

# THE



# LION

## PRICE'S SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

Vol. 1. No. 12.

APRIL, 1926.

New Series.

### EDITORIAL.

No hockey, no "Lion," was the story last Easter; and for the first few weeks of the present term a repetition of this dual calamity seemed probable. Then, however, the weather set to work to confound the pessimists, and with such success that sport was almost threatened interference by the hardness of the ground—until a cow kindly demonstrated that the turf had not yet reached the "iron" stage.

A glance through our pages will show that a fine Spring has not only allowed physical activity to report its prowess, but has also kindled the latent lyric fire that smoulders deep down—oh, how deep!—within the heart of man. We realise that some of the sparks emitted may lead, with some people, to a hasty conflagration of the whole magazine; but reader, before you take such a drastic step, remember that no fire can destroy the spirit of the "Lion," but will only arouse it to a fiercer fury of revenge; and then, what atrocities it might produce!

Remember, also, that the artist of to-day has thrown aside the standards which public appreciation would demand. In poetry, he refuses to be bound by the narrow rules of rhyme and rhythm; he denies that his words should express any meaning, or that beauty is any criterion of excellence.

We heartily agree with him, and hasten to give to the world any work which obeys the one and only essential law of all poetry; a law to which there is no exception in published works; a law by which the dullest soul may recognize at sight the highest possible form of expression; a law, in fact, which is writ large on every line of verse; in brief, the law which demands a capital letter at the beginning of each line. We claim that every poem in our pages conforms to

this demand,—for have not we ourselves put in the capitals?

All criticism is silenced.

No periodical of any standing dare neglect some mention of the great event of the coming summer—the battle for the Ashes.

To the Australians who will soon be landing close to us we offer a warm welcome. Our School fixture list is already made, so that we cannot offer them anything more. It is a pity that some of our matches clash with the "Tests," but the selectors need have no fear of our refusing to release anyone whom they may choose. We apologize to them for not having copied the example of all our contemporaries, in suggesting the team which ought to be chosen. We did think of it; we attempted to find an original one, but only to discover that every possible combination of first and second class cricketers had already been made.

We have, however, a certain amount of valuable advice to give. We think that the team ought to be chosen on a strictly mathematical and scientific basis. Every theoretical and applied science should be thoroughly understood by the captain, so that by seeing which bowler burns with a certain coloured flame, he may know what change to make at a critical moment. Similarly, he should be able to test his batsmen by immersing them in a particular acid. We hope that the day has gone by when people believed that a match was decided by the making of runs or the taking of wickets; or that experience or personal ability were necessary for the members of the team. Every member should be given a written examination on the sciences underlying the game, and if he can pass that, it does not matter in the least whether he has ever touched a bat.

We can supply suitable papers, whenever the selectors decide that the only way to rescue "the Ashes" is to use a little common sense in raising a team.

## 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

better stick work and skill in dribbling. Shoots hard and quickly.

†F. L. W. BUTTERS (goal keeper).—Has saved many shots very well, and runs out with judgment and quite fearlessly.

†S. A. TREMLETT (left back).—Has developed into quite a useful back, who can clear hard. With a little pace play will be very useful indeed.

†A. T. EYLES (centre half).—As a rule his stick work is good, and he plays hard, but finds the roving commission of a centre half rather exacting.

†J. H. CHAPMAN (centre forward).—Has come on a lot this year in dribbling; he can also shoot quite well. A bit inclined to run over the ball.

\*H. D. ATKINS (inside left).—Is clever with his stick and can dribble quite well; he must, however, learn to shot quicker.

\*D. G. KING (left half).—Improved in stick work as the season advanced. A tenacious player, but a bit too inclined to work in to the centre from his wing.

\*W. E. CHAMBERLAIN (outside right).—Has acquired quite good ball control, and plays well with Cummins on the right wing, and does not delay his centre too long.

\*J. C. HURDEN (outside left).—His stick work is fair, but he should vary his tactics a little more.

\*L. H. HEWETSON and \*E. W. BUCKNALL have both played right half. Hewetson has a good reach and uses his stick well, but must move quicker. Bucknall hits hard and takes the ball well on his stick.

† Indicates 1st Colours.

\* Indicates 2nd Colours.

#### 1ST XI. MATCHES.

Played 12, won 3, lost 7, drawn 2.

Feb. 3.—University Coll., S'hampton	Lost	0—4
" 6.—Southsea	Won	7—1
" 20.—Fareham	Lost	2—3
" 24.—King Edward's School	Lost	2—3
Mar 3.—Southampton	Lost	3—5
" 6.—Ryde Grammar School	Won	10—0
" 10.—Netley Hospital	Won	3—0
" 13.—Gosport	Drawn	2—2
" 20.—Past v. Present	Lost	0—6
" 24.—King Edward's School	Drawn	3—3
" 25.—Netley Hospital	Lost	1—3
" 27.—H.M.S. "Fisgard"	Lost	3—5

#### 2ND XI. MATCHES.

Played 3, won 1, lost 2.

Feb. 24.—King Edward's School II.	Lost	2—6
Mar. 3.—Hilsea College	Won	9—1
" 24.—King Edward's School II.	Lost	0—5
1st v. Present II. and H.M.S. "Fisgard" II.	scratched.	

#### JUNIORS.

Junior XI.'s played Hilsea College Juniors (four XI.'s), Alverstoke Ladies (twice), Alverstoke Ladies (Wednesday), Waverly Ladies, Little Appley, Southsea Ladies, Haslar Ladies; while Civil Service Ladies and Alverstoke (Wednesday) were scratched.

#### HOUSE MATCHES.

Cams i.	...	1	School House i.	0
Cams ii.	...	1	School House ii.	0
Cams iii.	...	12	School House iii.	0
Cams i.	...	6	Blackbrook i.	0
Cams ii.	...	2	Blackbrook ii.	1
Cams iii.	...	0	Blackbrook iii.	1
School House i.	...	5	Blackbrook i.	1
School House ii.	...	3	Blackbrook ii.	1
School House iii.	...	1	Blackbrook iii.	1
Cams i.	...	1	Westbury i.	0
Cams ii.	...	0	Westbury ii.	1
Cams iii.	...	3	Westbury iii.	0
Westbury i.	...	4	Blackbrook i.	1
Westbury ii.	...	3	Blackbrook ii.	2
Westbury iii.	...	5	Blackbrook iii.	2
Westbury i.	...	3	School House i.	1
Westbury ii.	...	1	School House ii.	1
Westbury iii.	...	8	School House iii.	0
Cams	...	21	points.	
Westbury	...	17	"	
School House	...	8	"	
Blackbrook	...	2	"	

#### CRICKET FIXTURES. (INCOMPLETE).

Date.	Eleven.	Opponent.
Sat., May 29.	—I.	J. B. Sinott's XI.
Sat., June 5.	—I. II.	St. Helen's College.
Wed., " 9.	—I. II. III.	Gosport.
Sat., " 12.	—I.	Portsmouth G. Sch.
Sat., " 26.	—I. II.	Portsmouth G. Sch.
Sat., " 26.	—I.	Midhurst.
Wed., July 7.	—I.	Banister Court.
Sat., " 10.	—I. II.	St. Helen's College.
Wed., " 14.	—I. II. III.	Gosport.
Sat., " 17.	—I. II.	Portsmouth G. Sch.
Sat., " 24.	—I.	King Edward's Sch.
Wed., " 28.	—I. II.	Past v. Present.

