as we meditated, these things seemed an allegory. For the war has not, cannot have any effect on Nature. It would be a dreadful portent indeed, if she were to abrogate her natural laws because of it. And in the same way the war, evil though it is, can have no effect on all that is best in life. Let us remember that all that is beautiful, every high ideal, remains unaffected by the coarsening influence of war; and let us hope that this hurricane will soon pass, leaving the world a sweeter, fresher place.

## ROLL OF HONOUR.

### KILLED IN ACTION.

Charles Kirch, who was a 2nd Lieutenant in the Bedfordshire Regiment, was killed in action at Hill 60 on April 19th. Born on February 28th, 1895, he entered the School in May 1910, and left in July 1912. On leaving School he went into business in the city. When the war broke out he enlisted in the Artists' Rifles and went out with them to France. Later he obtained a commission and was appointed to the 1st Battalion of the Bedfordshire Regiment. For some time before his death he had been acting as Captain of his Company. His Major wrote of him, "He did not know what fear or danger was."

George Mortimer Langdon Goodall, who was a 2nd Lieutenant in the East Lancashire Regiment, was killed in action on the Aubers Ridge on May 9th. Born on April 4th, 1894, he entered the School in September 1908, and left in July 1912. On leaving School he went for six months training to Cirencester Agricultural College, and in April 1913 he left for Canada, spending six months on a farm in Nova Scotia and six at Guelph College, Toronto. In 1914 he entered, as a premium pupil, the Bristol Aeroplane works, which in August were turning out six machines a week. The managers did not wish him to leave, but in October they gave way and released him. He

enlisted in the Public School Battalion of the Middlesex Regiment from which he got a commission in November in the 3rd Battalion, East Lancashire Regiment (Special Reserve). In December he gave in his name for the R.F.C., but he heard nothing of the result of his application until April, when he was in Hospital at Boulogne, and therefore unable to do anything. On March 15th, he left for the front and when he got to the trenches was attached to the 2nd Battalion, East Lancashire Regiment. On Sunday, May 9th, he was killed whilst leading his men in an attack on Overs between Neuve Chapelle and Ypres. His regiment reached the German trenches but were practically annihilated by machine gun fire.

### DIED OF WOUNDS.

Lancelot Neville Aveling, who was a 2nd Lieutenant in the Connaught Rangers, died on April 29th, of wounds received in action near Ypres on April 26th. Born on March 20th, 1892, he entered the School in January, 1906, and left in December 1908. On leaving School he went into business, but, having always had a great desire for a military career, he took a commission in the Special Reserve and was posted to the Regular Army on mobilization. He was wounded at the Aisne in September and again at Ypres in November. He was mentioned in despatches last November. Originally with the 3rd Battalion, he joined the 2nd Battalion when he went to the front.

Ewins Charles Marlborough Crosse, who was a Lieutenant in the Leicestershire Regiment, died of wounds on May 17th. Born on December 20th, 1895, he entered the School in January 1905, and left in December 1911, to go to University College School, whence he entered Sandhurst. He passed out in July 1914, and was gazetted to the 2nd Battalion of the Leicestershire Regiment just before the declaration of war. He fell mortally wounded while leading his men in an attack on a German trench on Sunday night, May 16th. He lay where he fell, within twenty yards of the entrenched Germans all night, mostly unconscious, watched over by one of his men, and died the next day.

Eric Blackburn, who was a Private in the Liverpool Regiment, died at St. Omer on March 24th. Born on June 16th, 1894, he entered the School in September 1907, and left in July 1911. On leaving School he went into business in Liverpool. On the outbreak of war he enlisted in the 6th Battalion, Liverpool Regiment, and went to the front with them on February 24th. He contracted cerebro-spinal meningitis and died in Hospital at St. Omer on March 24th. He is buried in the Cimetière des Souvenirs outside the town.

#### WOUNDED.

M. C. Clayton, Capt., 1st Batt., Cambridgeshire Regiment.

E. Johnson, 2nd Lieut., 40th Pathans.

E. G. W. White, Pte., 9th Infantry Batt., Australian Expeditionary Force.

G. W. L. Meredith, 2nd Lieut., 18th Hussars.

J. H. Carvosso, Pte., Princess Patricia's Canadian L.I.

R. A. Berry, Lieut., 23rd Batt., London Regiment.



### A WAR MEMORIAL.

At a Masters' Meeting held on May 17th, it was resolved unanimously that a "War Memorial Fund" should be opened.

It was suggested that the Memorial should take the form of the Organ Screen, Stalls and Panelling of the Chapel.

It was also suggested that this should be, not only a Memorial of those who died, but also a Thanksgiving for the safe return of O.G.'s who served in the war.

I shall be glad to receive expressions of opinion on these two suggestions and on any other that may arise in this connection.

As many may wish to give certain parts of the woodwork, the actual cost of the various parts and of each stall and seat are given in another part of the magazine.

G. W. S. HOWSON.



### FROM THE FRONT.

Our brigade, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th battalions, was covering party for the Australasian forces, so we got the hottest time. Half of each battalion went up to the Peninsula on battleships, and the other half on destroyers. The lot I was with went up on the "Queen." We disem-

barked into the boats about one in the morning and then lay off till the moon went down. We then were towed nearer land and the "Queen" followed us. The order then came through a megaphone "Go right in and land," and the launches towed us off. It was a perfect night, not a sound or cloud or ripple. We got right close under the cliffs before the Turks opened fire and it was a very tense moment waiting for them to start. We wasted no time getting out and all got soaked to the neck, for the sea was full of wire entanglements. We stopped under the first cover and fixed bayonets, and then threw our packs off and charged up the hill.

Our casualties were light except where they got machine guns on the crowded boats. We fought our way inland over some terrific gullies and hills, and then pulled up on the top of a ridge and began to entrench, meaning to hold the position until reinforcements came up. Our orders were to hold on to the last man, and we did our best. In spite of much previous search by aeroplane the authorities seem to have totally under-estimated the force in our vicinity, for they sent on ahead to clear a gully about 200 of our men. We found two batteries of Krupp guns, at least three machine guns and mobs of Turks. Only about twenty of us got back and I was one of the lucky ones. From then on it was merely "hold on at all costs," and the day was spent in repelling attack after attack, reinforcing when the pressure got too hot in one part. Things were very critical at times and our chief trouble was altogether too few men for the ground we had to cover. Of course, men were landing all day, but the Turks kept a very accurate shrapnel fire on the beach and on us all day. Of course they had every range known to a yard. Once a number of us found ourselves cut off, with Turkish machine guns firing at us from the left rear, but we got out all right.

They are rotten shots, but the Germans managing their artillery and machine guns are excellent. It was fine to watch the "Queen Elizabeth" and others blowing up the forts. The Navy could give us no assistance on the hill on the Sunday, for we were making bayonet rushes every few minutes and were too close.

Sunday night was a nightmare; you could hear the Turks in the bushes quite close and every quarter of an hour we had to turn them out with the bayonet. The country is covered with sort of scrubby bushes and I must say the Turks used the cover very cleverly. They had unlimited ammunition and about 26 machine guns; we only had 200 rounds per man and little prospect of any more.

It seems unhealthy to fall wounded into the Turks' hands. We had too many wounded to deal with and some rotten things happened, too beastly to talk about. I must stop, my arm gets tired easily. I ought to be back in a little over a fortnight.

E. G. W. W.

Since I wrote to you last we have been in the trenches again, for 24 hours only this time. We held our own portion of the line. It was very similar to last time. The great event of the day, however, was the blowing up of the German trench in front of us.

On Wednesday night last our sappers, while finishing our sap, found that the Germans had nearly finished theirs, so it was a case of blowing them up first, so, instead of eight o'clock it was fixed for 3.15. About a quarter of an hour before, the order came to "stand to" and when the explosion had occurred to fire rapid.

It was unfortunately rather misty, so we could not see much. At the appointed time the trench blew up. It made a rumbling sound, not very loud, and the earth was blown up about 50 feet or more, and a lot fell in our trench, which was 50 yards away, knocking down our sand bags. Two of our men were hurt by sandbags falling on them. We then opened a rapid fire as hard as possible. When it was light there was just a dip in the ground where the trench had been the night before.

Anyone, however, who tried looking over the top soon took his head away, as he soon had bullets whistling round him—except for this they were very quiet the next day. We could see them throwing up earth, remaking their trench.

E. W. C.

We were, as you imagined, in the Hill 60 show, but slightly on a flank, and some of the other regiments did all the heavy work of the charges and counter-attacks, though our co-operation foiled the German's counter moves. We had one officer killed and six wounded, but spread over several days.

As you will have seen, one of the regiments always working with us suffered very heavily, the 1st Bedford.

We have now been in the firing line and close support for three weeks during which time I have of course, been out of doors all the time—up in the morning always by 3 o'clock, often not sleeping at night at all, but in the comparative safety of daytime.

No bath and my clothes never off, this is what I feel more than anything.

The "Artists" men who have taken commissions are naturally suffering very severely, because every single one has gone straight into the firing line, and a great number that I knew, both at home and in the "Artists" afterwards, have been killed. I believe that of the first 50 to go through the School of Instruction with me over half are already casualties.

You may not agree with me, but the feeling of all of us here is that the workmen in England should be put under military law just as much as the men out here and shot for desertion if they quit their jobs in the same way, for after all their lot is much easier and their pay much higher than that of soldiers; whilst, if the supply of munitions suddenly gives out, they simply leave the men to be slaughtered, in just as definite a way as if a sentry goes to sleep on his post.

