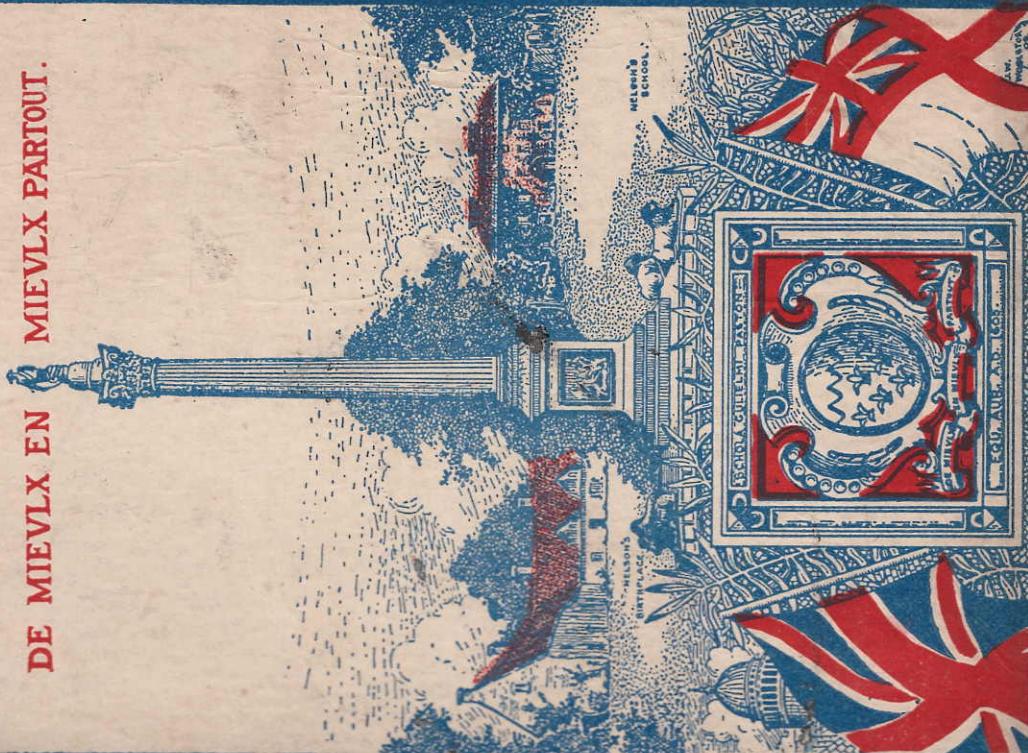


PS

THE
PASTONIAN.

DE MIEVX EN MIEVX PARTOUT.

EASTER 1911.



PS

THE PASTONIAN.

"De rebus Pastoniensibus et quibusdam aliis."

No. 33. EASTER TERM, 1919. PRICE, 1/-.

Editorial.

ONCE more we sit down to our desk in the Editorial sanctum with the pleasant conviction that with such a wealth of matter as we have before us, we ought to be able EXORDIUM. to compose a magazine worthy of its predecessors, and it is our hope that we may succeed in our purpose.



AFTER nearly three years the School has a full staff, as both Mr. S. G. Hare and Mr. Manwaring have been demobilised and have returned to their old posts, and it was indeed THE STAFF. pleasant to see their faces and hear their voices again. It is very pleasing to learn that both Miss Phare and Miss Lumb, who have filled the vacant positions on the staff whilst Mr. S. G. Hare and Mr. Manwaring have been serving in the Army, are remaining with us.

With the greatly increased number of boys—now over one hundred and eighty—the additional help was absolutely necessary, and now we hope to have smaller forms, more individual tuition, and consequently better results in the examinations.



Now that so many of the Old Pastonians have returned to "civvies," and others are daily being released, a good opportunity is afforded us for the re-commencement of the OLD BOYS' Boys' Society; and we are sure every Old Pastonian SOCIETY. is looking forward to the time when he will be able to exchange yarns with his former school-fellows. We have already received a letter, which we publish in the magazine, from one Old Boy who is anxious for the formation of such a Society, and many others have also expressed the same desire.



School First Eleven.



WE were very grieved to hear just after Christmas that the Head Master, as a result of the strain and worry of the past three HEAD MASTER'S years, had a bad nervous breakdown, and for several days he was in a somewhat critical condition, which necessitated a complete rest. This meant that, much against his will, he had to discontinue all work in School.



THE Cadet Corps has improved steadily under Mr. Gray's Captaincy, and shows signs of becoming a really smart company. TRAINING. Training this term has consisted mainly, partly owing to adverse weather conditions, of monotonous squad drills, and the continual repetition of the elementary evolutions. Of course, all this is part of a soldier's training, and it is with the greatest admiration that we see how well the keen spirit has been maintained from the very first.



