

THE



LION

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New Series.

EDITORIAL.

One term's use of the new School buildings has proved how needed they were, though their value could hardly be appreciated fully without a temporary return to the conditions of the past.

The congested turmoil of the old-time morning assembly has given way to spacious ranks of silence, sometimes most noticeable during the hymns. The undignified rush to storm the roll-call barrier has gone, for monitors, and a new race of probationary monitors, called "Options," have already inscribed the unpunctual. The frequent rushes to and from the hut amidst the pouring rain have much decreased, for two forms have taken up fresh quarters, where no flimsy wooden partition allows the elementary principles and doctrines of junior forms, together with disciplinary injunctions, to percolate to the sanctum of sixth-form philosophy.

And then, the Library, hitherto begrudged its space in a dust-ridden class-room, has now been enthroned where magic hands had touched the one-time lobby. Here in an atmosphere of scholarship any boy may drink deep of the Perian spring, or meditate on his personal comfort amidst the arm-chairs and polished tables of numerous benefactors.

Lastly, the Masters can now secrete themselves behind double doors and express themselves candidly on the crass stupidity, or misapplied ingenuity, of the rising generation, wondering perhaps whether this self-same generation will be worthy of its new inheritance.

SCHOOL LIBRARY.

The Library has at last come into its own, and few would recognise the old Lobby in its transformed state. The hat-pegs, basins and lockers have gone. A polished block floor and neat curtains to the windows give a cheery air to the room, which has three tables, the gifts of the parents of two Old Boys, and eight comfortable chairs, all bearing on their backs on a small brass plate the names of their donors, whose ready response to the appeal at the opening of the new buildings has provided the senior boys with a really good room for reading, which will in future be used also as the Sixth Form room.

The School has reason to be very grateful to the donors, comprising, in addition to the anonymous giver of the tables, Sir William Parker, Rev. J. E. Tarbut, Lt.-Col. H. D. Brook, Mr. L. Warner, Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Swales, Mr. Williams, and Mrs. Hinxman; while another generous friend has sent the Headmaster a cheque to cover the estimated cost of a platform and trestles, the whole width of the Hall and some ten feet deep.

We should like to see the Hall panelled in oak above the tiling, with a permanent record of the honours gained since 1908 by the boys and old boys of the School, and many may feel inclined to help this object when good times come their way.

The School has become an associate member of the National Book Council, which issues to its members lists of the books published, and referring to subjects of all sorts. These are filed, and if anyone wishes to know what books will be useful on any subject, he has only to consult the file in the Library.

OLD BOYS' NEWS.

The hockey matches, resulting in wins for the Old Boys' teams by 6-2 and 11-4, were played on March 24th, in fine weather, but the grounds were very soft. The gathering was smaller than usual, as the London contingent could not get away.

The following were at tea, and most of them remained for the "sing-song"—F. H. P. Smith, J. M. Lee, R. C. H. Connolly, W. C. McNeil, H. N. Marriott, P. Silvester, R. S. Flemons, H. W. Mundy, E. J. Hinxman, H. S. Mercer, A. G. Phillips, L. Archell, T. G. Wagstaffe, R. Pope, M. Cubbin, J. H. Chapman, W. E. Chamberlain, A. C. Coles, E. W. Connor, D. Riches, R. Wade, N. Eyles, K. Riley, W. H. Drover

L. ARCHELL is keeping a fourth year at King's College, London, where he is taking the Teaching Diploma course, and is captain of the 1st XI. Hockey.

A. G. PHILLIPS is captain of King's College 2nd XI. Hockey.

F. H. P. SMITH has been transferred to the Eastleigh branch of Lloyd's Bank.

H. C. CURE, whose home address is now at Westgate-on-Sea, Kent, is serving on H.M.S. "Royal Sovereign" as E.R.A., 4th class, and has taken a course at Malta on acetylene welding.

W. E. COLLIHOLE has taken up a post as English Master at a school in Germany.

E. W. and L. FLINT are performing in "The Thierbuckle Chair," which is being produced by the Bromley Amateur Dramatic Society, E. W. being the butler, "Pollock," and L. the "young lover." L. Flint won the Men's Handicap Doubles in the Kent Open Lawn Tennis Tournament last summer, and has also been playing Hockey for Bromley.

W. E. CHAMBERLAIN passed the Oxford School Certificate with 1st Class Honours (Distinction in Maths.) at the December examination, gaining also exemption from London Matric.

K. RILEY passed the Oxford School Certificate having missed the July examination through illness.

W. DROVER passed the Junior Exam., and also H. TURNER.

J. M. LEE has passed his Captain's exam., and has been recommended for Staff College. He is now at home on leave from Jubbulpore, where the 1st Hampshires are stationed.

H. BEVIS has obtained a post with the Hamble Engineering Company.

E. G. WHITE has been on the sick list for several weeks, at the B.T.H. Works, Rugby, as the result of a badly sprained foot.

J. H. ANDREWS, Northampton Engineering College, St. John Street, London, E.C. 1, having finished practical training at Ipswich, has his final exams. in prospect in the summer. We wish him the best of luck.

A. J. HARVEY, 29, Park Road, Wembley, is personal assistant and draughtsman to Mr. Enock, the consulting engineer and inventor, who has recently taken out a number of patents for dairy and refrigeration machines, including one by which the milk bottles are cleaned, sterilized, filled, the milk pasteurized, and then sealed, without being touched by hand. Another invention for which he has prepared the drawings is a motor valve gear, and differential calculus came in very handy, showing that there is some practical use in "Maths." after all!

A. WILKIE, on S.S. "Nasmyth" at Rosario, Argentina, had his memories stirred by the heat to recall dire tribulations, resulting one Sunday, long ago, as the result of snow-balling on the School field in Sunday kit. His ship had just landed a cargo of railway material, some hundreds of miles up the River Plate, and was waiting to load grain for Europe. He is at present Third Officer, having got his second mate's ticket in December, 1926, and has further exams. in prospect for a chief mate's ticket.

D. WILKIE is with the same Line, Lamport and Holt, and takes his first exam. shortly. After these are out of the way, both are going into R.N.R. for a period, and then intend to try for one of the big Lines. The "Nasmyth" has a good football team, of which A. Wilkie is skipper. They play in a temperature of 95 degrees on a cast-iron pitch, and if the match should happen to take place after an issue of pay the skipper is apt to find half his team wandering round singing little songs so potent is the local tonic water. The Lamport and Holt Company have about 50 ships, and run triangularly between Liverpool, New York, and Brazil and the Argentine. The smaller ships, of about 5,000 tons dead weight, carry 10,000 tons of grain and do about 10 knots, the full voyage taking about three-and-a-half months, with three weeks in port at the end.

