

THE



LION

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New Series.

EDITORIAL.

The term has passed and as yet no writ for libel has been served upon the Editor of "THE LION," nor has he been called upon to fight a duel behind the Physics Lab. So it is assumed that the last issue caused no general dissatisfaction. This term the number of contributions accepted has increased, although it is doubtful if there has been a proportionate increase in their quality.

On the whole, the term has not been very amusing. The flu ravaged us, but owing to the devoted efforts of the Staff (efforts, he it said, quite unappreciated by the boys) we kept going, with the cold weather. The paper dart craze came, and, it is devoutly to be hoped, has gone. Examinations have come, and even Form VI. have thought about doing an odd spot of work now and then, although it has been kept a close secret whether any has actually been done.

The Editor's job tends to get monotonous: he is always brooding over the coming holidays. It is never his part to welcome anyone back to School or dilate over those exciting moments when, exercising the imagination more than the memory, we tell of all that happened in the past holidays. May you have many pleasant things to tell about.

OBITUARY.

It is with deep regret that we record the death, on Friday, March 22nd, of RONALD WILLIAM POPE, of Form IV.A. He was at School on the previous Wednesday, but obviously far from fit, and a sudden attack of pneumonia proved fatal. He was hoping to enter the Royal Air Force after the forthcoming examination, and his many friends in the School take this opportunity of expressing their sympathy.

THE HOCKEY SEASON, 1929.

Played 8. Won 3. Lost 3. Drawn 2.

Goals: For 20, Against 19.

The matches won were those against H.M.S. "St. Vincent," Netley Hospital and Fareham, while we lost to Havant "A," the Border Regiment and King Edward VI. School, and drew with Fareham and the Old Boys. Unfitness of the ground and other causes deprived us of the fixture with H.M.S. "Fisgard" and the returns with Netley Hospital, H.M.S. "St. Vincent" and King Edward VI. School.

The team played its best games against Netley and King Edward VI. School.

The team, as a whole, was an average side, its chief weakness being a lack of pace among the outside forwards, and weakness in shooting, with the exceptions of Chamberlain and Troke: this was reflected in the 1st XI. House matches.

We are indebted to R. C. H. Connolly for again kindly presenting a stick for the most improved player of the season. This was awarded to Troke.

1st XI. CHARACTERS.

- †G. EDMUNDS (centre-half).—Gets through an immense amount of work at centre or right half. His stick work is excellent, and he feeds his forwards well.
- †L. G. CHAMBERLAIN (centre-forward).—A very enthusiastic player, who has pace, can dribble, and shoot hard. Perhaps more effective at inside-right.
- †R. A. LEWRY (goal-keeper).—Very reliable at stopping hard shots and kicking out of goal; is quite fearless in coming out.
- †J. RICHES (left-back).—Has developed into a very useful back, as he has speed. Is clever with his stick and hits cleanly and hard.

†F. TROKE (inside-left).—Has scored some good goals. His stick work and dribbling are good, but he must learn to give up one-handed play.

†E. W. CHRISTMAS (right-half).—Works very hard, and has got a little faster, keeping well to his man. Stick work improved.

*J. CHRISTMAS (outside-left).—Has grown more used to a difficult position and gets more passes across, though he has a tendency to wander in. Must acquire some pace.

*W. MURRAY (right-back).—Is quite useful with his stick and hits well. He must acquire pace.

*F. B. RABY (left-half).—Clears well, but is inclined to turn on the ball. Too slow on his feet, but will improve.

*J. E. FRANKLIN (inside-right).—Dribbles quite well, but lacks vigour, especially in his passes and shooting.

*H. MCNEIL (outside-right).—Tries hard, but is rather slow. Must get his centres in sooner.

The following also played:

*A. C. MANNING (right-back).—Has some pace, hits hard, but rather uncertainly.

*W. E. S. HOATHER (outside-right).—Gets along with the ball, but delays his centre too long.

*D. C. T. HUMPHRIES (outside-right).—Must be more thrustful.

† 1st XI. Colours. * 2nd XI. Colours.

1st XI. MATCHES.

Fareham H.C. Drawn 2—2.

Played at the Recreation Ground on Saturday, February 23rd, on rather a soft pitch. Mr. Brown equalised after Fareham had taken the lead. In the second half Fareham again were a goal to the good, till Troke put us on an equality.

School team:—Lewry; Manning; Riches; Christmas i., Mr. Johnston, Edmunds; Hoather, Mr. Brown, Chamberlain, Troke, Christmas ii.

Havant "A." Lost 0—3.

Played at Havant on Saturday, March 2nd. Havant, with the County left-back playing centre-forward, were a strong "A," but the School played well throughout.

School team:—Lewry; Manning; Riches; Christmas i., Mr. Shaw, Edmunds; Hoather, Mr. Brown, Chamberlain, Troke, Christmas ii.

H.M.S. "St. Vincent." Won 6—5.

Played on Forton Barracks Drill Square on Wednesday, March 6th. Our side adapted themselves to the unusual surface rather successfully. Of our six goals, Troke scored four and Chamberlain two.

School team:—Lewry; Manning; Riches; Christmas i., Edmunds, Murray i.; Humphreys, Hoather, Chamberlain, Troke, Christmas ii.

The Border Regiment. Lost 0—4.

Played after school on Friday, March 8th. Our opponents, who were very well together, played an open passing game and rather taxed our defence, scoring twice in each half. Perhaps we were lucky in keeping the score down to four.

School team:—Lewry; Mr. Brown, Riches; Christmas i., Mr. Shaw, Edmunds; Humphries, Hoather, Chamberlain, Troke, Christmas ii.

Royal Victoria Hospital, Netley. Won 6—1.

Played at Netley on Wednesday, March 13th. The School took the offensive throughout and quite outplayed our opponents, three goals being scored in each half, and Netley replied in the second half. Troke and Chamberlain scored twice each, and Mr. Johnston and Christmas ii. once each.

School team:—Lewry; Mr. Brown, Riches; Christmas i., Mr. Shaw, Edmunds; Hoather, Chamberlain, Mr. Johnston, Troke, Christmas ii.