Later on, we refer to the appointment of Mr. Gray to the Diss School, and we are very pleased to announce that Mr. Manwaring (late lieutenant in the British Army) will take over the Captaincy of the Cadet Corps.



Owing to the enthusiastic efforts of Mrs. S. G. Hare and Miss Rust, dancing classes have been once more arranged for the boys. DANCING. Miss Ransome, of Norwich, has come over every Monday evening to give lessons, and under her tuition great headway has been made by all. These classes come as a welcome break in the somewhat monotonous routine of school-boy life, especially as several young ladies from the town have come to help the boys out of their difficulties!



WE heartily congratulate Mr. Gray on his having obtained the Head-mastership of Diss School, and we feel that in his new post MR. GRAY. he will bring honours and success to that School; but, on the other hand, it was with the greatest regret that we learned he was leaving here, and we feel sure that it will make a gap in our school-life which it will be most difficult to fill. Anyhow, we will not grudge him his well-deserved honour, and we know that he carries with him to Diss the best wishes of every boy in the School for future success.

THE weather this term has not been quite so favourable for games as we should have liked it; but, nevertheless, many good and exciting games have been played. THE SCHOOL GAMES. First Eleven has played several matches this term, three of which have been against Old Boys—either demobilised or on leave—and it must have been fine for them to play once more on their old field. An account of these games will be found in the Magazine.

The League games have been participated in with the usual keenness, and the Hoste House (captained by W. P. Pratt) have again carried off the Football Shield with scarcely a single reverse to their name.

As in other years, hockey has been played during the Easter Term. J. P. Castley, the School vice-captain, has organised some very successful games, and a really good Eleven has HOCKEY. resulted. We have played several games against teams of North Walsham ladies, arranged by Miss Phare, and in every case we have been victors; but our greatest achievement was when we played and beat—twelve goals to nil—a team from the Norwich N.A.C.B., which paid the School a visit.

During the time the late Captain T. A. K. Cubitt was in France he sent home, periodically, an account of his experiences, forming, as it were, a complete diary. T.A.K.'s father has THE LATE CPT. CUBITT'S very kindly allowed F. R. D. Walter to make extracts from his son's letters for the School Magazine, and DIARY. we cannot say how honoured we feel that we are allowed to include these in this number; and we are perfectly sure that our readers will not be able to find any more interesting reading than these experiences of an Old Pastonian, who gave his life for his Country.

WHEN we began our task it was with a certain amount of dread, but that has nearly all passed off, and we feel sure that as we have done our best for our readers, they will do PERTINACIOUSLY. their best for us, and not look too hardly on our efforts. And now we rise from our desk, tidy up the Editorial den in some degree, and lock it for a few months until thoughts will be given to the next *Pastonian*.

THE EDITORS.

**Extracts from the Letters of the late
Capt. T. A. K. Cubitt, M.C., Norfolk Regiment.**

THREE HAVE been privileged, by the courtesy of Mr. A. J. Cubitt, of Norwich, to peruse the letters which his son, the late **FORWARD.** Capt. T. A. K. Cubitt, M.C., Norfolk Regt., wrote home during his second period of active service in France, for the greater part of which time he was in command of a Company of the 1st Norfolk Regt.

Captain Cubitt, who is affectionately remembered by his contemporaries at the School as "Talk," was a valued and frequent contributor to the *Pastonian*.

I give below some extracts from these letters, which will, I feel sure, be of a peculiar interest to all Pastonians—past and present. My only difficulty in making this selection has been *embarras de richesse!*

F.R.D.W.

March 15th, 1919.

France, May 1st, 1918.

"After a jolly long ride we arrived at the Rear Battalion Headquarters in time for tea.

This certainly is a land of Topsy-Turvy.

In 1915, — was Major and Adjutant while I was a 'Tommy' in his Orderly Room. Now we are on the most intimate terms.

In 1917, when I was a Company Commander in the 9th, a fellow named — was waiter in the mess. As Lieut. — he was the first to greet me on my arrival at the Battalion!

From what I hear, there are ploughed fields, farms and orchards in 'No Man's Land.' I saw several cows, a donkey, three pigs and a goat brought down from the line yesterday! Up till a few days ago there was a derelict cow wandering about between the lines. She was milked regularly for some time, but put the wind up the sentries so much when she peered over the parapet that she had to be shot!"

In the Line, May 5th, 1918.
"We are up in the line for a time, and, up to the present, are having a pretty 'cushy' time.

Company Headquarters.—The wine cellar of an old farmhouse is top hole. The house was, apparently, hastily evacuated, almost everything in the way of furniture being left behind. The rooms are packed with débris—furniture, pictures, glasses, and letters all scattered about on the floor and in the cupboards. In the cellar itself we are splendidly comfortable, though somewhat overcrowded.