G. C. T.

One night at twelve o'clock I was having an emplacement made for one of the guns. It was in front and on the left of our line, quite exposed to the enemy's fire, but only a few stray shots came our way. I was helping my men with a spade when a German machine gun was turned on us. They must have heard us at work. We flung ourselves flat on the ground, and the bullets whistled in one continuous stream above our heads, swish—swish—swish; as soon as it had stopped, I jumped up and we resumed our work. In five minutes the beastly gun began again; we repeated the same performance and started work a third time, and the gun stuttered at us again. As this awful mechanical throb breaking the stillness of the night was very unnerving, and the bullets were only two feet or so above our heads, we made a move and rushed back to the barricade, as some snipers had spotted us as well, and several bullets cracked unpleasantly near.

E. F. H.

Unfortunately we arrived just at the time of three big attacks, which the illustrated papers are so full of, and after only two days we were taken away and had to go back to our original old rest town. The march there was one of the most wonderful sights imaginable. It was a perfectly calm night and, while we were resting behind the hill, the men lit candles, of which there had just been a very lavish issue.

Afterwards, when we moved off, as it was so screened from sight and the night so calm, they still carried their candles and from the rear of the battalion we could see them winding in and out along the lanes, which were very intricate.

It looked like some wonderful pilgrim's progress, and the windings of the road made the lights cross and recross each other and pass in and out in a most picturesque way.

K. L.

We were expecting an attack any minute and we only had one point by which we could retire, because of the entanglements. Of course, these star shells worried us a good deal and we always had to be dropping down, so that they would not see us. To add to our discomfort as we returned "home" (dug-outs, I had a very snug one, about one fifth the size of my study at school) a sniper seemed to take a particular spite against us and was firing away at 70 yards. Then he could not hit us!! It seems countless ages since I had my clothes off, but I have had a grand wash today. One's idea of luxury here falls short of anything more than a wash, a good feed of bread and eggs and a nice hay loft to sleep in.

A. S. B.

I had three solid hours of marching with my drafts before I reported at orderly-room at 6 p.m., and the battalion was to move out at 7.30. I was posted to No. 2 Company, and Captain Hay insisted on my riding his horse, as we were about seven miles from the trenches. As night came on, to the distant thump of heavy guns on our right was added the glare of star shells far ahead. As we drew nearer our destination the crowd of troops became greater. It was long after eleven when we took our places in the support wire barricades. It was very cold, and we had to huddle up together for warmth. Unfortunately, the time was not long, for the bombardment was to start at 5. A little before that hour a shell whirled over and the fun began. The German trenches were smothered in smoke and the din was awful. We were in support of the Suffolks and the K.R.R.C., and we doubled along the communication trenches up to the first line. Bullets were flying overhead, but as yet no guns had opened on us. Four hundred yards in front was the enemy's trench, and about one-third of the distance were spread out the Sussex lying flat. Before we got into the trenches one of our bomb-throwers dropped a bomb and 15 men were injured; the thrower was hurt, but later he was killed close by me.

Then came the order to get over the breast-work, and over we went. I scrambled down a slope till I came to a ditch. I waded, and then came to an old water-logged trench; there were a number of men in it, and I stayed with them, muddy but unscathed by the whizzing bullets. The attack did not seem to have developed, so we waited. Then the German guns opened, and

shrapnel cracked metallicly overhead and "Jack Johnsons" raised volcanoes of dirt all around; however, our position was a good one, for nothing came too near us except bullets. At about 6.30 the adjutant signalled over the parapet of the fire trenches for us to retire, and this we successfully did, each in turn scrambling back and throwing ourselves over the parapet. We only left one dead man. I was mud nearly to the waist, but felt pretty comfortable. On getting into the trench, however, I heard that over half our officers had been knocked over, and later I found that I was the only officer to come back from before this trench unhurt.

It seemed that no sooner did the attacking line get into the open than a tremendous machine gun fire was opened. So badly had the Second Brigade been hit that we were ordered back to the support trenches. I found that I was the only officer of No. 2 Company left, so it devolved upon me to get them back. I collected them and brought them back safely, though the shrapnel was horrid and we had some escapes.

The first assault having failed with enormous losses there was a lull except for the gunners, who kept up a steady fire; for awhile I slept, and then at mid-day (Monday) the Colonel told us we were to make another attempt during the afternoon. So up we went to the front trenches again. There we waited under a terrific fire from heavy guns. Fortunately, the Germans never actually got us, and the General decided that the 2nd Brigade had suffered enough. Anyway, we remained in the trenches and the assault was carried out by the "Black Watch" and "Cameron's." I watched everything from a machine gun emplacement, and I never saw anything grander than the way the Highlanders behaved. They went over the parapet and set out at a loping trot with their pipes skirling, and though they dropped right and left they kept on till they reached the German trench. Here they lay with shells bursting all around. Apparently they could not get any further, for presently they were ordered back, and only about a quarter of those who went out came back. . . . With regard to the Highlanders' charge, it really was a fine performance. They were splendid big fellows, and they went out of the trench like one man when the order came. They never faltered and they clung on to the German trench under fire from both our guns and the Germans', until ordered to retire. Then, tired as they were, they were out in front all night fetching in their wounded and refused all offers of being relieved while a single "Jock" was out

there; one man actually rescued a badly-wounded officer from the German parapet itself, and saw the enemy repairing the trenches almost within touching distance.

G. H.

We have had six officers killed and four wounded, some of my best pals, and also four hundred casualties. Our brigade has been badly smashed and so have the divisions on either flank. We made an attack after bombarding for three-quarters of an hour and failed miserably. The effect was the same as if we had had no bombardment, whole companies mowed down 15 yards beyond our trenches.

Two gas-shells came over and we put on our masks; such a lovely day too, it seemed ridiculous to have our mouths covered with pieces of flannel. We attacked again, but again we were cut up when only just outside our own lines; it was slaughter pure and simple. I had no orders, so tried to follow on with the guns, but the communication trench was blocked by wounded and supports. The sights were horrible, some poor fellows with faces black from bursting "Jack Johnsons" and clothes torn off their backs by shells. One man had his face blown in, but stumbled along towards the dressing station. I put a back for him and ran with him to the station, and came back, but was streaming with the poor fellow's blood.

E. F. H.

At the present moment I am bivouacing in an orchard having just had a most awful fortnight in the trenches—it was truly hellish. One evening two shells burst and killed 12 men and wounded 40. I was just by the place at the time and went to help all I could. A third shell dropped within 10 yards of me, but failed to explode; if it had, I expect I should be in Hospital. I shall never forget it—you would not believe that men could be so dreadfully mauled about.

Until yesterday I had not had my boots or clothing off for ten days and had tasted no bread—only bully beef and biscuits. The mosquitoes are making themselves an awful nuisance—one wakens up in the morning covered with bites. I may be quite wrong, but I think that this 'general advance' is the beginning of better days for us, if one can accept the statements, and I think one can, of the regiments who took a number of prisoners near us.

C. V. R.

We finish our so-called rest to-day and move again to-night. I hope it is not to the Hill again as the memories associated with it are too awful. I daresay you have read about the railway cutting which runs from just past Zillebeke Station through the Hill. Well, if ever there was a hell on earth, it is in that cutting, full of dead and dying as it was. About every conceivable thing the Germans could think of was used against us there, but the most terrifying of all is a small shell they use, which gives no warning of its coming. This we call a "whizz-bang." As for the 17-inch Jack Johnsons, they make a big roar like a train as they come through the air. Ypres has been shelled pretty well to pieces, and has been burning steadily for some time. Almost worse than the wounded are the men who have been gassed, as in most cases they are absolutely helpless. One died practically as I was helping him along; two others I found who had crawled into dug-outs to die. I also saw between 30 and 40 behind a battered farm house, with shells falling all round. Nothing could be done for them, as the gas had already finished its deadly work. I can quite imagine a man's nerves going at a time like this, in fact our own are not what they were, since our "gruelling." We lost as many men in one day as the number of the draft you say is coming out.

G. B.

I don't think I have mentioned the fact that we are an ammunition column. Our men run the stuff up to the horse convoy, who take it up to the big guns. It all sounds dull, but if you were to see the number of lorries out here you would begin to realise what an important part the M.T.'s are playing in this war.

K. F. S.



## MOTHERS AND SONS.

The following article, by an Oxford correspondent of "The Times," which we are allowed to reproduce here by the courtesy of the Editor, was inspired by the gallant death, and is dedicated to the noble memory, of A. R. Herron:—

There is a chapter in the Bible, solemn and plangent above all others, in which the Preacher bids men to remember their Creator in the days of their youth, "or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken." In these last few days the cord has been loosed, and the

bowl has been broken, for hundreds of English boys. Golden lads, in the flower and prime of youth, have come to dust. They have had their consummation, not in quiet, but in the din and the roar of battle, with the noise of shouting and garments rolled in blood. Their graves will be renowned, and their names will be had in remembrance. But in hundreds of English homes their mothers sit to-day, remembering the sons who fed at their breasts and slept in their arms; happy if, in the watches of the night, some flow of tears may slacken the tense strings of the heart and lull the busy iteration of memory in the aching brain.

What does it all mean? A few months back the summons came. The name of England was blown on the bugles. He heard: there was a knocking at his heart and a flush of his temples; and he was gone. To-day he is dead—dead for the sake of a magic name. Is it more than a name? Promise and expectation—the opening bud and the growing shoot—seem nipped and withered, for ever. Has there been any consummation?

One of the old poets of England, writing of the noble nature some 300 years ago, sang:—

It is not growing like a tree

In bulk, doth make man better be.