W. G. BUDDEN has given up Pharmacy, and obtained a post in the Hampshire Constabulary. He is stationed at Winchester.

W. DROVER has left Portsmouth, and is now living at Salisbury.

R. S. FLEMONS has obtained a clerical post with Messrs. Flowers and Co., at Fareham.

We much regret the death of W. H. FREEMAN (1917-19), who was killed in a motor accident near Bournemouth.

F. W. TAULBUT was married on December 19th, and spent a fortnight's leave subsequently at Leamington Spa. He now lives, when ashore, at Victoria Villas, Stubbington. He has now a home job, mainly at Portland on H.M.S. "Tiger."

HOCKEY RETROSPECT.

"Won four, lost seven" is not on paper a season to boast about, but among the defeats is that at the hands of Havant, who had out a full side, with two or three players of County calibre, and of the Old Boys, who had a sound team, including Coles and Wagstaffe. King Edward VI. School proved quicker on the ball than we were, and beat us heavily twice. Where we failed mainly was at forward, partly through lack of pace and weight, with the result that too heavy a share of work fell on the defence; the shooting, too, was at fault on occasions, due, to some extent, to lack of practice — it is rather a handicap to face a month of the season without being able to use your own ground at all. The Old Boys' match was quite one of the best games, though played on a heavy ground. All three matches with Netley Hospital were enjoyable, though we lost two of them. Fareham, in the first fixture, was a little too strong, but on the run of the play might have been drawn; but in the return fixture we had our revenge on a weakened side. The game with Southampton II. was evenly matched, and we just won 2—1. H.M.S. "Fisgard," with largely a new team, fell easy victims by 0—5.

The 2nd XI. lost the two fixtures with King Edward VI. School, 1—7 and 2—5, but in the latter game the score was 1—2 within a quarter of an hour of time, when our opponents put on three goals in quick succession.

Junior Elevens beat Waverley Ladies twice and Alverstoke Ladies Wednesday once, but lost once to the latter. Alverstoke Ladies Wednesday and Portchester Ladies were also beaten.

The House matches — this year without 3rd elevens, as several Juniors had scarcely played at all — made some even games, but the standard in some of them was rather poor.

We have to thank Mr. Bradley for umpiring in many matches, fine or wet, often the latter,

CHARACTERS OF 1ST XI.

- *E. G. NOBBS, centre-half (capt.).—Has moved from left-back to centre-half with quite success, as he plays an energetic game and takes the ball well on his stick. Has been a keen captain.
- *J. O. HALL, outside-right.—Greatly improved when he went on the right wing, as he is both fast and clever with his stick; sends across many useful passes.
- *L. CHAMBERLAIN, inside-right.—Works hard and well with his wing, and gets in some good shots. Played particularly well in the first matches with Netley and Fareham.
- *G. EDMUNDS, left-half.—Is better on the wing than in the centre, having good stick work; he has learnt to flick the ball — an invaluable asset to a left-half.
- *G. WINSOR, right-half.—A good tackler, who sticks to his man, and works hard throughout a game.
- *J. H. ANDREWS, centre-forward.—Perhaps better as inside-left; can get in a good shot.
- *J. RICHES, left-back.—Has come on a lot. Takes the ball well, and clears coolly and with judgment. Should be useful in the future.
- *R. A. LEWRY, goal-keeper.—Only came into the team for the last part of the season, but played very well. He comes out fearlessly, and kicks excellently.
- †F. TROKE, inside-left.—Has not improved as much as one hoped, but he is young. His stick work is quite fair, but he must start quicker.
- †G. SPENCER, right-back.—Hits hard, and is not afraid of opposing forwards larger than himself. With a bit more pace will make a useful back.
- †I. CHRISTMAS, outside-left.—Has faced the difficulties of his position fairly well; but he must learn to run faster as ball control improves.
- * Signifies 1st Colours. † 2nd Colours.

RESULTS OF 1ST XI. MATCHES.

Played 11. Won 4. Lost 7.

Feb.	4.—Fareham	Lost	1—3
"	11.—H.M.S. "Fisgard"	Won	5—0
"	15.—Netley Hospital	Lost	2—4
"	22.—King Edward VI. Sch.	Lost	0—6
"	25.—Havant	Lost	0—8
Mar.	3.—Fareham	Won	7—2
"	10.—Netley Hospital	Won	3—1
"	14.—King Edward VI. Sch.	Lost	0—5
"	17.—Southampton II.	Won	2—1
"	20.—Netley Hospital	Lost	3—4
"	24.—Past v. Present	Lost	2—6

ROUND THE WORLD WITH THE DUKE OF YORK.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1927.

I must apologise for the brevity of this article, as full justice cannot be done to the subject in so few words; but, to go into your Magazine, it must necessarily be curtailed, so I give you only the barest outline, and recommend you to the book of the tour by Mr. J. H. Darbyshire for the details.

We had a good send-off from Farewell Jetty, Portsmouth, on January 6th, but the sunshine of the morning gave way to rain and rough weather, and we had a rolling journey down the Channel and across the Bay of Biscay.

Las Palmas, Canary Isles, was reached on January 10th, but we anchored about a mile from the harbour and were not allowed to go ashore. However, the low-lying port, with beflagged ships in the harbour, and blue mountains rising up behind, made a pretty picture.

The nine days in which we crossed "the herring pond" were never monotonous, our leisure hours being beguiled by cinema shows, a concert, boxing, deck tournaments, and miniature rifle and pistol ranges.

Approaching Jamaica, lovely sunshine greeted us, and turned the little flying fish we saw into streaks of gold and silver.

We were met at Kingston by the West Indies Squadron, and great interest was shown in the end of the breakwater, called Gallows Point, where buccaners and pirates were at one time hanged — when they were caught.

The town proved to be gaily decorated and illuminated for the Royal visit, and many of our fellows enjoyed motor trips to the island's rum and sugar factories, and to the beauty spots, while I was content with two days' glorious cricket with the Naval Squadron against the Army and Jamaica teams.

The evenings we danced away at the Barracks of the Green Howard Regiment, who gave us a jolly good time.

Of our passage through the Panama Canal, I have made a special article, so I will omit that and continue with our journey across the Pacific Ocean.

Perfectly glorious weather! Long, hot days, with pleasant cool breezes, which, after keeping watches down below in the almost unbearably hot boiler and engine rooms, gave us relaxation and physical enjoyment beyond compare.

Two days out from Panama we had an auto-catic and distinguished visitor on board, "King Neptune" taking possession of the ship as we "crossed the line." He and his bears gave us — the greenhorns — a roaring, rollicking time in the barber's chair and the bath, during our investiture with the "freedom of the seas."

Steaming pleasantly along, we came to the Marquesas Islands, and at no place on this world cruise did I see a grander display of Nature's beauty than the scene as we approached Nukahiva.

