

# THE



# LION

## PRICE'S SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

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New Series.

### EDITORIAL.

If we were required to characterize the present term we could truthfully and adequately describe it as "the rainy season." Rain, mud, and new boys very amply describe our impressions of Christmas Term, 1924. We trust the newcomers will pardon our audacity in placing them so prominently in such company. To them we extend a hearty welcome, coupled with a sincere desire to see them benefit in the fullest from the School of which they are now a part.

It is quite pardonable to pat ourselves on the back when we really deserve such an expression of pleasurable pride. We do so therefore when we remind our readers of the School's successes in the Oxford Local Examinations of last summer. There were 21 entrants for the Leaving Certificate; of these, 6 obtained Honours (including five exemptions from the Matriculation Exam.), and 14 Passes. This is a record for the School; it is also a difficult standard to live up to, but one which must be attempted. There is yet to be obtained a First Class First Division—let the stalwarts of Va see to this.

Despite the mass attacks of Jupiter Pluvius and his attendant myrmidons Soccer has continued to exert its customary attraction. The glories which have surrounded the deeds of the First Eleven in the last few seasons have resulted in the loss of several fixtures, one or two of our opponents preferring to try conclusions only with our second choices. The diminished fixture list has been carried through at the time of writing with one defeat: the closest fight was that with Midhurst, though a little good fortune would have turned the draw into a victory.

It is perhaps significant of the future that on more than one occasion a Rugger practice has been held after school. With the exception of a particularly conservative *clique* there seems much enthusiasm in the school for what journalists delight to name "the handling code." The opinion of the Old Boys' Club upon the question of

converting ourselves into a Rugger school would be of much interest.

The projected extension of the school buildings has reached the stage of a visit from the architect of the County Education Authority. There is consequently hope that some of the youngest of the present boys may yet see the commencement of building operations before they leave.

It is again our pleasant duty to offer in advance hearty congratulations from the School to a member of the staff upon his approaching marriage, the intending Benedict this time being Mr. Shaddock. May he and his intended wife enjoy the happiest of married lives!

### Examination Results.

For the first time a centre for the Oxford Local Examinations was formed in Fareham, and we entered 22 candidates; 19 for the School Certificate, and two Special Candidates; also one for the Junior Exam. Eighteen passed the School Certificate (six with Honours), and five were exempted from the London Matric. Both the Special Entries passed with credit in Higher Mathematics and Chemistry with Physics, Archell being placed 1st and Messem 2nd, while the Junior (Sinnott) passed in every subject offered. First-class Honours were obtained by Hayward and Andrews; 2nd class by Jones, Goodall, Edwards and Hall. Jones and Edwards gained distinction in Mathematics.

Dye and Davis were both successful at the recent examination for Aircraft Apprentices.

### Speech Day, 1924.

This enjoyable function was held as usual on the last day of the Summer Term, in the big School. We were honoured by the presence of the Principal of University College, Southampton, K. H. Vickers, Esq., who presented the prizes.

In the course of a brief and interesting speech Mr. Vickers complimented the School on the very fine Report it had obtained from His Majesty's Inspectors, and urged the parents present to do their utmost to leave their children at school after the age of sixteen. The Headmaster and the Chairman of the Governors (Rev. J. E. Tarbat) also spoke. A School Choir, conducted by Mrs. Bradley, rendered musical items between the speeches, and Swales II gave two well-executed solos. Many of the goodly number of those present took the opportunity offered them of seeing the Hobbies' exhibits and specimens of the Art work of the School, which were on view in IIIa room. The Sergeant, also, had out a squad of boys giving exhibition drill.

### The China Piggery.

As most of us know a most strange collection won one of the last term's "Hobby" prizes—a collection of samples. During my holidays, which were spent in a village in Wiltshire, I saw a collection, which was perhaps stranger still. It was no less than a collection of china pigs.

Imagine pigs of all shapes, sizes, attitudes, and nationalities, and you see this collection in your mind. There is the fat old profiteer in his car, here the slim nursemaid with the baby. There is a bricklayer, a baker, and a butcher, who, needless to say, does *not* sell pork. This pig with the prominent watch chain turns up his snout at the tramp next him, but he'll have to stand next him for years to come yet. There is a fat little fellow asleep on his pillow on which a loving mother has worked the words "Forty Winks." A more peaceful little piggy never rolled in the mud.