#### A SOVEREIGN.

I was born ages ago, in the cold north of Canada. Here I lived for thousands of years happily. My mother was a long streak of peculiar soil. One day I heard the tramp of something overhead, and soon a large instrument penetrated to our strata. We were (that is my companions) shovelled out and washed

thoroughly. We were then crushed and made molten. We were poured into the shape of bars. Our colour was then a golden yellow. We were taken across the country on sleighs, and when we arrived at the coast we were put aboard ship and taken to England. The bar I was in was taken to a factory, and here we were melted again. I was made in the shape of a circle, and clasped to me was a precious gem. I was taken away and put into a shop window on a padded tray. Here I was for some time, but one day a gentleman bought me and took me away. He put me in a case and carried me about with him. One dark night I was taken out of my case and put on a girl's finger. Here I stayed for some time, but I was doomed to another fate. I was taken off and given to a man, who put me in his pocket. Here were many other rings like me. We were taken to a house, and here the jewels were taken from us. We were put in a sack and taken to another factory, where we were made into a long, thin bar. We were pushed under a stamping machine and made round. I had a milled edge, a head on one side and a knight on horse-back, killing a dragon, on the other. I was taken away and put in the bank. From there I was distributed, and was in circulation for a good time. But one day I was put in a box, where there were many others like me. I have stayed in this box to to-day, and I have not seen daylight once.

J. FRANKLIN.

## EXAMINATIONS.

Many and varied were the hideous tortures conceived by the Spanish Inquisition, but did anyone ever devise a more horrible means of inflicting pain than examinations mean to the average schoolboys. They precede holidays and form the "pill in the jam." No criminal awaiting sentence, no man in the deadliest of perils, suffers more nerve-racking tortures than the "non-swatting" schoolboy as examinations draw near.

With no prospect of mumps or measles it means a week of long-drawn-out agony, which even when lived through has a cheerless conclusion, when results are made known.

"Exams. are no good" is the almost universal verdict, but school authorities appear to think them a very necessary "evil." Now let us pay a visit to the "chamber of horrors" (the examination room).

A few moments before the hour appointed for the commencement of proceedings a peculiar sympathy-moving spectacle may be seen. The wretched victims begin to arrive, and in two's and three's creep, rather than walk, to

their allotted places. They sit down, gaze round with horror-stricken countenances and staring eyes which bear witness to a sleepless night; shiver, though not because they are cold; and finally glance furtively and with apprehension at the raised seat of the master.

When all are seated and the majority are perhaps conversing in whispering terror-stricken accents, the master arrives. Most voices are quickly hushed to awesome silence, except those of a few noteworthy die-hards, who make a show of bravery by talking in loud, forced tones simply because the sound of their voices takes away, or at least relegates for a while, the sense of impending disaster. Soon, however, even their utterings cease or sink to muttered exclamations, and silence reigns more or less supreme.

Then comes a queer rustling sound and the room is invaded by several solemn begowned masters, all armed with their particular instruments of torture (examination papers).

Finally, each boy has his copy and settles down, or is supposed to, to work. Some fortunate ones give a hurried glance over the questions, smile contentedly, and commence writing, hoping that that can at least gain fair marks. Others scan the paper and, with growing apprehension, find nothing, or so it at first seems, that they can attempt. They press their hands to their clammy, perspiring foreheads, and dejectedly try to recall past exercises.

They look at the clock—a quarter of an hour has passed, and they have written nothing.

Frantically they choose the least threatening question, and begin to write something. This something may or may not be remotely connected with the set subject, but to victims in their misery it is at least better than a blank paper.

Then, perhaps one poor scholar has what he thinks is an inspiration—he writes frantically against time, and when he gives up his paper, although he is feeling absolutely done, the knowledge that he has one question right tends to gladden his heart a little.

So he, in company with many fellow sufferers, staggers from the room, pale of face and with thumping heart, but relieved that the terrible ordeal is past. Before departing home he compares notes with other who have been tortured, and learn that they 'as well as he have been surprised at the little they knew.

Passing out from the school, he has his last great shock: he hears two of the fortunate boys who have attempted everything, talking, and a mist gathers before his eyes, and he staggers and nearly falls as he overhears his inspiration doomed by the "know alls." His certain question is certainly wrong.

He moves away and stumbles homeward, full of abject misery and mumbling "Why ever did the masters not ask me the questions I had swotted the evening before, and knew? It is rotten . . . rotten . . . why are they not more considerate? . . . Fancied expecting a fellow to know something about everything! . . . there's no sense in exams; they ought to be abolished."

W. E. CHAMBERLAIN.

## IN THE DOMAINS OF NEPTUNE.

At a few minutes to seven on a beautiful tropical evening, news came down that Neptune would be aboard at two bells. All hands rushed forward. As two bells struck, the look-out reported "All well," and suddenly there was a tremendous jangling of chains on the fo'c'sle and the Monster was heard to come up the ship's side, one of his attendants ringing the bell rapidly. A deep voice demanded "What ship?" "Woodarra" came the answer from the bridge. "Where bound?" "Australia." "Have you any greenhorns?" (new hands). "Yes, fourteen." "Very well; I will be aboard at two o'clock to-morrow."

At 1.30 p.m. all the new hands had to leave the cabins and hide until the search at two o'clock. As there were so many of us, eleven cadets, two engineers, and the doctor, we were advised to put up some sort of a scrap. Now, the handiest place which could be held for a considerable time was the poop. Previously we had collected all the rubbish from the ship, such as rotten vegetables, and put them in a heap there.

We then got about a dozen hatch boards and lashed them to the rails, and put spars and old stools on the ladders, thus preventing anyone from easily climbing up. We rigged up a hose and got pretty good pressure, as the engineers we had with us had turned on full pressure and then taken off the keys to the cocks.

At two o'clock the bugle sounded its shrill call and the sea-boat was hoisted at the fore yard. Then Neptune started on his procession round the ship. A tour round the whole ship is made by the whole ship's company, and then Neptune is held to his court and the policemen set out to capture their foes. There were twenty policemen, and fourteen cadets to be made prisoners. As soon as they approached they were greeted with showers of rotten vegetables, buckets of water, and a hose. When our supply of ammunition was exhausted we were done for, because they did not mind the water, it being so hot that they had few clothes on. It took nearly twenty minutes to capture the last of us and take us to the Royal Court.

The court consists of Neptune and his

Queen, the Judge and his Clerk, the Doctor and Bill the Basher, and, of course, the Bashers and the Duckers.

One by one we were led up to the court and made to kiss Queen Neptune's feet. Then, facing the King, the Clerk read out our charges, and he chiefly besought the Judge not to be at all lenient in passing sentence. At which Sir Lucifer Ling replied that he would deal with each case according to its deserts.

All hands were charged with "Having entered the Royal Domains without first paying homage to our most August and Sovereign Lord, King Neptune, Monarch of All Seas."

Then the Clerk read out the various charges of each person, and after the Judge had considered them, he passed the severe sentence.

Turning to Bill the Basher, he would say: "Give him four," and Bill would delightfully perform the operation by dealing you four with a thick rope's end.

After this had been carried out, each case was medically examined by Sir Enos Bilge, the Court Physician. The examination was made with an "instrument" which was placed on the chest, having its surface covered with black paint, which, on being removed, left a big mark on the skin. Then he administered the renowned dose of medicine (made from vinegar and salt water), and a pill about the size of a marble (made from soap and tallow).