Last night was a bit of a pandemonium. An unlucky shell dropped in the midst of a party just outside our front door, killing one and wounding half-a-dozen. The poor fellow who was killed was almost blown to pieces, and the wounded were some of the worst cases I've seen. One had his chin blown off—disfigured for life—but remained perfectly cheery, and walked to the dressing station. Some of the other fellows wounds were positively appalling, but the way they stick to it without making a sound did one's heart good. People said our race was decadent—they should see the badly wounded and the stretcher bearers who attend to them—wonderful fellows who can keep their heads when everyone else feels sick at the sight of such torrents of blood."

Billets, May 18th, 1918.

"To our great surprise we were brought out of the Forest three days' ago and billeted in two adjoining villages a few kilometres behind the line.

It is good to be away from the incessant clatter of the guns, both our own and the enemy, but we've had an air raid every night up to the present to help to shatter the illusion that there isn't a war on! He—the Boche—has made persistent efforts to wipe the little town of — off the map. It was a charming little market town (about the size of Wymondham), with its Grande Place and glorious old Church.

I "lorry jumped" there yesterday, to find it sadly shattered but still carrying on. Houses lay in a mingled heap of smoking débris across the narrow streets—the 16th century Hôtel-de-Ville irreversibly ruined, pictures lacerated and statues mutilated—and over all an atmosphere of sadness and misery that could be felt. But the French are a wonderful people—the more one sees of them the more one cannot but help admiring them. The plate glass of a cheap jeweller's window was shattered by the bomb that demolished the adjoining house. The shop itself was filled with débris; but Madame, instead of crying over spilt milk, proceeded to replace the window with wire netting, displayed her goods for

An Appreciation.

AFTER nearly fourteen years, Mr. Gray is leaving us this term. He has been appointed Head Master of Diss Secondary School, in the place of the late Head Master, who was killed during the War. We consider it a great honour to Mr. Gray and to ourselves that he should be selected from a great number of applicants to fill the post of Head Master at Diss.

Mr. Gray came to the Paston School from Stubbington House School in 1905. Ever since he joined the Staff he has taken a very active part in all School sports. He has successfully coached the Cricket XI's from the time each individual member first came under his notice. He has taken part in many a School "Soccer" match; the mainstay of a wavering forward line, and the centre of every "forwards" rush. When hockey was revived in 1915, Mr. Gray was one of the keenest of players. Often in a cricket match, when the scoring was slow on a wet wicket, Mr. Gray, by his careful play, enabled the team to snatch a victory from the jaws of impending defeat.

In his coaching at the "nets," he never allowed a boy to hit out until he could correctly time a medium paced ball. The boys, we know from experience, did not enjoy this passive attitude; but in later years, when playing for their School, they learned to appreciate their early training. Not until he had worked assiduously for two cricket seasons under Mr. Gray's coaching was a boy allowed to make full use of his hitting powers. "When a boy can keep his wicket up, the runs are bound to follow," was one of Mr. Gray's maxims.

When he first joined the Staff, Mr. Gray assisted the Head Master with his boarders at the School House. It was there, no doubt, that he first saw the side of a boy's life other than that which he encountered in the class-room. It was during his stay at the School House that he learnt to manage boys so that in later years he was able to run a house of his own.

When Mr. S. G. Hare took over the management of the School House, Mr. Gray moved to "Tintern," at the head of the Terrace, where he took in several boarders, and so began his career as

House-master. In 1912, Mr. Gray moved to the "Limes," taking one or two boys with him from "Tintern," and several from the School House. At that time the "Limes" was a very small household, consisting of barely more than a dozen boys; but Mr. Gray's success as a House-master is shewn by the increase from twelve boys to the thirty of to-day. For a long time he ran the house unassisted, but in 1917, on account of the greatly increased number of boarders at the "Limes," Mr. Gray found it necessary to engage a matron. But what is worthy of unstinted praise is not the fact that for four years he had run the "Limes" unaided, but that under his able management things had gone so smoothly that he had not needed any assistance.

At some period of our lives we must all experience a sad parting. That between the School and Mr. Gray will indeed be sad. Being at the School for such a long time, Mr. Gray has made a great number of firm friends, many of whom have since left, and many who are still staying on. But in all our selfishness in wanting to retain our old and tried friends, we must not forget that our parting with Mr. Gray is opening the way to his unqualified and richly deserved success, which we feel sure he will gain in his new post at Diss.

Finally, on behalf of the School in general, and—if we may take the liberty to say it—on behalf of the Head Master, may we thank Mr. Gray for the splendid way he managed us during the brief interregnum after half-term, when he so successfully took up the Head Master's work.

And now we come to the parting of the ways, where we bid good-bye to Mr. Gray, with the motto of a very fine public school on our lips, "Vincit qui pariter."



War Honours.

We are pleased to learn that Captain Leslie King, R.A.F., has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, for skill and devotion to duty, and we tender him our hearty congratulations.