It beggared description! A high, rocky island, standing out from the sea, presenting every gradation of colour, from the brilliant tropical greens and yellows at the sea level, to the bluish grey of the peak, with the bluest of seas for a background, all blending to form a most wonderful picture.

A few huts at the end of the small natural harbour was Nukahiva, and, looking at this lovely place, it seemed hard to realise that a mere forty years ago the inhabitants were all cannibals, practising their fiendish rites over the stewpot.

Nobody made a feast of us, however; rather we had a feast from them, for we went ashore and picked at will the wild fruits — bananas, limes, guavas, and alligator pears — which were growing a little distance inland.

Our next hop — of three thousand miles — was to Suva, Fiji, and here we experienced our first tropical rain; while on an open motor drive through the island, water descended upon us; the word rain does not adequately describe it.

The feature that excited the admiration and envy of not a few of our baldheads was the tremendous mass of frizzy hair that each native wore.

Golliwogs come to life!

Steaming almost due South, we next came to Auckland, New Zealand, and here we were almost overwhelmed by the open-hearted welcome accorded us.

The city, gaily bedecked with flags and illuminated at night, presented a fine sight, and the people vied with each other to give us a good time. Motor drives, football matches, tennis and dances, were only a part of the programme which we enjoyed to the full in beautiful weather.

A party went inland and visited Rotorua, where the geysers, hot springs and mud baths form one of the wonders of the world, and while there they were privileged to see a native waiata in full dress and paint performed by the living descendants of the old Maori kings.

An inspiring sight!

A two days' visit to Russell, Bay of Islands, provided the Royal party with some excellent big game fishing and the ship's company with a tasty breakfast.

Wellington, the capital city of New Zealand, was our next port of call, and again we enjoyed every hospitality our Anzac cousins could give us, making many nice friends, and getting a little insight into Colonial life.

Pictou gave us a little rest and recuperation in its island-studded bay, and then we were away South to Stewart Island, where, by studying the movements of the albatross, we divined the true principles of flight.

"What do you think of our harbour?" greeted us as we steamed past the Heads into Sydney; and truly we knew not words to express ourselves, such a vista of sunlit blue water, green wooded shores, with here and there a strip of yellow, sandy beach, presented itself to our gaze. Not the least attractive part of the scene was the multitude of boats, each bearing its freight of cheering, enthusiastic Aussies, anxious to show their loyalty and give us of their best. And they did!

Every place was open for our amusement, and we played Soccer at every place around, even travelling one hundred and fifty odd miles North through fine country and over the famous Hawkesbury river bridge to play Newcastle and Cessnock, where, although most of the men were coal miners, we met some good teams, with a goodly Scottish element.

One party of fellows spent three days at the Jenolan Caves; a wonderful excursion through subterranean galleries in the Blue Mountains, while I made one of another small party who motored up the two hundred miles to Canberra and spent three days exploring the new Houses of Parliament and the future finest city in the world.

A huge canteen on the Circular Quay at Sydney gave us everything we desired, our hosts and hostesses being the undergrads of the University. It was there that we acquired the habit of the ice-cream nightcap. Can you imagine hoary old sailors going aboard at night with an ice cream cornet in each hand?

Fun? It was great!

I would that I could tell you more of the delights of Manly, Bondi, and Coogee bathing beaches, the suri-riding and the dances, "at homes" and receptions we had, to say nothing of boat excursions to all the local beauty spots, but lack of space forbids me.

Sydney stands out as one of the most delightful places we visited, but three weeks of its hectic gaiety left us ready to enjoy the comparative quietness of Hobart, Tasmania. Here

we made the excursion through the beautiful Derwent Valley to the National Park, whose exquisite waterfalls and cool forest glades claimed our full admiration.

From Hobart we went to Melbourne, and, as at the other places, the generous hospitality of our Australian hosts knew no bounds. St. Kilda opened its arms to us, with its "fun city"—a miniature Wembley—and many fine dance floors.

An exceptionally imposing city at ordinary times, with the Houses of Parliament and other public buildings, Melbourne, at our arrival, became one wondrous mass of colour, bunting and greenery floating from every window, while myriads of flashing lights and illuminations transformed it at night into a huge electric rainbow.

A wonderful sight!

From here a large party went up from the ship to Canberra for the opening ceremony of the new Houses of Parliament, and other very enjoyable trips were made to Geelong, Warragul and Flinders.

The Soccer team had a great treat, as we were asked to play the Royal Australian Navy on the world-famous Melbourne cricket ground. This was the first occasion on which Soccer had been played there, so it was an honour as well as a pleasure for us to do so. Needless to say, on such a pitch, and before such spectators, we all played as though our lives depended on the game.

It was with great reluctance that we bade farewell to Melbourne and set out across the Great Australian Bight for Fremantle. We had some fairly rough weather and shipped some hefty seas, but "Renown" dug her nose into it and brought us safely to Port.

Fremantle and Perth were "en fête" for us, and I will recount just one instance to show their enthusiasm for us Navy chaps. About eight hundred of us were asked to come ashore one day, and when we got up to Perth, fifteen miles inland, there were three hundred or more private owners with their cars waiting to take us out for the day. We went for a long drive round the countryside, visiting the places of interest and admiring the scenery, which, clothed in autumn colours, was very beautiful, and such a welcome change from a rough sea.

Afterwards we were entertained at our hosts' homes and had some jolly parties, finishing up with a moonlight drive back to the ship.

At last the time came when we left Australia for good, and, setting out on our homeward journey, we revelled in the lazy swell and hot sunshine of the Indian Ocean, until we came to Port Louis, Mauritius.

The heat in the harbour was very great, so we soon hired some motor cars and went inland up through the sugar plantations into the hills to Vacoas, where the small English garrison made us welcome in their barracks.

We met the "Effingham" boys here, and played them at Soccer, but could not beat those sun-baked veterans.

Now came the worst part of our journey, for as we steamed due North to the Great Hanish Islands the heat was intense, and passing through "Hell's Gates" — the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb — we met a hot blast that nearly roasted us.

Everyone was sleeping on the upper deck, myself no exception, and early one morning an amusing incident occurred.

I was lying in my hammock, dreaming that I had arrived home, and the usual greetings were taking place, when I awoke, to find my face being muzzled by one of our pet kangaroos, which was roaming loose around the deck. The worst of it was, the other fellows were awake as well — and laughing.

We managed to survive the heat of the Red Sea and came to Suez, where we entered the Canal. Unlike the Panama, the Suez is flat all the way, with desert sand on each side, and here and there a small French station.

Owing to the narrowness of the Canal, we could only move very slowly, and it was curious to see the water being sucked from in front of us by our powerful propellers. Had they moved at full speed we should have been left high and dry on the bottom of the Canal.