The metaphor of bud and shoot, he thought, was not made for man—

In small proportions we just beauties see;

And in short measures life may perfect be.

After all, then, perfection may come and consummation be attained in the short measure of youth; and we may see that perfection, if only our eyes can behold the just beauty of life. For the beauty of life lies not in living, nor in health and vigour of body, nor in the flash and speed of the mind, but in living with a noble energy, which enlists and mobilizes the noble nature for the doing of noble things. To rise to the measure of a man and to attain to the just beauty of a full humanity consists in gaining conversion of the soul and in entering the service of mankind. He who has turned his eyes to an ideal good which is more worth while than life itself has found life; for he has become a living soul, converted to the light. He who has entered the service of mankind in order to realize among men and for men the ideal good which he has seen has entered into the only perfect joy of living, for he has hid his life with that of his fellows in the common life which is the only true life of man.

In these months through which we older folk have lived—lived in the sense of drawing breath—the young men have seen visions. They have seen an ideal face to face. To some the ideal may have been compact and epitomized in the name and cause of England; to others it may have shown an even nobler majesty, and worn the face of general human right—right to be throned as the sovereign power in all human relations, as much between State and State as between one man and another. In whatever guise the ideal has come, we may be sure at any rate that it has come. For once in our long history our people have felt the call and thrilled to the compulsion of the ideal. All crusades belong to eager youth, and this war is a crusade of the youth. They march under banners none the less real because they are invisible; they march against the lust of force and the infidel pride of armaments. The Church of old promised to her Crusaders the attainment of perfection through the merits of their great adventure. Shall we not hope that our youth to-day will find their perfection in a cause which, though it be no matter of winning an earthly Jerusalem, is a matter and an issue of setting Jerusalem in this land of Europe?

If our young men have seen this vision, then they have found conversion of the soul towards the light; and if they have found that, then they have found life, even if it be in death. And in another sense, too, they have found life. They have been caught and rapt into the common life of a goodly fellowship. They have not ridden out single-handed on any lonely venture; they have ridden shoulder to shoulder, stirrup touching stirrup, with brethren in arms from England and France and Belgium. "Fellowship is heaven, and the lack of fellowship is hell; fellowship is life, and the lack of fellowship is death; and the deeds that ye do upon the earth it is for fellowship's sake that ye do them, and the life that is in it shall live on for ever and ever, and each one of you part of it." If fellowship is life, and the common service of mankind is true life, the dead that have died are not dead, and will not die. They live in the common life for which they have died. They live in the better fellowship of the nations, which the work of their hands has gone to establish; and a mother may say in her heart, in a new Europe which her son died to make, "Here and here I see my son; in this better thing and that nobler way of living I see him living on and on for ever." So England will seem to her no name, but a common life in which her son found life; and perfection will seem to her after all to have been attained, even in a short measure of life, because her son had drawn from life the best

that life can give—had seen the face of the ideal and had enlisted his arms in the service of man.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." If the remembering of God be the following of the beacon lights He kindles, and the serving of that mankind which He made in His image, then we may say that those who are gone remembered well. They are gone while the silver cord was still taut and strong, and the golden bowl was still untarnished and undimmed. To the eye of sight their lives may seem broken fragments. To the eye of faith another vision may be revealed. It may see the young lives, arch linked to arch, spanning the dark and misty valley of to-day, and bearing on solid piers the broad highway to a to-morrow which, in the providence of God, shall be worthy of the bridge that had first to be built, and of all that went to its building.



## HONOURS.



A. H. J. Snelling, R.M.C., Quetta.

C. R. H. Farmer, R.M.C., Sandhurst.



## DEEP SEA TRAWLERS.



Out beyond the borders of the white waves racing,

Leaping up and laughing, swinging in to shore,

Far upon the outer seas a darker storm is pacing,

Darker than the tempests that have burst on us before.

Little recking tempest, toil and life are one to us,

Flame and steel and flood and storm, deep-sea dark and grey,

These we knew aforetime: Death's own self has come to us,

Lurking in the shadows of the long sea-sway.

These we knew aforetime, met their might and mastered it,

Hunting the sea-meadows from the  
Foreland to the floe,  
Blindfold through their blackness we  
made our way—and afterwards  
To chance upon our death stroke where  
the sun-lit ripples go!

Far beyond the sun-rise there are strange  
seas flowing,

Distant are the waters where we lead  
the last crusade,

Troy, Lemnos, Mitylene,—these will tell  
you of our going

As bastion to your battlements, and  
scabbard to your blade.

—Swiftly go the ships, through the great  
seas plunging,

Swinging through the sea-scud in  
majesty and pride,

Swiftest the destroyers, and like a rapier's  
lunging

Their onrush comes in anger down the  
crimson-running tide.

Stern, proud ships, through the high seas  
swinging,

Cleaving through the combers that rasp  
along the side,

Silent in their strength, until—the battle  
bolts are singing,

And they go in flame and fury down  
the reddened reeking tide.

Proudly do they come, O England, but  
come after us,

We sweep their paths to battle—hold  
they well the paths we've made!

For the seeds of black destruction are in  
flower, and we, thy harvesters,

Must reap and pay for reaping, as Eng-  
land ever paid.

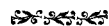
What the price we care not—death is  
ever near to us,—

Strife and steam, and flame and flood,  
deep-sea dark and grey,

These we know and fear not—little mean-  
eth "fear" to us,—

But—Death is haunting hidden all the  
slow sea sway!

T.H.W.



## THE CONCERT.

There were features of special interest about the Concert of April 5th. One was a gratifying production of new talent, another the unexpected appearance of Mr. Evans. The task of giving a good start was entrusted to H. C. Frost, who carried out his important and anxious duty with great credit, the more so in that he was a novice. The orchestra, which was strengthened by the help of Mrs. Soman, Miss Foster-Evans and Miss Statham, plunged vigorously into the Military Symphony and never lost their grip of it. Both delicate and heavier passages were well handled and much appreciated. "On the Banks of Allan Water," more familiar as a Solo, is from its pathos difficult for a large choir. Time and tone were good and the expression satisfactory. Mr. Evans was loudly encouraged, he was never in better voice, indeed he seemed to have developed a stronger and fuller tone than of old. We were glad to recognise in J. T. Roberts a pianist of more than average merit and hope he may prove a worthy successor to Statham, Johnson and Halsey. He was well backed by Mawdesley in the less conspicuous part of the duet. The Spanish Dances selected for them were quite charming. The Old School House sang their Old English Songs with

their usual determination. The Choir and Orchestra in full blast fought their way furiously through Kipling's "Ballad of the Clampherdown," banging and sawing and roaring through the grim horror where men "die in the peeling steam," and "the scalded stokers yelped delight" down to the gruesome "corpse-fed conger-eel." All very terrific, and those who know choir and orchestra will be sure they let go no chance, and that Mr. Greateorex in this as in all else had taken tremendous pains that performers should know thoroughly what they were about and do it in a style worthy of the School Concert.

#### PROGRAMME.

1. ORGAN SOLO "Prelude and Fugue in B flat" *Bach*  
H. C. FROST.
2. MILITARY SYMPHONY in G major *Haydn*  
(omitting the Finale)  
(i.) Adagio—Allegro.  
(ii.) Allegretto.  
(iii.) Menuetto.
3. PART SONG "Allen Water" Arranged by  
H. Elliot-Button
4. PIANOFORTE DUET "Spanish Dances" *Moszkowski*  
(i.) in C major.  
(ii.) in G minor.  
J. T. ROBERTS.  
R. MAWDESLEY.
5. OLD ENGLISH SONGS  
(i.) Lord Willoughby 16th century  
(ii.) To all you ladies 17th century
6. CANTATA "The Ballad of the Clampherdown"  
*Sir Frederick Bridge*



#### O.T.C.

On Whit-Monday, May 24th, Mr. Morgan brought down the Thorpe Hamlet C.L.B. and Scouts on their annual visit

to Holt; in spite of the loss of those who have left the C.L.B. to enlist, we were pleased to welcome a large number of visitors.

Work was put back in order that more time might be allowed for the great event of the afternoon—the Field Day, which lasted from 12-40 until 4-45 p.m. The Corps, aided by the C.L.B., were given a definite line to defend, through which the Scouts were to attempt to penetrate, that they might cut our line of telephonic communication. The opposing forces consisted of the Thorpe Hamlet Scouts, those of the Old School House and Upper School, and a detachment from the Holt Scouts—together a formidable array some 140 strong.

As to the tactical side of the operations, who shall describe them? The writer has confused recollections of desperate advances (in short rushes) against hordes of bellicose Scouts; of interminable altercations as to which side was to submit to capture; of the return march, when everybody was equally weary and happy. To tell the truth, we fear that the increase in military knowledge which may have accrued to either side as a result of the Field Day is a negligible quantity. But it was not the less on that account a most enjoyable function, which the sea-mist of the afternoon did little to mar.

Judging by the enthusiastic comments which we overheard, we are satisfied that our visitors enjoyed themselves as much as we did—that is to say, they enjoyed themselves very much indeed.

The day was brought to a close by a re-union in the Big School. After a few words by the Headmaster on Empire Day and its meaning at this time, and a short speech by Mr. Morgan, the C.L.B. and Scouts returned to Norwich, to come again, we hope, next year.



## BOY SCOUTS.

REPORT TO DATE—MAY 30TH, 1915.

TROOP I.—(OLD SCHOOL HOUSE).

Scout Master—D. A. Wynne Willson.

Assistant Scout Master—

G. R. Thompson.

PATROLS:—

*Lion.* Leader—S. F. Gurney; second, T. E. Matthews.