We also hear that Second-Lieutenant Bertie Steward has been promoted to a Captaincy in the Tank Corps. We wish him the best of luck in his rank.

Discimus ut Doceamus.

DOW priceless to me are some facts which I have recently unearthed. It will be seen that they should alter the usual courses taken in School, and, what is more important, transform dull, dreary lessons into reasonably interesting ones.

Shall I enlighten you as to the origin of these striking revelations?

No! I had rather not say whence my information is gathered, lest you should seek to avail yourselves of it and forestall me ere I can compile the new work that it necessitates:—

“The Tower Bridge has been built so as to save the trouble of rowing taxies and other things across the Thames.”

“A divide is a rod by means of which we find out where water is.”

“Hurricane is sugar-cane.”

“The people of Iceland do their work in summer and sleep all winter. They occasionally walk up, and when they do they have a good meal.”

“After they were fed up with the Battle of Brandywine they made the Port wine Treaty.”

“There are a good many people lighter than vanity itself, and it means pride when a person says, ‘What lovely hair I have got.’”

“A silk worm builds itself a sort of a cottage of silk.”

“Malta is an island off the East side of Northern Asia, and (as regards trade) there is nothing much doing.”

“Wycliffe ate after a nice fashion, letting no drop of gravy fall upon his lap, and also keeping his mouth shut while eating.”

“The world was much brighter and simpler than it is now, so that the older you are the longer you live.”

Demobilisation.

“The Nest,”
Bristol,

Melton Constable,
March 26th, 1919.

Dear Editors,

Although, since the commencement of the War, you have probably had articles in your pages dealing with most problems and phases of the war, yet perhaps you have not had described that mysterious procedure known as “Demobilisation.” If you will bear with me, I will describe my experiences while undergoing that fearful yet wonderful process.

Last January, my Battalion of lillies was well within the borders of Germany, and was proceeding [Yes! by foot, of course] towards the Rhine, and Bonn our goal! at the rate of about eighteen kilometres per day. One evening, after we had reached our daily stage, I was ordered to appear at the Orderly Room; and when, with palpitating heart, and beholding visions of a wall and firing party, I had complied, I learnt, with blank amazement, that my demobilisation was ordered, and I was to proceed in the *right* direction the next morning. After satisfying several exhaustive questions, regarding my height, depth, girth, age, etc., I was summarily dismissed, and returned to my satisfactory though humble divan of blankets and board.

Even such a startling piece of news did not prevent me from sleeping, but I was up betimes; and our very small but gay party (for Group 43, the Students' Group, is of necessity very select, though not numerous), set off in a lorry—a great luxury for a “Jock,” by the way—and travelled all day, arriving at a Rest Camp, where we spent the night. Next morning we crossed the Belgian frontier, and entrained with hundreds of other lucky members of H.M. Forces, and commenced our crawl to the coast.

Our “saloons” were German cattle-trucks, and the train was of the usual brevity—only a mile or so! The engine, or its driver, seemed to be rather fractious, and persisted in starting with disconcerting suddenness. Unhappily, too, its manner of stopping (which it did very frequently, and with most faultless regularity,)

was like the starting thereof, so we passengers were in no enviable position. Being of a classical turn of mind, lots of chaps kept repeating the supine of "Curro," but buoyed them up with such verba hortantia as "Nil desperandum," and other less well known invocations. Fortunately, our journey was only a short one, and we managed it easily in a matter of fifty to sixty hours—of course an odd ten hours or so is immaterial—arriving at Dunkirk better late than never.

Naturally, we were rather sorry to leave the dear old train, after such a short spell; and with bags of bully beef, biscuits, bumps, bangs, and bashes for our delectation, we pulled ourselves together and speedily detrained, and eventually retired—after much argument and ordering on the part of the camp authorities, and a corresponding quantity and quality of uncomplimentary remarks by us—into fairly good tents (meaning those containing not more than three inches of mud).

Next morning we were paraded at five a.m. with scrip and scrippage, and, the weary process of roll-call being over, were waiting for the next inspiration on the part of those in authority. Nevertheless, though we were fed up, notwithstanding (to tell you the truth, *that* was the *very* reason of our being fed up—but one must blame the English language for this mix-up) great entertainment was afforded by the spectacle of officers wheeling their own kits on barrows, and through varying depths of mud, to the central dump for embarkation. As each panting, puffing specimen came by, he was encouraged by an appreciative cheer from the ranks of waiting men. Finally came a perspiring and corpulent major, struggling with a kit of prodigious size. He was greeted with the usual cheer, and then one small voice in the rear enquired, "Back at your old job again, sir?" ! !! !!!