However, we eventually reached Port Said, late at night, and were off again early next morning for Malta.

Here we anchored in the Grand Harbour, whose fortress walls gave us the impression that we had dropped back into the Middle Ages. The Maltese had a grand water carnival in our honour, which, supplemented by a gorgeous firework display, gave that ancient harbour a magnificent appearance, and excelled even their July "festas."

Many dances were given, and we renewed many friendships with the fellows of the Mediterranean Fleet, who were in harbour to greet us.

The days were speeding now, and after one day in the shadow of the Great Rock, we left the blue waters of the Mediterranean for the grey rollers of the Atlantic.

Crossing the Bay again, this time in comparatively calm weather, we turned the corner and headed for home, getting the best welcome of all at Portsmouth on June 27th, with the feeling in our hearts that here was ended a never-to-be-forgotten experience.

F. W. TAULBUT.

BRITONS IN FRANCE.

In France, the first of November is a National holiday devoted to the dead. Everyone visits one or more cemeteries, carrying flowers to decorate graves of relatives and friends. The British Colony in Paris, adapting itself to this French custom, makes annual pilgrimages on All Saints' Day to the graves around Paris of some of the British soldiers who fell in the Great War; and perhaps an account of one such ceremony may be of interest.

It was 11.30 a.m. when an imposing procession formed up at the gates of a cemetery in which rest thirty-two officers and privates of the "Old Contemptibles," who died in hospital during the very first months of the War. The Chaplain of the Church to which this particular cemetery is allotted for All Saints' Day led the way, followed by a Scottish piper in full dress, playing softly on his bagpipes. Then came uniformed men — flag-bearers, the Military Attaché, the bugler, and members of the British Legion wearing war medals, Scouts, Girl Guides, the Church congregation and general public closing the procession, which wended its way to the military graves, where many French flags were flying, side by side with two Union Jacks.

After the reading of a few appropriate verses from the Book of Wisdom, an address was given by the Chaplain urging us not to forget "the greatest possible sacrifice" made for our country and the world by these heroes.

The Military Attaché then said a few well-chosen words, speaking in French, ending by thanking the authorities for their care of our men's graves, and immediately afterwards the "Last Post" was played by the bugler, the notes echoing in the distance and, as in a dream, seeming to go down to those who lay at rest, reminding them that they are not forgotten.

Wreaths from the British Colony, the Legion and the Church were then laid by our Military Attaché and Ex-Service men on the graves of our silent army, and a wreath from the Colony on the tombs of our French Allies. On behalf of the Colony, two members of the British Legion placed a spray of Flanders poppies (purchased in aid of the Earl Haig Fund) in front of each headstone, and, as soon as these floral offerings were in position, the piper — a fine figure in his Highland costume, pacing slowly round the long line of graves — played the "Lament"; he seemed to put all his skill and all his soul into that wonderful, heart-rending music.

One minute's silence was then announced; it extended to three, and was indeed a silence which could be felt; no one stirred; even the elements seemed to observe that sacred pause.

The bugler sounding the "Reveille" roused us from our reverie; all the men fell back into rank, preceded by the piper whose pipes just breathed a march, and dispersed at the gates.

That was the end of the most impressive service conceivable. Its sincerity, appealing simplicity and uplifting stateliness made it so imposing that no one could possibly help being touched.

The British Colony in France has not forgotten the heroes, buried in an alien soil, who died in the greatest war ever waged between peoples in the hope of securing an enduring peace, and the French pay tribute to them too by floral emblems. May such memories promote understanding and cement the bond of friendship between nations.

G. E.

TO ALL SOCCER FANS.

I saw a man at a Soccer match one day, who was shouting vigorously in the stands; he caught my glance of approval, and during half-time he stepped over to drop a few remarks on the play, which had been rather putrid; and since I quite agreed with him, we entered into the following conversation:

"I have played in, and I have seen, better games than this before now," said he.

"Well, I must say I don't think much of it myself. Do you play for any Soccer club?"

"Oh, yes," he replied. "I have played in a good many army cups."

"What were they like? good teams?"

"Pretty fair. I remember one good match, when some officers took on the regimental teams; that was the best game I've ever played in."

"Fire away; let's hear all about it. I like a good Soccer match."

"Well, I played outside left for the officers, and from the start the regimentals were pressing us hard, and seemed the better team. At half-time we changed ends and the score stood at 1-0 against us. We pressed our hardest, however, and at last equalised, with two minutes to go—the game was full of good team-work. At last my inside man swung out a topping pass; I took it and sprinted down the touch-line, with only the right back and goalie to beat—the back was on me—I had dribbled past him and there was only the goalie to beat. I steadied myself and shot." Here he paused.

"Well?" I asked, breathlessly, "did you score?"

"Score," replied the man, ironically, "it took me half-an-hour to get the bed-rail from between my toes."

F. H. (V.B.)

SUSPENSE.

He sat with a gloomy look on his face. All around him were his mates with similar expressions. They sat, like himself, on hard forms, listening to the dread sentences. He groaned inwardly. What would his fate be? He looked at his task-masters. They were all the same, stern-faced and grim-lipped. One by one he heard the fate of his companions. When would his come? He tried to concentrate his thoughts on something else. All in vain. He wanted to shout, to do anything to drown that monotonous voice. His suspense was awful. He fell to speculating on what was held in store for him. Suddenly the voice died away. He looked up, hope shining in his face. If only they would leave his name and the rest until to-morrow! If he was kept much longer in this room, in this suspense, he would collapse. Oh! to have a few hours' respite; to be able to leave dull care behind, even for a brief time. The reader had suddenly straightened up, having found the fresh sheet he had been looking for. Soon, now, he would hear his destiny. The recorder had started again. One by one the number of names before the now pale-faced piece of humanity decreased. At last his own name was read: there was a pause, and then, oh! horror, the fateful word, the one single word that destroyed the trembling wretch's last hopes — "Bottom."

The fortnightly orders had been read.

P. T. (V.B.)

THE DECISION.

It dropped from his nerveless fingers; he laughed, a mirthless laugh. The very thought of it struck horror into him. He picked it up again. It was ghastly. He did not know which to choose. It was either this or worse agonies, if he did not do it now. He *would* do it now! Time was short, very short; in fact, he had only ten minutes in which to do it. With a sudden shudder he opened his Florian II, and started to "swot" his verbs.

H. J. M. (III.B.)

SPRING.

The Spring comes with her magic power,
Each flower springs from its wintry bed,
The trees are budding in each bow,
And life is rising from the dead.

The birds are mating in the trees,
The land's brown coat is turning green,
The bursting branch shakes in the breeze,
And earth presents a wakening scene.