*Owl.* Leader—I. Hepburn; second, F. S. L. Gooch.

*Stork.* Leader—D. R. S. Allen; second, W. E. A. Bull.

*Woodpigeon.* Leader—J. C. S. Daly; second, G. F. Wright.

*Peewit.* Leader—J. G. Birkett; second, P. F. Grove.

*Wolf.* Leader—W. W. Taylor; second, A. C. Maynard.

TROOP II.—(UPPER SCHOOL).

(In process of registration and formation).

Scout Master—Rev. F. G. E. Field.

Assistant Scout Master—W. I. Cooke.

PATROLS:—

*Hawk.* Leader—H. W. Baker; second, G. Lloyd.

*Swift.* Leader—W. L. Robinson, second, C. M. Squarey.

Numbers—Troop I. 51; Troop II. 16; Total 67.

The record for Tests and Badges is as follows:—

Second Class Test—Troop I. 26; Troop II. 8; Total 34.

Proficiency Badges—(those marked \* have won the badge but cannot wear it till they have passed 2nd class test. Those marked † have passed into O.T.C.)

*War Badge, 1914*—(for 28 days' service to troops), J. C. S. Daly (1).

*Ambulance*—S. F. Gurney, I. Hepburn, D. R. S. Allen, J. C. S. Daly, W. E. A. Bull, J. G. Birkett, H. K. Bagnall-Oakeley, T. E. Matthews, G. L. Garratt, C. W. H. Gurney, W. W. Taylor, A. Schegloff, W. Kelley-Patterson,\* J. F. E. Gillam, J. P. Orford.

(Troop II.)—G. W. B. Stuart†, H. W. Baker, H. A. Orford, C. W. F. Rhodes, R. W. Henry, R. P. Homan (21).

*Pathfinder*—J. C. S. Daly (1).

*Cyclist*—D. R. S. Allen, J. C. S. Daly, T. E. Matthews, G. L. Garratt, F. S. L. Gooch.

(Troop II.)—H. W. Baker, W. L. Robinson, R. P. Homan, H. A. Orford (9)

*Swimmer*—D. R. S. Allen (1).

*Rescuer*—D. R. S. Allen (1).

*Electrician*—P. F. Grove, W. W. Taylor, G. F. Wright, G. W. B. Stuart† (4).

*Laundryman*—J. C. S. Daly (1).

*Interpreter*—I. Hepburn, P. F. Grove, E. P. C. Beck, G. F. Wright, A. C. Maynard, E. W. Robinson, C. Patey \*†, J. F. E. Gillam. (Troop II.)—H. W. Baker, H. A. Orford (10).

*Missioner*—J. C. S. Daly, F. S. L. Gooch (2).

*Naturalist*—D. R. S. Allen, J. G. Birkett, F. S. L. Gooch, T. E. Matthews, J. C. S. Daly, J. E. Carr, D. Johnston, E. P. S. Gardiner, I. Hepburn, (Troop II.)—W. L. Robinson, H. W. Baker, H. A. Orford (12).

*Fireman*—D. R. S. Allen. (Troop II.)—C. W. F. Rhodes (2).

*Horseman*—(Troop II.), W. L. Robinson (1).

*Photographer*—(Troop II.) W. L. Robinson (1).

*Engineer*—W. W. Taylor, J. O. Stuart\* (Troop II.)—C. W. F. Rhodes (3).

*Stalker*—(Troop II.)—W. L. Robinson (1).

Total number of Badges won up to May 30th—Second Class 34; Proficiency 71 (Total 105).

I want again to urge on those who pass straight from Troop I. into the O.T.C. not to give up their scouting; they can carry on the practical part in the holidays and can make themselves efficient by working for their badges during Term at odd times.

Two points must be emphasized about the Scout organisation:—it is intended to give opportunities for self-education up to the age of 18 and also it is essentially democratic. These two points should be borne in mind by those older boys (and I have heard of such) who call it "only a kids' game" (which is untrue) or who say it is meant only for "poor boys" (which is regrettably snobbish). The Scout movement is doing so much for the

country at present that it is unpatriotic not to support it, and still more so to put any obstacles in the way of its success.

D. A. WYNNE WILLSON,  
Scout Master,  
Gresham's School Troop I.



## THE CHAPEL.

Since the end of March, when the last photograph of the Chapel was taken, the growth of the building outwardly has not been very marked. The growth, such as it is, has been confined almost entirely to the West Front, which at the time of writing is not yet completed, thanks to some further serious delay in the delivery of stone. But a couple of weeks should see it finished and then there will be little, besides the Porch and the completion of the tiling, still left to be done. The West window seems likely to fulfil our highest expectations, and both from within and without it should look very fine when the scaffolding is down. Within the building much good work has been done. The electric wiring and heating apparatus are well advanced, and the floor of the building is already being prepared for the tiers of seats. The roof, now that the scaffolding has been removed, is looking splendid, and the vaulting of the Chancel, consisting of moulded oak ribs with plaster panels, promises to be equally fine.

But the most important news with regard to the Chapel is that which concerns the organ gallery and screen, together with the panelling and seating. At a



THE CHAPEL, MAY 28TH. 1915.

meeting of the Chapel Committee held early in April the Architect presented plans for the whole of the woodwork, of which the details are given below, and the Committee gave orders at once for the building of the organ gallery at a cost of £554.

It has been suggested that the War Memorial, which is referred to elsewhere, might take the form of the organ screen, panelling and stalls. These could all be obtained for the sum of £1003. Though it is not very easy to describe the organ gallery and screen, some attempt must be made to do so. The gallery will run right across the Chapel, 13-ft. 6-ins. wide from back to front, occupying the whole of the bay which is opposite to the Porch. The floor level of the gallery is the level of the wall plate from which the Chapel roof springs. The ceiling, or underside of the gallery, is to be timber and plaster vaulting. On entering by the Porch the right-hand side, or East side, of the bay will be filled in with a screen, on the inner side of which will be placed ten clergy stalls. In the middle of the screen will be two heavy oak doors opening outwards. On the left-hand side or West side of the bay will be two oak uprights supporting the gallery above. Apart from these the West side will be quite open to the Ante-Chapel. The window facing the entrance from the Porch is to be lowered. The lowness of the ceiling beneath the organ gallery seems likely to add considerably, by contrast, to the impressive effect of the high roof of the main building.

The North and South sides of the Chapel will be panelled with oak and there will be six bays of stalls for Masters and Prefects on either side. The main part of the building will be occupied by four rows of oak seats on either side, facing inwards.

As has been stated above, the Committee have already put in hand the organ gallery, and it is hoped that the screen, panelling and stalls will be added before the Chapel is opened.

In conclusion a word must be said with regard to Subscriptions. These, have, very naturally, thanks to the war, been few and far between during the last few months, but there is one type of donation to the Chapel Fund that is peculiar to the war and which deserves special mention. We refer to the cheques received during the past few months from Old Boys who are serving, whether at home or at the front; several of these cheques have come straight from the trenches.

#### ESTIMATES FOR THE WOODWORK.

Organ Gallery and Screen:— £ s. d.

A. Organ gallery	...	554	
B. Two sets of five clergy stalls and fronts (each stall £20) at £100	...	200	
C. Two sets of screens behind clergy stalls at £52 5s.	...	104	10
D. Double doors in centre of screen	...	137	

Panelling and Seating:—	£	s.	d.
E. Ten bays of masters' and prefects' stalls and panelling at £47 ...	470		
F. Ten bays of four seats and front at £74 10s. ...	745		
G. Two short bays of mas- ters' and prefects' stalls and panelling at £45 15s. ...	91	10	
H. Two short bays of four seats and front at £39 ...	78		
<b>TOTAL COST ...</b>	<b>£2380</b>		

The whole will be in English oak entirely worked by hand.

The sections suggested for the War Memorial are lettered B, C, D, E and G. These could all be obtained for the sum of £1003.

The cost of a stall works out at about nine guineas and a seat at three.



### WAR MEMORIAL FUND.

	£	s.	d.
Balance of A. R. Herron's account with Messrs. Cox & Co., per W. J. Herron ...	70	0	0
Dr., Mrs. and Lieut. W. J. Spurrell, in memory of F.J.D.S. ...	20	0	0
Lieut. C. H. D. O. Springfield	5	0	0
G. W. S. Howson ...	100	0	0
J. R. Eccles ..	50	0	0

### LIST OF SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE CHAPEL FUND.

1915.	£	s.	d.
March. Previously acknowledged ...	8251	10	5
E. H. Homan ...	2	2	0
H. C. Williams ...	2	2	0
H. W. Partridge (4th) ...	10	0	0
O.G. Club ...	33	6	8
M. J. Ellerbeck ...	1	0	0
Interest on Loan (7th) ...	8	7	4
April. School House (15th) ...	2	10	0
G. E. Giles ...	2	0	0
Anonymous ...	1	1	0
Sale of Postcards ...	1	15	0
F. H. Claus (2nd) ...	5	0	0
Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Faithfull	3	3	0
May. M. J. Ellerbeck (2nd) ...	1	0	0
Old School House Box (9th)	0	11	1
F. Cullen (5th) ...	3	3	0
Anonymous ...	15	0	0
R. W. Henry (5th) ...	5	5	0
<b>General Fund ...</b>	<b>8348</b>	<b>16</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>School Fund ...</b>	<b>101</b>	<b>13</b>	<b>8</b>
	<b>£8450</b>	<b>10</b>	<b>2</b>
Promises not yet fulfilled—			
General Fund ...	745	12	0
School Fund ...	199	17	4
<b>Total ...</b>	<b>£9395</b>	<b>19</b>	<b>6</b>



### O.G. NEWS.

The following remarkable tribute to A. R. Herron appeared a little time back in the "Liverpool Echo":—

Rifleman Charles Miles, of the 1st Battalion, King's Royal Rifles, writes to the "Echo" on April 11th as follows:—

I should be very pleased if you could find a small space in your valuable paper in regard to the brave officer who led us in our charge on the morning of March 10th.