King Edward VI. School. Lost 1—3.

Played at Southampton on Wednesday, March 20th. Our opponents attacked strongly and scored twice with cross-shots in the first half, while Chamberlain replied for the School. In the second half Southampton added their third goal. Our defence, which was severely tested, played quite well, with Edmunds and Riches outstanding.

School team:—Lewry; Murray i., Riches; Christmas i., Edmunds, Raby; McNeil, Franklin, Chamberlain, Troke, Christmas ii.

Fareham H.C. Won 4—0.

Played at the Recreation Ground on Saturday, March 16th. With the team strengthened by Mr. Shaw at centre-half, the School were able to take up the offensive and scored twice in each half, without reply from Fareham.

School team:—Lewry; Mr. Brown, Riches; Christmas i., Mr. Shaw, Edmunds; McNeil, Chamberlain, Mr. Johnston, Troke Christmas ii.

Past v. Present. Drawn 1—1.

Played at the School on Saturday, March 23rd. The School attacked early and Chamberlain scored quite soon, but despite further efforts could not add to the score, and the Old Boys equalised through Connolly. In the second half neither side scored, though the School had several opportunities. The teams were:—

Past.—Mercer; Silvester, McNeil; Winsor, Andrews, Eyles; Redstone, Maffey, Connolly, Chamberlain, Polwin.

Present.—Lewry; Murray, Riches; Christmas i., Edmunds; Raby, McNeil, Franklin, Chamberlain, Troke, Christmas ii.

2nd XI. MATCHES.**Hilsea I.** Lost 1—8.

Played at Hilsea on Wednesday, March 6th. The School defence played much too far up the ground, and, being unable to turn quickly, let the opposing forwards through too easily.

School team:—Swinstead; Bark i., Raby; Price, Wheeler, Case; Farrow, Barnes, Vibert, Franklin, McNeil.

King Edward VI. School 2nd. Lost 1—6.

Played at Southampton on Wednesday, March 20th. We led till nearly half-time, when Southampton equalised. In the second half we were overplayed, and Southampton put on five goals.

School team:—Swinstead; Wareham, West; Farrow, Bark i., Price; Harrison, Hoather, Vibert, Wheeler, Humphries.

OTHER XI's.

The 3rd XI. beat Hilsea II. 4—2 and Waverley Ladies 6—0. Junior XI's beat Alverstoke Ladies (twice), while the matches, Waverley Ladies and Portchester Ladies, were scratched.

SPORTING NEWS (Continued).

Hockey.—No leave-off is required.

P.T.—Beernes, Cranklin and Dee have all attained the "knees-bend" position without breaking their braces. All have been reported to George Robey's cook.

Lining.—Last Tuesday fortnight next Friday, E. E. Feller broke all records by imputting 200.5 lines in 90.5739 minutes. He was then successful in applying for a new nib.

Cycling.—I. Wanmore-Flit has been training strenuously for the slow race in the Sports. Each morning he meets with a head-wind and arrives late with a puncture.

Form II. Stadium.—At the Stadium last evening, in the White Mice Handicap, the Kidlumvormps Challenge Bucket, "Mollie" won by a tail and two whiskers from "Cheesit." The winner, a fine bitch, was trained on a carpet and holes in rubber corks.

Masters' Races.—Next Friday there will be a practice run for all masters. Leave off must be obtained at the booking-office at Portchester. All running are expected to change before school and must not bring their breath in "short pants."

Anyone wishing for hints on batting should apply to D. Bealstead; on bowling to T. Froke; on wicket-keeping and fielding to R. L. Meadows.

VALT.

OLD BOYS, LONDON BRANCH.

Mr. Dudley R. Masterman wishes it to be known that he has taken over Mr. Chignell's duties as Secretary of the London Section of Old Boys. All Old Boys in London who have not already done so, are asked to get in touch with Mr. Masterman, at 87a, Talgarth Road, Barons Court, W. 14. The recent meetings have not been well attended, so it is hoped that all will make a big effort in the future. At present, meetings are being held in the rooms of members and coffee is provided.

OLD BOYS' NEWS.

We are glad to record that the wails of the compiler of these notes have met with some response from Old Boys, of whom several have sent information which we are sure will be of general interest.

At a meeting of the London Section, held in January, a body to be known in future as the London Society of Old Pricicans, was formed, with D. R. MASTERMAN, of 87a, Talgarth Road, W. Kensington, W. 14, as Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, an address which we believe also shelters the Secretary of the parent Club.

F. KING, of East Everleigh, Marlborough, is moving to new quarters in the village itself. His brother, who is teaching at Faringdon, near Alton, is likely to be on the move ere long.

P. A. MUNDY, c/o. Mrs. T. Myers, Cairn Bank, Myrning, Victoria, Australia, has been on the sick list as the result of a kick from his horse. He has had some cricket on a concrete pitch, which, though true, is very fast. He saw a day's play in the third Test match, and was struck by the keen fielding of the English side. Near Bacchus Marsh, an attempt was made to wreck an express by putting a sleeper across the line at a bend, but, luckily, a goods train which had been delayed reached the obstruction first and was able to pull up in time and give warning. We hear later that Mundy is going ahead well, and has already obtained a "rise."

H. MUNDY was not lucky in his first post, and, being new to the work, found it very heavy. He is now moving to Queensland, where we wish him better luck.