The next operation of interest was the interview with the Barber; this consisted of a profuse rubbing in of a shaving soap of strange composition (chiefly black paint and ground ashes), which was liberally applied by a white-wash brush. This was "shaved" off by a wooden razor large enough to be mistaken for a scythe. Then the unfortunates were plunked from a well-greased plank into a sail bath below, to receive the kind attentions of Neptune's honourable servants, the water nymphs.

This brought the ceremony to a close, and the initiated were presented with a beautiful certificate stating what great honours His Majesty, Neptunus Rex, had conferred upon them.

A.W.W.

## AT RANDOM.

It would be rather interesting to publish as a supplement the work which has been rejected for the "Lion."

There are always some excellent and informative articles which have to give place to others that touch more closely on school life. A selection of second-hand jokes is invariably sent in and rejected; whilst aspiring poets may have

to be disappointed owing the large quantity of similar work sent in. Also, there is a good deal which is not good enough to be published.

Perhaps someone will make an offer for this valuable collections of surplus manuscript?

\* \* \* \*

The only new-comer to Va. this term was put in the corner at once. It is still there. Laden with scientific knowledge, which may be dragged out, but which never comes forth of its own accord, it is, perhaps, typical of its surroundings; it stands just within the door to symbolize the traditional atmosphere of the room, and to sober the enthusiast.

A little farther on is an inhabitant of a very different type. Lock and key are needed to restrain it from any too violent outburst of spirit. This term it has grown considerably and shown a more attractive countenance. Nevertheless, every growth leads to a corresponding drain on

its resources; and these are still far too small. Perhaps some day we shall copy the practice of many schools, and encourage those who have appreciated its offers to leave behind them some small volume as a reward for what it has freely bestowed upon them.

Who will be the first to earn the gratification of posterity?

\* \* \* \*

Of the madness that will suddenly overcome a multitude, there have been so many examples, that a recent one does not awake comment.

But what became of the marbles? Matter, we are told, is indestructible. Was it therefore hoarding by the miser, or confiscation by the master, that made them vanish so completely from our sight?

\* \* \* \*

There are rumours about, that certain strange gentlemen who were seen peering in corners and behind radiators in the class-rooms a few weeks ago, were endeavouring to find a site for the new school. Some people even go so far as to say that they had the new buildings with them and that they will be unveiled after prayers one morning, as soon as the Board of Education have fully approved them. But this may be incorrect.

\* \* \* \*

THE WEATHER (Special Forecast for Price's area).—A deep depression which has been centred over this area for several days is now moving rapidly away, and a general improvement in conditions is expected. This will at first manifest itself by the formation of numerous secondaries, which will scattered rapidly over the whole district within a day or two.

Reports will be anxiously awaited in a few localities owing to the fear of expected develop-

ments, but over the greater part of the neighbourhood, three weeks' continuous sunshine is predicted.

FURTHER OUTLOOK.—The barometer will fall suddenly, and the area of consequent low pressure will attract currents from all directions; winds perhaps reaching gale force. After a day or two conditions may improve, but there will be frequent deep depressions, relieved only by occasional ridges of high examination pressure. Bitterly cold east winds and heavy rain will prevail, though there may be a temporary local improvement in the Winchester district.

## SCHOOLBOY SEASONS.

Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter. All are recognised seasons, but the schoolboy's year is divided into seasons mentioned in no geography book. Hockey, Cricket, Football and Holidays mark the divisions. In Spring, Nature is awakening after the dark Winter; everywhere is new life, and new life is also seen on the School playing fields during the "breaks" and afternoons devoted to games. Boys may be seen dressed in football togs and carrying hockey sticks, while others sadly await the master who has sentenced them to detention. The hockey term has great attractions for lads not lucky enough to be in either 1st or 2nd XI's, for teams called 3rd's are formed to play various ladies' clubs, and excitement is great when the names are put up on the notice board. Many clamour to see if they have been picked, and some turn away happy, while others want to know why the dickens they have been left out. Spring has its vernal equinox, and the School Spring is not without its own, because in this term the Steeplechase is run, which causes great excitement. Many boys run, some because they think they have a chance of winning, or at least of coming home soon after the winner; others because they want to help their particular House to win the Cup. Spring term of 1926 can still be called "The Hockey Term," but it has witnessed a great revival—that of the ancient game of marbles. Groups of boys could be seen standing round the small holes—eyes sparkling with enthusiasm and pockets bulging. In fact, the craze obtained such a hold that even the "Gentlemen" of V.B. condescended to have an occasional game, while now and again a Master would stop to watch in breathless awe the trickery and guile of lads of the second and third forms. But the proposal to apply for the formation of a School team for the noble game fell through, and mothers now have not such great cause for worry over the holes in their sons' pockets.

In Summer, Nature shows the fulness of her beauty and the School is bright in accordance. Boys are seen in the playing fields clad in spotless white flannels and carrying cricket bats under their arms. What excitement, especially in the trial matches—to be dismissed for a duck. What undeserved misfortune! The geography books teach us (?) about the Summer Solstice. I think we may say that our School has its equivalent in the Midhurst match. This is *the* match, and it is played at home. It begins before morning school is over, and when we come out from lessons most of us remain to watch for a while and to cheer the School. Two other events distinguish the Summer term; the School Sports and Winchester Sports. In both immense interest is taken, the great object being to field a team to carry the shield or a cup from Winchester.

Nature is not so bright through the Winter, and the School follows suit. It is the Football season and the playing fields are covered with mud. In like state are the players, especially during the last two seasons. One great event is the Old Boys' match, and there is always the looking forward to Christmas Holidays—Holidays not shadowed by the thought of examinations.

Not many words are needed for the Holiday season. To the boys' ideas: much too short; to those of the parents: much too long. But, after all, times to look forward to and back upon, forming a very pleasant part of the Schoolboys' year.

L.G.C.

## RIO DE JANEIRO.

Rio de Janeiro was so named because what is now the harbour was thought to be the mouth of a river when it was discovered in the month of January. Adjudged by many to be even more beautiful than Sydney, Rio harbour is really magnificent. On the right as you enter the harbour is one of the residential parts of Rio—Niteroy; on the left is the hill known as the Sugar Loaf. The latter is a huge conical mass, with precipitous sides. The top of this hill is connected to the top of a lower one by a steel cable, from which hangs a small car.

A ferry, like the Gosport—Portsmouth one, passes between Niteroy and Rio proper. The south part of Rio, away from the business part of the city, and especially the districts of Leme and Copacabana, are ideal. There are many well-built houses, artistic gardens and broad promenades, but as these districts are outside the Sugar Loaf headland, they face the open sea and bathing is not very safe.

Rio is a very healthy city now that proper

hygienic methods have come into use. The "avenidas" are broad, the houses are, on the whole, exceedingly well built, and the inhabitants themselves seem to differ from those of the rest of Brazil.

The climate is more suitable for Europeans than further north, as emphasized by the fact that small strawberries can be grown in winter.

My first stay in Rio was at Copacabana, and my second at Leme and Niteroy. Of the former I have scarcely any recollection; but of the latter, I remember that most of the days were spent in bathing and spearing crabs, with an occasional visit to Rio.

The crab-spearing took place at high tide, when, armed with a long bamboo pole, with a sharp nail bound to the end, I took up a position on the front and transixed the crabs as they came up to the shallow water. These crabs were quite big and were somewhat of a delicacy. The days in Rio never seemed long enough during our last stay of nine months, and of the places I have visited it is the one I wish most to re-visit.