We had to cover 250 yards of heavy ground. Our officer got to within five yards of the German trench, when he was shot down. He had not time to recover himself, when he was hit a second time, and this killed a brave fellow.

The gentleman I refer to is 2nd Lieutenant Herron, of Liverpool. I shall never forget him. He was such a good fellow to all of us. I am sure all of us feel his loss. He died like a soldier and a man.

We have received the following letter with regard to the death of M. E. B. Crosse, which was referred to in our previous issue:—

2nd Yorkshire Regiment,  
18/3/15.

Dear Mrs. Crosse,—I am writing to offer you, on behalf of the Regiment, our deepest sympathy in the loss you have sustained in the death of your son.

He died while gallantly doing his duty on the 12th March when in charge of a machine gun, which he had brought into action in a trench. He was adjusting the gun when he was shot through the head; death must have been instantaneous.

He was our Machine Gun Officer, and since he joined the Regiment had always showed the utmost keenness in his work. He is a great loss to us as an officer and as a comrade, for though he had not been many months with us he had identified himself with the Regiment and was one of ourselves.

He was buried where he fell. His brother came here yesterday and heard the sad news.

If there is anything I can do, or anything further you wish to know, please write to me.

Yours very sincerely,  
(Sgd.) W. L. ALEXANDER,  
Lieut.-Col.,  
Commdr. 2nd Yorkshire Regiment.

We are privileged to publish the following letters, which have been received by Mrs. Aveling with regard to the death of her son, L. N. Aveling:—

Lady Ridley's Hospital,  
10, Carlton House Terrace, S.W.

Dear Mrs. Aveling,—

I am so deeply grieved to read of your boy's death in the "Morning Post." He was such a splendid officer, and so charming a fellow. He is indeed an almost irreparable loss to my Battalion. I didn't know him nearly so well as I should have liked to; work in the trenches and Company Messes during the rest periods don't

afford the opportunities one would like for cultivating one's comrades. But he came to us with a very high reputation from the 2nd Battalion, and more than made it good. I'm sorry to say I can tell you nothing of what happened, for I and my Adjutant were knocked out by a shell while leading the Battalion round the outskirts of Ypres to the spot from which it was to attack later in the day.

General Egerton had specially asked for your boy's services for the day as Orderly Officer on account of his acquaintance with the topography, and I hoped he at all events would be tolerably safe.

I am sure Major Hamilton will give you some details when he has leisure.

With profound sympathy,

Very truly yours,  
(Signed) SHADWELL MURRAY,  
Colonel, 1st Batt. Connaught  
May 5th, 1915. Rangers.

The Barracks, Kinsale,  
6th May, 1915.

Dear Mrs. Aveling,—

It is with the deepest regret that we have learned of the death of your son from his wounds, and I write to try and convey to you how much we, of his old Battalion, grieve at his loss.

From the first day he joined us, we all took to him; he was always full of fun and spirits, and so keen and energetic in everything connected with his work. He has lived long enough to win, not only our affections, but our admiration for him as the best type of British Officer. He has proved his mettle time and again in the field, and from all those that knew and served with him at the front, we hear of nothing but his dash and grit. There are many who envy his laurels; it is not given to all to tread a soldier's path so well, and this knowledge most be of some comfort to you.

Again expressing our deepest sympathy with you in your great trial,

Believe me,  
Sincerely yours,  
(Signed) A. C. LEWIN, Colonel,  
3rd Batt. Connaught Rangers.

A Chaplain to the Forces wrote:—

I had never seen him before, but he attracted my interest when on board the "Italian Prince" in the early days of the War. It was most wonderful to watch your son deal with his men. He was so quiet with them and yet he got everything done which had to be done. I could not help

noticing the contrast with some of the others. His men were devoted to him. I had a chat with them about him and they said he was a good officer. "He looks after us well, he does."

I remember so well talking on the War with him, its suddenness, what it would all lead to, when it would end. He told me he was an only son. It was a wonderful thing to see and feel how quietly and confidently he had faced out the future, and how strong was his trust in God. We said good-bye at St. Nazaire.

One of the subalterns in his regiment wrote from hospital:—

He was my greatest friend and the best and bravest fellow I have ever known. How splendid to be his mother! I trust God will still give us a chance to try and do as well as he did.

It was with the keenest regret that we saw the name of C. G. Graves in the list of 39 officers, whom the Germans had condemned to solitary confinement. He is in a cell 12 ft. by 5 ft., and is alone for 22 hours out of the 24. Two hours exercise with his fellow prisoners is all he has in the day. The following are extracts from a letter to his mother:—

Offizier Garnison Arrest Anstalt,

Magdeburg.

May 15th, 1915.

Last Friday I received a small budget of letters from you, dated April 16th, 22nd, and 29th. The one of the 16th contained the list of O.G.'s who are serving; it interested me very much and made me feel very proud of the school. . . . You need not have the slightest anxiety about me; I am very well and cheerful and getting through a great deal of reading. My rule here is as follows: Up till 1 p.m., that is luncheon time, I do not allow myself to open a novel, but I work at Spanish, read the German paper, and then books of history, biographies, travels, etc., including Shakespeare, of which I read a little every day. I am now engaged on Carlyle and Froude, which reminds me—will you send me a short history of England? nothing bulky, in one volume if possible. One is lucky about books here, as when one does not receive any from home, one can always buy Tauchnitz edition, and also Nelson, who have offices in Leipzig. . . .

Parcels, excellent ones, came last Monday, cigarettes, a box from Fortnum and Mason, and three books. I shall give up acknowledging the tobacco, as it is very regular, and I shall only remark on it if it fails to turn up. All day one looks forward to the exercise time, we walk round a court yard, each complete circle of which is 80 yards. . . . It is a great thing for me to feel that you are not worrying about me. . . . I am just trying to live my life as it comes, and that as well as possible. Much love to all.—C. G. G.

J. M. Foster and J. R. Foster, who have been out at the front for the last six months as privates in the London Scottish, have recently returned home to take up commissions in the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders. The following account of an interview with the two brothers appeared recently in the "Sunderland Echo." :—

Since Christmas they have been in the La Bassée district, and were in the reserve line at Neuve Chapelle. Their most exciting and terrible encounter with the Germans was at Aubers Ridge on May 9th, when the British made two terrific, but unsuccessful, assaults on the enemy's trenches.

"In this attack we expended twice as much ammunition as we did at Neuve Chapelle, and four times as much as in the Boer War. But the effort failed because we were short of heavy shells. The Germans were wonderfully and scientifically entrenched, and heavier shells were needed to destroy their ground works.

"We thought the Germans must have been annihilated, but they gave us a big surprise. The British rushed up to take the trenches, but were met with a withering fire from machine-guns, which had been mounted in steel forts between the first and second line of German trenches. There was a machine gun about every six yards, and a murderous fire was turned on the advancing British. We failed to take the trenches and suffered many casualties.

"Shortly afterwards a thousand of our guns again bombarded the German positions, and later by a fine effort our men captured the trenches. But they were not there long, for the Germans drove them out by filling the trenches with water. The whole business was very costly for the British."

The Germans, they asserted, had every scientific and mechanical device for preserving their troops and destroying the enemy. One of the latest arrangements increased greatly the value of barbed-wire entanglements. When the British bombarded the German trenches, the last named employed a device whereby they could let down the wire entanglements, and thus preserve them from destruction. Then, when the British infantry attacked, the wire was mechanically put into position, and the poor fellows simply ran into it, in most cases with fatal consequences.

They said that most of the Germans were plucky and brave fighters, and the Allies had a tremendous task in hand to drive them out of Belgium. Both were confident it would be done in time, but not this year. The Germans had introduced an audacious system of spying, and in that way got hold of valuable information. One man dressed in the khaki uniform of a major was unmasked because he said he was a captain, and another regularly visited the British lines dressed as an Indian officer. Most of them speak English perfectly, and remained with the "Tom-mies," in some instances, for weeks. When discovered they were unceremoniously shot.

Not long ago they were in a trench when the Germans opposite put up a notice, stating, "We are Saxons. You are Anglo-Saxons. Save your bullets for the Prussians." The British agreed with the suggestion, and for days the troops on both sides left the trenches without being fired at. But one day the Prussians arrived, and then serious business recommenced.

E. G. W. White, who is with the Australian Expeditionary Force, was in the first boat to land on the Gallipoli Peninsula.

C. H. Stilwell passed out of Sandhurst in April and was gazetted to the 3rd East Surrey Regiment. He is at present stationed at Dover.

C. R. H. Farmer and V. C. Knollys are at Sandhurst.

A. Dane and W. W. Jackson have joined the Inns of Court O.T.C. with a view to obtaining commissions in the near future.

F. C. Sutton, who was discharged from the 20th Battalion, Royal Fusiliers, in the autumn owing to ill health, and has since been continuing his Honours course of Chemistry at Liverpool University, has volunteered to go as a chemist to the front with several fellow-students. Their work will include water analysis, food analysis, bacteriology, etc., and some of them will work upon explosives and asphyxiating gases. He may be leaving for France at any moment.

S. R. E. Davies is going out to Serbia with a number of doctors and nurses from the London and St. Bartholomew's Hospitals, who are starting a Hospital under canvas near Belgrade. They will be under the Serbian Red Cross.