In another case are the pigs who bear on their backs the arms of hosts of cities. Almost every town you can think of in England and everywhere else is represented. All the towns with Football Clubs in the English League are certainly there.

One pig had a rather sensitive tail, for above his back was inscribed:—

If tail is dry—Fine.

If tail is wet—Rain.

If tail moves—Wind.

If tail falls out—Earthquake.

Perhaps it would be best to stick his tail on!

A WILTSHIRE MOONRAKER.

### A Fantasy.

*I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea  
and the sky,  
And all I ask is a tall ship, and a star to steer her  
by;*

*And the wheel's kick, and the wind's song and  
white sail's shaking,  
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn  
breaking.*

—John Masefield.

When God made the world in six days, resting on the seventh, first He created the ocean, the mountains and the desert, and afterwards, Man. And when, centuries later, scientists, calling the work ill-done, decided to reconstruct this earth afresh and according to the most up-to-date models, they, too, placed Nature first, and Man last. So that God and the Devil have united to hallow the superiority of Nature to Man. Those who live by the ocean shore, at the foot of the mountain, on the edge of the desert, though caring little about the opinions of the above two authorities, recognise this superiority. They become imbued with the spirit of their mighty neighbours—nay, more—they become *part* of them. Man is not then the master of his fate; he is not the captain of his soul: he is only a wave, a boulder, or a grain of sand. And all these small parts go to the greater part sooner or later; they go to it by many paths and by many vehicles—this is the story of how one tiny wave joined those innumerable ones called by men the ocean. It is a true tale if you believe it, a false one if you do not. For what is truth but belief, falsehood but incredulity?

The five oceans divide among themselves the care and cleansing of the land. To the share of one of them, the Atlantic, falls England, the home of sailors. It is also the home of tinkers and tailors, rich men and poor men, beggar men, thieves and soldiers, and these are to sailors as seven is to one; but this we can, like poets and after-dinner speakers, continue successfully to forget. Among the many towns and villages, this big Atlantic ocean roared to and called to by day and night was one small hamlet upon the Devonshire coast. It stood upon a high cliff, safe from the sea. A steep path, narrow and difficult, led down to the long, thin strip of sandy beach. When it was fine, the fishing boats lay there at rest; when it was rough, they were rowed into a cove about half-a-mile away, with a natural breakwater that kept it ever calm.

The hamlet itself was a very ordinary fishing village. That is to say, it consisted of about one hundred low white-washed cottages, one church and two public-houses. It possessed no squire, nor had any war profiteer deigned yet to build there an old-time "Elizabethan" manor house. One cottage there was, exactly like the rest, that stood a little apart. Its inmates, my tale concerns. There were but two, an old woman, and a little boy, her son's son. Of the first, I say little, her life was filled by household duties and memories.

How old the boy was, I do not know. Perhaps ten, perhaps twelve. He played the truant all he could, and went to school when he couldn't. Sometimes, on these 'could' days, he would run barefooted among the pebbles in blue jersey and knickers, sometimes float or swim in neither. But usually he would just sit looking at the waves and at the horizon. What he thought about, I don't know, nor probably did he. There was nothing striking about him as he sat there looking out to sea. He left on me only a vague impression, a vague impression of the Ocean. His eyes were blue like it, his cheeks always seemed to have on them salt from it, his body, a strong and sturdy one, was flexible and loose limbed like it, too.

I think he must have been waiting for his boat, this little boy who sat there so patiently, and who reminded one so curiously of the sea. All his life he had been waiting for his boat. It would come some day, he was sure of that. His father had promised it. He knew already what it was like. It was a sailing boat, long and narrow, with one big white sail in the centre. It could just contain one boy, himself, and it bobbed so lightly, so easily over the waves. When he was old enough, he was to have it, and could then go down to the sea. So he sat there long hours and long, long days, waiting till he was old enough, waiting till he could go down to the sea.

And now he was soon to have it. His father had written so. He was in a hospital upon one of the West Indian Islands. What was the matter with him the boy did not know. Two years ago, war had broken out, and patriots who killed the Germans with their mouth had said it was his duty to go and kill them with his hands. He believed implicitly, and forthwith enlisted in the Navy. And now he was in a hospital upon a West Indian isle, and his son sat waiting for a sailing boat, long and narrow, with one big white sail in the centre, that would bob so lightly, so easily over the waves.

