

THE



LION

PRICE'S SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

Vol. 1. No. 11.

DECEMBER, 1925.

New Series.

EDITORIAL.

There is an old story of a boy who possessed a much treasured pocket-knife. When the blades were worn out he had them replaced. Later, the handle had also to be renewed. Nevertheless, the boys insisted that he still had the same knife.

Now if the spirit of the owner could give continuity to the life of this pocket-knife, how much more ought the spirit of a School to persist, despite its ever-changing personnel. And it *does* so persist. Year by year, masters, boys, and even buildings, may change, but we still look upon it as the same School.

This power of tradition is one of the strongest and best influences in our lives. Yet it has a danger. Stagnation may overcome it; and then it becomes a deadening law, instead of a quickening spirit.

The power and danger of tradition have lessons for a School. We are going to say very little about them. But this is the term which sees the greatest influx of new boys, and it is up to them to remember that they have something more to do than to fit themselves, each into his own niche of school life. It is up to them to improve upon their inheritance. Nor should the senior boys fail to realise that they are surely, if unwittingly, moulding the standards of those who come after them.

How does the spirit of a School show itself? How is it possible to influence it? you may ask. Well, we say that every activity of the School life shows it, and that through each of these it may be influenced.

Take, for instance, games. We all agree that keenness to represent the School in a team is an excellent spirit. But the majority at any one time find this impossible. Then why not show your enthusiasm in a far less selfish way,

by turning out to cheer the School team. This, we think, is one important way in which every boy can show a desire to improve the spirit of the School.

Another School activity that is always ready for more support is the School Magazine. Every boy should buy one, certainly; but still more, every boy ought to attempt some contribution towards it. We publish the best that comes. Well, look through this issue, and say to yourself, "I could have done something better than these." Then set to work to prove it; and its never too soon to think of the next number.

SPEECH DAY.

Speech Day this year fell on Thursday, July 30th. The chair was taken by the Rev. J. E. Farbat, and the prizes were distributed by Mrs. H. F. Rawstorne, who, we are sorry to say, has left Fareham, her daughter, Lady de Salis, now being in residence at Roche Court.

OBITUARY.

It is with deep regret that we record the death, after an operation, during the summer holidays, of J. Cowburn II., of Form IIIA.

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

OXFORD SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

JULY, 1925.

1st Class Honours: Hayward (6 credits), Hall (8 credits), Edwards (7 credits).
Hall and Edwards gained Distinction in Maths.

2nd Class Honours: Hewetson, Cummins, King, Lewis and Phillips (7 credits each).
(All the above are exempted from London Matric.)

3rd Class Honours: Butters and Tovey (6 credits each).

Pass: Dodds (5 credits), Smith (4), Eyles (3), Graham and Cooper (2 each).

R. Wade was successful in the competition for Boy Artificers, R.N. (H.M.S. "Fisgard"), and joins in January next.

CRICKET AVERAGES.

BATTING.

Batsmen.	Inns.	not out.	Runs.	Av.	Inns.
Cooper	11	1	176	17.6	*60
Tovey	12	1	156	14.2	67
Chapman	11	3	76	9.5	28
Cummins	12	1	92	8.36	30
Chamberlain	11	0	60	5.4	14
Hurden	11	2	46	5.1	*16
Ross	11	2	45	5	9
Hayward	8	1	35	5	10
King i.	12	0	28	2.3	6
King iii.	6	3	8	2.6	*6
Phillips	11	0	21	1.98	6
Butters	3	1	15	7.5	*15
Newbury	2	0	6	3	6

* Not out.

Batting prize awarded to Cooper, av. 17.6.

Bat for first 50 runs awarded to Tovey, 67.

BOWLING.

Bowlers.	Overs.	Mdns.	Runs.	Wkts.	Av.
King i.	122.3	37	295	38	7.76
Tovey	109.4	42	282	31	9.09
Cooper	30	1	94	5	19.00
Cummins	42.4	15	104	14	7.43
Chamberlain	8.3	1	38	1	38.00

Bowling prize awarded to King i., av. 7.76.

Fielding prize awarded to Cummins.

FOOTBALL RETROSPECT.

At the time of writing, there still remain three matches to be played, namely, two games with the Old Boys, and a 1st XI. fixture with Hilsa.

The 1st XI. have so far had a successful season. Of eight matches played, they have won five, drawn one, and lost two. The two defeats were obtained at our expense by Gosport, who were a much faster and more business-like side. The game with Midhurst, played on a frozen pitch in bitterly cold weather, resulted in a victory for the School by five goals to one, a

result which was flattering rather than merited. Two of the matches were won away easily by double-figure scores. Much of the success of the XI. is due to the fact that the same side has played throughout the season. The result of this has been that a good understanding has invariably existed, and this has been apparent against some of the weaker sides.

The 2nd XI. began the season disastrously, but they improved considerably with more experience. Chamberlain has played consistently well in the forward line, and has scored many goals, and Newbury and Latty have made an effective right wing. Hurden and Butters in the defence have played well, but the defence as a whole has lacked steadiness.