T. W. G. Acland, who is a 2nd Lieut. in the London Electrical Engineers, has been seconded for service at Woolwich Arsenal.

H. W. Harvey has received a commission as Sub-Lieut. in the R.N.V.R., and is in charge of a group of trawler mine-sweepers.

H. W. Moulton is Musketry Instructor to his regiment.

C. M. Wigg is heartily congratulated upon having a picture, 1048, "The Marsh Harvest, Norfolk," hung at the Academy.

On Trinity Sunday, May 30th, C. C. W. Trendell was admitted to Deacon's Orders by the Bishop of Norwich in the Palace Chapel.

The Rev. F. Jarvis, Rector of Hethersett, was married on April 27th, at St. Paul's Church, Beckenham, to Miss Dorothy Eleanor Cooper, of the Grange, Beckenham.

F. A. Perkins was married on May 15th, at St. Mary Magdalen's Church, Oppley, Herts, to Miss Gwyneth Williams of Kingsland, Shrewsbury.

G. Hawksley was married on April 3rd, at Clontarf Parish Church, Dublin, to Miss Ethel Kennedy, of Cromer.



### SCHOOL NOTES.

Capt. J. H. Foster, whose promotion was unfortunately omitted from our last number, is stationed at Purfleet, Essex. His battalion is now a Reserve Battalion, but a number of officers have been selected to go to the front in the near future and he will probably be one of those who will go very soon.

Capt. V. N. Smith, who has also been promoted, has returned to Perham Downs Camp, Ludgershall, from Somersetshire, where he has been stationed during the winter. His battalion will probably be going abroad soon. He has two pictures in the Academy this year, 1009, "Under the Hawthorn Tree," and 1019, "The Evening's Return."

Dr. O. Kentish Wright is at present at Tuxford and will probably be coming shortly to Swaffham with his draft.

Mr. J. N. Walsh is at present at Witley Camp, Godalming, but he is expecting to go to France within the next fortnight.

We welcome Mr. W. I. Cooke, who has joined the Staff this term. He has been a despatch-rider at the front, but was invalided home.

R. M. Baldwin is Captain of the School this term.

J. H. C. Wooldridge has been appointed Captain of Cricket.

R. H. Johnson has been made a School Prefect.

D. W. Jacques has received his Cricket colours.

The Duchess of Hamilton will distribute the prizes on Saturday, July 17th. There will be no speeches, invitations, or reporters.

There will be no Play this year.

Term ends on Wednesday, Aug. 4th.

The Intercessory Service is held this term on Thursdays at 8-30 p.m.

The view of the Chapel in this number is taken from the Chancel, looking West.

Back numbers of "The Gresham" may be obtained from the Editor, price sixpence each.



### CONTEMPORARIES.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following contemporaries:—

*Bradfield College Chronicle.*  
*Feistedian* (2).  
*Georgian.*  
*Giggleswick Chronicle.*  
*Haileyburian* (2).  
*Lorettonian* (2).  
*Malvernian.*  
*Meteor* (2).  
*Rudleian.*  
*R.C.M. Magazine.*  
*St. Edward's School Chronicle.*

## LIST OF PAST MEMBERS OF THE SCHOOL SERVING IN H.M. FORCES.

Acland, T. W. G., 2nd Lieut.	London Electrical Engineers, R.E.	
Alexander, E. M., 2nd Lieut.	8th Batt., Sussex Regiment.	
Allen, L. S., 2nd Lieut.	6th Batt., Liverpool Regiment.	
Allen, H. S., 2nd Lieut.	10th Batt., Liverpool Regiment.	
Anderson, D. S., Pte. ...	2nd Batt., 27th Canadian Regt.	
Archer, F., Pte.	Australian Contingent.	
Armitage, B. F., 2nd Lieut.	Field Ambulance, Cambridge O.T.C.	
Armitage, S. W., Corpl. ...	9th Batt., King's Royal Rifle Corps.	
Atkin, G. D. H., 2nd Lieut.	4th Batt., Liverpool Regiment.	B.E.F.
Aveling, L. N., Lieut.	1st Batt., Connaught Rangers.	B.E.F., Died of Wounds, Mentioned in Despatches.
Ayris, N., 2nd Lieut. ...	98th Field Coy., R.E.	
Back, N., 2nd Lieut. ...	3rd East Anglian Brigade, R.F.A.	
Back, T. Q., 2nd Lieut. ...	3rd East Anglian Brigade, R.F.A.	
Baines, G. D., 2nd Lieut.	33rd Light Cavalry.	India.
Baines, T. N., 2nd Lieut.	5th Batt., Welsh Regiment.	
Baker, L. B., Pte.	9th Batt., Norfolk Regiment.	
Ball, R. C., 2nd Lieut. ...	5th Batt., West Surrey Regiment.	
Barham, J. F., 2nd Lieut.	A Divisional Train, A.S.C.	
Barker, C. W. T., 2nd Lieut.	15th Batt., Durham Light Infantry.	
Barker, H. F., Capt. ...	160th Brigade, R.F.A.	
Barker, J. H., Pte.	29th Batt., 2nd Canadian Contingent.	
Barker, A. S., Pte.	7th Batt., Durham Light Infantry.	B.E.F.
Barker, C. N., Pte. ...	5th Batt., East Surrey Regiment.	India.
Barratt, G. R., 2nd Lieut.	10th Batt., Lancashire Fusiliers.	
Batten, J. K., Capt. ...	5th Batt., Bedfordshire Regiment.	
Batten, R. H. G., 2nd Lieut.	3rd Batt., Northamptonshire Regt.	B.E.F.
Berry, R. A., Lieut.	23rd Batt., London Regiment.	B.E.F., Wounded.
Betts, J. V., Capt. ...	21st Batt., Royal Fusiliers.	
Biden, L. T. G. V., 2nd Lieut.	3rd Batt., Warwickshire Regiment.	
Bird, H. B., Lieut. ...	3rd Batt., Warwickshire Regiment.	M.E.F.
Bird, E. G. W., Corpl. ...	Norfolk Yeomanry.	
Bird, M., Trooper ...	Assam Light Horse	
Bird, D. J., 2nd Lieut. ...	5th Batt., York and Lancaster Regt.	
Blackburn, S. N., Sub-Lieut.	R.N., H.M.S. Linnet.	
Blackburn, G., Rifleman	6th Batt., Liverpool Regiment.	B.E.F.
Blackburn, E., Rifleman	6th Batt., Liverpool Regiment.	B.E.F., Died.
Blatch, W. D., 2nd Lieut.	Derbyshire Yeomanry.	
Boning, A. K., 2nd Lieut.	5th Batt., Norfolk Regiment.	
Boulter, P. P., Trooper ...	Canadian Light Horse.	
Brooke, H. J., Corpl. ...	19th Batt., Royal Fusiliers.	
Brown, G., Pte. ...	A Battery, H.A.C.	
Brownsword, D. A., Lieut.	North Midland Div. Train, A.S.C.	
Bruce-Joy, A. W., Sergt.	Motor Cyclists' Section, R.E.	
Bryer, G. P., 2nd Lieut.	13th Batt., London Regiment.	
Burford, J., Pte. ...	28th Batt., London Regiment.	
Busk, H. A., Flight Lieut.	R. N., Air Service.	
Byford, C. H., Pte.	9th Batt., Norfolk Regiment.	
Cadge, B. J., Pte. ...	19th Batt., Royal Fusiliers.	