L.F.S.H.

## THE GREEN HORROR.

"Stupendous discovery at remote country mansion!"

"Mysterious death of eminent scientist!"

"Baffling problem for the police!"

Such were the amazing headlines which, under ordinary circumstances, would have set the pulse of all beating at fever pitch, but which now passed as an almost common-place, looked-for, event.

How came it that such a sensational happening failed to fire public curiosity?

This is the explanation.

For days, nay weeks, past the world had been literally staggered by an unchecked series of strange and mystery-veiled deaths of famous people, until now the faculties of all were so completely numbed as to make it impossible for any announcement, no matter how vivid or dramatic, to cause surprise.

However, more un-nerving events were to take place in the near future.

The very chief of Scotland Yard, the brains of the greatest police organisation in the world, who had set himself to solve the mystery of the astounding occurrences, was threatened with death! People all over the land were in an advanced stage of panic. All went in fear of their lives, wondering whether they might be the next victim of the terrible menace.

Every possible means of solving the mystery had been resorted to, but all had failed. The

deaths continued, and on all the bodies, but one single clue was found. Every corpse had on it a faint greenish mark: nothing, absolutely no other tangible clue to the cause of death was to be found.

And now it seemed that the life of England's greatest criminal investigator was in peril. All possible precautions were taken to safeguard him, but in every mind lurked an inward conviction that such precautions would be of no avail whatsoever.

To the awe-inspiring "thing" that dealt death, mysterious and unknown, to whom "it" pleased, surely such puny attempts to safeguard a life must seem absolutely futile and negligible. Then, as mysteriously as they had begun, the succession of deaths ceased.

However, not for one moment, even after nothing had occurred for a whole week, did the vigilance of the police relax. The Chief was guarded night and day: everywhere he moved, two detectives followed him, and they even slept in the same room at night.

Still the baffling "Presence" remained aloof, and into the hearts of all gradually crept the thought that perhaps the police had proved too good for the death-dealer: people went about looking a little less terror-stricken, and all and sundry began to recover from the shocks of the past.

One night, about a fortnight after the last of the series of deceases, the Chief sat in the library, before retiring to rest. Near him sat his two "shadows," and all three were quietly discussing the events of the past few weeks.

Outside, rain spattered on the windows, thick, black, scurrying clouds covered the sky, and the wind was quickly working itself into a gale. It was a wild night: the atmosphere seemed charged with electricity, and over all hung an air of expectancy.

Soon the three within the house retired to bed; the lights went out, and all within seemed peaceful. The Chief and his men were soon sleeping peacefully and all seemed well.

About one o'clock, however, when the night was at its darkest and wildest, an eerie, heart-rending shriek rent the air; it continued, rose to a high crescendo, and then suddenly terminated in a gurgling, choking sob, as of one in death throes.

The three started up in bed, the very blood frozen in their veins. The electric light was switched on, and with terror-stricken faces they regarded each other. All wondered from whence had come that terrible, piercing cry, and listened for a repetition.

None came: all was still! even the wind had temporarily abated and Nature herself seemed to be standing still in expectation of

some sensational event. And sensation there was!

Just when the first great heart-gripping terror had passed and they had begun to breathe freely again, the room was plunged into inky blackness.

With gasps of apprehension, the two detectives leaped out of bed, and then recoiled at the sight that met their eyes. There, near the door, appeared a faintly luminous green colour. It spread, and soon, before their distended eyes, they saw an awful apparition. No words can describe its hideousness, for it was neither man nor indeed anything human. True, the shimmering shape of colour moved, but that was all.

Suddenly there was a blinding flash of light, a thundering noise, and then—darkness. One of the men had fired at the fantastic shape in front of him. Swiftly, the other crossed to the light switch and bathed the room in brilliancy.

Instantly, their gaze travelled to the bed of their Chief, and—oh, horror!—they saw him huddled inert upon the covers. His hands tightly grasped the bed-clothes, and on his face was a look of abject terror.

His followers stood petrified, staring fascinatedly upon his almost unrecognisable visage, and it was then that they saw it—the light green mark upon his left temple—and they knew the truth.

After a period of a few days the "Thing" unnamable had returned, like a thief in the night, to greater violence and murder, and tragic and terrible death had overtaken their Chief.

The Green Horror—the Invisible Slayer—had claimed yet another victim; had returned to terrify all, and still remained unexplained.

W. E. CHAMBERLAIN.

## "THUS ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN."

Mr. Aubrey McClintock Smithwhistle was, unfortunately, not one of England's great Politicians. To this fact are directly traceable the increase in infant mortality, the decrease in the output of gorgonzola, and several other minor troubles such as an income-tax, saxophones, and housemaid's knee. However accomplished Aubrey might be in other branches of warfare, he was emphatically not a public speaker; politics, or for that matter public functions of any kind, were not his forte, which, as I would have said before if I had thought about it, was a pity.

"Whistle," as he was familiarly known, was a cheery soul and something of a humorist; but that was not his fault. He was also a great

traveller. That is to say, he was "here one minute and gone the next," as Shakespeare has it (or is it Tolstoy?), but unfortunately he had a habit of taking souvenirs of his visits. He would call on a friend for a few minutes, help himself to a cigar, and pocket the rest of the box quite as a matter of course. His favourite form of amusement was to call on the said friend and borrow his spats or his waistcoat, usually when he most needed them. This little habit of his, though endearing him to all the world in general, eventually brought about his downfall. "And," as Buchan says, "this was the manner of it."

Owing to his consistent good form with the North Shoreditch Tip-Cat Club, he was invited to stand as Liberal candidate for South Lambeth University at the forthcoming General Election.

To celebrate this honour he decided to give all his friends (who were considerably augmented for the occasion) a dinner at the Savoy. The beano went off quite satisfactorily, and Whistle repressed his native instincts to the extent that he did not try to bag the spoons. We had hopes for the best, and it seemed as if our hopes were to be realised till the time came to pay the bill. Whether Whistle's ancestors were Jews or Scots I cannot say, but he will never accept the waiter's estimate for "goods supplied." Seeing he was about to commence a Dutch auction, we cleared out and left him to it, not being anxious to lend a "tenner." When he rejoined us some time later we noticed, to our horror, that he was attired in a different suit to the one he had worn at dinner. Subsequent enquiries proved that he had appropriated the Prime Minister's top hat, the Chancellor's dinner-jacket, the Home Secretary's trousers, and Ethel M. Dell's shoes. Whistle, however, seemed to notice nothing amiss, so we let the matter drop.

A week later he started his election campaign. Things at first went with a swing. His speeches, if not absolutely correct or confined to politics, were snappy and amusing, and he became a prime favourite in the district. His chief theme was his opponent, his descriptions of whom bordered on the libellous. He described every detail from head to foot, and the poor fellow's reputation of personal beauty gained very little by these exhaustive eulogies. Another favourite topic of his was sport as typified by tip-cat. He held that every cat-tipper was far superior to a Glaxo baby, and therefore a potential Mussolini or Napoleon. He even tried to compose poetry on the subject. He got as far as:—

"Health is wealth, so says the Bard,  
So play tip-cat, and play it hard.  
You gentlemen, who tip the cat—"

and his inspiration failed, so he offered a prize of a silver (?) spoon suitably engraved with the words "Great Western Railway" for the best last line submitted before the election. This subtle touch increased his popularity tenfold. When he went canvassing he was even allowed to kiss the baby. Things were decidedly looking up.