A pleasing feature of the season has been the ability and keenness shown in the four Junior matches with Hilsa College. All the games were won by the School Juniors, and this is distinctly a good sign for 1st XI.'s of the future. Lewry and Baker are very good backs, and Watson iii., Andrews, Pinhorn, Case, Smith iv. and Franklin have played well.

The 3rd XI. have, owing to the effect of frost or rain, played but one game, against Gosport 3rd XI. This match they won by five goals to one, and showed good form in doing so.

1st XI. CHARACTERS.

- W. G. CUMMINS, Captain (Inside-right).—Cummins has played a great part in the success of the team, both as a player and a captain. Very fast and possessing good ball control, he has been the inspiration of the forwards. His ability to shoot accurately when on the run has earned many goals.
- B. J. DODDS (Right-back).—A safe kick and a strong tackler. Has played consistently well throughout the season, and his steadiness has been of great value.
- D. G. KING (Goal).—A reliable goal-keeper. Has good judgment and is not afraid to leave his goal. Played extremely well against Midhurst.
- S. A. TREMLETT (Left-back).—This was at first a difficult position to fill, but Tremlett was given a trial, and has fully justified his place. Uses his head very well, and tackles with determination.
- W. R. WATSON (Centre-half).—A sound, hard-working centre-half, although rather small for the position. Kicks well with either foot, and tackles strongly and successfully.
- A. T. EYLES (Right half).—Hard-working and good with his head. Not quite fast enough to hold a fast outside-left.

- W. DROVER (Left-half).—Has improved considerably since the beginning of the term. Feeds his forwards well, but also is rather slow.
- C. A. F. ROSS (Outside-left).—Has been rather inconsistent. When on form, he centres well and has made many good openings for the inside forwards. Rather slow at times.
- R. CLARKE (Inside-left).—Clarke's chief handicap has been lack of weight. Passes extremely well, and shoots well with his left foot. Has missed few chances.
- J. H. CHAPMAN (Centre-forward).—A remarkably keen player. He led the forwards with marked success, despite lack of weight. Shoots well and quickly, and passes to the wings with good judgment. Has a tendency to attempt too much on his own.
- H. D. ATKINS (Outside-right).—Has also been inconsistent, but has played some good games, and made a good partner for Cummins. Should be more ready to cut in.

The Second XI has consisted of:—

Goal: Butters.

Backs: Mobbs and Graham i.

Half-backs: Hewetson, Hurden, and Bucknall i.

Forwards: Latty, Newbury, Kiches i., Chamberlain, and Cubbin.

RESULTS OF 1st XI. MATCHES.

- Oct. 10th, v. Itchen (home). Won 5—2. Scorers: Chapman (2), Drover (1), Newbury (2).
- Oct. 17th, v. Portsmouth Grammar School 2nd XI (home). Won 8—4. Scorers: Cummins (2), Clarke (3), Chapman (2), Watson (1).
- Oct. 28th, v. Gosport Secondary (away). Lost 3—4. Scorers: Cummins (2), Watson (1).
- Oct. 31st, v. Purbrook Park (home). Won 13—2. Scorers: Cummins (4), Clarke (4), Chapman (3), Ross (2).
- Nov. 14th, v. St. Helen's (home). Won 15—1. Scorers: Cummins (7), Chapman (5), Ross (1), Clarke (1), Watson (1).
- Nov. 21st, v. Portsmouth Grammar School 2nd XI (away). Draw 4—4. Scorers: Watson (1), Clarke (1), Chapman (1).
- Nov. 28th, v. Midhurst Grammar School (away). Won 5—1. Scorers: Cummins (3), Chapman (1), Clarke (1).

- Dec. 2nd, v. Gosport (home). Lost 1—4. Scorer: Cummins.
- Dec. 5th, v. Purbrook Park (away). Won 4—2. Scorers: Cummins (1), Clarke (1), Ross (1), Drover (1).

RESULTS OF 2nd XI. MATCHES.

- Oct. 17th, v. Portsmouth Grammar School III. (home). Lost 2—6.
- Oct. 28th, v. Gosport II. (away). Lost 1—7.
- Nov. 14th, v. St. Helen's II. (home). Won 17—1.
- Nov. 21st, v. Portsmouth Grammar School III. (away). Draw 3—3.
- Nov. 28th, v. Southern Progressive (home). Won 8—0.
- Dec. 2nd, v. Gosport II. (home). Draw 4—4.
- Dec. 9th, v. St. Helen's II. (away). Won 5—1.

OLD BOYS' NOTES.