Callow, G. E. C., Lieut.	Lancashire Fortress Engineers, R.E.	
Carnegie, J. D., 2nd Lieut.	Hampshire Yeomanry.	
Carvosso, J. H., Pte. ...	Princess Patricia's Canadian L.I.	C.E.F., Wounded.
Carvosso, J. P., 2nd Lieut.	5th Batt., West Kent Regiment.	India.
Carvosso, E. W., 2nd Lieut.	5th Batt., West Kent Regiment.	India.
Chambers, H. T., Lieut.	10th Divisional Train, A.S.C.	
Chamneys, W., 2nd Lieut.	7th Batt., Sussex Regiment.	
Chapman, W. G., Lieut.	2nd Batt., Gloucestershire Regiment.	B.E.F., Invalided.
Chapman, H. E., 2nd Lieut.	C. Battery, R.H.A.	Wounded, B.E.F., Mentioned in Despatches.
Charsley, K., 2nd Lieut.	1st Home Counties, R.F.A.	
Clarke, C. V., Lieut. ...	13th Batt., Sussex Regiment.	
Clark, E. W., Pte. ...	20th Batt., London Regiment.	B.E.F.
Claus, F. H., 2nd Lieut....	1st East Lancashire Brigade, R.F.A.	M.E.F.
Clayton, M. C., Capt. ...	1st Batt., Cambridgeshire Regiment.	B.E.F., Wounded.
Coates, N. W., Pte. ...	7th Batt., Sherwood Foresters.	
Cobon, H. G., Corpl. ...	Norfolk Yeomanry.	
Cornish, B. G., Pte. ...	3rd Batt., Dragoon Guards.	
Cox, H. J. H., Lieut.	2nd Batt., Dorsetshire Regiment.	P.G.E.F.
Crafer, W. G., Pte.	50th Batt., Gordon Highlanders.	
Crick, L. C., Lieut.	9th Batt., Lincolnshire Regiment.	
Crick, C. G., 2nd Lieut.	Huntingdonshire Cyclist Battalion.	
Crosse, M. E. B., 2nd Lieut.	2nd Batt., Yorkshire Regiment.	B.E.F., Killed.
Crosse, E. C. M., 2nd Lieut.	2nd Batt., Leicestershire Regt.	B.E.F., Killed.
Cruttwell, C. H., 2nd Lieut.	5th Batt., East Surrey Regiment.	
Culley, R. H., Sergt.-Major	4th Batt., Norfolk Regiment.	
Culley, G., Lce.-Corpl. ...	4th Batt., Norfolk Regiment.	
Cunnell, D. C., Sergt. ...	19th Batt., Royal Fusiliers.	
Cushion, W. B., Lieut.	22nd Batt., Manchester Regiment.	
Daniell, C. H. P., 2nd Lieut.	10th Batt., Norfolk Regiment.	
Darlow, A. P., 2nd Lieut.	15th Batt., Lancashire Fusiliers.	
Daunt, E. D. G. E., Lieut.	Hampshire R.G.A.	
Davies, L. F. St. J., Lieut.	8th Batt., Norfolk Regiment.	
Davies, J. H., 2nd Lieut.	10th Batt., Leicestershire Regiment.	
Davison, G., Pte. ...	19th Batt., Royal Fusiliers.	
De Bary, E., Cavalier ...	Peloton Cycliste, 11me Cuirassiers.	French Army.
De Bary, R., Brigadier ...	19me Dragons, 12me Escadron.	French Army.
Drey, A., 2nd Lieut. ...	1st London Division, A.S.C.	
Duff-Gordon, C. L., 2nd Lieut.	1st Batt., Herefordshire Regiment.	
Dulley, D. C. C., Pte. ...	4th Batt., Lincolnshire Regiment.	
Dyball, F. J., Pte. ...	19th Batt., Royal Fusiliers.	
Ellingham, G. R., Pte.	21st Batt., 3rd Canadian Division.	
Ellingham, H. H., Lce.-Corpl.	4th Batt., Norfolk Regiment.	
Elwell, E. E., 2nd Lieut.	17th Batt., Manchester Regiment.	
Estcourt, A. C., 2nd Lieut.	8th Batt., Wiltshire Regiment.	
Everett, J. R., Sapper ...	Western Army Signalling Coy., R.E.	
Farmer, E. R., 2nd Lieut.	Nottinghamshire Yeomanry.	
Fenchelle, G., 2nd Lieut.	12th Batt., Sussex Regiment.	
Fenner, H. L., Corpl. ...	Motor Cyclists' Section, A.S.C.	
Field, B. F., Pte. ...	4th Batt., Berkshire Regiment.	
FitzGerald, P. K., 2nd Lieut.	3rd Batt., King's Royal Rifle Corps.	B.E.F., Invalided.
FitzGerald, R. A., 2nd Lieut.	3rd Batt., Oxford and Bucks L.I.	

Foster, J. M., Pte. ...	14th Batt., London Regiment.	
Foster, J. R., Pte. ...	14th Batt., London Regiment.	
Fox, C. E., Pte. ...	20th Batt., Royal Fusiliers.	
French, H., 2nd Lieut. ...	3rd Batt., West Yorkshire Regiment.	
Frost, T. F. C., Lieut.	Nottinghamshire Yeomanry.	
Gibson, E. McL., Lce.-Corpl.	4th Batt., London Regiment.	Malta.
Giles, G. E., 2nd Lieut. ...	Mechanical Transport, A.S.C.	I.E.F.
Godson, M. W., Lieut. ...	7th Batt., London Regiment.	
Gooch, R., Sergt.	4th Batt., Norfolk Regiment.	
Goodall, G. M. L., 2nd Lieut.	2nd Batt., East Lancashire Regiment.	B.E.F., Killed.
Goodall, C. E. G., 2nd Lieut.	5th Batt., Lincolnshire Regiment.	
Gosnell, A. G., Trooper ...	Wiltshire Yeomanry.	
Gowing, H. G., Trooper ...	Norfolk Yeomanry.	
Gowing, L., 2nd Lieut. ...	A.S.C.	
Grace, W. K. C., Asst.-Paym.	R.N., H.M.S. Dryad.	
Grantham, A. G. W., 2nd Lieut.	M.G. Section, Wiltshire Regiment.	
Graves, C. G., Lieut.	2nd Batt., Royal Scots.	B.E.F., Prisoner.
Graves, A. H., 2nd Lieut.	8th Batt., Norfolk Regiment.	
Gray, G. C., Pte. ...	6th Batt., Northamptonshire Regiment.	
Greenwell, T. G., 2nd Lieut.	R.G.A.	
Gwyther, G. M., 2nd Lieut.	3rd Batt., Suffolk Regiment.	
Halsey, F. W., 2nd Lieut.	R.G.A.	
Hammond, J., Capt.	7th Batt., Norfolk Regiment.	
Hanmer, H. I., Trooper ...	6th Regt., Australian L.H.	Egypt.
Harris, L. Y., 2nd Lieut.	12th Batt., Sherwood Foresters.	
Harvey, H. W., Sub-Lieut.	R.N.V.R., H.M. Trawler Bracklyn.	
Harvey, H. B., 2nd Lieut.	96th Brigade, R.F.A.	
Hastings, E. B., Bombardier	4th West Riding Brigade, R.F.A.	B.E.F.
Haward, R. S., 2nd Lieut.	14th Batt., Middlesex Regiment.	
Hawksley, G., 2nd Lieut.	1st Batt., North Lancashire Regiment.	B.E.F.
Hawksley, R. G., Pte. ...	19th Batt., Royal Fusiliers.	
Hawksley, O., Pte. ...	19th Batt., Royal Fusiliers.	
Head, J. L., Lieut.	7th Batt., London Regiment.	B.E.F.
Henry, J. R. A., 2nd Lieut.	10th Jats.	N.W.F.F., India.
Hernon, A. R., 2nd Lieut.	1st Batt., King's Royal Rifle Corps.	B.E.F., Killed.
Heyworth, E. L., Lieut.	17th Batt., Manchester Regiment.	
Higgin, W. W., Lieut.	6th Batt., Liverpool Regiment.	B.E.F.
Hill, M. C., Lieut. ...	6th Batt., Leicestershire Regiment.	
Hirschler, F. H., 2nd Lieut.	R.G.A.	Jamaica.
Hirtzel, E. F., 2nd Lieut.	2nd Batt., Welsh Regiment.	B.E.F.
Holland, A. L., Pte.	7th Batt., 2nd Brigade,	C.E.F.
Holmes, W. G. R., Capt.	2nd Batt., Royal Welsh Fusiliers.	B.E.F., Wounded.
Hotblack, G. V., Capt. ...	9th Batt., Welsh Regiment.	
Hotblack, H. C., Corpl. ...	17th Mounted Rifles.	S.A.F.F.
Howlett, J. M., Lieut. ...	7th Batt., Norfolk Regiment.	
Hyde, T. G., Lieut.	9th Batt., Manchester Regiment.	M.E.F.
Inglis, A. G., Lieut.	West Lancashire Div. Train, A.S.C.	
Jacques, F. V., Sub-Lieut.	R.N.V.R., H.M.S. Birmingham.	
Jarvis, L. W., Capt. ...	10th Batt., Middlesex Regiment.	
Jarvis, A. B., Lieut. ...	10th Batt., Middlesex Regiment.	
Jobling, R. H., Driver ...	1st Canadian Divisional S.C., A.S.C.	
Johnson, G. B., Capt.	7th Batt., Norfolk Regiment.	B.E.F.