At length we embarked, and I left France for the fourth and last time. Our destination was Tilbury, but our route, for variation we supposed, was *via* Calais, Dover, and then round the coast to the docks. The weather was putrid, and we took eleven hours to make the passage. With their usual magnanimity, the authorities allowed us half a tin of bully and one biscuit per man for the journey, and we were told that "a meal" was arranged for us at Tilbury. On our arrival, however, it appeared that the "Debarka-

tion Johnny" could not be bothered to carry out his duties, and we were told that we should have to forego our meal and a possible bed, and remain on the bosom of Father Thames for the night. Paradoxical though it may seem, the usual placid (?) features of the troops were transformed by this information, for some of us were so gluttonous as not to be satisfied with half a tin of bully and one whole biscuit for twenty-four hours; and we paraded in force at the officers' quarters, and gently, but firmly, suggested that we should be landed *toute suite*. As more persuasion seemed needed, we proposed consigning the officers' kits to the Thames; but this turned out to be unnecessary, as the O.C. ship decided to go ashore and interview the D.O. Result: We got a mug of tea each, and imagined the rest; ditto, as regards the landing, etc. I paced the deck all night—by the way, I forgot to mention that our vessel was a horse transport, and the lower regions were hardly salutary!—and spent the moonlit hours in eulogising a grateful Mother Country and our reception there.

Next morning we were hurriedly disembarked, received our long-expected meal—two whole buns and a mug of coffee—and entrained straight away, getting a connection at Liverpool Street without much delay or any more grub!

I was bound for Thetford, arriving about 5 p.m., and our party was immediately marched to the Dispersal Camp, three miles away. There, our hope of food was again frustrated, for we commenced the last stage of the torture, passing through an infernal barrage of questions, officials, writing signatures, handing in kit, in fact doing everything but receive money! From this I emerged eventually, weakly smiling but doggedly triumphant.

The last scene in this farcical tragedy is that of a belated Argyll and Sutherland Highlander standing before the closed door of the Canteen about 10 p.m. He turns away with a wan look, and murmurs, as have nobler men, "Dulce et decorum et pro patria mori!" then wends his way to his allotted hut, a mighty hungry chap, but—a civilian!

FINIS.

T.G.H.W.

Lines suggested by a reference to the Dancing Classes held at the School.

FAM not one who delights in tripping the light fantastic. The intricacies of the "Fox trot" appal me; the boisterous "Jazz" leaves me cold; the "Maxima" pleases the eye, but does not thrill me; it is with the utmost difficulty that I can be persuaded to attempt a waltz; but does anyone mention a set of Lancers, then pricketh up mine ears. A really good set of Lancers is splendid, is gorgeous, is "top hole," is—oh its simply "rrr"! Yes, the Lancers is the only thing for me just at present. Perhaps in time I shall be educated up to the rest of the dances, but just now I'm "dead nuts" on the Lancers! Why? It's a long story, but you asked for it.

From my earliest days I have been unfortunate in the terpsichorean art. Perhaps it was because I had feet that were anything but diminutive, or because there was such an enormous distance between them and myself. Anyhow, I never had the pluck to join the School dancing classes when I first arrived at P.G.S., about 1911. It was not till I was initiated into the mysteries of "One, two, three-and-a-hop," by the indefatigable Mrs. Davies at the "Limes," some years later that I launched out into a ball-room career.

But alas! try as I would, I could never get my feet to go the right way. With envious eyes I used to watch Giddy Gore and Puffa Pike steer their waltzing way along the limited space of the "Limes" dining room. Such joys were not for me! Then, for some reason or other, the classes were abandoned; and when I went to College I was ignorant of the art.

At coll. my experiences were repeated. After a few attempts, the classes saw me no more; I went to the pictures instead, Then I joined up, and during my very brief sojourn in H.M.F., only one dance came my way, and that I funkied. And then I was "demobbed," and rejoined the Coll. Here reaction had come, and all was gaiety and dancing. But still I funkied, until a pal (who was in the same state as your humble) and myself collectively plucked sufficient courage to attend the last dance of the

term. The memory of that dance is a tender one; for I waltzed (?) and it was good—the sensation I mean, not the dancing. And I "Lancedered."

Oh, those Lancers! Dear friends, have you ever seen an egg dropped into an electric fan? That was what it looked like! Gee! those twiddley bits, and the cart-wheel in the third (or is it the fourth?) act! and the dizzy sensation when it was all over; and the sweet voice of one's partner—but hush! 'nuff said!

Oh, it's a great game is dancing, and I hope everyone will enjoy the dancing classes as much as I did those Lancers. Of this I'm sure, you will never regret having learnt to dance!

PETER.



The School Prefects.