- L. G. GRINSTEAD is apprenticed as a fitter and turner at Thorneycroft's Works.
- W. V. COOK is keeping his terms at St. John's, Battersea, and is goal-keeper for their 1st XI. hockey.
- Mr. E. J. GARRETT is now a Master at Highbury County School, which has 355 boys, including many of the Hebrew persuasion. They do not attend school prayers, but have an assembly of their own, conducted by the senior Jewish boy.
- R. E. CROKER, after a very short stay in the Air Force at Halton Camp, has been invalided out for some kidney trouble, which the doctors estimate will clear off in a few years but needs care at present.
- H. M. LEWIS has obtained a post in a solicitor's office in Portsmouth.
- E. G. A. OSBORNE is at Netherleigh, Beeston, Notts. After leaving Denstone, he worked at Boots' Head Department at Nottingham, but hopes to come South again before long.
- A. J. B. COOPER, 51, Kendall-avenue, Sanderstead.
- J. H. ANDREWS. Passed London University Intermediate as an Internal Student from Northampton Institute (Engineering Coll.).
- W. E. COLLIHOLE (1.), who is at Hartley College, Southampton, has passed his London Intermediate and subsidiary subjects for his final B.A.
- R. H. SCOTT, 1st Batt. 14th Punjab Regiment, Ferozepore, has passed his promotion examinations for his captaincy. He had leave for a couple of months during the hot weather, and spent them on a very satisfactory shooting

trip, the bag including two black bears. Prospects of home leave seem rather doubtful. He goes back to his old battalion in March.

R. F. BUCKLEY is second in command of "Clan MacVicar," which is now on the way to Beira.

R. W. BUCKLEY, Lloyd's Bank, Wootton Bassett, Wilts., has passed Part I. of the Bankers Institute examination, and is due to take Part II. at Easter.

G. ELLAM, 6, Rue Jean, Binet, Colombes, Seine, Paris, has a post with the Paris Branch of F. Sage, who made many of the show cases used in the Exhibition of Decorative Arts. He has been playing Rugby football with the British Club.

L. G. EASTON has a new job with Ansaldo Motors, a car well known in racing circles on the Continent, and when he can talk Italian he will probably go to the works at Turin.

E. JEANS is apprenticed to Barre, motor engineers, Victoria-road, Woolston.

V. POELCHAU, Neuenburger Strasse 5, Berlin, S.W. 68.

P. D. GUDGEON, 117, Wilton-avenue, Southampton, is electrical engineering on his own account.

F. H. COLLIHOLE is now with Messrs. Plummer and Roddis, Southampton.

C. McNEIL has joined the R.A.F. with a short service commission, and is stationed at Upavon. He has successfully completed his first solo flight. He found a number of fellows at the depot who knew Henry at Cranwell.

F. W. TAULBUT is now in H.M.S. "Lucia" at Malta, the parent ship of the Submarines. In the final examination on H.M.S. "Fisgard" he passed out 35th out of 95, and scored 81 per cent. in the tests for workmanship, being specially noted for accelerated promotion. He was, for his last six months in the ship, Senior Chief Petty Officer Apprentice (practically Captain of the School), and captain of the ship's 1st Football XI.

W. M. JONES is also in H.M.S. "Lucia" at Malta. He passed out 15th, and scored 80 per cent. for workmanship, being specially noted for promotion.

S. S. SMITH, S.S. "Dromore Castle," c/o Union Castle Office, Cape Town, S. Africa, has just been to Washington, U.S.A., and found all the people wearing straw hats and palm beach suits dyed to look like tweed. The Library of Congress is a very fine building, rather like the Bodleian at Oxford, but all the columns

are of red, yellow or ivory marble, giving a wonderful effect. There are about two million books on 44 miles of shelves. The White House is simple, and about the size of Caius Hall, with a fine roof garden. Washington Monument is a white marble obelisk with a reflecting pool in front, and the Lincoln Memorial at the other end. The Americans seem quite unable to understand that deer forests cannot be cultivated, and they are not at all pleased at the high price of rubber.

J. M. LEE, 1st Hampshire Regt., Ridge Barracks, Jubbulpore, C.P. India, took the regimental football and boxing teams away to Calcutta during July and August, where the boxing team won all round and the footer team got into the third round of the All-India Tournament. He has also finished off his promotion examination, and is now in command of the Weapon Training Cadre, i.e., practically Assistant Adjutant. He managed to get a septic knee playing Soccer, and has had a month in hospital, but is now on the mend.

F. DE M. WELLBORNE is still at Kurrawyba, Young N.S.W., and has been in charge of the station for some time.

Hardly a week passes without a letter or visit from an Old Boy, and we have recently started a visitors' book, and hope that everyone will qualify for admission, either by letting us know his whereabouts and what he is doing, or, better still, by coming up to the School once more. This term's entries include to date:—

Visits from: Gudgeon, Edwards, F. H. P. Smith, E. P. Smith, R. R. Ross, R. H. Ross, N. Scott, E. Ross, T. G. Wagstaffe, H. F. Sturgess, L. S. Goodall, E. J. K. Garrett, F. Elcock, H. Lewis, F. E. Jones, D. Bore (whose motor cycle ran into a tree), R. H. Teek, D. Teek, C. McNeil.

Letters from: E. Hall (now articled to a chartered accountant at Birmingham), C. M. Ridsdale (home from India on sick leave), A. C. Hynes (now at Blundell's, Tiverton), R. B. Scott (Ferozepore), L. G. Easton (53, Chatterton-road, Finsbury Park), F. M. Wellborne, E. G. White (Rugby), V. Poelchau (Berlin), Taulbut (Malta).