Alas! The temptation was too great. Old habits asserted themselves. While kissing the baby he took to pinching its rattle. While shaking hand with Pa he would bag his cuff-links. His popularity steadily declined, but at his final meeting, on the night before the election, he still appeared to have the bulk of the support.

That night, at the 'witching hour of midnight, he received a telegram from the Home Secretary requesting the immediate return of "Trousers. Regulation Government pattern. Pairs, 1." Naturally Whistle had no knowledge of any Government-pattern trousers, and sent a rude reply, telling the Home Secretary to go to a very unseemly place. He then retired to bed, and slept the sleep of the just (or unjust, as the case may be).

He made his appearance at the polling station expecting to be welcomed warmly. He was; rather too warmly for his taste. As in a dream, he saw a hostile crowd, and a figure on a platform pointing to him and crying "Trousers thief—homicide—suicide—murderer," and sundry other equally pleasant names. He stopped the car, turned it, and was gone.

Thus it came to pass that Mr. Aubrey McClintock Smithwhistle did not enter Parliament, which, as I have said before, it is a pity; and to which fact, as I have also said before, are directly traceable the increase in infant mortality, the decrease in the output of gorgonzola, war, income-tax, saxophones, and housemaid's knee.

F.L.W.B.

## THE ADVENTURES OF A TENNIS BALL.

I was walking near a hedge the other day, when the wind blew an old gentleman's hat into the ditch, near me. I stooped to pick it up, and uttered a cry of delight, immediately followed by an exclamation of disgust. There was a tennis ball in the ditch, but it had two holes in it, and was therefore useless for playing with. I was about to throw it back in contempt into the ditch when I heard it say, in thin, squeaky accents: "Young sir, wait a minute, and I will tell you my history. I was an unofficial little tennis ball of 2½ inches diameter. I was a 'Slazenger,' and proud of it, though now all glory has departed from me. I played tennis

last season, but my owner decided to use me for kicking about this winter. Mine was a golden life, and every day I went exploring. Sometimes a boy would kick me into the tuck-shop. How senseless! as if I could eat sweets. But my greatest delight was to go through a window. How nice to hear the tinkle of falling glass, and how laughable to see the lugubrious race of he who kicked me. But misfortune betell me one day. Some big boys took me on to the field to play hockey with me. Then, ah me! someone hit me a long way. A big, black dog ran after me. He seized me in his mouth and ran off with me. Then he bit me, as you see, and left me here where no one could find me. And now," he cried, his little voice breaking, "are you going to throw me back?"

"No," I said, "you deserve to go in the museum."  
L. F. COKER.

### THE CHOICE.

He knew that he had dallied long enough, and that what they said was true. He must decide—and soon. He thought to himself, "How happy I should be with either, if only the other dazzler was away." He had weighed their respective merits, and though he thought he was by nature a fastidious man, even his exacting requirements would be more than satisfied by either.

But to make a final choice when he liked them both so much! He felt that it was a task beyond his powers. Like many a man in the same position, he felt that he wanted both, but was not quite sure which one he hungered for. How could he ever choose between them? They were so different—the one so gay, so brilliant, so delightful at a dance, or in a brilliantly lit restaurant; the other less dazzling, but with such sterling qualities—so good, so strong, so dependable, altogether reliable at all times. Yet, could he resist the other's charm? He could not; no man could.

"I'll take the purple tie with pink spots," he said, "the black and white is rather too sober."

H.I.P. IV.A.

### THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SUNDIAL.

I was born thousands of years ago, when the earth was molten. I was on the top surface, and was one of the first to cool. My companion rocks and I formed a ridge of mountain, in what is now called Italy. For many years we stood there bare, but at last we were covered with dense forest. In this forest roamed huge animals, as large as present-day houses. Some of

them had necks so long that they could reach into the tops of the tallest trees; others had bodies with spikes standing out of their backs. Of birds there were none, but there were things like bats, with beaks which were armed with a triple row of teeth.

The first resemblance to men that I saw were ape-like beasts, with skin hung around them, these men hunted with stone clubs and spears, for which they broke off pieces from us. After many years they were driven away by bronze-armed men, who cut down the forest to build wooden huts. These remained for thousands of years, but they in their turn were driven out by steel-armed men, after years of war. The newcomers built roads, bridges and stone houses, for which they cut off pieces of my neighbours. After many years' stay they became lazy, and were eventually driven back by a less civilized people, who let the houses and roads go to ruin; though after many centuries they tried to re-build them, but with little success. Hundreds of years later there suddenly appeared in the mountains a blue-clad army, at the first sight of which the people rushed away in all directions, shouting "Napoleon—the French." However, they soon returned as nothing happened.

One day, a year or two ago, I saw, coming up the side of the mountain, some men carrying a large pointed machine, which they put over me. Someone moved a lever, and with a "whirr" the pointed end stuck into me. They did this in three other places, and put a yellow stick into the holes that had been made. They connected these sticks to a black box by means of four wires. Then a man touched something on the box, and there was a loud "Boom!" and I rolled out of the place where I had been for thousands of years. I was pushed down the slope, placed on a cart, and taken to a large building. Here, men sprinkled water on me, and rubbed me with other blocks of stone, until I was smooth. I was then taken to another shed and carved to my present shape; after which I was wrapped in straw and taken away. At last I found myself in a large garden, where I look like remaining for ever.

Little do people who gaze at me think of the thousands of years of experiences that I have had.

H.I.W. IV.B.

### MY IDEAL TIME-TABLE.

It was about eight o'clock in the morning when I woke up, and stole from under my pillow a "blood." I devoured this eagerly till about half-past eight, when a hoarse voice roused me, by shouting "It's about time you got up, young

felelow." Ten minutes later my dreaming was disturbed by the same voice saying "If you are not down within five minutes, I will come up and box your ears."

Having at last reluctantly left my warm bed, I descended in about twenty minutes. When down, I washed and hurriedly ate my breakfast, and, racing up to school was surprised to see the boys in the playground still. When the Head came across we entered the school. After prayers, the Head cleared his throat, and said, "I have decided to alter the time-table. In future we shall begin act half-past ten. When you leave this room you will have half-an-hour's break, nad on Mondays, from then till twelve o'clock will be divided into two periods, English and Scripture, for all forms. All boys will be provided with cushions, and light refreshment. Morning school will end at twelve, and boys will come back at half-past two. The afternoon will be devoted to drill and woodwork, ending at quarter to four. On Tuesday, for the first period the lower forms will have singing, and the others History and Catechism. On Wednesday, there will be drawing for all forms in the morning, and no games in the afternoon. On Thursday we shall have rest from our daily work. On Friday we shall commence with French for the lower forms and Geography for the upper; and vice-versa for the second period. Saturday, we shall have the whole day free, except for the later part of the afternoon, when there will be a few games for those who want to play. There will be no prep. at all." As he said these words, the Headmaster seemed to fade away, and I—woke up—to hear the same voice scolding me soundly for going to sleep again.

"DREAMER."

## THE LOBBY.

Our Lobby is a fine old place; but visitors to this part of the School are advised to come when everyone is in the class-rooms. If they persist in coming whilst the lobby is in use, they should at least take one word of advice:—"Wear a sharpnel helmet." Bags full of books have a knack of falling on one's head with dire results. Or occasionally a coat takes its place, and the victim is left struggling in the dark. The ceiling is decorated with sentences extolling the virtues of one House and the worthlessness of another. Or perhaps you are told that —'s head is like a turnip, and that he has a screw loose.

