

DECORATIONS.

Military Cross: Major the Earl of Cadogan, Sec.-Lt. D. M. Howard, Capt. P. D. Batt.

Distinguished Service Cross: Lt. (A.) A. G. Blanchard, R.N.V.R.

Distinguished Flying Cross: Wing Cdr. H. G. F. Gaubert, F/Lt. N. E. M. Smith, F/Lt. R. A. Haggart,
F/O. T. F. Cook, Wing Cdr. R. J. Bennell.

Bar to D.F.C.: F/Lt. N. E. M. Smith.

Air Force Cross: F/Lt. V. J. D. Baker.

Distinguished Service Medal: Ldg. Smn. D. A. Hunt, R.N.V.R.

Distinguished Flying Medal: F/O. H. J. Roe, F/O. J. H. Hudson, F/O. B. G. Roe.

U.S. Air Medal: Wing Cdr. R. Bennell.

Mentioned in Despatches: Lt.-Col. C. B. Appleby, Lt. (A.) D. J. Hanson, R.N.V.R. (since reported missing), L/Cpl. N. S. Wightman, F/Lt. V. J. D. Baker, Sqdrn. Ldr. F. J. S. Culley, Rev. H. T. Hughes, R.A.F., Lt. R. J. Slater, R.N.V.R., Sub.-Lt. F. K. Elkington, R.N.V.R.

Culford School,

Bury St. Edmund's.

November 1st, 1944.

My dear Old Culfordian,

Although this letter is of the printed order, I do hope it will not seem a cold, impersonal affair. It is honestly designed as a personal message, not only from myself, but from all you knew at E.A.S. or Culford. It is, indeed, a Christmas letter. Some of you will receive it well before Christmas; others, serving far away overseas, may get it rather late. Never mind! You will understand the intention.

May I then wish You and Yours the merriest possible Christmas, every blessing in the New Year (the Peace Year, we so strongly hope), and if, as is true of so many of you, you are stationed far from home, may you have a safe and early return to those you love. I can assure you that in the School's Christmas festivities (yes, the 'Gut' still stoutly survives), you will be very present in our thoughts. Our last Sunday this term is on December 10th, and on that night at about 6.30, as on every Sunday night at school, we shall remember you once again in our deepest prayers.

In one sense the war has made us here at Culford think of you and remember you far more clearly than before. I mean—as an individual. During my twenty years at E.A.S. and Culford I have learned much, though some of you might query that! There was a time when, perhaps in some cases, I would think of a boy as just a 'leaver,' who having pursued his course at school—often with real success—had 'finished' with school; just as we, our professional duty done, had 'finished' with him. Now I think differently. There are no Culford 'leavers'—or very few. In my study are four fat files filled with war-time letters from you who have never left. And the fifth file will be filled when this year ends. I know, as I never knew before, what Culford means to you. I know, as I never dreamed before, what you mean to us.

Heaven knows, I would not like to over-state things. Still less to appear sentimental. But many of you have told me what Culford memories chiefly haunt your mind. You say little of lessons, and even not much of games—though I know you enjoyed some of the former and most of the latter. You tell me rather of the beauty of this place, of the tastes you acquired, of the hymns you quietly took to your heart, and sometimes you refer to what is, I hope, the finest thing that Culford has: the Sunday evening Service. And more than one of you has mentioned Culford as a second home.

Ian Hay was once a schoolmaster, a member of a profession which, if I remember rightly, he describes as 'the least paid and the best rewarded of all.' We will leave the first of his assertions: it may not be true. But the second is impossible to deny. We who teach in school can have, if we will, the richest of all rewards: multitudes of solid friends. So, for all your friendship and encouragement please be assured of my deepest gratitude.

But I have given you no recent news of Culford. There is not really much to give. Now, in a new school year, we are at it again. The Vith this term numbers 50—equalling the high-water mark of January, 1940. So boys and masters must have done some work in the year just ended. Indeed, the masters during the past year, as in previous war-years, have 'slaved' for the School—its

work, its play, its multitudinous interests. They have lavishly given both their talents and their time. The Rigger side is really promising. I think it would please even the critical eyes of our quondam coaches now serving with the R.A.F.: Flight Lieuts. Watson and Knight, Pilot Officer Corin, and Padre Trevor Hughes. And as for the routine so many of you have known at some period during these twenty years, well, it's much the same: occasional collisions at a quarter to nine, VA. French proses returned with compliments, VIth essays returned without, Psalm 91 on a Saturday night, 'The day Thou gavest' on the last Sunday of term. And even some of *your* surreptitious 'goings on' persist; and still can we in authority—at times—turn upon them a dim Nelsonic eye. Yes—it's all much the same.