NAME.	Date of Appointment.
G. L. Empson (School Captain)	... April, 1917.
J. P. Castley (Vice-Captain)	... October, 1916.
E. E. Robinson	... April, 1917.
B. Burgess	... "
G. O. Davies	... October, 1917.
W. P. Pratt	... "
R. E. Atkins	... January, 1918.
H. E. Sullivan	... "
A. H. Jones	... June, 1918.
E. B. LeGrice	... "
A. E. Webster	... "
R. D. Baxter	... "
B. Deeker	... "
G. S. Alexander	... "
N. M. C. Pike	... "
A. Tibbenham	... September, 1918.

Our Annual Athletic Sports.

THESE Sports were held on the School Playing Field on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 8th and 9th. The weather was glorious, and a goodly number of spectators, consisting mainly of the boys' friends, relatives, and past members of the School, were present. A very keen spirit prevailed among the boys of the four Houses, and some splendid results were obtained in consequence.

The Head Master, as referee, presided over the Sports, and the members of the Staff (Messrs. S. Hare, S. G. M. Gwynn, S. G. Hare, and V. W. Manwarin) acted as judges; Mr. C. H. Gray as starter; whilst the School Prefects did excellent work as clerks of the course. The onerous duties of secretaries were very ably carried out by W. E. Simpson and J. S. Beckett.

There was a record entry, and the winners were as under:—
120 yards *Flat Handicap*, over 15.—1 D. Nutman, 2 G. O. Davies, 3 G. Alexander, 4 W. Pratt.

120 yards *Flat Handicap*, under 15.—1 J. Ling, 2 E. Culley, 3 A. Giddings, 4 S. J. Bushell.

120 yards *Flat Handicap*, under 14.—1 S. Burden, 2 E. Lawes, 3 J. Golden, 4 F. Walker.

120 yards *Flat Handicap*, under 13.—1 S. Webster, 2 H. Skillings, 3 S. Tuddenham, 4 R. Munday.

120 yards *Flat Handicap*, under 12.—1 P. LeGrice, 2 M. Pell, 3 J. Gaymer, 4 B. Wyand.

120 yards *Flat Handicap*, *Preparatory*.—1 S. Farrier, 2 D. Wills, 3 E. Wilson, 4 F. Pearse.

Long Jump, over 15.—1 G. O. Davies, 2 G. L. Empson, 3 W. Pratt, 4 G. Alexander.

Long Jump, under 15.—1 S. Webster, 2 M. Pell, 3 R. Munday, 4 G. Brett.

High Jump, over 15.—1 W. Pratt, 2 G. O. Davies, 3 A. Jones, 4 H. Sullivan.

High Jump, under 15.—1 J. Ling, 2 R. Pratt, 3 A. Giddings, 4 Gough and Ketteringham.

High Jump, under 14.—1 F. Brett, 2 J. Pank, 3 J. Burroughes, 4 C. Lambert.

High Jump, under 13.—1 B. Wyand, 2 G. Ellis, 3 S. Tuddenham, 4 S. Porter.

Throwing the Cricket Ball, over 15.—1 H. Fisher, 2 G. O. Davies, 3 B. Decker, 4 W. Pratt.

Throwing the Cricket Ball, under 15.—1 J. Plumpton, 2 R. Fairbairn, 3 W. Gough, 4 H. Linfoot.

Throwing the Cricket Ball, under 14.—1 R. Castley, 2 N. Powell, 3 S. Abbs, 4 W. F. Golden.

Throwing the Cricket Ball, under 13.—1 G. Brett, 2 S. Tuddenham, 3 S. Porter, 4 W. Adcock.

Throwing the Cricket Ball, under 12.—1 E. Smith, 2 M. Pell, 3 B. Wyand, 4 P. Hartmer.

880 yards *Flat Handicap*, *open*.—1 G. O. Davies, 2 R. Blaxell, 3 J. Ling, 4 G. L. Empson and N. Pike.

Slow Bicycle Race, over 15.2.—1 G. O. Davies, 2 W. P. Pratt, 3 N. Pike, 4 R. B. Deeker.

Slow Bicycle Race, over 14.7 and under 15.2.—1 R. B. Pratt, 2 H. Fisher, 3 J. W. Larke, 4 G. Syder.

Slow Bicycle Race, over 14.2 and under 14.7.—1 A. Giddings, 2 O. West, 3 J. Reeve, 4 H. Linfoot.

Slow Bicycle Race, under 14.2.—1 S. Webster, 2 J. Syder, 3 F. Walker, 4 P. Partridge.

House Relay Race.—1 Hoste, 2 Nelson, 3 Tenison, 4 Walton.

100 yards *Scratch*, *open*.—1 D. Nutman, 2 G. Alexander, 3 Davies, 4 Empson.

440 yards *Flat Handicap*, over 14.—1 R. Blaxell, 2 N. Pike, 3 G. Maclean, 4 F. Whittleton.

440 yards *Flat Handicap*, under 14.—1 R. Castley, 2 S. Burden, 3 G. Ling, 4 F. Walker.