Visitors may wonder at the ink-stains on the window-cill. They do not know what fine writing desks these make when one has accidentally forgotten to do a prep. They will also think how studious certain boys are who seem to prefer reading lesson books to joining their friends in

the play-ground. If they knew that the apparently studious boy is inwardly quaking, and wondering how big a row there may be for him, because he has not done enough prep., they might change their opinion; but we would rather not disillusion them. As it is, they will pity these "knowledge seekers," and wonder how they can stand the awful row around them.

But the worst moment is when the masters enter the class-rooms. Each boy dives for his locker, and woe betide those in his way. They will be scattered like nine-pins. Visitors hear cries of "Look out—I'm late"; and before they are accustomed to the voice, all is quiet again. The last class-room door shuts, and our visitors are alone among the coats.

## PEDRO.

In one sense, Nature had been kind to Pedro, nick-named "the fool" by all who knew him; she had bestowed upon him a singular gift, which until late in life he was unaware that he possessed.

Pedro had been, from his birth, a distorted and deformed creature. His was not a disease to be cured by the aid of the Bolivian plateau which he inhabited. He was not above four feet in height, his head was decidedly out of proportion, his face was one huge scar caused by the kick of a mule quite early in life, and lastly, he was decidedly lacking in wits.

Upon the death of Pedro's father, the last of the dwarf's relations, he found himself the possessor of a rich gold mine, his right to which he eventually signed away unwittingly to his father's friend and partner, Senor Alvarez.

Discovering his mistake too late, the dwarf could only tear his hair; his scar became livid and the veins of his forehead swelled out. He called upon all the saints by name, mumbled inarticulate prayers over his Kosary, blasphemed, cursed and whimpered, all in vain; his mine was lost to him for ever, and he, the last of a proud and haughty family, was a penniless fool, unfit to earn his living.

Cast out of house and home and thrown on his own resources, Pedro too refuge in an old disused shed, as far as possible from any other human habitation. Living on the products of his begging, with a mongrel dog as his sole companion, Pedro was gradually wasting away. Laughed at by everybody, the object of everyone's jokes, shut out from any companionship except his dog's, he led a life of abject misery.

One day, a singular incident aroused in Pedro a new interest in life. Returning to his shed, he accidentally trod on the dog, who was curled up in the dark interior. The mongrel,

not recognizing his master, bit the man. The dwarf went mad with rage, and, advancing towards the dog, prepared to throw him over the cliff, but ere he could reach the animal, the latter gave a piteous howl and rushed over the cliff of its own accord.

It eventually dawned on the dwarf that his intentions had unaccountably transferred themselves into the mind of the dog. In fact, the animal had been more than hypnotized; it had been overcome by a stronger will.

A sudden idea formed itself in the dwarf's large head. He had always harboured a feeling of revenge against Alvarez. He thought that he could exercise his powers over human beings as over animals; so he planned a blow at his enemy.

In a few weeks Alvarez's son and heir was to be married. "Ha!" said the dwarf to himself, "I will cause the son to kill himself before the very altar. People call me 'the fool,' but they shall see whether the fool is really a fool. They will say that the son died by his own hand, but I, who shall have had my revenge, shall go unharmed."

The weeks went by like years for the dwarf, but at last the eve of the marriage arrived. Pedro went to sleep early on his truss of straw in order to be in good time the following day. During the night he dreamed that he had accomplished his design and was about to pay the penalty for it. He imagined he was being tortured! He shrieked! He jumped off his bed of straw! Finally, he strangled himself.

He had hypnotized himself. L.F.H.

## LITERARY CANDOUR.

As we all know, books and plays usually deal with things likely to happen in real life. The works of the new and popular author, F. L. W. Butters, however, deal chiefly with events which it is very unlikely would happen. We therefore give a few extracts from his most popular works, which we think will be of interest.

Extract from "Caledonia"—

Scene: A bar in a London public-house.

Enter a young gentleman accompanied by a Scot. They approach the bar.

Young Gentleman: What's your's, Mac?

Scot: I never touch it. Really, I couldn't allow you."

Young Gentleman: Yes, I insist.

Scot: No, no. You must allow me to pay for a little refreshment for yourself. Barmaid, a SandyMac!

(Feels in his pocket and produces a note. Lays it on the counter.) Here's ten shillings. (Going out): You can keep the change.

Extract from: "Epsom—A Romance of the Turf"—

"They were just leaving the paddock when Jack trod on his companion's foot. 'I say, Corky, old horse; there's a bookie. Let's go and see what won the 3.30,' he said. Thereupon they both turned their steps in his direction. 'The 3.30, sir?' said the bookie, in answer to Corky's question. 'Yes, sir. Sons of Tishy won. Why, sir; did you have anything on her, may I ask?' 'No,' said Jack, 'as a matter of fact we didn't, but I intended putting a tenner on her.' 'Really, sir; how unfortunate. (To his clerk): What's £10 at 7 to 1? £80? Right-oh! Well, sir, I have very great pleasure in paying you. Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, and twenty make eighty. Thank you, sir! Good-day, sir!'"

\* \* \* \*

Extract from: "Memoirs of Lord Axford and Oskwith"—

From a report of one of his speeches:

"And I may say that in soliciting your support I have put before you a lot of rot, and you, like silly fools, have swallowed it. I may also say that if I am elected, any promises I have made I shall not consider binding. . . ."

\* \* \* \*

Extract from: "Fairy Tales"—

Once upon a time there was a little boy who liked going to school . . . and they did not live happily ever after.

## APRIL SHOWERS.

Skies are blue above our heads;

Sunshine, too, is seen;

But the rain comes falling fast

From the clouds between.

Now the cloud has passed away,

Raindrops cease to fall;

But they hang like jewels bright,

Glistening over all.

S.G. IV.B.

## ROBIN HOOD.

Sherwood Forest is awake,

Robin Hood is near,

Through the chilly morning air,

The bugle's heard so clear.

In answer to it's summons,

His merry men appear,

The merry men of Lincoln,

The men who know no fear.

Their merry faces are aglow,

Their bodies clothed in green;

Everywhere in Sherwood,

The Lincoln cloth is seen.

Look! here comes the leader,  
The terror of the rich,  
He takes their many moneys,  
And leaves them in a ditch.  
So, hurrah! for merry Robin,  
And his merry men, so few,  
Although a common robber,  
The heart beneath is true.

“LITTLE JOHN.”

### THE SEASONS.

Oh! for the beautiful days of Spring,  
When all the birds begin to sing,  
The green shoots show above the ground,  
And flowers of many hues abound.

Then Sumer comes, with it's long days,  
The sun shows forth its splendid rays,  
And with it come bright butterflies,  
And bees are busy in their hives.

Then Autumn comes and leaves turn brown,  
The nuts are falling to the ground,  
The squirrels now get in their store,  
When winter comes they'll get no more.

Then Winter comes, with frost and snow,  
The little robins hungry go,  
But the snow is keeping the small plants warm.  
While they are waiting for Spring to dawn.