A party of twenty-four E.R.A.'s, including F. W. Taulbut and W. M. Jones, sailed on Sept. 10th, in H.M.S. "Agamemnon," for the Mediterranean, and on arrival, after a good voyage, went to H.M.S. "Egmont" for a fortnight

(equivalent to the R.N. Barracks at Portsmouth), waiting for the flotilla to come back from Greece. The "Egmont" is really an old Maltese fort, of strange architecture, but commanding a fine view of the grand harbour. When the "Lucia" turned up she proved to be a boat built at Hartlepool many years ago for the Merchant Service, and for a long time she was a tramp steamer for a civilian firm. During the War she was captured by the Germans and used as a submarine mobber, but was re-captured in the Lucia Islands and given her present name, and is now the parent ship of the 2nd Submarine Flotilla, which includes six of the L class. She is under Commander Dickson, whose marriage to Miss Gordon, of East Hill, will be remembered, as it took place less than two years ago at the Parish Church.

ENGINEERING TRAINING IN GERMANY.

At the beginning of the summer, during the Easter holidays, I took a billet on a steamer plying between Stettin and Reval as a stoker, to get practical experience of ships' engines. Then I worked at college during the summer term, and in the holidays spent three weeks in the drawing office of a large electrical firm, and then a month as a train driver on a train between Berlin and Hamburg, the result being that I spent the last month of the vacation at home recovering from the train driving. You cannot imagine what awful work this is. It gets on one's nerves and affects the eyes pretty badly. The course at Berlin University to get the title of Diplom-Engineer takes five years. We have so much compulsory work to do that I have very little free time (about two hours a week for hockey and three on Sunday for writing letters). To give you an idea of our work I give the timetable for this term:—

Monday: 9—12 mechanics, 12—2 physics, 2—6 engine construction.

Tuesday: 8—12 mechanics, 2—6 mech. technic.

Wednesday: 8—10 theory of heat, 12—1 higher maths., 4—6 mech. technic, 6—7 law.

Thursday: 10—1 electro technic., 2—6 construction of engines, 6—8 chemistry.

Friday: 9—12 electric measurements, 12—2 physics, 2—3 vectors, 4—6 mechanics, 6—8 economics.

Saturday: 8—10 higher maths. (lectures), 11—1 ditto (practice).

Then at home there are many drawings to be done, problems to be finished, notes written up and copied out for the professors to sign, and then, after two years, all the signed note-books

have to be given in to get leave to take the Nine Papers in the examination for the title of "Kandidat Engineer." Then, after another two years, there are eight more exams. and a thesis, which give the title of Diplom-Engineer; and then, if one is lucky enough to get a job, the pay starts (in Germany) at £15 per month, but I hope to be able to come back to England then.

V. P.

MARRIAGES.

REV. ERNEST H. FRY, who is Curate-in-charge of St. Cuthbert's Mission, Christchurch, Glasgow, served in the R.A.F. in Egypt and Palestine, and was married at Fairfield, to Miss Lillie Weston. His brother acted as best man. The honeymoon was spent in the Isle of Islay, Inner Hebrides.

LIEUT. R. H. S. TEEK, Royal Marines, was married on Dec. 1st, at the Parish Church, Portchester, to Miss E. M. Simpkins, of Portchester, by the Rev. W. H. Maundrell, Chaplain of the R.M. Barracks, Eastney. A large number of friends were present, including many officers of the Royal Marines, who formed an archway with their swords as the newly-married couple left the Church. A reception was held at the Sandringham Hotel, Southsea, after which Mr. and Mrs. Teek left by motor for North Wales.

A TRIP TO TANGIERS.

When living at Gibraltar, I formed one of a party visiting Tangiers. A five hours' water trip brought us in sight of the African town. Surf boats, manned with dirty-looking Moors, came out to meet us. The ship anchored, and we landed in the surf boats. After choosing a guide, a tall, typical Moor, dressed for the most part in sacking, and after having dinner, we set out on donkeys to explore the outskirts of Tangiers. We saw lovely flowers and large nasturtiums growing wild. On returning to the town itself we dispensed with our donkeys, and visited the Market. Here, Moors squatted—too lazy, it seemed, to care if you bought anything or not. We purchased what looked like a beautiful bouquet of roses, but on reaching home, found each rose was cunningly wired, and when the bouquet was opened the roses had hardly any stems.

We visited many places, including an old harem, and a dirty prison, where the prisoners begged alms through the wooden bars. We also admired the lovely view of the Mediterranean from the sea wall. The streets of Tangiers were

very narrow and sometimes the smells were not at all attractive. We passed a strange "band"—Moors have a quaint idea of music, judging by their street efforts. We were next entertained by a snake-charmer.

The day passed very quickly, and after purchasing mementoes, we hurried back to the landing-stage, and embarked for Gibraltar.

F. S. K.

BOYS I HAVE MET.

First of all I will give you a few types. There is the happy boy, the new boy, the would-be-funny boy, the swot, the rough joker, and the loungeur.