H. McN. (IV.B.)

IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NO ONE ANY GOOD.

James Arthur Conroy, commonly known as Winkle, was sauntering down Pall Mall one windy morning in March, quite at peace with the world in general and himself in particular. Suddenly his vision was obscured by a large white newspaper which wrapped itself round his features. His monocle fell out, and, removing the paper from his face, he said, "Tut," loudly and distinctly (this shows Winkle was really annoyed). Glancing at the paper in his hand, he noticed something in black headlines. Prompted by curiosity, he read on. As he read, a grin came over his features. He chuckled, "I'll get a fiver out of Ted by this!" he promised himself.

That evening, at his club, he moved to the chair next to the one in which Ted Jackson was sitting. After the usual greetings had been exchanged, he said: "I bet you a fiver that I can prove to you that you're not here."

"Right. Go ahead," said Ted.

"Well; you're not in Glasgow, are you?"

"No."

"You're not in Leeds, are you?"

"No."

"You're not in Dublin, are you?"

"No."

"Well; if you're not in those places, you must be somewhere else; mustn't you?"

"Yes."

"If you're somewhere else, you can't be here. Hand over my fiver!"

Winkle strolled away with an expression of mischievous delight on his face and a new £5 note in his pocket. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," he muttered. These words were overheard by Arthur Somers, another friend of his.

Winkle went up to him, and said: "Hullo, Arthur, my lad; how are you? I bet you a fiver I can prove that you're not here."

"Taken; give me your fiver. The fiver was handed over."

"Get on with your, proving then," said Arthur.

Winkle proved it to Arthur's satisfaction. "Hand over my fiver and the fiver that you owe me," he said.

"I haven't got any fiver of your's," answered Arthur.

"Yes you have. I have just given you it," affirmed the other.

"You can't have given me it; I'm not here!" (Collapse of Winkle. Arthur goes off rustling a £5 note. "It's an ill wind that blows no one any good," cries Arthur).

P. P. S. (V.B.)

THE STEEPLE-CHASE.

All the Easter term I am haunted by thoughts of the Steeple-chase. Words can't express my loathing for it. Even in the midst of the Christmas festivities I feel its influence, like an icy hand clutching at my heart. The laughter is frozen on my lips, and I shiver when I realise that in three short months I must run in the Steeple-chase. I alone, among that throng of merry-makers, am despondent. In vain I try to drive all trace of it from my mind. It would be as easy to shift the Pyramids. The thought of it is always lurking at the back of my brain, ready to spring out and terrify me at any minute. I am doomed to live in torture for the next three months. When I visualise that awful run, in a horrid drizzle, with mud ankle deep, one shoe missing and the other half off, I wish that I could die.

Do not run away with the idea that I dislike the Steeple-chase because I am not fond of exercise and healthy sports. That is far from being the case. There aren't many that can beat me at draughts, and at a fast game of ludo I have no equal. Unfortunately, I am not built for running. I am rather on the plump side; I am not exactly fat, but I find it rather difficult to carry my thirteen stone any distance without having a rest. In spite of this misfortune, I would be quite willing to run the course if only I was allowed to take my own time about it; but there, as I am always hurried, it's no wonder that I bring up the rear.

This Term, however, I have decided to do something in the Steeple-chase. It has become rather monotonous always being last, so this year, when my House-master said I must train, I did not wince so much as I might have done otherwise. It was easy to win a place and points for your House. All you had to do was to trot round the course. At least, so said my House-master. I laughed bitterly to myself. How I itched to tell him to trot round himself. Couldn't he realise that trotting round was just what I found difficult. I could walk round easily, but trot, . . . it was impossible. It's all right for him to say "just trot round." He doesn't have to. All he need do is to stand at the winning post and watch us. If I had my way, I would make the masters have a steeple-chase. Perhaps they would then realise a tenth of what I annually suffer. The agony of the stitch in my side, my whole body plastered in mud, the feeling as of a huge leaden weight tied to my ankles, and there, a mile ahead, the back of the next man disappearing over a stile, leaving me all alone in my pain and desolation. Perhaps they might then understand the agony of running down

Kaeller Court drive; at every step all my internal organs seem to jolt up into my mouth and then back again. The numerous stiles over which I always fall would trouble them also, and then, after a painful exploration of the grounds of Roche Court, the exquisite torture of the run, or rather the shambling walk, up Northill Hill. I can see that hill as I write now; it seems to stretch for miles right up to the clouds, and I see myself painfully toiling upwards; perspiration streams from my forehead, my breath comes in painful gasps, but I don't falter, and, except for an occasional halt to get breath, I toil upwards without stopping. I limp down Park Lane, and eventually, to the sound of ironical cheering, I stumble over the finishing line. If only house-masters realised a tenth of my sufferings, they would not speak so casually of "just trotting round the course."

Obedient to my House-master's request, I have trained. Three times a week I am to be seen, clad in football shirt, shorts, and a pair of plimsoles, as I "trot" (hateful word) to Fontley, then along the cinder-track, and then home. Mothers holding their children in their arms come to their doors and watch my passing, musing upon the eccentricities of me in particular and Prices' boys in general. Rude little boys stop and shout at me; dogs bark at me. Even though I am not taken seriously (the sight of me returning after a practice run always fills my mates with mirth), I have persevered. To-morrow is the dreadful day. I shall soon know if my training has had any effect. Sped on by enthusiasm may do wonders; on the other hand, I may not. On the whole, I am afraid that the sad story of previous years will be repeated.

A. J. B. (V.A.)

SPRING.

Winter's gloomy days are past,
Spring is here again at last;
Sparkling streamlets wend their way,
And everything seems blithe and gay.

Flowers in abundance bloom,
Others, like the gorse and broom,
Spreading odours far and wide,
Festoon the lanes on every side.

Birds are singing on the trees,
Bluebells dancing in the breeze;
Now we hear the cuckoo's call,
As if she had no cares at all.

L. F. R. (III.A.)

DON'T COUNT YOUR CHICKENS BEFORE THEY'RE HATCHED.

Archibald Augustus MacGotser, commonly known as the "Maggot," entered study No. 10, and looked round with the air of a broker's man. "H'm!" he exclaimed, "We do need some new curtains, Billum, and some decent arm-chairs by the fire would be a vast improvement. I think I shall get a bookcase, too: we need one, badly." Billum, who, by the way, had been christened "Bowen, Algernon," but liked to keep it dark, looked up from his prep., and said, "Have you come into a fortune; or do you just want a ticket for the 'Refuge of the Mentally Deficient?' If the former, let's hear all about it; if the latter, why come to me?"