A. D. HAYWARD, St. Mark's College, Chelsea, has his finals coming on very soon. He is taking the London B.A. Honours exam. in History; he has successfully passed the Board

- of Education's exam. in professional subjects; and has captained the College 1st XI. at hockey, and was a member of the athletic team which won the Metropolitan Residential Training Colleges' Shield at Stamford Bridge.
- T. FROST, who was formerly the Assistant Director of Education for Derbyshire, has been made Director of Education for the Borough of Ilkeston, a mining district on the border of Notts. He was presented with a daughter (Phyllida) about six weeks ago.
- R. H. SCOTT, Kingsway Camp, Delhi, has been down with malaria, but had a good shooting trip in the jungle at Sapkhar, getting a barasingh, or twelve pointer, with a head of nearly record measurements, and nearly bagged a large panther. He has also had some excellent hunting.
- L. ARCHELL has quite settled down at the English School, Cairo. The buildings are of stone, with good airy class-rooms and plenty of windows. The laboratory is good and well stocked. His quarters are at Helonan, about 20 miles out of Cairo, where the School has three houses for boarders and the masters, comfortably furnished, with water and electric light laid on. The forms are small, and he takes all the science and maths. in the upper forms, in one of which seven boys take the matric. in June. The School plays Soccer, but there is hockey to be had and plenty of lawn tennis. The winter is like a good English spring. Term ends in the middle of June, and we may see him in the summer.
- H. DE M. WELLBORNE is said to be much occupied in coaching and refereeing the Alexandria Ladies' Hockey XI., which played the English School Girls' team at Cairo, with Archell as the other umpire.
- J. HURDEN has nearly completed his first year in the works at Derby, having put in eight months at fitting and turning, and is now in the foundry, a very dirty and heavy job, though interesting, unless everything is covered with snow, which has been the case this year. Rowing starts again after Easter.
- G. TOVEY, c/o. Mrs. G. Wilson, Hastings Road, Castle Hill, New South Wales, has settled down on a big fruit farm about 20 miles from Sydney, and seems to like work in an orchard—better than anything he has tried yet.
- H. B. EDWARDS is taking his final B.A. exam. in June, pure and applied maths. and physics., and is on the look-out for a post in London.
- H. E. DEAN-COOPER has been put in charge of the Shell Mex Depôt at Basingstoke, so has to leave Reading. We hear that he is finding it very difficult to get a house.
- A. W. WHITFIELD has just been appointed Fourth Officer on S.S. "Nerbudda," of the B.I. Line, trading to Australia, and joins on March 20th. He has passed his Third Officer's exam.
- H. W. ANDREWS, 24, Wellesley Road, Croydon, is now putting in a year's training at a mill at Croydon. He finds that there is much to learn and that a miller needs many refinements of touch and feeling of which the outsider has no idea, such as "miller's fingers" and sense of touch. He has completed the four years for his diploma at Northampton Institute, and is taking his final B.Sc. in a few months. He strongly recommends the Northampton.
- A. J. COOPER has been laid up with a chill, and is shortly on the move to Richmond.
- B. R. SCOTT has acquired another four months' leave, and is leaving India on March 27th. He has been at Chitral for some time, which is 130 miles from Dargai, the nearest railhead, and leave does not count until one reaches railhead, which is as well, as the Lowari Pass en route is often blocked by snow for weeks at a time in the winter.
- H. LARDEAUX, E.T.C. Staff Mess, Alexandria, where he gets plenty of Rugger, Hockey and Soccer, as the staff is so big that they can run three teams for each game. He hopes to be in England by Christmas.
- C. R. POPE is in business in London, and his office is in Finsbury Pavement, E.C. 1. He is living at the head Y.M.C.A., Great Russell Street, Tottenham Court Road, which he finds very comfortable and conveniently situated. It has a gymnasium and swimming bath, and can be thoroughly recommended.
- R. W. POPPLEWELL was down for a few days at Easter. He is with Messrs. Dickinson, a firm of printers, etc., at Heime Hempstead, near Watford.
- D. BONE, who is with the Silver Line, whose ships run from San Francisco to New York, has made four round trips and has passed his Third Officer's exam.
- R. C. H. CONNOLLY should have been reported as having qualified for A.M.I.E.E. instead of A.M.I.C.E., as stated in our last batch of Old Boys' Notes. He has repeated his gift of a cricket bat for the most improved player in the 1st XI., and his kindness is much appreciated.
- C. J. HALSEY has not been heard of for some time, but has been found at 5, Bushey Park Road, Teddington, Middlesex. He has been doing some rifle shooting, and the Secretary of the Old Boys' Club is on his track.
- M. R. COGHAN came up last month, and is just finishing his leave. He returns to Manamati Estate, Kanjorapatti, P.O., Travancore, S.

India, where he is tea planting. He looks very fit and has quite shaken off the effects of his appendicitis.

P. K. TRUCKLE has obtained a post in the Land Surveyor's Office at the Castle, Winchester.

Among those present at the Old Boys' hockey match, in addition to the team, were: L. F. Hewetson, H. W. Andrews, H. B. Edwards, W. F. Tunks, H. L. Marriott, L. F. Biden, F. R. Clark and M. W. Gardner.

HOUSE NOTES.

BLACKBROOK.

On the whole, Blackbrook has every reason to be satisfied with the term now drawing to a close. For the first time in its history the House has won the Hockey Cup, despite the fact that until after the match with School House we had only one member of the School 1st XI. Undoubtedly our success was due to hard and unselfish work on the part of a well-balanced team. It was certainly a noteworthy achievement to keep our goal intact throughout the three matches.

The culminating match with School House was also the hardest. Our forwards were more effective and our defence sounder. It would be invidious to mention names when the victory was so clearly won by team-work, and not by isolated efforts. (Here we may, without impertinence, congratulate Pickwood, who, called into the School House team at the last moment, turned out to be the mainstay of their side.)

The 2nd XI. was not so uniformly satisfactory, and their showing against Westbury was deplorable, a heavy defeat being thoroughly deserved. However, the team defeated Cams easily, and put up a good fight against a heavy and aged School House side. We hope we may take that match as indicative of the spirit in which they will fight future battles for the House.

On the results which have so far appeared, there seems to be no reason why we should fail to retain the Tarbat Cup, which we hold at present, the latest figures showing a marked improvement on our previous best.

The Steeplechase will have been run by the time these notes appear in print, so exhortation and forecast are alike futile. It is up to members of the House to train seriously for the Sports and obtain as much Cricket practice as possible. There are several boys who are debarred from taking part in any House competition save that for the Tarbat Cup; and there are others who show a regrettable lack of enthusiasm. If these latter will only join with the great body of the

House and do their best, either as members of the team or amongst the spectators, we shall be justified in our confidence that what Blackbrook has got will be kept, and what Blackbrook has not will be gained.