And by the way, I went round the old school at E.A.S. the other day. Before many months—we don't know for certain, of course—it may be returned to the E.A.S. Girls, and our Juniors will resume their tenancy of Cadogan House. The presence of the Girls at Culford—as many of you know, has not been without its advantages to both schools. It has been a happy partnership; and who knows what, in some 'cases', the final upshot may be?....But, each school will be glad to have its own habitat and will always remember these four or five years together with real pleasure.

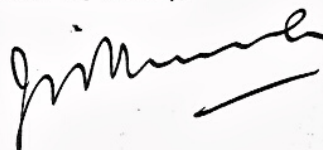
At the end of this letter I am appending a list of those Old Culfordians whom we have proudly mourned as having given their lives in this great struggle. I also add a list of those reported missing and of you who have been so deservedly decorated and of those who are prisoners of war. It may be that, through oversight or lack of news, the lists are incomplete. If so, will you please let me know? Any omissions in war items in the magazine are either due to lack of news or to my own incompetence. For the task of collating *our* war-news—no task, really, but a labour of pride and love—has fallen upon myself, so that for any mistakes I only am to blame.

One other thing: I would have liked to have sent this letter to all who have been to E.A.S. or Culford. As it is, I can—with perhaps a few additions—send it only to members of the Association. So, if any Old Boy complains that he has not received it, would you kindly tell him the circumstances?

And now, whenever you were at E.A.S. or Culford (whether long ago or only last term), wherever you are serving or working, our prayers and pride and loving thoughts go out to You and Yours. Could I do better than end with the words of St. Patrick?....

May the strength of God pilot you.
May the power of God preserve you.
May the shield of God defend you.

Believe me,
Yours very sincerely,



ROLL OF HONOUR.

KILLED ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

J. R. Agar, P/O., R.A.F.V.R.	J. W. Metson, Sec. Lt., Suffolk Regt.
M. E. Agar, F/Sgt., R.A.F.V.R.	H. Minns, Sgt.-Gnr., R.A.F.
F. W. Bilson, F/O., R.A.F.V.R.	D. E. Morgan, F/Sgt., R.A.F.V.R.
C. J. Boone, Wt./O. Pilot, R.A.F.V.R.	J. S. Philp, Capt., Home Guard.
D. F. Copley, L/Cpl., Royal Norfolk Regt.	J. S. Rose, Corpl., London Scottish.
G. L. Coster, F/O., R.A.F.V.R.	H. G. Sanders, Sgt./Pilot, R.A.F.V.R.
A. G. Day, Sub.-Lt. (A.), R.N.V.R.	F. Shepherd, P/O., R.A.F.V.R.
P. Dawson, Stoker, R.N.	G. W. Simpson, Sec.-Lt., I.A.
A. H. Erith, Sgt., Royal Corps Sigs.	F. J. Skeeles, Sgt.-Gnr., R.A.F.V.R.
B. Ewin, Lt., R.N.V.R.	E. K. C. Sketcher, Lieut., West Yorks. Regt.
C. A. Furbank, Sgt. Obs., R.A.F.V.R.	H. J. Steel, Sgt. Obs., R.A.F.V.R.
H. G. F. Gaubert, D.F.C., Wing Cdr., R.A.F.	W. Wallace, Tpr., R.A.C.
R. Goodwin, Driver, R.A.S.C.	F. R. Wellings, P/O., R.C.A.F.
R. W. Gray, Sgt. Air-Gnr., R.A.F.V.R.	P. White, Sgt., R.A.O.C.
D. M. Howard, M.C., Sec. Lt. Notts Yeo.	D. H. Whiting, Sgt.-Gnr., R.A.F.V.R.
V. Knight, Sub.-Lt., R.N.V.R.	A. S. Woodbridge, F/Sgt. Pilot, R.A.F.V.R.
C. J. Matthews, F/Sgt., R.A.F.V.R.	J. J. Davies, Sgt. Pilot, R.A.F.V.R.
K. M. McGregor, Sgt. Obs., R.A.F.V.R.	

REPORTED MISSING.

Sgt./Pilot R. R. Rolfe, R.A.F.V.R.
Wing Cdr. R. J. Bennell, D.F.C., U.S. Air Medal, R.C.A.F.
Lieut. (A.) D. J. Hanson, Mentioned in Despatches, R.N.V.R.

PRISONERS OF WAR.

Armourer Sgt. M. H. Chase, R.A.O.C.	Cpl. Horace Lister.
Bdr. E. P. Jermyn, R.A.	F/O. J. W. Rolfe, R.A.F.V.R.
F/Lt. H. L. Falkus, R.A.F.V.R.	Tpr. S. E. Roper, King's Own Hussars.
P/O. Heber Lister, R.A.F.V.R.	Sgt. Pilot J. E. Swindin, R.A.F.V.R.