P. TARGETT, III.<sup>B.</sup>

### SUMMER.

I hear the droning of the bees,  
From where I lie day-dreaming;  
I see the swarms of busy ants,  
As round me they are teeming.  
The flowers lay thick on mossy banks;  
The bluebells and the heather,  
I hear the lark sing in the sky  
This glorious summer weather.  
The stately elm trees in the wood  
Sway gently in the breeze;  
And at the evening's peaceful close  
The rooks rest in the trees.  
The dog-rose flowers upon the hedge,  
The blackberries are growing;  
And in the meadow there beyond,  
The cows are loudly lowing.  
The wheat fields far across the plain,  
Are thick with golden corn;  
The birds feed to their heart's content,  
On this bright summer morn.  
The lambs are gamb'ing in the field,  
The ewes are loudly bleating;  
The starlings settle on their backs  
And find a friendly greeting.

G.A.D. III.<sup>A.</sup>

### THE SCHOOL TIME-TABLE.

A time-table I wish I had  
That would bring joy to every lad  
Who here, in this dull school does sit;  
To every lad who looks for wit.  
It should contain such lessons as  
I know each boy delight in has.  
Not French, or Maths; you may be sure  
That all would find in them, a bore.  
Of reading, learning from a list  
Our prep, of course, it should consist  
Of Latin verbs; not searching for  
Queer places, such a Labrador.  
And such a time-table I'm sure  
Has never seen this world before;  
Nor ever will, I don't suppose!  
Since boys were never meant to dose.

P.K.T. IV.<sup>B.</sup>

### SPRING.

Daffodil bulbs up already have come,  
The violets their heads are now bobbing,  
The frost, it is melting at each burst of sun,  
And all is now cheered by the robin.  
But the snowdrops have all had their day,  
The crocus is fast on the wane,  
The sun is now out with his pleasant warm ray,  
And Summer will soon be again.

R.S.M. III.<sup>B.</sup>

### BONNY MARY.

O'er the hills oft and afar,  
The shepherd wends his way;  
In front a landscape, ne'er a mar,  
O'er head a sunny day.  
Hark! what is that sound I hear,  
Is it some sweet stream flowing?  
It is so sweet and clear;  
Or is it cattle lowing!  
No, 'tis Bonny Mary singing,  
The shepherd's daughter she;  
Light as a butterfly winging,  
She trippeth o'er the lea.  
Her mother's pride and her father's joy,  
That is Bonny Mary;  
At heart she is a tom-boy,  
Outwardly, a fairy.

“V — K.” IV.<sup>B.</sup>

[We can accept no responsibility for the suggestion that Mary's voice resembled that of a cow.—Ep.]

### FASHIONS.

Never before in ages gone  
(As far as I can guess),  
Has the world of fashions witnessed  
Such changes in men's dress.

Our youths now dress in Oxford "bags,"

And uses a red lip-stick,  
Upon the nose are horn-rimmed "specs";  
A "pork-pie" does the trick.

Beneath a gaudy blazer,  
A bright fair-isle is seen,  
A thing of rainbow colours,  
A deadly, sickly green.

But what a bad impression  
Clothes in our mind do fix;  
The "bags" contain but "skinny" legs,  
The hats contain but "nix."

Nor is Eve so far behindhand  
In taking Adam's cue,  
For Russian boots have now replaced  
The dainty patent shoe.

Eve now resorts to evening dress  
And Eton crops her hair;  
But Adam will go better still  
And have his head quite bare.

But why molest the poor young things,  
And get them in a hole;  
They must have something else to do  
When they have drawn the dole.

L.F.S.H.

### PIRATES GRIM.

Dave was captain of Pirates grim,  
Watson was mate, and for boson we'd Jim,  
While Selve was gunner (a rollicking blade),  
And Scivier was cook who dispersed lemonade.

How fared the Pirates? the truth must be told,  
Brief was their dream of adventure and gold,  
For up sprang "Rasher," who raided their nook  
And captured them all with the aid of "Snook."

### DE NIGGER'S FISH.

I must go to find de fish,  
For I hab got no dinner;  
I'm so very thin and do not wish  
To grow much thinner.  
Ah! see dat fish, 'e hear me come,  
Says he. "I guess 'tis Sammy,  
So I must hurry home  
To me wife and 'famille'."  
I let me line down very slow,  
Softly! gently, does it;  
But I'm afraid that he will go  
Miles away and leave it.  
"So long! Sammy," calls dat fish,  
"I can stay no longer;  
But I will try dat lovely dish  
When I am feeling stronger."

RASHER.

### ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

O! herald of summer, as I lie in the grass,  
I hear thy sweet note in the air as thou pass,  
I hear it resound through the copse or the wood,  
It enraptures my soul as no other thing could.

When I hear "Cuckoo" sound t'wards the end  
of April,

It fills my poor heart with joy to the full;  
And I try to forget the dull days that have gone,  
When the clouds veiled the sky and the sun never  
shone.

My senses revive when Eastertide is come round,  
For I know then that Spring with the flowers  
will abound,

And I silently wait for thy two-fold shrill note,  
And I'm as light-hearted as any young goat.

Right through that merry and bright month of  
May,  
When bees, birds and butterflies make all Nature  
gay;

Thy ne'er changing cry rises o'er all the rest,  
Which never is silent till the sun's in the west.

But, O my companion, thou wondrous cuckoo,  
Is this what I've heard concerning thee, true?  
That thou turnest the sparrows out of their nest,  
For thee and thy offsprings at night to take rest?

A.G.P. IV.B.

### OLD BOYS' NEWS.

The Old Boys' cricket match has been fixed for July 24th. It would greatly simplify the work of the Secretary of the Old Boys' Club if members would send a postcard in reply to his enquiries respecting the Old Boys' match. This term some C.O. notices produced less than a dozen replies, and at the time fixed for the start of the game it was not certain whether one full team could be raised. This is hardly fair to the Secretary or to those Old Boys who do reply. One, we know, gave up a place in the County team v. Wiltshire in order to be able to get away for the School match, and three or four others came a long way to play. The date of the match is known long in advance, and we feel sure that the inconvenience caused has only to be mentioned to produce a prompt reply from all to whom notices are sent. It also makes it very awkward for those catering at School House, who always extend a hearty welcome to all Old Boys, both players and non-players, who manage to turn up for the matches, if they have no idea of the number who will be present at tea.

G. HEATHER and A. W. WHITFIELD are cadets on S.S. "Woodarra," of the B.I. Line, and have just made their first trip across the Equator. An account of their experiences will be found on another page.