\* \* \* \*

'Sister,' said No. 10, 'you will send it? You promise?'

And the Sister answered, 'I promise!'

No. 10 was the father. That was another result of the war. It had changed him from a man into a number. But it was a lying number, for he was still a man, though a dying man. Ever since he had been brought into the ward, he knew he must die. He had been injured in the head when his ship went down, some say mined, others, torpedoed. That was another case, like the war itself, 'someone had blundered' and he was not to be of them 'that rode back.' That was all.

Through an open window he could see the blue ocean that daily went up and down, down and up

that thin stretch of sandy beach in Devonshire. And that reminded him of his promise.

'It will be my last present,' he thought. And he made them bring a boat builder, to whom he described what he wanted. 'A sailing boat, long and narrow, with one big white sail in the centre, that will bob lightly, easily over the waves!'

'I will make it,' said the boat builder, and he made it. To-day, by the kindness of the Sisters, they had carried it, just finished, into the ward, and placed it by the side of his bed. He thanked them, and then entreated his own Sister, 'You will send it? You promise?'

And she answered, 'I promise.'

Now it was evening. All day he had been looking at it, touching it here and there, hoisting and lowering the big white sail. Tired, he lay back on his pillow, and gazed out upon the ocean, shrouded in darkness, and as he lay and gazed, he dreamed a dream, or perhaps it was no dream. From the jetty below, the boat, his son's boat, was setting off on its long journey. No one was aboard to guide it, and yet it went straight like an arrow. Though even the land breeze had failed, its big white sail was taut and filled. It bobbed lightly, easily over the waves, its way marked by a phosphorescent path before and after it. How it moved! It was full out into the Atlantic; it was passing the Azores; Cape Finistere; the Ushant lay on its right. Now it was in the chops of the Channel: a tempest was raging and mighty waves crashing one upon another. But the tiny boat drove on, unharmed between them, for the sea held it in her charge. Straight to that beach, he knew so well, it sped; and now he could see someone coming down the path to meet it. He strained his eyes. It was—yes—it was—

He started up in awful pain. Blood was rushing up into his mouth, choking him. He strove fiercely, frantically to keep it down. For a second, he stemmed the dark red flood.

'Nurse! don't—don't sen—'

And then it was all over.

\* \* \* \*

That evening, off the Devonshire coast, nature broke loose, and the ocean slipped her bounds. The hounds, great waves, rushed on the land their prey, and banged it about; then drew back and gave tongue in awful bellowing and hideous howling. Black storm-clouds dropped to meet the agonised water; grey foam-specked waves rushed up to join them; black and grey were the thoughts of many that night, as they prayed with vain supplications for those who 'had gone down to the sea in ships.'

The boy and his grandmother were alone in their cottage. She heard the waters and wind calling and it frightened her. Father, brothers,

husband, and sons had heard them, too, and now they were all gone. Her grandson at least would not go, and again she made him promise,—‘Boy, promise me you will never become a sailor!’

And he promised, for though he, too, had heard the calling, its meaning was not plain to him. Understanding was to come later.

Presently, the old woman fell asleep. The boy went to the window and listened. God was beating the waves, and they were screeching under the lash strange strident music, whilst ever and anon, the big drum of the thunder banged. It was all for him, or so he thought. It was saying something. He opened the windows, and leaned out. No, what the wind and the rain said was not intelligible. He opened the door. Nothing plain. He walked out a few paces. Still nothing.

Hurriedly, he closed the door, and went to dry himself. In the fire, he found what he was looking for. The ocean uttered the call; the wind and the rain passed it on; the fire and the flames interpreted it. They said, ‘Go down to the beach!’ That was all. Nothing more. He put on his sou’ wester hat, and long oilskin coat. Then he went to the door, opened it, glanced at his grandmother sleeping quietly by the fire, and went out, closing the door carefully after him.