We will deal with the happy boy first; there are a good many representatives of him in every School. He is the one who is always smiling; who, if he is tricked by a school-fellow, laughs and threatens to punch the trickster's head, which he rarely does, for he is too good-hearted. Next we will deal with the new boy; one sees them every term, and always thinks what fools they look; but it is great fun asking them their names and getting no answer; of course, if the answer comes, the fun is over. Next we have the would-be-funny boy; he is the gem of our collection; his jokes, of course, are stale; also he cracks them at the wrong time, and so he finds his own jokes turned against him, and in the end he scurries off with his tail between his legs. Again, he and another will creep up behind a boy, and he will kneel down behind their victim, but the latter, stepping aside, foils their little game, and the joker rises to find his nice clean knees covered with mud. Now we have the swot; there are not many of his sort, but they are good. They are the sort who creep to corners in the play-ground and munch apples, and think till the end of break, while there is a game of football going on. Next we have the rough joker, who is really a rough would-be-funny; his jokes are all right if he does not pick you as the victim, for to have a heavy satchel of books landing with a thump on your head is not a joke, it is beyond a joke. Now, last but not least, we have the loungeur; he is the proverbial bad apple. His one idea is to escape work, but to make things look as if he does the average work, and to keep in the favour of the master; in other words, he is the black sheep of the fold.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS.

L.G.B. IV.B.

A FROSTY MORN.

Ting-a-ling, aling! The alarm clock crashes out, and you, awakened from a happy dream, mutter something, and, grabbing the clock, endeavour to stop the row. By the time you have succeeded, you are fully awake. Oh! how cold it seems! One glance towards the window shows you the reason, for Jack Frost has paid a visit to the country-side and left his handiwork upon the glass.

Now, if you are a lover of Nature, as you ought to be, you leap out of bed, dash to the bathroom, and after a splash in the cold water, you dress hurriedly and make for the front door. Unfortunately, in your eagerness to embrace the smiling morn, you embrace the milkman, and a slight accident occurs. Some mornings this would spoil your pleasure, but now, to compensate, you see the trees seemingly one amazing pattern of whiteness. As you gaze upon this most entrancing scene, and think of the wonderful way in which Shakespeare describes it, you are suddenly brought back to life by slipping down. Then, alas, you forget Shakespeare, and the glorious morn, and murmur something else.

But I am not a Nature lover, and so I put the alarm on another ten minutes, and creep back into bed.

G. W. W. IV.B.

HISTORY UNDATED.

A cold *White* morning.

Sherlock Holmes was feeling very *Moody*. Taking his pipe from his mouth, he said: "My dear *Watson*, this *Case* is getting on my nerves. Is it to be a losing *Hunt*? The clues get *Dimmer* (i.) and *Dimmer* (ii.). It *Simms* to me a complete mystery."

"My friend, Sherlock; you should not be so *Cross* about the matter. For my*Self*(e), I do not *Care* at all, but I do not wish you to be made a *Targett* for ridicule. Let us consider together how to *Pearce* the mystery. *Tissard* if we can find no solution. A valuable dog stolen from *Canterbury*—a dog, in fact, owned by our illustrious *King*. His Highness, who is staying at *Winsor*, has proclaimed that he will give great *Riches* to anyone finding the same. *Craggs* Castle is not the same place without the dog scampering over *Moss* and *Heather*, and making music with his *Bark*. We must take the *Bull* by the horns and *Wade* in 'to the finish."

"Well, I have one clue still to follow. A *Baker* has reported that he saw two big *Boyes* *Carey* a large brindle up the *Eyles* of poplars leading to *Rowe* Court. The brindle was deposited in the *Hall*, and as this was on *Mundy*

morning, following the disappearance on Sunday night, it *Simms Moore* than a coincidence. Let us away to the scene. . . . Now look at this *Sandy* path. The tracks there *Bear* out the *Baker's* statement, and that *Barrow* behind the tree *Simms* to have been the vehicle used. Look at the *Nobbs* on this *Hall* door. They turn easily. We shall need no *Smith* to force the locks. Remain here and *Warn* me of any *Moore* developments. I leave you for the present, and I expect we shall find that these doors *Hyde* the object of our search. However, *Prior* to the going, I must ask you to examine this *Leese* drawn up by Mr. *Edmunds* in favour of Messrs. *Williams* and *Gardner*. Adieu."

W. E. CHAMBERLAIN.

DE DEBERE MANERE DUAS HORAS IN STATIONE FAREHAMIAE.

"Buck up, man! or else we shan't catch it."
"I don't care. I've got the stitch."

Jimmy and I cease our trot and continue our station-ward journey in a quick walk.

"Good heavens! she's whistling; come on; I don't want to have to wait two hours on this blooming station."

We ran as hard as we can, nearly knocking down the little ticket-collector, known as "Codfish" because of the unusual dimensions of his optical organs. Half-way over the steps! Ten more yards to go! But it might as well have been five miles, for the platform is reached just in time to see our highly amused school-fellows wave from the windows of the now quickly moving train. We watch the train go round the bend. She seems to be stopping. The signal is against her, and she draws up about fifty yards from the end of the platform.