- F. WELLBORNE has been offered a post as manager of a fairly big holding in New South Wales, on which he has been working for the last two years. The chief drawback seems to be the loneliness which is so often found on an outlying station.
- E. LLEWELLYN, who has been working at the South-Western Tar Distilleries for several years, has just been made the manager of their important branch at Plymouth.
- F. R. CLARK has a job as assistant to the Head Estate Agent of the Countess of Portsmouth, whose estate of 18,000 acres is in the Whitchurch district of Hampshire.
- S. C. PETHER, Y.M.C.A., Dunedin, South Island, New Zealand, has given up dairy farming, as his shoulder has never quite recovered from the shrapnel wound which he received in the war. He has taken up accountancy, and the latest news is that he is getting on well.
- S. S. SMITH, who is now on S.S. "Garble Castle," which ran on to a rock and damaged herself recently, though not very seriously, is now en route for Beira, and before sailing passed his mate's examination.
- M. CUBBIN signalled his freedom from the trammels of school by getting mumps, but has now settled down in the office of the accountant to whom he is articled. He is still wrestling.
- R. H. SCOTT, att. 10th Bn. 18th Punjab Regiment, Ferozepore, will return to his own Battalion, the 5th, in March, and then will be Quartermaster, which means Rs. 75 per month extra, with tree fodder and groom allowance for his pony, so is quite a desirable billet. He has been at work lately on manoeuvres, acting for part of the time as an umpire, which means from 9 a.m. till 7 p.m. in the saddle, so is not exactly a soft job, especially when a night march in the dark, followed by an attack at dawn, 6.30, lasting for some hours, and followed by an "officers' conference." He is due to get his captaincy next January, so should be Captain Scott when he comes home next year on leave. He had excellent shooting when on Christmas leave, and among others things bagged a crocodile in the Jumna.
- R. SHAKESPEAR has been seen at Delhi Station. Rumour says that he is getting decidedly thin in the "thatch," but is otherwise very fit.
- C. A. HYNES has been running in the Russell steeplechase at Blundell's, and came in 22nd out of 70, being 2nd for his horse.
- H. WELLBORNE has been in hospital at Malta with a sharp attack of jaundice. He thinks that he would be taken for a member of Blackbrook, as he adopted their colours for the whites of his eyes and most of his body. Malta weather has not been attractive; solid rain for days on end, and a "gregale" or north-east wind blowing hard.
- E. A. GRAHAM has been appointed to the Southampton branch of the Westminster Bank, and is living at Toc H., Bassett.
- V. POELCHAU is taking out papers of naturalization as a British subject, and hopes to come back as soon as he finishes his engineering training.
- D. P. DODRIDGE has completed his course at the E.T.C. headquarters, and sailed for Suez on the day before the Old Boys' match.
- K. (COPPER) MATHER has come home, with his wife and family, and is expected to be in Southsea before long.
- R. H. STEEK is at R.A.F. Base, Calafra, Malta.
- R. D. WADE passed 14th out of 378 candidates for H.M.S. "Fisgard," and joined in January. He has been playing in their orchestra at the performance this month of "The Pirates of Penzance."
- H. R. MESSENI is at Westminster College, 130, Horseferry Road, S.W. 1. He is doing his teaching practice in Camden Town, and hopes to put in a third year to complete his degree course.
- L. ARCHELL hopes to take the special honours course in Physics for B.Sc., London, next year.
- ROGERS is at Shepherd's Bush, teaching, and likes the work. He hopes to go abroad for a year or two on the exchange of teachers' system.
- H. M. LEWIS is in a solicitor's office in Portsmouth, and has recently been doing some French translation work for the Chamber of Commerce. Like many others, he is finding his School French a very valuable asset.
- G. CHIGNELL has been seen in the town. He has just been elected a member of the Society of Public Analysts. He is playing a good deal of Badminton with the Alexandra Palace Club. His laboratory is now doing the work of the whole of the company, and he bests all sorts of strange things, from Dutch cleansers to tanning liquors. His address is now: 2, Milton Road, Highgate, N. 6.
- N. DOVE, 21, Cowley Road, Ilford, Essex, has just joined the National Provincial Bank, at the Bow branch.
- L. POLWIN is now at Gloucester.
- W. DROVER has been over several times from Portsmouth, where he has been "cramming" for an exam. We wish him the best of luck. He seems none the worse for his appendix.
- The following Old Boys turned up on Old Boys' Day, and beat the School XI by 6-0:—  
F. E. Nugent, R. C. H. Connolly, D. E. Gregory, W. E. Collihole, H. F. Sturgess, F. E. Jones, W. T. Moss, A. G. Phillips, H. Fay, L. S.

Goodall. Other visitors included: G. Chignell, F. R. Clark, H. Dean Cooper, B. R. Ross, R. H. Ross, J. Wheatley, A. Cooper, F. Forsyth, H. Edwards, J. C. Heath, R. Wade, E. L. Ross, C. A. Ross, G. Hunt and A. D. Hayward.

## HOUSE NOTES.

### BLACKBROOK.

Congratulations to our Hockey 3rd XI. for winning the only point we got in the Cup Competition! Our 1st team was always outplayed, though some of the players would probably have exerted themselves more if they had not taken defeat for granted beforehand. In the forward line, Chamberlain i. always played splendidly, and would have been rewarded by goals if he had had any support. In defence, King ii., who is now House Captain, made great efforts, and was well supported by Chamberlain ii., but with these exceptions we must frankly admit that the team has not played too energetically, nor shown much idea of combination. The 2nd XI. ought to have got us some points, but did far too much useless hard hitting; in many ways they were as good as their opponents.

By the time the "Lion" is published the Steeplechase will be over, and let us hope that the Blackbrook representatives will have done the House credit.

The Sports come very early next term, and every boy should train during the Easter holidays, if he hopes to be fit by then. Let us make a great struggle to wipe off some of our winter defeats in the coming term. L.I.

### CAMS.

It is very pleasant to record that at last Cams has won a cup! Meeting School House first, we secured all the points; but in the matches with Blackbrook we lost the third, and with Westbury the second. Westbury had done better, and when we came to the final, things certainly looked blue! However, soon after the game began Cummins scored, and a first-rate tussle ensued. Westbury were certainly unlucky, but also on our side none of the many shots materialised, and so we won by the single goal! Congratulations to Eyles and Tremlett on getting their 1st XI. Hockey colours.

Now then, Cams—what are we going to do about the other cups that are waiting? And, better still, what are we going to do in the exams? Time will show, but let us all feel at the end of the year we have done our best!

### SCHOOL HOUSE.

This term we have not been successful in the House competitions, for we have lost the Hockey

Cup, which has been held so often by us. However, we may have done something by the time this appears in print, as the Steeplechase will have been placed by then. Several of our boys should do well in this, both in the Senior and Junior events.

Congratulations to Chapman and Butters on receiving 1st XI. Hockey colours. Chapman and Bucknall i. are probably both leaving at the end of this term, and we wish them all good fortune.

With the heavy departures of last term, we shall certainly be weakened, but there are others to take their places to a certain extent. Next term we shall have the Cricket Cup to fight for, as well as the Sports Cups. And if everybody tries his best, there is no reason why we should not retain the ones we hold. There are still enough of last year's 1st XI. of the cricket team left to encourage the others.

### WESTBURY.

This term's story is a far happier one as far as we are concerned, for though we have not won the Hockey Cup, we are the runners-up, and were only beaten by the odd goal in the decisive match with Cams—1st XI. I congratulate all concerned. The performance of the 1st XI. is a lesson for the future. When I looked over the list of boys in the House it seemed impossible to hope for much in the way of a first team; so many of the names were of boys one had been accustomed to see in the third eleven. Events proved, however, that these boys had developed amazingly, and having come to the age when the credit of the House depended on them, they proved themselves well worthy of the responsibility, and the result was that our first team was an excellent combination. To the second and third teams I would just point out that every possible point they gained helped to place us where we were, and that I hope they will prove worthy members of the first eleven when their turn comes.

By the time you read this the Steeplechase will be over, so advice about that will be useless, but early next term come School Sports, and I do hope we shall make a better show this year than last. Trials will be held to decide the teams, and every boy is expected to take part in trials (except of course those prevented by any physical weakness). Names of boys taking part in trials must be given in beforehand, so that there may be no repetition of last year's difficulties. Detailed notices will, of course, be posted at the proper time. During the holidays do put in a little time at training, and make up your mind to put Westbury at the top of the list of points.

J.S.