The old woman was dreaming of those she had lost, at the closing of the door; she stirred in her sleep. Then she muttered uneasily ‘All gone—all gone—except him.’ But ‘he’ was going unhesitatingly to the cliff’s edge, where the path led down to the beach. There was no turning back. Something was waiting for him on the beach, he knew not what, and he wanted to know. With difficulty he clambered down the path, and already had turned the corner. He gazed down at the sea. A strange light played upon everything, and he could see. The ocean had advanced and was now at the foot of the path as he went down; he looked out over the waves. Faintly he could see something coming towards him. Gradually, it increased in size. It was a cork, a bottle, a barrel, at last a boat. As he reached the water’s edge, the boat floated to his feet. He gave a cry of joy. It was his boat, *his* boat; a sailing boat, long and narrow with one big white sail in the centre, that bobbed so lightly, so easily over the waves. His father had kept his promise, and now he could go where he listeth on the sea. He stepped aboard, and seized the rudder. The big white sail filled taut, and the boat floated lightly, easily over the waves. The strange light faded; the darkness came down, and the boat passed into the gloom beyond.

Back again in the cottage, the old grandmother was now dreaming of him. She again stirred in her sleep and muttered, easily this time, ‘He is

the only one left to me now, and he will not go. He has promised.’

*‘And all I ask is . . . a quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick’s over.’*

L.F.S.



### The Term's Football.

#### FIRST XI CHARACTERS.

- \*F. E. JONES (Capt.) (Outside Left). A capable outside left, who gets in his centre well. A keen captain, who has had a successful season in spite of appalling weather and grounds.
- \*W. G. CUMMINS (Outside Right). A speedy winger with good ball control. He centres well, and has scored some fine goals.
- \*L. S. GOODALL (Centre Forward). A fine forward, who knows where the net lies. He kept the forward line well together, and it was a great loss to the eleven when he left at half-term.
- \*W. G. BUDDEN (Centre Half). Works hard and supports his forwards well. He has played some very good games and it is a pity he should have been absent from the return match with Portsmouth Grammar School.
- \*A. W. TEE (Left Back). Formerly a goal-keeper, he was the find of the season as a back, being the mainstay of the defence. He has a hard and sure kick.
- \*F. J. TOVEY (Inside Right). A hard worker, who looks after his wing man. He shoots well but was not so successful as a centre forward.
- \*V. W. COOK (Goal-keeper). Also plays well, his diving being especially good. He made several fine saves against Midhurst when at times the defence was hard pressed.
- E. G. WHITE (Right Half). Uses his head and weight to advantage. He must, however, be more careful in passing to his forwards.
- J. B. SINNOTT (Inside Left). A clumsy but hard-working player. On form he shoots well and hard, but he must remember not to shoot from too far out. He can give good passes to his wing man.

B. H. DODDS (Right Back). Plays well but opens shakily. He kicks well but he must remember to cover his partner when play is on the other wing.

\*J. E. WHEATLEY (Left Half). Works hard and marks the opposing winger well.

\* Signifies 1st Colours.

Also played:—C. MACNEIL. A thrustful centre half.

F. COLLIHOLE (Inside Right). A light but tricky player.

C. J. S. SIMPSON (Left Half). A good worker.

### FIRST XI MATCHES.

Played 5, won 3, drawn 1, lost 1; goals for, 36, goals against, 14.

Wed., Oct. 8, v. Gosport I, away. Won 8-4.

The School was given a hard game and was losing 4-2 at half-time. In the second half the School made a good recovery and scored six goals. Scorers: Goodall 6, Tovey 1, Cummins 1.

Sat., Oct. 18, v. Itchen County School, home. Won 16-0.

The School was too good for its opponents and scored 16 times. Scorers: Goodall 7, Sinnott 4, Tovey 2, Budden 1, White 1, Cummins 1.

Sat., Oct. 25, v. Portsmouth Grammar School II, home. Won 8-0.

The School playing better football than its opponents, won easily. Scorers: Sinnott 3, Budden 3, Goodall 1, Cummins 1.

Sat., Nov. 22, v. Midhurst, away. Drew 2-2.

This was by far the best game of the season. The School started off well, and Cummins scored a fine goal. Our opponents gradually improved, and equalised. The second half was fairly even, each side scoring once. It is interesting to note that this is the first drawn game with Midhurst. Scorers: Cummins and Tovey.

Sat., Dec. 6, v. Portsmouth Grammar School 2nd XI, away. Lost 8-2.