"I haven't exactly come into a fortune, Billum, but as good as. You know that football competition I went in for? Well, look at this paper." "This paper" had evidently been read during some meal or other, as here and there were pieces of butter, and stains of some sticky liquid, probably tea or soup. Anyhow, it could be plainly seen by grubby pencil-marks and blotty ink-scratches, etc., that the "Maggot" had managed to get ten forecasts right out of ten. The first prize was £50. He did not seem excited about it, however, but took it as a matter of course.

"Naturally, I have sent in my claim, and the money will arrive by the four o'clock post. It's now, by this clock, half-past five, and as it is an hour and forty-seven and a half minutes fast, the right time is twelve and three-quarter minutes to four. The four o'clock post comes in at ten past, so I have just under twenty minutes. Now, copy this list down: 'One bookcase; two arm-chairs; two pairs of plush curtains; a hearthrug; a decent clock; and two strong kitchen chairs.' I think that will do for the present. That'll cost about £35. I'll buy a bike with the rest. Hullo! There's the postman!" Archibald shoots out like a bolt from the blue. Two minutes later he enters with an envelope. He opens it. His face turned green, and then a pasty yellow. "It says here," he said, "We are pleased to inform you that as the result of our football competition of the 15th inst., you forecasted ten right out of ten. There were, however, 150 with ten right, and so we are pleased to award you with a postal order to the amount of 6s. 8d. (six shillings and eight pence). Here follows a list of the other 149 measly individuals. What a sell! What a beastly suck in!"

"Don't matter," quoth that ever-bright spark, Billum. "Even that'll keep us in 'tuck' for a week. Anyway, let's go down and get some doughnuts now!" Nothing loth, the "Maggot"

followed his worthy chum down to the tuckshop. to bury his grief in doughnuts.

G. A. D. (V.B.)

KELLY & CO.

It was a hot July day, when Kelly & Co., of the fourth form of Bankfield School, in Wessex, had the greatest shock of their lives. The fourth form were having Latin for the last lesson of Thursday morning. Kelly & Co., not being very bright at this subject, were going through the mill, when, to their intense relief, the clock struck half-past twelve, the hour at which morning school stopped. Just as Kelly had put his books away, and just as he darted to the door, there was a terrific roar overhead. Kelly, being a "pro." at all subjects concerning aircraft, shouted "That's a Moth, or I'm a Dutchman"! They all rushed out, and, quite expecting to see the 'plane in the distance, they found that it had landed on the playing field! With a huge roar, the junior and senior school rushed towards the 'plane. Kelly & Co. were amongst the first, and then Babel was let loose! The pilot scrambled out, and quietly asked Monkton, the senior prefect, where the headmaster was! Monkton, flushed with pride, conducted the aviator to the Head's study. Presently, Monkton came back, with orders from the pilot to keep back all boys from the 'plane.

Kelly was in the seventh heaven of delight, and walked round and round, talking incoherently about airones, and ties, and engines, and struts! The pilot was made a little tin god on wheels by the junior school, while the seniors discovered that the whole school was trampling on the 1st XI. cricket pitch! The 1st XI, worried and anxious, strove to drive all the school off the pitch, but not until two masters came and drove the school into lunch did the crowd disperse!

The pilot, who, it was rumoured, was an old boy, was not seen for the rest of the day. The Head ordered all boys off the field, and afternoon school was carried on as usual. Buff, a member of Kelly & Co., had picked up a piece of paper near the 'plane. It read thus: "Aanbdon enalp." The company did their best to decipher the code, and Kelly, bright lad!, said that the first word was "abandon." James, another Kellian, discovered another, longer message, in the cockpit of the 'plane. He had been sent by Monkton to cover the cockpit up, and he saw this, rather crumpled, sinister message, though, like the other, they couldn't read it! "Aanbdon enalp, nur yawa, teem em ta sretraqdaem.—H.W.P."

"The mystery grows deeper," said Kelly, that evening. Then, Mellford, a friend of Kelly, rushed into the latter's study, red in the face and gasping!

"Mead says — pilot — gone; — oh, my!"

"Eh?" roared Kelly, "What, 'plane and all?"

"No," gasped Mellford, "He's left the 'plane!"

"How does the Head know that he's gone?" asked Kelly.

"Well," said Mellford, "after the interview, the pilot went out, and, . . . the Head saw no more of him," he finished lamely!

"Well, look," said Kelly; and he showed Mellford the code messages.

"If you can solve those," said Mellford, "you've got a clue to the disappearance of the pilot!"

"What makes you think so?" questioned Kelly.

"Why, they were found near the 'plane, and that, coupled with the pilot's landing here, his mysterious behaviour, and his disappearance, all points to the fact that he wasn't square," said Mellford.

Then Buff did a wonderful thing! He translated the long code message, partially, into English! "Abandon . . . run . . . meet me at" That, he pointed out, looked nshy! Later, when a detective came to Bankfield, Kelly showed the detective the messages. After a lot of questions, Kelly came back to his chums, bursting with news. He said, "It appears that the detective had his eye on a gang in London, whose speciality was robbing aeroplanes. Suddenly, a Moth disappeared from Croydon. By means of certain clues, the 'plane was traced to Bankfield School. There, the detective was stumped! Kelly's messages, which the detective translated, were: "Abandon 'plane" and "Abandon 'plane, run away; meet me at headquarters.—H.W.P." The detective knew that "headquarters" of the gang was 35, Bright Street, Limehouse, E.C."

He tracked the criminals there, and arrested "H.W.P.," and when "H.W.P." turned King's evidence, the whole gang was roped in, including the pilot of the 'plane. So the Moth that landed was a stolen 'plane, and the pilot was a thief. The detective praised Kelly & Co., and later, Kelly & Co., Mellford included, got a three-speed Raleigh bicycle each!

Later on, the newspapers got hold of it, and the Head saw, on the front page of the "Daily Mews," the pictures of Kelly & Co., plus Mellford!

F.S.M. (IV.B.)

BRIGHTER GEOMETRY.

Now, if two triangles we take,
And put them base to base
And letter them D K A C.

Do you suppose that in this case
They congruent could be?

The proof we now will trace.

To start with, we will drop from A.
A line through O, to D.,
And let the angles all at O.

To one, right-angles be.

We now can put up quite a show
Of first-class Geometry.

And now you'll see that K. A. D.,

And also C. D. A.,

Isosceles both well can be;

And so that angle D. A. K.

To K. D. A. now equal is

And A. D. C. to A..

Now, if a prop. which Euclid made,

We use with both these two,

And if we say that line D. A.

Is common to them, too,

We now may say they're congruent,

(Least, I think so, don't you?)

And now there's nothing else to say

But simply Q. E. D.,

And let our very kind regards

To Mr. Euclid be.

("I very much regret," said A.

That in his grave is he.")

R. L. M. (IV.A.)

FAIREM POLICE COURT.

JANUARY 18, 2001 A.D.