Johnson, E., 2nd Lieut. ...	40th Pathans.	I.E.F., Wounded.
Johnson, E. H., 2nd Lieut.	3rd Northumbrian Brigade, R.F.A.	B.E.F.
Johnson, G. F., Lieut. ...	3rd Northumbrian Brigade, R.F.A.	B.E.F.
Keeble, L. C., Flight Sub-Lieut.	R.N., Air Service.	
Kempson, J. R., Midshipman	R.N., H.M.S. Hawke.	Lost with ship.
Kenny, H. T., Col.	24th Div. Headquarters' Staff.	
Ketley, A. M., First Class P.O.	Squadron G., R.N.A.S.	
Kirch, C., 2nd Lieut. ...	1st Batt., Bedfordshire Regiment.	B.E.F., Killed.
Kirk, J. C. M., Corpl.	20th Batt., 39th Norfolk Rifles.	
Kirk, F. C. de L., 2nd Lieut.	2nd Batt., Norfolk Regiment.	
Knowles, L. H., Sergt. ...	Armoured Train, Central Force.	
Knowles, H., Lieut.	6th Batt., West Riding Regiment.	B.E.F.
Lang, F. J. C., Pte. ...	Pioneer Corps.	E.A.F.F.
Lark, G. P., Pte. ...	6th Batt., Norfolk Regiment.	
Lascelles, G. J. H., 2nd Lieut.	1st Sth. Midland Brigade, R.F.A.	
Lloyd, K., 2nd Lieut. ...	9th Batt., London Regiment.	B.E.F.
Lomax, G. N., Trooper ...	King Edward's Horse.	
MacMichael, H. C., Lieut.	7th Batt., Border Regiment.	
Marlar, J., Pte. ...	16th Batt., Middlesex Regiment.	
Mason, H., Pte. ...	4th Batt., West Surrey Regiment.	
Masterman, C. A., 2nd Lieut.	3rd Batt., Hampshire Regiment.	
Mawdesley, J. L., Pte. ...	14th Batt., London Regiment.	B.E.F.
Mawson, P. S., Pte.	28th Batt., London Regiment.	B.E.F.
Maynard, C. I. F., 2nd Lieut.	5th Batt., East Surrey Regiment.	India.
Meredith, G. W. L., 2nd Lieut.	18th Hussars.	B.E.F., Wounded.
Meyer, H. C., Sapper.	2nd Liverpool Field Coy., R.E.	
Middleton, J. L., Lieut.	12th Batt., York and Lancaster Regt.	
Moir, K. M., 2nd Lieut. ...	5th Batt., East Surrey Regiment.	
Moulton, H. W., Sergt. ...	4th Batt., Norfolk Regiment.	
Neal, R. J., Trooper ...	1st Dragoons.	B.E.F.
Neal, A. B., Pte.	4th Batt., Coldstream Guards.	
Newsom, H. N., Lieut.	9th Batt., Lincolnshire Regiment.	
Newsom, C. N., 2nd Lieut.	5th Batt., Lincolnshire Regiment.	
Nichols, F. R. P., Capt.	Aldershot Headquarters, A.S.C.	
Owles, G. E., 2nd Lieut.	London Electrical Engineers, R.E.	
Palmer, C. L., Sapper.	London Electrical Engineers, R.E.	B.E.F.
Palmer, H. S., Lieut. ...	1st H.C. Field Ambulance, R.A.M.C.	
Partridge, R. H., 2nd Lieut.	5th Batt., Norfolk Regiment.	
Perkins, F. A., 2nd Lieut.	34th Div. Coy., R.E.	
Pertwee, H. G., Asst.-Paym.	R.N., H.M.S. Arethusa.	
Phillimore, J. P., 2nd Lieut.	6th Batt., East Kent Regiment.	
Phillips, W. R., 2nd Lieut.	22nd Batt., London Regiment.	
Phillips, C. A., Driver ...	B. Battery, H.A.C.	Egypt.
Ponsford, H. F. S., Lieut.	11th Batt., Yorkshire Light Infantry.	
Preston, S., Pte. ...	9th Batt., Middlesex Regiment.	
Preston, R., Pte. ...	9th Batt., Hampshire Regiment.	
Preston, C., Pte. ...	8th Batt., Norfolk Regiment.	
Price, M. R., 2nd Lieut.	3rd Batt., York and Lancaster Regt.	B.E.F., Wounded.
Procter, J. N. W. A., 2nd Lieut.	6th Batt, West Riding Regiment.	
Purves, P. R., 2nd Lieut.	192nd Battery, R.F.A.	
Randall, R. J., Pte. ...	3rd Batt., Grenadier Guards.	
Ransom, P. L., 2nd Lieut.	1st Batt., Hertfordshire Regiment.	B.E.F., Invalid.

Reeve, E. G., Pte. ...	19th Batt., Royal Fusiliers.	
Reid, D. M., Lieut.	2nd North Midland Brigade, R.F.A.	
Reid Todd, C. P., 2nd Lieut.	10th Batt., Middlesex Regiment.	
Reiss, J. M., 2nd Lieut. ...	10th Batt., North Staffordshire Regt.	
Reith, J. C. W., Capt.	5th Batt., Cameronians.	B.E.F.
Rhodes, E. L., 2nd Lieut.	16th Batt., Manchester Regiment.	
Richardson, D. B., Lieut.	Cheshire Field Coy., R.E.	B.E.F.
Riggall, H. B., 2nd Lieut.	5th Batt., Lincolnshire Regiment.	B.E.F.
Robinson, A. J. D., Lieut.	4th Batt., East Lancashire Regt.	M.E.F.
Robinson, G. N., 2nd Lieut.	4th Batt., East Lancashire Regt.	M.E.F.
Roche, W. F., Pte. ...	2nd East Anglian R.A.M.C.	
Ronaldson, H. H., 2nd Lieut.	7th Batt., South Staffordshire Regt.	
Rouse, C. V., Loe.-Corpl.	15th Batt., London Regiment.	B.E.F.
Rowell, E. A., Sergt. ...	19th Batt., Royal Fusiliers.	
Russell, H. B., 2nd Lieut.	12th Batt., Essex Regiment.	
Sampson, R. M., Pte. ...	20th Batt., Royal Fusiliers.	
Schiller, L. C. T., 2nd Lieut.	5th Batt., Lincolnshire Regiment.	
Scott, H. E., Lieut.	4th Batt., Manchester Regiment.	
Scott, P. W., 2nd Lieut.	10th Batt., Gordon Highlanders.	
Scott, B. W. H., Pte. ...	21st Batt., London Regiment.	
Scott, E. C., 2nd Lieut. ...	12th Batt., Middlesex Regiment.	
Scott, G. H., 2nd Lieut. ...	12th Batt., Essex Regiment.	
Scott-Holmes, H. F., 2nd Lieut.	10th Batt., Norfolk Regiment.	
Shalders, A. O., 2nd Lieut.	Surrey Yeomanry.	
Shaw, K. F., Corpl.	Mechanical Transport, A.S.C.	B.E.F.
Shaw, C. F., 2nd Lieut.	2nd Batt. Sussex Regiment.	B.E.F., Killed.
Shaw, E. W., Sergt.	Mechanical Transport, A.S.C.	B.E.F.
Shepherd, C. A., 2nd Lieut.	9th Batt., Norfolk Regiment.	
Sillem, T. G., Loe.-Corpl.	Signal Troop, E. M. Brigade.	
Simpson, J. H., Clerk	R.N., H.M.S. Natal.	
Simpson, G., Trooper ...	Bowker's Horse	E.A.F.F.
Skelton, G., Sergt.	20th Batt., Royal Fusiliers.	
Skrimshire, F. R. B., Capt.	R.A.M.C.	India.
Smart, F. L., 2nd Lieut.	10th Batt., Northumberland Fusiliers.	
Smith, E. L., 2nd Lieut.	9th Batt., South Lancashire Regt.	
Snelling, T. R., Lieut. ...	34th Field Ambulance, R.A.M.C.	
Soman, L. A., 2nd Lieut.	10th Batt., Norfolk Regiment.	
Springfield, C. H. D. O., 2nd Lieut.	No. 8 Siege Battery, R. G. A.	B.E.F.
Spurrell, W. J., Lieut.	9th Batt., Norfolk Regiment.	
Spurrell, F. J. D., 2nd Lieut.	9th Batt., Sussex Regiment.	Died.
Squarey, O. N., 2nd Lieut.	3rd Batt., Liverpool Regiment.	
Squires, F. V., 2nd Lieut.	10th Brigade, R.H.A.	
Stilwell, C. H., 2nd Lieut.	3rd Batt., East Surrey Regiment.	
Steven, C. H., Pte.	Mechanical Transport, A.S.C.	
Stewart, H. H., 2nd Lieut.	Mechanical Transport, A.S.C.	B.E.F.
Thicknesse, R. S., Pte. ...	19th Batt., Royal Fusiliers.	
Thompson, N. D., 2nd Lieut.	5th Batt., Lancashire Fusiliers.	
Thorne, C. G., 2nd Lieut.	7th Batt., Scottish Borderers.	
Thorne, M., 2nd Lieut.	5th Batt., Middlesex Regiment.	
Thorne, T. H., 2nd Lieut.	5th Batt., Middlesex Regiment.	
Tims, R. D. M., Lieut. ...	7th Batt., London Regiment.	B.E.F.
Tingey, L. J., Driver	Mechanical Transport, A.S.C.	B.E.F.

Townsend, T. J., 2nd Lieut.	5th Batt., Middlesex Regiment.	
Tullis, W. W., 2nd Lieut.	9th Batt., Norfolk Regiment.	
Tyler, O. W., 2nd Lieut.	92nd Field Coy., R.E.	
Tyler, R. C., Sergt. ...	Meerut Signal Troop.	I.E.F.
Tyler, G. C., 2nd Lieut. ...	1st Batt., Norfolk Regiment.	B.E.F., Wounded.
Vallancey, H. H. D'E., Lieut.	4th South Midland Brigade, R.F.A.	
Varvill, J. K., Lieut.	6th Batt., East Lancashire Regt.	
Warwick, J. D. B., Capt.	Huntingdonshire Cyclist Battalion.	
Wells, C. D., 2nd Lieut.	7th Batt., Lancaster Regiment.	
Whitehead, G. M. C. T., Lieut.	8th Batt., Yorkshire Regiment.	
White, E. G. W., Pte. ...	9th Batt., 3rd Brigade.	A.E.F., Wounded.
Wigg, R., Pte.	Hawke Batt., R.N. Division.	M.E.F.
Williams, H. C., 2nd Lieut.	North Midland Div. Train, A.S.C.	B.E.F.
Wills, O. S. D., 2nd Lieut.	1st Batt., Norfolk Regiment.	B.E.F., Invalided.
Wills, A. L., 2nd Lieut.	3rd Batt. Worcester Regiment.	
Wills, F. P., Petty Officer	Motor Cyclists' Section, R.N.A.S.	
Wilson, I. M., 2nd Lieut.	6th Batt., Yorkshire Regiment.	
Winter, B. B., Corpl. ...	Motor Cyclists' Section, R.E.	B.E.F., Ordre Militaire Français.
Womersley, F. G., 2nd Lieut.	12th Batt., Manchester Regiment.	
Woodhead, A. H., 2nd Lieut.	1st Batt., Cheshire Regiment.	B.E.F., Wounded.
Wooler, R., Pte. ...	28th Batt., London Regiment.	
Wright, A. G., 2nd Lieut.	K. Supply Column, A.S.C.	
Wright, J. M. S., Driver...	A Battery, H.A.C.	Egypt.
Wright, K. P. C. Lieut.	South Midland Division, A.S.C.	B.E.F.