The School, weakened by injuries and absentees, was well beaten by a better team. Scorers: Jones and Cummins.

### MATCHES OF OTHER ELEVENs.

II, v. Gosport II, away. Won 9-6.

v. St. Helen's I, away. Won 8-0.

v. Portsmouth Grammar III, home. Drew 4-4.

v. Hilsea I, home. Won 3-1.

v. Portsmouth Grammar, away. Lost 9-2.

III, v. St. Helen's II, away. Won 11-1.

v. Gosport III, home. Won 3-2.

v. Hilsea II, home. Won 15-1.

I JUNIOR v. Hilsea (Jun. xi), home. Won 7-0.

v. Hilsea (ditto) away. Won 4-3.

II JUNIOR v. Hilsea (Jun.) Won 2-1.

### RESULTS OF HOUSE MATCHES.

School House I, 3. Cams I, 1.

School House II, 4. Cams II, 1.

School House III, 1. Cams III, 3.

Westbury I, 2. School House I, 2.

Westbury II, 1. School House II, 3.

Westbury III, 9. School House III, 0.

Cams I, 3. Westbury I, 4.

Cams II, 4. Westbury II, 0.

Cams III, 3. Westbury III, 0.

Cams I, 16. Blackbrook I, 0.

Cams II, 25. Blackbrook II, 0.

Cams III, 10. Blackbrook III, 0.

Westbury II, 4. Blackbrook II, 1.

Westbury III, 5. Blackbrook III, 5.

Blackbrook II, 0. School House II, 20.

Blackbrook III, 3. School House III, 0.

### POINTS.

School House 13½.

Westbury 11.

Cams 7 (omitting match v. Blackbrook I).

Blackbrook 1½.

Blackbrook for the first time was obliged to field a first eleven, and this weakened its teams all through.

### Old Boys' News.

It is with feelings of the deepest regret that the news of Jack Henry's death from meningitis following pneumonia on October 15th last, will be received by all who knew him. His cheery optimism and invariable good temper made him a general favourite, and the keenness with which in his last year here he worked up the Steeplechase team of School House, though himself not a distance runner, had much to do with the house's ultimate success. He had just finished his course at Cranwell, and being ill during the finals, could not take his exams but had done so well before that the Air Ministry passed him out without examination.

A. J. HARVEY has moved to new quarters at 29 Park Road, Wembley.

- R. F. BUCKLEY has been appointed to a Clerkship in Lloyds Bank, and will start work at the branch at Wooton Bassett, Wilts.
- L. ARCHELL; 43 Brownswood Road, Finsbury Park, London, has started work at King's College, where he has joined many clubs and societies, and is an active member of the O.T.C.
- F. BIDEN, 40 Wyndcliff Road, S.E. 7, is still busy on the new Arterial Road at Brentwood.
- H. BROWNING was last heard of at 84 Marine Parade, Brighton.
- E. COLES was married to Miss Dorothy Dexter at St. George's Church, Waterlooville, on Sept. 18th, and is now living at Stockheath, Nr. Havant.
- H. DODRIDGE has finished his spell at Malta and is now putting in a "refresher" course at the E.T.C. Training College in Hampstead.
- N. FROST has passed the examination for Associateship of the Royal College of Music. Though still living in Fareham, he holds the position of Organist and Choirmaster at Romsey Abbey, an important post with great possibilities.
- J. M. LEE has been at home on leave looking extremely fit, but the trouble in Egypt has sent him back to join his regiment, 1st Hampshires, before Xmas.
- V. POELCHAU was expected to turn up in August but nothing has been heard of him. Address: Neuenburger Strasse 5, Berlin, S.W. 68.
- S. P. SMITH (Pussey) is at 30 Beaumont Rise, Marlrow: we are expecting his two younger brothers to join next term.
- L. F. SWAFFIELD is at 47 Rue Washington, Paris, he is now at the Bank of Canada.
- S. S. SMITH (Paddy) is afloat again after a period ashore, and is sailing between the States and Australia.
- BERDOE MARTIN when last heard of was suffering from the effects of a rather serious motor accident.
- F. WELLBORNE, Kurraywba, Young, N.S.W., writes most cheerfully of his new surroundings, Sheep shearing has been the order of the day, which means extra pay all round and plenty of work. He had a week's camping trip when it was finished but struck weather very similar to our own and gave it up after four days of heavy rain. Better luck next time!
- E. LLEWELLYN is making steady progress with the South Western Tar Distilleries and was married during the holidays. We hear, that following a honeymoon in Paris, he flew back from France by aeroplane.
- L. S. GOODALL, the latest recruit to the "Old Boy" ranks has been appointed to a Clerkship at the Fareham Urban District Council Offices.
- H. ANDREWS has joined the Northampton Institute for a four years' course in Engineering and

is now at work in London.