Before Mr. Targetson, J.P. and Mr. Careson,
J.P.

EXCEEDING THE SPEED LIMIT.

P.c. Frokeson alleged that while on his beat on the 16th inst. he saw the defendant, Mr. Sandison, of 19, Laburnum Road, Old Stubbington, proceeding at about 500 miles an hour in the direction of Price's School. Witness's own aerobus was nearly run down by that of the defendant, who, it was also alleged, had been 50 feet higher than he should have been, which resulted in the stopping of aerial traffic in the opposite direction.

The defendant was then called. He maintained that he could not have been going at more than 450 miles an hour, as his aero-car was of a certain well-known make, which could not exceed the speed which he had formerly stated.—Mr.

Careson: "I suppose it is a Ford?" (Laughter).—As regards the other accusation, he admitted that he was several feet higher than he should have been, but attributed this to the faulty state of his helicopters, which were now under repair.

Defendant was acquitted on the first charge, but was ordered to pay 10/- costs on the second.

OSCILLATOR FINED.

The next case brought before the magistrates was concerned with the continuous oscillation which has lately become such a nuisance to those people who live in the suburb of Hill Park. During the past few weeks this had been aggravated to such an extent that those affected by this disturbance determined to seek the aid of the police. On the night of the 15th inst. P.c. Season took the Anti-Oscillation apparatus to the vicinity, and discovered that the offending set was the property of Mr. Foxon, of Number 12, New Lane, Hill Park.

Defendant pleaded guilty, and was fined 8/-.

H. W. R.

SPRING.

(AS SEEN BY C—L—S I.)

Spring is here! Spring is here!

See the lambs are dancing.

The sunbeams play among the grass,

Which makes it more entrancing.

Spring is here! Spring is here!

See the buds are bursting.

The birds are nesting in the trees,

And black clouds are dispersing.

Spring is here! Spring is here!

Gay colours all around us.

The March winds, blowing cold and fresh,

Say "Winter's left behind us."

(AS SEEN BY C—L—S II.)

Spring is here! Spring is here!

Lo! the lambs are prancing,

The sunbeams shine upon the grass,

Which makes it more entrancing.

Spring is here! Spring is here!

Lo! the flowers are blooming.

Daisies growing far and near,

Black clouds no longer looming.

Spring is here! Spring is here!

Hark! the birds are singing,

Brooks do murmur soft and clear;

New life on earth is springing.

"PEACE ON EARTH AND . . ."

It was Christmas Eve, and, under the mellowing influence of a choice cigar and the finest whiskey that money could buy, James Lagan, seated before his well-banked-up fire in a room redolent of bachelordom luxury, had been reading Dickens' "Christmas Carol." He turned the last page of the book, then laid it down with a smile, and, sinking back into the cushions of a cosy chair, gave free rein to reflections which a happy inspiration had attuned to the season of the year. "What an extraordinary old rascal was Scrooge!" he exclaimed aloud to himself.

Now, whether or not the ever-hovering shade of our one-time misguided old friend resented the unflattering criticism and "hit back," cannot be said, but certain it is that the words had no sooner escaped from Lagan's lips than the smile faded from his face, and bitter-sweet memories crowded in, thick and fast, upon him.

Standing out clear upon him, was the day when he had been taken away from school, and installed in the office of a country estate agent, an old friend of his father's. At the age of 18, on the death of his mother, he threw up his job, and journeyed to London, resolved to "do or die."

And he had "done"; there was no doubt about that, so thoroughly had the rates directed his early efforts. A successful private deal had enabled James, in due course, to launch out on his own account. Everything turned to gold.

There had been several "unfortunate" happenings, such as the sudden and mysterious death of Lord Gaubrough, whose life had been insured for £25,000, to bolster up double security, given in respect of loans, by one of Lagan's money-lending concerns.

Then the "Merlyn Diamonds," of considerable value, had found their way into Lagan's hands. Following on the commotion signalling their disappearance from Merlyn Castle, young Lord Merlyn (at that time the Honourable Nevil Newchin, second in line of succession to the Barony) confessed to the theft to settle debts of honour. In a drunken fit of contrition, he had implicated the "gambling den" of his—or rather James Lagan's—choice.

Lagan suddenly switched his mind off subjects not conducive to mental comfort. What had they to do with Scrooge? Thank goodness he was no Scrooge.

At that moment the maid announced a visitor. "He won't give his name, sir; but says you're sure to see him—that he doesn't intend to go away until you do see him."

A challenge of this kind was after James Lagan's heart. How very often had the same

message come through to him in the inner sanctum of his Bond Street Offices.

"Show him in," he said, curtly, to the maid.

Out of the corner of his eye, Lagan watched the caller enter the room; then the book fell from his hands.

"Merlyn!" he exclaimed, angrily, rising to his feet. "What are you doing here — why aren't you in Sydney?"

"The reason is only too obvious, I'm afraid," was the smooth reply.

"But what was the understanding when I paid your passage out, three years ago, with a thousand pounds of my money in your pocket?"

"An understanding I've conformed to, while it was possible to do so."

"While it was possible! What do you mean by that?"

"Simply that circumstances have changed."

"Well, I'm busy," answered Lagan, picking up his book.

"Dear old Charlie Dickens' 'Christmas Carol, I observe from the cover," smiled Merlyn. "Come now, another five hundred and I'll go."

"Not another cent."

"Come now; it'll be five hundred or nothing."

"Are you going?" asked Lagan.

"Is that the right time?" was the reply.

For one moment, Lagan was off his guard. That one moment settled his life.

With a curse, Merlyn was upon him; there was a flash and a report, and Lagan sank down. Instantly, a well-filled wallet changed hands.

"Whatever is the matter, sir?" inquired the maid, from the doorway.

"Your master has had an accident. I'd better fetch a doctor," Merlyn told her.

Hurriedly, he found his way out. Near by some waits were singing the words " . . . God and sinner reconciled. . . ."

With an ironical laugh, Merlyn turned up his collar and stepped briskly into the night.

T. J. W. (IV.B.)

A CHRISTMAS EXCHANGE.

I gave my Dad an easy chair,
His study to adorn,
He does not like the one that's there;
The stuffing's leaking everywhere,
And all the springs have gone.

I wonder what he's given me?
Something, I trust, of use.
It's rather small, what can it be?
I'll cut the string, what shall I see?
A knife! that's all, — the deuce!

P. J. S. (IV.B.)

THE HERO.

He climbed alone into his single seat,
 He gazed upon the crowd that stood around.
 He little thought of danger's selfish voice,
 But pondered on the journey he was bound.

They wheeled him slowly down into the sea,
 Wading waist-deep to shake his hand once more;
 Then like some angry monster from the deep,
 The ship leaped forward with a mighty roar.