L.G.C.

CAMS.

Although Cams provided the Hockey Captain, Edmunds, the House has been handicapped by losing so many of its best players of last year and their places being taken by new-comers, who have, as yet, had no experience with a hockey-stick, that the House has sunk to the bottom! While we offer our congratulations to Blackbrook on deservedly winning the Cup, we need not feel discouraged.

We have only to train and work harder to regain the trophies we have handed over to the other Houses. We may be eclipsed for the moment, but there is just as good material in the House as ever there was (though more than a quarter of us seem to be cripples!), and as others have found out, clouds have a way of disappearing.

Now let us get into training for the Sports during the holidays, and try to improve upon our position of last year. If we cannot be top, let us make the others run!

T.

SCHOOL HOUSE.

This term we have not been so successful, for we have lost the Hockey Cup we have so often held.

Our 2nd XI. was undefeated; our 1st XI. beat Cams 3-0, drew with Westbury 0-0, and were beaten by Blackbrook. We drew with Westbury through a lack of combination and because of their plucky defence. We beat Cams easily, but had the misfortune to lose Christmas i. before our most important match against Blackbrook, who beat us 2-0 after a very fast, equal game.

Troke played very well at centre-half in the 1st XI., and Smith ii., Bull, Mitchell, Rush and Etherington were the most promising 2nd XI. players.

Congratulations to Troke and Christmas i. on receiving well-earned XI. Colours. Christmas ii., Hoather and Raby have all played for the School 1st XI., and we have been well represented in all other School teams.

We are sorry to lose Christmas i., and perhaps other seniors, and we take this opportunity of wishing them the best of luck!

As regards the Tarbat Cup, Smith i., Pickwood, Etherington, Child, Smith iv. and Aps ii. have all done well.

Illness in the House has prevented much training, but as by this time the Steeplechase will have been run, we hope we may have been successful. We have many very useful runners.

Next term we have the Cricket and Sports Cups to fight for. Let us do our best to at least retain those trophies we have already won.

D.C.T.H.

WESTBURY.

We are very glad indeed to be able this term to congratulate the members of the House on a very different performance from those of which we have been the unhappy chroniclers in the past.

A win and a draw by the 1st XI., and two wins by the 2nd XI., give us hope for the future, and we hope that Murray's reign as Captain, having started thus propitiously, will continue in the same way, and that he may go down to history as the captain under whom Westbury won everything.

It is too late for anything we may say here to influence training for the Steeplechase, but we should like to urge everybody to train well for the School Sports, which take place early next term. Westbury have generally put up a good performance in this, and we want to do even better in future.

J.S.

CHITRAL.

The status of Dir, Swat and Chitral, which are in the North-West Frontier Province of India, have a British officer, known as the Political, assisted by another British officer, to advise on the government of the country and to settle any disputes which may arise, as they frequently do. He is usually an officer of the Indian Army who has entered the Political Service.

Before the arrival of the British, the administration of the country was in the hands of the local chiefs and landowners, and there is no doubt that bribery and corruption were rampant, as they still are to a certain extent, and that justice was pretty barbaric. Beheading was a very common occurrence, and by no means confined as a punishment for murder, while for thieving, chopping off a hand or putting out an eye was resorted to.

The inhabitants of the country are Pathans, and claim to be direct descendants of the Children of Israel (though whether there is anything in this is very doubtful!) Nevertheless, they certainly have the distinctive features and traits of Jews.

Like all Pathans, they are an extremely hardy race, due to the fact that there is little ground

available for agriculture owing to the mountainous nature of the country, and they can only eke out a precarious existence. The climate is also one of extremes; it is very cold in the winter and very hot in the summer, and as a result the country produces an extraordinary virile, hardy type of man—the survival of the fittest. There are no hospitals or sanatoriums in the country, and if a man is not strong enough to withstand a disease or injury, he dies, so one can imagine the survivors are pretty tough.

The last time I was out shooting I had an escort of six Chitralis, and although the weather was bitterly cold and there was snow on the ground, they lived out in the open for the whole time—ten days—with scarcely a blanket between the lot. They kept a fire going, but all the same it must have been very cold.

The average Chitrali is very poor and has to exist on the bare necessities of life, and flour made into chupatties form his staple food. Luxuries, like salt, sugar, meat, etc., are out of the question, and therefore very much sought after. I have seen them take out lumps of meat from an animal which has just been shot and is still warm, and eat it with great gusto. When they do cook their meat, all they do is to throw pieces on the glowing embers of a fire, and after it has sizzled for a bit, take it out and eat it with every appearance of enjoyment!

The Chitralis are much less war-like than the Pathans of Warizistan; in fact, they are quite peaceful. The people of Dir, on the other hand, appear to be more addicted to scrapping, and about five months ago they defeated the neighbouring state of Jandool in a pitched battle. They have a rifle factory at the capital, Dir, which we were shown over. I didn't actually see any rifles or guns being made, and I think the "manufacture" consists of the spare parts of Government rifles being put together. The factory, altogether, was very crude compared to Western standards, and consisted of a courtyard closed in on four sides by sheds; there was very little machinery to be seen, and the work appeared to be carried out by hand mostly. One of the rifles shown us (it belonged to one of the Nawab's Guards) bore the Guides Cavalry mark on it, dated 1895. It must have been taken in some show or other and probably had quite an interesting history.

The garrison of Chitral consists of an Indian Infantry Battalion and some Mountain Artillery (two guns), as well as supplies and a hospital. The Infantry Battalion has a detachment at Chitral, while the headquarters of the Force and the greater part of the Battalion are at Drosfort, about thirty miles south of Chitral.

The forts are made of mud, the walls being

thick and loop-holed, while the men have their quarters under the walls, with the hospital and supplies in the centre of the Fort and British Officers' Quarters at one end.