220 yards *Flat Handicap*, *over* 15.—1 D. Nutman, 2 G. Alexander, 3 E. Love, 4 R. Blaxell.

220 yards *Flat Handicap*, under 15.—1 P. Elden, 2 R. Fairbairn, 3 B. Saunders, 4 B. Youngs.

220 yards *Flat Handicap*, under 14.—1 G. Ling, 2 A. Barratt, 3 F. Walker, 4 S. Hardy.

220 yards *Flat Handicap*, under 13.8.—E. Lawes, 2 S. Burden, 3 S. Howes, 4 C. Mace.

220 yards *Flat Handicap*, under 13.—1 P. LeGrice, 2 B. Wyand,

3 M. Pell, 4 C. Dacam.

Potato Race, under 14.—1 J. Park, 2 A. Barratt, 3 F. Walker.

Potato Race, under 12.—1 M. Pell, 2 P. Harmer, 3 J. Gaymer.

Potato Race, over 11.—1 F. Ling, 2 E. Wilson, 3 V. Newton.

Potato Race, under 11.—1 B. Porter, E. Denney, 3 S. Farrier.

Mile Flat Handicap, over 14.—1 E. Love, 2 E. Robinson, 3 H. Tuddenham, 4 E. Burgess.

Steeplechase, over 15.—1 D. Nutman, 2 G. Alexander, 3 A. Tibbenham, 4 B. Burgess.

Steeplechase, under 15.—1 R. Castley, 2 A. Giddings, 3 W. Clutterbuck, 4 R. Pratt.

The Sports Shield was taken by the Nelson House, with a total of 119 points.

The "Victor Ludorum" was secured by G. O. Davies (Nelson House) with twenty-three points, and who deserves hearty congratulations on winning it for the third year in succession.

The "Service" Cup, for the Mile Race, was won by E. Love, who ran splendidly and came in an easy first, showing a fine turn of speed; and E. Robinson made a great effort to overhaul him in the last lap.

The Long Jump was won by G. O. Davies, and the *High Jump* by W. P. Pratt (Captain, Hoste House), the former covering a distance of 16 ft. 11 ins., whilst the latter topped 4 ft. 7 ins.

The 100 yards Scratch, 120 yards, 220 yards, and *Steeplechase* were won by D. Nutman (Hoste House, 16 points), who ran exceedingly well throughout the Sports.

Among the Junior boys, R. Castley (Walton House) did splendidly, and helped his House considerably with a total of 15 points.



Correspondence.

EDITORS' NOTES.—We are sure our readers will find the following letter a most interesting one.

S.S. *Tennyson*, c/o Lampert & Holt,
42, Broadway, New York,

January 13th, 1919.

Dear Sir,

For about half-an-hour I have been trying to think of a respectable way to begin a letter to you, and I can think of nothing but the old copy-book, beginning, "I take up my pen," etc.; but to tell the truth, I thought you might like to hear my adventures since I left home. I did not know what was in store for me when I was sent to sign the articles of the *S.S. Tennyson*, but when I was told that I had to sign on for two years, it made me think, because I knew there was no backing out.

I joined the ship on December 18th, and we sailed on the 20th. The *Tennyson* is a nice little boat of about 3,400 tons, and she is to be a mail passenger boat between New York and Santos in South America. The officers are all nice fellows, quite a mixture too—Lancashire, Welsh, Yorkshire, and Scotch—but we have some jolly times together. The food is very good too, and there is plenty of it, a very important item where we are concerned. As luck would have it, I had to take the first watch when we sailed—2 p.m. to 8 p.m. The experience was quite exciting, being a real working set of apparatus; but the excitement increased when I had to turn out at 2 a.m. for another six-hour watch. By that time the boat was getting well into the Channel, and she began to roll. I had a horrible half-hour—I was not sea-sick, but I felt awfully bad. It made me think of "footer" on the Old Field, and lessons in School, and even "prep," would have been a pleasure then.

After a while I felt better, but had a headache for the two following days. I quite enjoyed myself when I became used to the movement of the boat, and was out on deck when Land's End disappeared in the mist. That was the last piece of land we saw in 1918. The scenery from that day was a huge expanse of water and a flock of gulls, which followed the ship right across to America.

My watches became very monotonous then. I dare not read on watch, as I had not had enough practice and was not certain of receiving all messages correctly. The programme for each day was, 2 a.m. to 8 a.m., on watch; 8 a.m. to 2 p.m., breakfast, and the rest of the morning walking round the deck and watching the huge waves roll by. I have never seen such waves before, and the ship would dive right into them. After dinner until 8 p.m., a watch again, and then 8 p.m. off to bed, to sleep until hauled out in the morning. One great advantage is that the rocking of the boat soon sends one to sleep.