Its blue and silver hull gleamed in the ray
 Of dying sunlight in the western sky,
 And churned the water into clouds of spray,
 Before it left the sea to soar on high.

And moving faster till at last it rose,
 It's drone turned to a howl, it left the wave,
 And faster still, and faster, on it bore
 Its luckless pilot t'wards his ocean grave.

The mighty engine swept upon its way.
 There was no doubt t'was on the road to fame.
 To its brave pilot it would bring renown;
 Soon would the whole world echo with his name.

Then just as those ashore began to cheer,
 They ceased, unable to believe that it could be;
 For all at once, with a last parting howl,
 The wonder-ship dived straight into the sea.

P. K. T. (V.A.)

THE HOUSE MATCHES.

It was possible to play only two teams from each House this term, as the weather prevented new boys having sufficient practice.

When the last matches, between School House and Cams, were played, both of them had obtained full points, and, as their first and second teams drew in the deciding games, possession of the Cup will be shared.

RESULTS.

School House i. ... 4	Blackbrook i. ... 0
School House ii. ... 8	Blackbrook ii. ... 0
Cams i. ... 4	Westbury i. ... 0
Cams ii. ... 8	Westbury ii. ... 0
School House i. ... 9	Westbury i. ... 0
School House ii. ... 4	Westbury ii. ... 0
Cams i. ... 6	Blackbrook i. ... 0
Cams ii. ... 1	Blackbrook ii. ... 0
Blackbrook i. ... 2	Westbury i. ... 0
Blackbrook ii. ... 3	Westbury ii. ... 2
Cams i. ... 1	School House i. ... 1
Cams ii. ... 1	School House ii. ... 1
Cams	17½ points.
School House	17½ "
Blackbrook	7 "
Westbury	0 "

HOUSE NOTES.

BLACKBROOK.

Our Hockey teams improved considerably in the course of the House matches. Only one or two players, out of the twenty-two who took the field against School House, had had any regular practice, and it was no disgrace to be well beaten, though far from overwhelmed, by much more experienced sides.

In the 1st XI. most of the work fell to the defence, every member of which played well. Duffett got through a tremendous lot of work at centre-half, whilst Wheeler's excellent display in the first game was overshadowed only by his improved ones in later games. We thought we hadn't a goal-keeper, but Truckle disproved it. As for the forwards, with the exception of Chamberlain, who worked unwearily all over the field, they were too small to be dangerous very often.

McNeill was the mainstay of the second team, which played with more vigour than steadiness, though there were one or two boys who did not seem to possess either of these qualities; otherwise the close games with Cams might end differently.

A good many of the House have trained for the Steeple-chases, perhaps against personal inclination, and whatever place they have gained has been well earned. Others have preferred slothful ease, and whatever place they have earned could have been improved upon. There is nothing like steeple-chase training for showing up both the keen and lazy. I won't attempt two lists, but only mention Rolls and Wilton, who showed clearly which they belonged to by turning out one day when the weather would have excused anyone.

Trials for the Athletic Sports will be held early next term, so those who have opportunities to train in the holidays should make the most of them.

As for Cricket, if there is anyone anxious to become a first-class bat, he should attend at the School Field on Tuesday evenings, after eight o'clock, next term, when the value of coaching will be efficiently demonstrated.

Congratulations to W. E. Chamberlain on gaining first-class honours, and exemption from Matriculation, in the School Certificate Exam., and to his brother on obtaining his 1st XI. Hockey colours.

L. J.

CAMS.

If it is the spirit of Spring that has touched the House, then blessed be it and "more power to its elbow," if it has such a thing. It certainly

has seemed more like the old days, when everybody was really keen. Even if we don't win the Steeple-chase, it won't be for want of running practice, and as for Hockey, it is a pleasure to congratulate Edmunds on having an unbeaten 1st XI. and Whiteman an unbeaten 2nd XI. All the games with Westbury and Blackbrook were pleasant ones, which did not tax our strength unduly. But those with School House were harder and faster. Every one put all he knew into the matches, which is, after all, one of the chief reasons for the competition.

We are very pleased that Winsor, Hall and Lewry have been awarded their 1st XI. colours, and that Winsor was selected for the hockey stick, presented by R. C. H. Connolly, for the greatest improvement in the game.

We congratulate Edmunds on being made a Monitor.

The term has been a good one, but let us try to do even better next and get the Cricket Cup again, as well as the Sports. Don't lose that Spring feeling!

T. W. M.

SCHOOL HOUSE.

Once more we have kept up our cup-winning prowess, having tied with Cams, 17½ points all. It is to be noted that both Houses have only let in two goals each, in all, both having been scored when they faced one another. The 1st XI. match was one of the keenest I have ever known in the Hockey Challenge Cup games. At half-time the scores were equal, 1—1, and no further score was added, although both goals had narrow escapes. The 2nd XI. game was by no means interesting, for the House forwards were very weak in most cases, and the score on our side at least should not have been 1—1.

In School Hockey, we have furnished quite a fair portion of the team for School matches. Congratulations to Andrews, who has been awarded his 1st XI. Hockey colours.

I am pleased to see that very few of the House are slackers and have shirked House runs. If we are to do well in sports, every boy must try hard for the House. I hope that in the Steeple-chase every boy running will have done his utmost to get points.

Next term, too, all must train hard for the Sports' Cups. At present we hold three. I do hope we will do just as well next term, if not better.

As regards Cricket, we shall have stronger teams than of late; as far as I can see, our chances of winning the Cup again are exceedingly promising. If any want coaching in batting, I shall give them what help I can if they come up on Tuesdays, after eight o'clock in the evening.

E. G. N.

WESTBURY.

This term we have undoubtedly qualified for the "wooden spoon." Still, this is not very surprising, for we have very few boys near the top of the School.

I should like to see better performances by the second team, however, and I do want to see more keenness generally. On a certain Saturday morning a list was brought round for optional games, and, after names had been taken, I counted up the numbers of each House who volunteered to play. The exact numbers I have forgotten, but the number of boys from other Houses who gave in their names was in every case three or four times as great, in proportion to the number present, as the number from Westbury. This speaks for itself. Nobody can expect to play well if he neglects opportunity for practice. Every House has "ups and downs," but it is quit time Westbury had more of the "ups." Next term, I hope, there will be a decided change for the better.

J. S.

"HERB."

There is a lad who in four A.

Is called a lot of names,
We must prepare for trouble 'cause
He cares not whom he blames.

"Herb"; that is the name most used,
In almost any ode,
And that's the name of our friend C - - k
Who lives in Whitworth Road.

So that none other shall be blamed —
Our baker, or our tailor —
I tell my friend C - - k to his face,
That I am known as "Sailor."

"DEPOT,"