It is rather a monotonous life, as there is little to do in one's spare time except to go out shooting, and the playing grounds (which are also the parade grounds) consist of two very poor hockey pitches—not like one has at home, but made of mud with no grass—and an occasional outcrop of rock. However, when the weather permits (we have a lot of snow in the winter) we make full use of the grounds, and once or twice a week, in addition to other games, the British officers and Indian officers, or if we can raise a team, British officers only, take on a team from the Regiment. The men all turn out to watch the games, and there is usually much excitement and loud shouts of "shabash!" (well done!), especially when the Subadar Major (the senior Indian officer) in goal fails to stop a hot shot from the latest joined recruit!

The shooting up here is very good indeed, and officers go out for ten days at a time after markhor, arial, or ibex. These animals live up at great heights, and the winter months is the best time to go out after them, as then they come down to about 5,000 feet or lower.

You take your tent and some food and camp out for ten days or more at a time—it all depends on how far away your vala (valley allotted to you for shooting) is; ten days is the usual period, but if one is going into a vala about 100 miles away, ten days doesn't give one enough time. The only means of transport is by donkey and cooly. By donkey as far as one can go, and then the kit is transferred to coolies.

The Ruler of the country is called the Mehtar (pronounced Mayter) of Chitral. He is a dignified hospitable old man, and had a very exciting time as a boy, as he was besieged in Chitral Fort, together with a small force of British officers and a Company of Sikhs, for about six weeks, when the Ruler of Chitral at that time was murdered and a civil war ensued. The Fort was eventually relieved by a British Force, which came in by way of Gilgit, in the north.

He is the proud possessor of three cars—two "Baby Austins" and a "Dodge,"—and as there is no road in this country, like there is in England—there is only a track which winds through the mountains, sometimes at great heights—it speaks well for the cars. In some places there is barely room for the "Dodge" to get past, and it is quite a hair-raising proceeding if one is in it!

His Palace is in Chitral Fort, and is absolutely to-to-date in all modern comforts, and if one goes to tea or dinner with His Highness, he does one very well indeed; the food is excellent

and much the same as one has in England.

He even possesses a "Baby Pathé" cinema, and a gramophone with quite up-to-date English records, to amuse one, and on big occasion, or after polo matches, which take place very frequently, his troupe of dancing boys (not girls, as women never appear in public) perform Chitrali dances to their weird music. The band consists of one or two drums and a sianai—a kind of wooden flute, which makes a most piercing noise! To the average Englishman the dance is a monotonous affair, as they seem to be simply doing the same thing the whole time!

The other day news of a small force of Amanullah's troops having crossed over into Chitral, came through. It turned out to be a party of about twenty men, under a Colonel of the Afghan Army, who were escaping from Afghanistan, and they were brought in to Drosch. They had apparently been besieged in a detached post by the Shinwaris, whom they managed to beat off, but, hearing that the rebels were bringing a large force to have another try, they escaped at night and managed to cross into British territory. The Colonel now wants to rejoin the Army by way of the Kurram valley, or Quetta, but whether he will be allowed to do this is not certain. Their arms, which were quite considerable—they consisted of two guns, four machine-guns, and a hundred and twenty rifles—will probably be confiscated.

R. B. SCOTT.

READERS' QUERIES.

- D. S. H. Bedstead requires a recipe for oiling a cricket bat with treacle. I have consulted my "Cassel's, 7 and 6," and found the following instructions:—"Take 1 tin of treacle and $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb elbow-grease, and rub well into the handle. A few holes (not more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ -in. in dia.) should be bored and the treacle administered with a teaspoon. The holes can afterwards be filled with chewed string."
- "Willie."—No! All monitors under 7 ft. $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches use brass paper-fasteners and shave with a tin-lid. Also, any prefect found giving copies to Form II. will be reported to the Geographical Society for Determination of it.
- A. B. Cookie, who is troubled with a shiny nose, wants a good face-powder. The most commonly-used is flour, but powdered chalk does quite well. In S. Africa it is considered a luxury to use soot, which is imported from the Isle of Wight, near England.
- L. G. Kamberlane seeks the record for Ludo played on a three-legged "mahogany" table

in deal. J. Rich holds the record with a score of 501 trumps, whilst A. J. Barkle is "runner-up" with 499 x trumps.

$$\frac{x + 1}{x}$$

A. C. H. Bivert inquires after N. E. Wartham, who went out of his mind six months ago and has not yet returned. The same writer tells me he has patented an invention for splitting peas. Several razor-blades are fixed in a board with the sharp edges protruding from the wood. Small boys are employed to shoot peas at the blades. By this process 17 peas are split in an hour.

[Many replies avoidably held over.—Ed.]

SEEKING A SITUATION.

Being a son of the noble family of Smith-Gilbert, I was rather astounded when my father sent for me one day, and said, "Archibald, you may or may not remember that you are leaving school at Easter. I have decided to give you one hundred pounds, which you must turn into five hundred at the end of six months, or cease to bear the name of Smith-Gilbert, of which you will be unworthy!"

Personally, I thought the idea rather boring, but the pater is very obstinate when roused, so picture yours truly, Archibald Clarence Smith-Gilbert, setting out in April, by the undignified means of using "Shank's ponies," as vulgar people term their feet, with a good suit on his back, and £100 in his pocket-book.

First I tried the resort of all educated young men—the office. I was interviewed by a man in a loud check suit, who said, "Ad any experience o' this job before?" to which I, of course, replied "No, but ——" "Op it," said the vulgar person, so I accordingly "opped it."

I wandered round Whitehall for a few hours; then took my courage in both hands, and entered the Admiralty Headquarters. A superior-looking man enquired what I desired, so I said, "I was wondering if you had a vacancy for an Admiral or something like that, don-cher-know." He sarcastically replied, "I certainly do know. Shall I get a doctor for you?"

After a little more meditation, I jumped into a taxi and drove to Savoy Hill. Having entered the headquarters of the B.B.C. and being told to wait "arf a mo'" by a burly porter, I was ushered into a small study, in which sat a man of quite low-class appearance. "I wish to see the gentleman in charge of this establishment," I explained. "Sorry, quite impossible," was the curt reply. "What are your requirements?" "I thought about becoming an announcer," I told him. "Think again," he said; and I was shown out.