"Well, if that's not the limit," exclaims Jimmy.

My exasperation is too great for words, but he continues a vociferous soliloquy.

"Just as if she couldn't have stopped thirty seconds longer here, instead of five minutes round the bend."

However, we become resigned to our fate.

"Let's go to the other side. There's a better fire there, and not so many old hussies," advises Jimmy.

"Right-ho!" I agree.

We retrace our footsteps in a manner rather more befitting two gentlemen of V.B. For running over steps and sliding down bannisters always reminds me of those hardy little urchins of the third form, whose great delight it is to leave the taps running in the toilet-rooms, and to indulge in other such like childish escapades.

We pass "Codfish" with an entirely innocent air and enter the apartment designated by a sign above the portal as "General Waiting Room." Owing largely to notices and commands scribbled in youthful hands on the walls of the said room, signed by "Shivering One," "Chillblains," and other pseudonyms reminiscent of low temperatures, a fire had been made in the usually cheerless and black-leadless grate. Round this emblem of comfort we drag two of the least dilapidated chairs. Jimmy pulls out "The Vengeance of the Crimson Hand," but I begin to read "Black Bartlemy's Treasure," as I disdain "bloods" and read only those high class books with gold streaks all down the back of the binding.

After a few pages of murder and sudden death, my reading is interrupted by the entry of a porter bearing a shovel and a coal-scuttle. I had unconsciously put my travel stained footwear on the spotless hearth, and before I could remove these violating extremities, I was assailed by the angry fuel-bearer with, "What the dickens d'yer wanter pucher feate orl o'er the foire fur?" Being used to little differences with porters, I knew these words meant that you are requested not to put your feet in the hearth. I tender my sincerest apologies, and continue my absorbing classic, until the arrival of several small boys. Jimmy and I command them with imperious gestures to approach our sacred persons. We demand the reason for their late arrival at the station. "Had to stay in" was the general reply. We beg them to state their employment during their hours of confinement.

"Well," said Jimmy, when they had answered, "I think you were let off too lightly, and just to show you that you must not give masters cause to detain you, we are going to punish you. 'What shall the chastisement be?' he asked me.

"Are you very warm," I demanded of them.

"N-no-oo," shivered one. "W-w-what a l-l-vely fire."

Jimmy, who is going to be a doctor, then began a homily on the foolishness and bad effect of warming oneself near a fire. "If you want to get warm," fell the words of wisdom from his lips, "you should run about to make your blood circulate well." The small boys looked mightily downcast at this piece of fatherly advice, but Jimmy only ordered them to remove their persons to the other platform. Here there are some nice little four-wheeled trucks, which, though they make an unpleasant row, "go like Old Nick," as Jimmy put it.

"Now then, half-a-dozen of you get behind that truck and push us up to the end of the platform and back," ordered Jimmy, "and then, if you're cold, you can do it again."

Sadly, the young human Pegasuses obeyed, and, urged on by Jimmy in the capacity of Jehu, we did the course in record time, despite heavy going.

"Still cold?" inquired Jimmy, in a benevolent tone.

"N-n-no, thank you," came the feeble reply.

"That's good. Now say 'Thank you' to your kind benefactors." They obeyed.

"Gee, wasn't it," said Jimmy to me. I agreed.

We were startled by a stentorian voice close behind.

"What y'ere makin' that din abart?"

Turning round, we saw the corpulent figure of the station inspector. We beat a hasty retreat, hotly pursued by this weighty Nemesis. He was determined to catch us, so we had to cross the lines into a small coppice behind the station. Here we were safe, but how could we get back? We climbed the gates on to the road, and ran back to the booking office, only to see the inspector waiting. Back again we ran, and just then the train came in. The next was not till ten o'clock! Then Jimmy had a brain-wave.

"What about that wall?" "Done," said I. By the waiting room there is a wall ten feet high, covered with thick creepers. It is the only way to get into the station without being seen from the booking office.

In an instant I was on the top of it, and hauled Jimmy up after me. Favoured by the fickle goddess, we crossed the line and clambered safely into the nearest carriage, just as the train left the station.

For once we felt satisfied with a two hours' wait at Fareham station.

C.A.W.

"SET TO SCHOOL SINGING."

Of late, distinguished persons, ranging in position from clergymen to labour leaders, have urged everybody "to set the nation singing."

In order to set it singing, one must first set the various little bodies and sects of people singing, such as evangelistic meetings, cinema audiences, and whist drivers, etc. I can think of only two public bodies that have really tried to put more harmony into life—the S.A. and the A.O.I.L.I. (you can have two guesses.)

However, Price's, to its credit, seized hold of and developed that idea long ago, when the musical ceremony of the Assembly Hymn was instituted. That five minutes of tuneful accord puts us all in a good humour for the long, long day.

As the door opens each morning, and a mob of chattering boys pour in, the august splendour

of the twin class rooms seems to become brighter, as if in delightful anticipation of so pleasant a serenade. The hum of voices—which is a mere tuning up—outwardly seems to be a collection of senseless conversations; yet if that noise were analysed, it would be found to consist of but eight words: "Have you done your Maths.?" "No, have you?"

