

renewed hope, from each fell blow of fate. We sorrow deeply with their dear ones to whom they were so dear; but we emerge from sorrow proud, with a triumphant pride, of those who have fallen, and with a higher faith in those who still remain.

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We have received the following from Capt. C. E. W. Bean: "The news of little Jebb's death came to me with a great shock. He was exactly the sort of fellow who would fling his life away. Do you remember how he used to dive in the deep end of the baths before he could properly swim? I think he won some prize for style diving the very year that he was in for the 'beginners' race. He was always on for anything with danger in it. If one had wanted a boy to do anything calling for grit, Jebb was the boy I should have thought of first.

"One cannot bear to think of the country robbed of its boys of that sort. One only hopes that their example will cause others to grow up like them. That sort always falls the first—I have seen it over and over again—just because of their great spirit and mettle. I saw it constantly in Gallipoli.

"I hope that Brentwood will remember him so long as she lasts. He was whole-hearted for the School in everything. He was a dashing, rather than a first-class forward. I can see him now jumping over the feet of the hostile half-backs, risking a kick that would have broken his leg, in order to get a clear shot at goal. He was not a first-class

cricketer either, but he made himself a first-rate field. The drive wasn't made that he could not stop with either hand or with his shins if necessary. He was a boy the Headmaster could always trust to stand by him and see that things went right in the House. He had pluck enough to differ from his fellows if he thought right and to tell them so.

"I only hope that Brentwood will play up to him. He was a gentleman of the finest temper, most sweet mannered and thoughtful of others. I am sure that scores of Brentwoods who knew him will feel the shock as I did."

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C. H. Brewer, a former master, is 2nd Lieut. with the 3rd Lancs. Fusiliers. R. G. Metcalf is in the trenches. G. F. Everington went through the Battle of Jutland. He writes:—"The most exciting time was at night, when the destroyers were "in-fighting." I managed to escape the strain by snatching a few hours' sleep on deck under a table." A. F. Burgess has been for three months with the H.A.C. where his musical talent soon gained him popularity. B. A. Townson either has crossed or is about to cross the Channel.

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Miss J. Weldhen, B.A., Lond., has been filling the place of Mr. Burgess, while next term Miss K. M. Thomson, and Miss Hewitt, B.A., University of Wales, make their début on the staff.

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