I was, as may be imagined, in the depths of despondency, when a bright idea "flashed o'er my fever'd brain," as some misguided poet may have said. The stage! Why not become an actor? My friends had often said my face would make a cat laugh. Why, then, could it not make an audience laugh?

As everyone knows, an actor's life is an easy one. All one has to do is to wander over the stage, rescue a beautiful maiden from the clutches of a terrible villain, kiss the aforesaid maiden affectionately, tell her in a whisper you loved her even before you met her, and marry her. "Just the work for me," I thought, exuberantly, as I drove to Drury Lane.

At Drury Lane Theatre I was ushered into the presence of a man with an enormous watch-chain, and explained my desire for work. He eyed me questioningly for a minute or two, then said, "Mmmm. You might do. About wages ——" "I'll start at fifty pounds a week, and get a rise to what you think I am worth later on, shall I?" "Fifty bloomin' quid for raisin' an' lowerin' the curtain?" said the man, in amazement. "The pay's thirty bob a week." "But I wanted to be an actor," I protested. "Nothin' doin'," he said.

For six long months I wandered about seeking a situations, all in vain. Everybody seemed to take a violent dislike to me at first sight. At the end of that time I was practically penniless, when I chanced to see over the door of a large house, the sign: "Isaac A. Benjamin. Money lent on easy terms." I entered, and explained my plight to a fat man in a yellow waistcoat. He was most sympathetic, with the result that next day I was in my father's study, showing him £500 in good bank-notes. True, they cost me about £2,000 in all, but what did that matter compared with the fact that I still bore the noble name of Archibald Clarence Smith-Gilbert?

E.J.G. (V.B.).

THE SCARECROW'S VIGIL.

All through the winter, I do bear

The ill winds which do blow,
And oftimes I am white all o'er

Because of falling snow.

The crows come hovering about,

But fly away again,

Because they are afraid of me,

And so I save the grain.

I keep my vigil all the year,

The seasons all go past,

The seed-time and the ripening time.

And harvest-time at last.

A.G.C. (IV.B.).

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

"Ugh! What a fog!" said Herbert Lauder, as he buttoned up his coat. He had just been to the theatre, and was hurrying back to his wife and his cosy, well-furnished flat. His wife had complained of a headache, and had gone to bed; Herbert seized the opportunity to go and see a certain play that was "on" for the last night, and, feeling glad of his wife's absence, had thoroughly enjoyed himself.

The fog was getting thicker every minute. Herbert bumped into a lamp-post and apologised politely, for he could hardly see four feet in front of him.

At last he got to one of the many avenues leading off from the main road, and turned up it. He went straight to the biggest block of flats, and rang for the lift. "Floor 28," said Herbert to the perfectly-uniformed officer in charge of the lift. As he said it, he thought the man's face did not seem familiar, but as the operators often relieved one another, he paid no particular attention to the fact.

The lift stopped with an abrupt jerk, and Herbert briskly stepped out, tipping the operator with a shilling. He walked straight to the room he had left earlier in the evening, and carefully opened the door, fearing to wake up his wife, for it was late. The room was in darkness, and Herbert felt for the switch on the wall, just over his small safe. He rubbed his hand up and down the wall for a minute or two, when suddenly he realised that his safe was not there.

Beads of perspiration rolled down Herbert's now ghastly face, for the safe had contained nearly two thousand pounds; he did not believe in banks, and always took care of his money himself. He was shivering like a leaf; the open window let in a cold gust of wind, and this frightened Herbert more than ever. He had not left the window open! His room must have been burgled. He felt for his desk, which contained engineering plans worth almost a fortune; it had vanished, and so had the little table with the drawer containing his wallet.

Herbert was nearly mad. He flew to the bed where his wife had laid down, and shook the sheets vigorously. THE BED WAS EMPTY!! The dastards had carried off his wife! Visions of tremendous ransoms floated before his eyes. He dashed for the telephone, and in doing so struck heavily against something in the middle of the room. There was a second's pause . . . and then a terrific crash, like all the china and crockery in a shop falling to the floor at once. The room was still in darkness, and Herbert nearly fainted.

As he stood rooted to the spot, trying to pull

himself together, the door leading to his bathroom opened, and a figure stealthily entered. The steely glint of a revolver caught Herbert's eye; he tip-toed backwards swiftly, and troze against the wall. The figure was nearer now, when suddenly all Herbert's fear vanished, and a terrible lust for revenge set in. The figure was the BURGLAR!! These words hung themselves at his dazzled brain. Herbert "saw red." He took a step forward, and dealt the intruder a colossal blow on the point of the jaw. There was a sharp crack, like two billiard balls meeting, and the figure collapsed without a word.

Suddenly Herbert had an inspiration. He felt in his pocket, and pulled out a box of matches. With trembling fingers he struck one, and lit a small gas jet above his head. And, for the second time that evening, Herbert nearly fainted.

He had entered his brother-in-law's flat in the next avenue to his own.

R.B. (V.B.).

OF HANDSHAKES.

"And people who in shaking hands, shake hand with you like that." Sir W. S. Gilbert, in this witty little song of his, from "The Mikado," expresses his dislike for several types of person, and among them comes this person who shakes hands with you like that. "That" consists of a very feeble handshake.

I do not profess to know the origin of this every-day form of salutation. I know that it is a sign of good feeling when you greet anyone. Now, there are several types of handshake, and you can usually tell a person's character fairly accurately by their method of greeting you. The first kind of salutation I would discuss is that of the apathetic lady who holds afternoon tea and cribbage parties, at which everyone in the district is criticised adversely. Such a lady goes to meet her friends when they arrive at her front door, she meekly proffers the ends of her fingers of the level of her shoulder. To shake hands with such a person sends a cold shudder down my back: it feels rather like shaking a small newly-landed herring. The idea sounds horrible, but expresses the sensation as well as anything I can think of at the moment. (I may be able to think of something a little more spicy.)