Then comes the solemn procession and entry of masters. The hum gradually dies down. The hymn is announced. Throats are cleared. Professor Cumminski sits down at the Steinway (?), and gives a preliminary caress to the keys with the loving hand of an Old Master. Then, throwing back his white mass of snowy Lloyd Georgian locks from his artistic brow, he crashes into the opening bars of the hymn. Everyone, with two notable exceptions, misses the first bar, but ultimately joins in. From the front of the hall of song comes the shrill pipings of newly-born babes. Then, next in order of noise, the horrible cracklings of those lads who have lost childhood's sweet treble, and who have not yet gained manhood's grand organ. Then the faint murmurings of those older lads, who are just finding their feet, tenorally and bassorially speaking. From the very back arises the deep-mouthed utterings of the male voice choir. All these combining, make one glorious burst of song, which, leaking through the creaks in the partition, bursts forth and gladdens the earth, with the possible exception of the hymn-writer, who lies therein.

J.A.K.L.

A FOREST MOONLIGHT SONG.

The sun is setting, setting low,
Casts o'er the sky a ruddy glow;
The merry birds are taking their rest,
E'en now are sleeping in their nest.

A pale pink tint in the West we see,
King Sol has set behind a tree;
But look, towards the Eastern sky
The aged moon we can descry.

Behold yon rabbit's piercing eyes
As us it in the dusk espies,
But off it runs with frightened tread,
With timidness by Nature bred.

Luna is risen, shining bright,
Chasing away the gloom of the night;
But in the forest's oaken glade
Stately trees throw their eerie shade.

All life is bound by slumber's chain,
All save a nightingale's refrain,
Which e'en the dullest ear would please,
When echoing amidst the trees.

A.G.P. IV.B.

THE TRAGEDY.

The chilly winter wind swept through the deserted corridors and rooms of the old Manor House. From far up in the gable end came the sound of an unfastened casement banging to and fro. Out from the desolate moor came the eerie cry of a night bird. The scudding clouds drove swiftly before the face of the moon.

Crouching low in a corner of the old kitchen she waited, her lissome body pressed close into the shadowed recess. For hours she had waited for this moment, her lust to kill almost rising above her better judgment, and now the moment was approaching when her pent up feelings would find relief in that one desperate act which would mean death to her enemy. The moaning wind was hushed to silence. The time had come. With quivering nerves she heard the gentle tap, tap, of approaching feet; nearer and nearer, until the object of her hate was within striking distance. A leap, a blow, and a feeble screech. The cat had claimed the little mouse as her victim.

J. E. FRANKLIN. IV.A.

DISASTROUS SIMPLICITY.

The New Rich family was in an uproar. Mr. Robinson was in a temper, Mr. Robinson junior was in a temper, and Miss Robinson was in a temper. The cause of the discontent lay in an open telegram on the breakfast table. The scene was in the breakfast-room of a large, expensively furnished house in Richmond, on the 23rd of December. The contents of the telegram were as follows:—"Come to-morrow. Will." Now, William was Mr. Robinson senior's nephew, and came from some out-of-the-way place in the country. To say the most for William was to say that he was mentally deficient. Thus the Robinsons did not relish his being present at their dinners and gatherings with their aristocratic friends. Nevertheless, they did not like to put William off coming, so he came; but they had previously planned a little entertainment with him. On Christmas Eve the Robinsons were going to a dance, leaving William behind. Therefore, at lunch time, the whole family began to inform William of the fact that the house was haunted and that every Christmas Eve a phantom drew up outside the house in a transparent coach, came in through the key-hole, and clanked about the house as if it had chains on it. All this, William faithfully swallowed, but the butler also took it in, only in a different way. That night, all the servants were told that they could go home, and William was left in the house alone. Everything hap-

pened as William had been told. From somewhere down the bottom of the bed, underneath the sheets, William heard something draw up at the front gate, heard somebody make rather a lot of noise coming through the key-hole, and heard a good deal of banging about the house for an hour or more. The ghost was not a Robinson, because their ghost was to come on the scene after the dance; it was a burglar friend of the butler, and what he left in the house was what he could not carry away in his van drawn up outside.

William did not go to Richmond the next Christmas. He had proved too expensive a guest.

D.L.H.

TO-DAY'S B.B.C. PROGRAMME.

- 8 a.m. Time Signal from Maid.
 8.15 Selections from 'Bath' (by Lettım Soke)
 (1) Gurgle gurgle.
 (2) Anyone seen the soap?
 8.30 Solo by Father, "Tut! Tut!" (with razor accompaniment).
 9.0 Humorous dialogue, "Fun at Breakfast" (The Kids).
 9.15 Lecture by Pater, "The art of raising one's hat and bowing gracefully when the chicken flies out of the breakfast egg and says 'How do?'"
 9.30 Debates by Father:
 (1) "Who in the Marble Arch burnt the bacon?"
 (2) "Why the Fifth Avenue is the coffee cold?"
 (To be relayed to the neighbours.)
 10.0 Instructive Talk by the Boss, "Punctuality."
 10.15 Solo by Father, "The train started early but the wind was against it."
 10.30 Close down.