- L. F. SHEPPARD is in residence at Oxford, and is finding St. Catherine's very pleasant.
- F. E. POLWIN, who is living at Groningen, Holland, was married during the summer holidays.
- The engagement of N. FROST to Miss Kemp has recently been announced.
- The Old Boys beat the School at Soccer by 5—2. It is understood that several Old Boys could not attend the match owing to hockey activities: we wish them to remember that their presence at the gatherings which always follow such matches would be very welcome.

### New Boys.

- Va. Butters, F.
- IIIa. Spencer, G. G., Davenport, S. G., Wareham, N. E., Swinstead, D. K., Barnes, V. J., Graham, S. G., Franklin, J. E., Dyer, F. O., Veck, F., Richardson, W. D., Vibert, A. C., Whiteman, H. J., Carry, J., Mathews, J. H., Stimpson, A. L., Gumbleton, L. E.
- IIIb. Dimmer, G. A., Sandy, L. J., Fielder, R. L., Payne, L., Sims, G. W., Sansom, W. F., Orman, G. A.
- Ila. Allsebrook, W. P., Price, T. E., Cooper, T. B.
- Ilb. Brookes, R. C., Hall, A. O., West, E. J., Reader, A. W., Fletcher, H. J., Murray, N., Target, P., Druitt, A. W.

### THE DEVIL'S LEAP.

The famous chaly-beate spring at Tunbridge Wells is known far and wide for its rare medicinal quality, but how it obtained its peculiar virtue is not so commonly known.

The legend runs, that over a thousand years ago there resided at Mayfield, three leagues or so distant from the spring, a holy saint named Dunstan, whom the devil, by many a crafty plan, had long sought to entrap.

Now St. Dunstan was not only a most holy saint, but was also highly accomplished in many handicrafts, so that it was reported he could build a church, and finish it, too.

One day he was busily working in his smithy, elaborating a church design, when suddenly there entered a most lovely lady, so beautifully attired that it seemed that no man could hope to resist her charms.

St. Dunstan, however, was wily, and at once recognised her as his satanic enemy appearing in this guise to tempt him. When, therefore, she

asked him to show her his skill with the hammer and tongs he promptly replied "Even so," and deftly seized her by the nose with the red-hot tongs. Thereupon she gave the saint a mighty kick, causing him to release his hold, and, resuming a diabolical form, left the smithy with a marvellous jump, landing by the spring ten miles away. Here Satan cooled his burning nose, and the water, which up to then had been quite ordinary, suddenly became charged with iron, and has remained so ever since.

R.R.E.C.

## House Notes.

### BLACKBROOK.

It is said that great things have small beginnings. This term the House for the first time in its existence put out a First Eleven in the House Matches. The connection between these two sentences will possibly be understood if they are read in conjunction with the account which our opponents will most probably give of the scores they made against us. The moral that we would have the reader draw is that Blackbrook's necessarily small beginning is going to lead in time, we trust, to that great thing—the House Soccer Cup.

McNeil has continued as House Captain: it is needless to add he has done extremely well in a most difficult and often disheartening position. 'Mac,' on or off the field is a tremendous force and inspiration.

The First Eleven facing foes generally twice as big had no enviable task. While all deserve the greatest of credit for their performance it would be impossible to pass without praise the stout-hearted work of McKenzie, King III and Graham.

In the Second and Third Elevens the play of Boyes, Graham II and Flemons was noticeably good.

The School has called upon the service of MacNeil (2nd) and Chamberlain II (3rd) during the term.

The House First Eleven included Graham, King III, Chamberlain II, Vibert, Chamberlain III, Richardson, McGibbon, Matthews, Pearce I, McKenzie and McNeil.