Each day was like the other, until Christmas Day, when we had an extra special dinner, with turkey and plum-pudding included. All the officers had a fine time in the music room in the evening, but I had to turn in because of the 2 a.m. stint in the morning. How I dreaded that hour. We went back to the same old routine until January 3rd, when we arrived off New York. When the quarantine doctor and customs officers had passed the ship, we were towed in past the Statue of Liberty to the Cunard wharves. We were some ship then—the *Manretania* next to us, the *Leviathan* just across the river, and the *Carmania* not much further down—all among the aristocracy then! It did not last long though, for two or three days later we were towed round to the Lampart & Holt wharf, and we are laying there now. Just across the way is a sister ship, which sails on Wednesday, while we are leaving on Saturday, the 18th.

As soon as we were moored alongside the wharf, we had three inspectors, one after another, come to inspect our installation. We satisfied them and soon got rid of them, and were then free—except for a visit to the Marconi offices, which are on the eighteenth floor of the famous Woolworth Building with its over fifty floors. It was quite an experience getting to that floor! Quite close to this wharf is the Brooklyn Suspension Bridge, the biggest suspension bridge in the world, and it looks fine at night with all the lighted traffic crossing.

I have not seen much of New York, but what I have seen does not impress me much—I like London far better. Broadway is a blaze of lights and an avenue through great tall buildings. One very prominent feature of the average American is his direct blunt manner. It strikes me as a lack of politeness. He says just

what is necessary—straight to the point, and no more—while he often tells you exactly what he thinks of you, and that is not always pleasant. Another thing I noticed is the scarcity of cigarettes, for nearly everybody, young and old, smoke cigars of all sizes. The standing joke among the officers is that if we stay out here two years we shall all come home “guessing and calculating” and smoking big cigars, but that remains to be seen.

The wireless operators have the best time in port, for, beyond cleaning apparatus, they have nothing to do. But it seems that there is never an advantage without a corresponding disadvantage, for a wireless operator never has any money, and it is no use whatever to go ashore without some money to spend. One lesson I have learnt, and that is not to go ashore in uniform, as brass buttons are always associated with plenty of brass in your pockets, and the price of articles automatically goes up as you enter the door of a shop. America may be a very nice country, and they certainly have some very nice buildings over here, but I am already looking forward to the time when I shall see England again.

This letter has been all “I”—like most of my letters, I’m afraid. I hope the old School is still going strong, and that the Walton House is working its way to the top of the League, for I am sure it deserves its “place in the sun” by this time. I hope the length of this letter will not bore you or waste any of your time; but it seems to me that I can write a fair composition now, if I could not when at School.

I will close now, wishing you a happy and prosperous New Year, although it is somewhat late in the day.

Yours sincerely,

W. F. SPRINGALL.
W.F.S.

OLD BOYS' SOCIETY.

c/o Mrs. Hodson,
Gt. Massingham, King's Lynn,
March 8th, 1919.

Dear Sirs,

I beg leave to occupy a small portion of your valuable space in bringing forward a matter in which I am sure a great many Old Boys of the School are greatly interested.

I refer to the formation again of the Old Boys' Society. It seems to me that if ever there was a time when a success could be made of that Society, this is the time. The War has renewed many of the old School ties and friendships, and it would be a pity if such an opportunity, as is now afforded, were to be missed of cementing those ties in the shape of the Old Boys' Society. Never again will such an opportunity occur of "keeping touch" with our old House and School friendships.

I know that a successful O.B.S. was one of the dearest wishes of that great Pastonian, Rex Sarsby. Could a better memorial to his name be made than that provided in a flourishing Society of Old Pastonians?

In conclusion, may I say that any assistance that I can give would be gladly given.

I remain, Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR G. CHESTNEY.



List of Editors.

No. 21—Midsummer, 1914	...	K. E. Gamble and W. G. Mitchel.
No. 22—Xmas, 1914	...	A. G. Chestney and B. O. S. Savage.
No. 23—Easter, 1915	...	A. G. Chestney and B. O. S. Savage.
No. 24—Midsummer, 1915	...	A. C. Hardy and G. Whittleton.
No. 25—Xmas, 1915	...	J. O. Divers and G. W. Gamble.
No. 26—Easter, 1916	...	C. D. Brumbley & F. S. Müller.
No. 27—Midsummer, 1916	...	A. M. Pearson & G. C. Wilson.
No. 28—Christmas, 1916	...	F. S. Müller and J. P. Castley.
No. 29—Autumn, 1917	...	F. S. Müller and J. P. Castley.
No. 30—Easter, 1918	...	E. A. Divers and W. P. Pratt.
No. 31—Midsummer, 1918	...	H. G. Starling & H. E. Sullivan
No. 32—Christmas, 1918	...	G. L. Empson, J. P. Castley, and R. D. Baxter.
No. 33—Easter, 1919	...	G. L. Empson, F. W. Whittleton.