The next handshake is that of the old "Saint of God," who is an octogenarian, and is invariably shocked by the "young things" of to-day. He grasps your hand like a drowning man. Then, having shaken it for about a minute, he begins to use both hands; then, drawing you towards him, he whispers in your ear, "God bless you, young man." Such men are very sweet old souls, and their greeting is absolutely sincere, but they

do take a time.

Next comes the weak handshake of the person who puts his hand into yours and makes no attempt to *shake* your hand; he leaves all the work to you, and then, when you have vigorously shaken his hand, he lets it fall helplessly to his side, as though he had no backbone in it (Irish). Such people generally have but two remarks to make: first, "How do you do?"; second, "Isn't the weather nice (or nasty)" as the case may be. Then they recoil within their shells and say no more.

Another handshake is peculiar to the young and athletic undergraduate, or *he-man*, just down from college. He comes up to you, grasps your hand, shakes it long and hard, with a "Hail-fellow-well-met" on his face. Finally he leaves your hand in a pulp. Such a handshake is only intended for a person with a hand like a leg of mutton; it is doubtless cheery and well meant, but the physical pain entailed is considerable.

The best handshake is that of the man who is straight-forward, means what he says, and is in short a *man*. He grasps your hand warmly, and shakes it, though not too energetically, and greets you cheerily. This is a noble handshake.

"BEDSTEAD."

YASSIF'S NIGHT OUT.

The wind moaned eerily round the upper storey of Yassif's house. It wasn't a big house, but it boasted of two storeys, even if there was only one room in each. Yassif himself was asleep; so were his wife and his three children, but not so Peela, his dog. The bony mongrel had sensed something that lived and breathed in the dark corner of the veranda outside the opening in the wall that served the double purpose of door and window. But Peela made no sound, perhaps it was only a dove after all.

A cloud shut out the light of a waning moon, and a shadow detached itself from the dark corner, to enter the door and again become invisible among the shadows. Peela growled and roused his master. Yassif awoke and seized his gun, for had he not been robbed three moons back on such a night? He bade Peela be silent, and rose to his feet, but suddenly a hand crossed his mouth, and a voice said in his ear, "I mean ye no harm, brother; speak but softly and follow me." The intruder led the way softly on to the veranda, and when he had reached a suitable distance, unfolded a plan to the wondering Yassif. "Thou knowest that the famous robber Benjad Hadi is in the neighbourhood: he has as a prisoner a white effendi, to whom I am charged to take this message"; here he flourished a scroll,

and replaced it in a fold of his garment. "It is of great importance, and concerns the freeing of this effendi. Thou shalt be of great service to me if thou wilt come. The white effendis have told me where the camp of Benjad lies, and I am to go there this night." Still wondering, Yassif followed the stranger to the ground by means of a long pole, and was led to a camel, upon which they both mounted and rode away down the quiet street. A man slunk into the shadows as they passed out of the village and turned in a northerly direction over the great waste of sand dunes.

About one hour later the stranger bade the camel kneel, and both men dismounted. "Within half the distance covered, in one hour on foot lies the camp," he said. "We must tether the camel and proceed on foot." They did so, and after walking for some time in the sand, they saw the light of a camp-fire ahead; both men sank down to the sand and wormed their way to the top of a dune. Below them, in a hollow, was a collection of black tents and at the door of one there stood an Arab sentry, armed with a long gun.

"Listen," said Yassif's guide, giving him a stout stick, "take this and go to yonder tent, and cut thy way into the back of it and give the prisoner therein this scroll. I shall cause a disturbance at yonder end of the camp to attract the attention of the guard. Meet me here when thy task is complete."

Yassif wormed his way round to the tent and cautiously made a slit in the black camel's-hair cloth with his knife. On entering, he found himself in what seemed a solid piece of blackness; from his left came the sound of one in sleep. He repeated the operation that had disturbed his own sleep, and the sleeper awoke. "Who —, what's the matter?" came in startled tones from the darkness. Yassif pressed the scroll into the man's hand, and said in Arabic, "This scroll was given me by one who is in the service of the white effendis; it concerns thine escape." The man scrutinised the paper by the light of an electric torch. "This scroll says that on this night there is a band of British cavalry near here, but they dare not attack for fear of Benjadi killing me in his wrath ere he is captured. It also telleth me to trust and follow thee." Yassif and the prisoner quitted the tent by means of the hole.

They had gone about fifty yards into the desert, when a burst of shots rang out at the other end of the camp; then lead began to fall around them! They were seen, and the stranger's scheme had failed at the last moment! The two broke into a run.

"Listen! I have a plan, effendi. Leave thy moon-in-the-tin-can on the ground while we

escape," said Yassif, suddenly. Immediately the white man switched on his torch and left it on the ground, where it came in for a veritable hail of lead. Yassif let out a realistic shriek, and led the white man quickly to the place where he had agreed to meet the unknown Arab — instead he found some fifty cavalry who, at the sight of the two men, charged the camp, and within ten minutes the robbers were defeated.

Yassif went home a happy man that night, with a purse full of gold in the fold of his Burnouse.

WHEELS.

"Curse you, get out!" A workman had obviously annoyed Sir Humphrey Rollstone, the factory manager. The workman had complained of machinery with no protecting rails around it. Twice this greaser had been caught in the machinery and only saved himself by tearing his overalls. "Would Sir Humphrey see to the matter?" Sir Humphrey had told him to go to Jericho or elsewhere.

That night Sir Humphrey again thought of the workman's story. "I'll see to it to-morrow." But he had not been in bed long before his room seemed to become a huge building that resounded with the hum of gears, the panting hiss of steam engines, and the clank of steam-hammers. He seemed to be walking along between wildly revolving gears, shafts and cranks, no one of which had railings round it.