E.J.K.G.

### CAMS.

The House did well in the Oxford Locals, and we are very pleased to record that we won three Second Class Honours with Hall, Jones (distinct in Maths.) and King. Two passed with six credits, Cummins, Elcock and Bussey with four, and Forsyth with 3. Archell and Messen passed in Higher Maths. and Science. Cummins has

become a School Monitor and we offer him our congratulation. In sport, it seems to be our turn to lose so many who did useful work for the House and the loss of Bussey especially, has been very much felt. For though we cannot complain of the good work and keen spirit of those who are coming on, the weight of the heavy battalions of other Houses has told against us and we have had to suffer an eclipse. In the First Eleven matches we were beaten both by School House and Westbury, though in the later game we gave them a fright, for they only beat us by exceedingly lucky goal in the last minute of the game. The Second and Third Elevens both played well and won points that were most valuable.

Next term let us hope we shall have better weather, more practice, and above all the will to win, and then we will see about the Hockey Cup!

T.W.M.

### SCHOOL.

We must congratulate the House on its excellent efforts towards winning the Football Cup. The House as a whole is composed of much smaller boys than are found in the other houses. Consequently it was doubtful whether it would stand a fighting chance in the Cup matches. Against Cams, whom we defeated 3 goals to 1, Coles played a very creditable game at right back while Hurden managed to check the rushes of the opposing outside right.

Against Westbury, with whom we drew 2-2, Wheatley and Heather distinguished themselves in the defence, the latter making a good substitute for Coles, who was absent through illness. Tovey I and Chapman also played very well, Chapman equalising the scores at the eleventh hour.

We must also congratulate Ellam, the Captain of the second eleven, on the victories of his team against Cams, Westbury, and Blackbrook.

H. W. Andrews, who is now at College in London, took the Oxford Locals last summer term, and obtained First Class Honours; we wish him all possible luck in the future.

### WESTBURY.

This term finds us with little to chronicle concerning our own doings. The Football Cup also cannot be ours, though we had high hopes of capturing it.

We are glad to welcome a number of new boys to the House and hope they will work as hard for its good as their predecessors have done.

At the same time we must wish the best of luck to several boys who are leaving us, notably Goodall, who has been a very useful head of the House, and Budden, Cook, Scrivens, Davis, and

Collihole, all of whom have done well for the House.

I feel an apology is due from me personally to the members of the House, for having been absent from so many matches, but as most of you know, *my time* has been taken up very much this term with house affairs of another kind, and I can promise that if Westbury wins the Hockey Cup I shall be there to see it won. J.S.

### QUERIES—PERTINENT & OTHERWISE.

[The writer of this article has long since graduated from the "penny dreadful" stage to that of its no less entralling brother the "seven-and-six-penny shocker," and so craves pardon if since his day the details of the former works of art conform better in any way to reasonable standards of probability.]

Why should the Headmaster of all school stories be inevitably the possessor of nothing less than a Doctor's degree? And is it likely that the "grave and respected" doctor would at all times of the day and night wear his cap and gown! It goes without saying, of course, that he is "silver haired" and often has a flowing beard.

In the same type of story the French master is invariably the easy victim of the practical jokers, and the German specialist hand-in-hand with villains of the deepest dye: judging from the illus-

trations ninety per cent. of the Staff wear spectacles, and are nearly approaching the age of compulsory retirement: the one young master is generally unpopular (unreasonably so, of course) with his colleagues, and frequently aids the heroes among the boys to foil the scoundrels who have plotted to abduct the Headmaster's charming daughter or steal the school plate.

Why are the schoolboy heroes so often to be found in the Fourth Form and in parties of three? Must they not get somewhat bored with constantly taking the blame of others' crimes, and winning important matches and races on the very nick of time?

Has the Fat Boy, without whom no such story would ever be complete, really got so gargantuan an appetite?

Are prefects so black as they are painted, and the school captain such a noble fellow?

Would the hoary old school *custos*, who has a soft spot in his heart for the mischievous but merry heroes, always be able to wink at their escapades?

Does not the landlord of the local public house run very grave risks in letting the "fast set" drink, smoke, and play billiards whenever they wish, upon his premises?

Finally, can the authors of such stories ever have been to a school of any kind themselves?

NEMO.

