

## Letter from Lieut. T. A. K. Cubitt, M.C.

No. 2 Red Cross Hospital, France,  
November 23rd, 1917.

I expect you have heard that I got "pipped" just as I reached the second Hindenburg line in the attack on November 20th, and that I am now very comfortably installed in a Red Cross Hospital at Rouen. It was a most gorgeous show, and, as a spectacle, the tremendous barrage and the advance of the Tanks and supporting infantry, could not be surpassed.

My boys were absolutely great, and strolled across after the Bosches, smoking and with rifles slung. The Tanks did all that was asked and far more than was expected of them, and the way they waltzed over the tremendous belts of wire in front of the Hindenburg line was enough to raise the enthusiasm even of the infantryman.

That blighted "whizz-bang" bursting almost between my legs, effectually put a stop to my military career for a time, and I found it quite impossible to get even out of the trench without assistance, so commenced to trek off home like a disabled Tank. In order to get home quicker I discarded everything except my gas helmet, and with another wounded fellow from my platoon started off for the aid post. We had to cross over the German front line, and on seeing a dead Fritz in the entrance to a dug-out, I couldn't resist the temptation of doing a little souvenir-hunting and having a look inside. Imagine my surprise when a Fritz jumped up and "cameraded!" The poor blighter was hit in the foot, and looked awfully anxious to get out of the danger zone; so between us we pulled him out of the trench, and helped him along for a quarter of a mile. This was a bit too much of an effort for us, so we laid him on the grass until the stretcher bearers arrived. He was immensely gratified, and, after shaking hands half-a-dozen times, he gave us half-a-dozen of the rankest cigars I've ever seen! My condition won't allow me to smoke one yet!

Bosche prisoners (mostly unguarded, but all very pleased to be out of it all) were all over the place, and I had a chat and a cigarette with several who could speak a little French on my way down. The aid posts were all too busy binding up Bosches to attend to walking cases, so we made our way very slowly to the Corps Advanced Dressing Station, passing on our way several batteries of Horse Artillery in action in the open—a sight for the gods after months of trench warfare and camouflaged artillery—and regiment after regiment of cavalry on their way to break through. At the A.D.S., officers, Tommies, and Fritzes were all sitting down together over bread and butter, tea and jam.

Our various wounds were attended to where necessary, and we were then taken by ambulance to the Casualty Clearing Station, and from thence in a hospital train to Rouen. This hospital is a top-hole place,

and run entirely by the Red Cross. It's a treat to see and hear English girls again! The following day I was chloroformed, "excised" and plugged, and to-day the plugs were removed—a most unholy proceeding, not to be advised as a holiday pastime. Still, it only took a few minutes and was soon over. The fellows in the ward are a merry lot of blighters—a Tank man, whose "bus" ran over his foot (no wonder he's in hospital); a flying man, brought down in the Hindenburg wire; and a doctor with shrapnelled hands, received whilst binding up his boys; besides umpteen more.

I was disappointed that the boys didn't get Cambrai; but the Third Army and General Byng have, I think, nothing to be ashamed of.

T. A. K. Cubitt, Norfolk Regiment.

## War Honours.

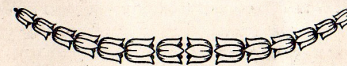
OLD Pastonians have greatly distinguished themselves in the Great War, and the following is a list of those who have been awarded decorations for acts of bravery. Besides these awards, several Old Pastonians have been given commissions for gallant conduct in the field, amongst these being the late Capt. B. H. Rust and the late Second-Lieut. H. N. Fox.

**D.S.O.**—Lieut.-Colonel R. Frost, Canadian Infantry.

**M.C.**—Captain W. Salter, Middlesex Regt. (since died of wounds);  
 „ Lieut. T. A. K. Cubitt, Norfolk Regiment;  
 „ Second-Lieut. S. R. Greenfield, Norfolk Regiment;  
 „ Second-Lieut. V. M. Harrison, Norfolk Regiment;  
 „ Second-Lieut. D. E. Oliver, Royal Field Artillery.

**M.M.**—Corporal A. Davison, Sherwood Foresters.

**St. George's Cross** (5th class)—Petty Officer D. Spencer, R.N.,  
 Armoured Car Squadron.



## House Competition.

THE League Table for last term's Cricket Competition is appended:

House.	Played.	Won.	Drawn.	Lost.	Points.
Tenison	... 12	- 9	- 1	- 2	- 41
Hoste	... 12	- 8	- 1	- 3	- 29
Nelson	... 12	- 3	- 3	- 6	- 17
Walton	... 12	- 1	- 1	- 10	- 7.