F. L. W. BUTTERS.

THE CRISIS.

He sat huddled in his chair, his eyes were glassy, his manly brow glistened with perspiration, which, despite his efforts at self-control, broke from him, and rolled in great beads down his face. His face had the look of one who has seen Death.

He held the instrument ready in his right hand. If he but could. . . . He ran his fingers through his hair. . . . He steeled himself for the ordeal. . . . He gripped his weapon tighter, till his knuckles showed white under the skin, and held it poised. . . . The crucial moment had

HOCKEY RETROSPECT.

We have played more hockey on our own field than for several seasons, with the result that many more than last year have discovered that they have some aptitude for the game. The House matches particularly brought out several players, and provided some close games.

The loss of seven matches out of twelve sounds formidable, but most of these were lost by small margins, and in some we were unlucky to lose at all. The best performance was the victory over Netley, who had not suffered defeat for several months; while H.M.S. "Fisgard," who defeated us, were largely indebted to their two officers, both class players of experience.

Mr. Shaw has been a great acquisition to the hockey field, and we are again indebted to Mr. Bradley for umpiring in most matches.

The 2nd XI. was unlucky to have two fixtures scratched, but we hope to have more games next season. Of its players, Mundy has saved many shots well in goal. Of the backs, Nobbs does a lot of work, but must not overdo reverse stick play, and Riches ii. is quite quick and clears hard. At half-back, Trigg ii. has learnt to use his stick instead of his feet; the centre-halves are commented upon elsewhere, and Scivier i. is a determined player who will be useful another year. Trigg i. is quite neat at outside right; at inside right Raby i. can shoot, but must be more alert; in the centre, Riches i. has some idea of positional play, but must acquire speed; Hall dribbles well at inside left; and Andrews does not get the ball in quite soon enough from the wing.

Of the players not in the first two elevens, Baker has ideas at outside left; Murray i., with more pace, has the making of a centre-half; Tunks, with stick control, would be quite useful; Silvester i., at back, is a stubborn defender; Edmunds uses his stick and judgment well, shewing distinct promise for the future; Hunt i., if he can acquire pace, could make a useful half-back; Chamberlain ii. is useful as a back or forward; Tizzard, though clumsy with his stick, can play back; Bear can hit and work hard; Swinstead might play outside left; Spencer hits cleanly at half; Raby iii. and Lewry, at half, can both hit hard, but should learn to dribble more; Mundy ii. clears well at back; Riley might play outside right, if he would centre sooner.

If budding players would only get a stick and practice dribbling round objects, animate or inanimate, it is marvellous how stick work and play could be improved. Above all, each should learn (as the 1st XI. have to quite an extent) that the secret of hockey is stick play, getting on with it, and making openings for the other players of your side.

HOCKEY MATCHES.

School v. King Edward Grammar School, Southampton.—Played on Fareham Recreation Ground.—This match produced a hard, fast game, but very little good hockey from either side. The School forwards did not play up to their form, possibly because their opponents played a different and less skilful type of game. The result, 3—2 against the School, was perhaps a trifle undeserved—a draw would have been a fairer result, Southampton scoring a few seconds from the end of the game. Chapman and Cummins scored the School's goals.

School v. Gosport Hockey Club.—At Gosport. Very little good hockey was seen in this game, although it was fast and interestingly level. The School forwards played exceedingly well at times, and had a good deal of bad luck. Gosport scored first, but Chapman scored for the School very shortly afterwards. The second half of the game was a series of attacks on either goal in turn, Gosport finally scoring after a bad misunderstanding on the part of the School defence. Chapman scored a second and clever goal in the last minute of the game. Of the forwards, Chapman and Cummins were very good, the latter having bad luck with several shots. Tremlett played excellently at back.

School v. King Edward's School.—The return match, played at Southampton, proved a close game, the issue of which was always in doubt. Our opponents attacked strongly in the early stages and scored; however, Cummins equalized before half-time. Each side added another goal, and the School got the lead at 3—2, only to see Southampton equalize. Thus a good match ended in a draw, 3—3. Our thanks are due to King Edward's School for entertaining us at tea.

Past v. Present.—The Past scored once in the first half, playing up the hill. In the second half Nugent went from centre-half to inside left, with the result that the Past were most aggressive and scored five more goals without reply by the School. Connolly, Nugent and Goodall were a formidable trio of inside forwards, while Sturgess at half supported them strongly.

Past team: W. E. Collihole, A. Phillips, D. E. Gregory, H. F. Sturgess, B. R. Shaw, F. E. Jones, L. Fay, L. Goodall, R. C. Connolly, F. E. Nugent, B. Moss.

CHARACTERS OF 1ST XI.

†B. H. DODDS, Capt. (right back).—Gets through a colossal amount of work. Tackles with judgment, and has saved many critical situations.

†W. G. CUMMINS (inside right).—His pace always catches the eye, but he has acquired