"Ha, ha; there you are!" said a voice that rasped like a saw cutting tin, and the baronet turned to face the Devil in workman's overalls. Sir Humphrey did not reply, but walked on cautiously. Suddenly he felt a push, and found himself clinging with bruised hands to the teeth of a gear-wheel, to teeth which were red with blood. Suddenly he seemed to be falling straight into a huge press. Down, down, he fell, when suddenly, with a violent bump, he found himself sitting on a floor, watching the top part of the press come slowly down. He struggled, kicked and screamed, but the Devil had him by the heels. The iron plate was within a foot of his head, eleven inches, now ten . . . Half-fainting, he found himself on a belt conveyor straight into a furnace. With an unearthly crash he hit a hard obstruction, and he woke up.

Sir Humphrey arrived at his office a little earlier than usual the next morning. Something covered over with a cloth was carried past him. As it came opposite him a tattered piece of overall fell at his feet.

"BLOSUM."

THE KNIGHT OF ENGLAND.

Of all the knights in England,
Sir Roger had the lead;
His lion heart, his iron hand,
Could make the bravest heed.

Sir Roger went on a Crusade,
With armour, horse and shield,
It was this knight who really made
The Saracens to yield.

His mighty sword he waved on high,
"Fight for Saint George!" said he,
"We'll save the cross, or gladly die;
Good Christians, follow me!"

For Saviour, Country, Patron Saint,
Their lives they gladly threw
Against their pagan foe. No taint
Of cowardice they knew.

Of brave Sir Roger and his men,
From out that bloody fray,
Came only he with twelve good men,
But they had won the day.

They'd saved the Cross, they'd saved the fame
Of England, brave and true,
Oh! may Sir Roger's goodly name
Make our hearts strong and true.

D.G.G.H. (III.A.).

A LATE SPRING MORNING.

As on this pleasant bank I lie,
Close by the rippling stream,
Where sunbeams glitter jovously
And silken webs do gleam.

Close by me, in a tuft of moss,
A violet odour sheds,
And on the shelving turf below
The jonquils nod their heads.

Around the hole of an old oak,
Secreted from the view,
A clump of golden primroses
Is sweet with morning dew.

On yonder side of flashing brook,
Amidst the nestling sedge,
Forget-me-nots droop tenderly
To kiss the water's tangle.

I wander down a narrow path,
'Tween lichen-covered stems,
And underneath the laurel shrubs
The bluebells shine like gems.

But oh, alas! it is not mine
For ever here to be,
But on I must: the common round
Does always summon me.

J.E.F. (V.A.).

KING WINTER.

His hair is white as driven snow,
He is very old, you know,
And keen and sparkling are his eyes,
Like twinkling stars in frosty skies.
He sings a song so strange and deep,
It sends the trees and flowers to sleep,
Though sometimes on your window pane
The loveliest blossoms bloom again,
And all about the countryside
He scatters blossoms, far and wide.

S.G.D. (V.A.).

HOW THE WITCH DOCTOR WAS CHOSEN.

The greatest village fires threw a hundred flickering shadows upon the mud walls and huts of the native village. Inside the stout palisade a noisy crowd of half-naked and filthy savages had assembled, all coming from outlying districts to see the great event — the fierce devil dance, wherein several natives, who had previously drunk native beer until they were in a state of utter intoxication, flung themselves round the roaring fire to the sound of booming tom-toms. To-night there was something more important than usual, for the native who survived longest was to be the new witch-doctor.

Soon the tom-toms began a low beating, monotonous in its even regularity, and the negroes appeared in the clearing round the fire. They all wore tossing plumes in their crinkly hair, and the loin cloth girdled round their bodies completed their equipment.

Once again the tom-toms beat forth gently, and the savage warriors commenced to glide round the blazing fires. Then the tom-toms roared more loudly and quickly, till the gleaming bodies flew round and the pandemonium sounded far into the darkness of the jungle, making the mighty tiger beat a hasty retreat and sending the monkeys chattering with fear to the tree-tops.

Still louder beat the drums, till the beater's face perspired and his breath was heavy, and the men rushing round the blaze lost all reason in the madness of the dance. The sweat rolled down their faces, filled their eyes and mouths, making them rave and shout the more, until they were a mass of waving arms and legs, all mixed in a helpless maze that dazzled the eyes.

Above all was heard the drum, banging forth in hideous discord. The pace began to tell, and the hurrying men were dropping one by one, worn out with fatigue. One poor wretch fell into the red-hot embers, his limbs refused to move, and a horrible smell of burning was wafted to the nostrils of the watching crowd by the night wind.

The drums reached a height, but still there were two combatants to fight out the duel of madness, each a mass of pouring sweat, their plumes lost, their faces, savage in the glow of the fire, running blood. One of the men reeled and fell, to lie with sobbing breath and heaving chest. Another moment, as the roar goes up from the watching crowd, "Lona wins! Lona wins!" another body falls. The chief steps forward and lays the robes of office on the deserving victor.

R.F.E. (IV.A.).

A HORSE AND A COW. (A TRAGIC STORY).

A horse and a cow, both owned by the same farmer, were usually put into the same stable at night. During the day they spent their time feeding on the rich pasture lands by a small stream. One night they were both chewing the hay given them by the stable lad, when the cow was led away. The horse did not like this, put back his ears, and whinnied, but no answer came. In the morning he was led out into the field as usual, but again there was no answer to his call. He did not quite feel up to eating the grass without his companion.

Days and weeks passed by, until, one bright spring morning, he saw his old friend coming towards him with something, which he took to be a large dog with legs awkwardly placed, behind her. Later on, after the first rapturous greetings were over, the cow explained her absence: she had had a calf, and a pedigree one, at that. All three grew exceedingly fond of each other, until one day a dreadful thing occurred.

As the milk horse had gone lame, the farmer decided to give his other horse a bit of exercise. An accident took place, and the horse had to be shot. The horse's friends never saw him again: they still feed in the same field together, but with not quite the same appetite.

T.P. (IV.A.).

EVENING.

The last shades of day

Fade quickly away,

The bird in his nest

Is taking his rest,

After working so hard

For mate and for pard.

The dark falls around

O'er vale, hill and mound.

The star in the sky

Is shining to try

To guide man on his way

Till the light of day.

E.W.C. (V.A.).