

# The Lion

(Price's School Magazine).



March, 1917.

VOL. II., No. 6.

## Contents.

Editorial .. .. .	63
Wit and Humour in Literature. Part II. Prose .. ..	64
Verse .. .. .	72
Stamp Collecting as an Aid to Education .. ..	74
Football—	
The Football Season, 1916 .. .. .	76
Characters of the Eleven .. .. .	77
Second XI. .. .. .	78
Corps Notes .. .. .	78
Interesting Items from the Front .. .. .	79
Battalion Orders of the 101st Standbacks .. ..	81
School News .. .. .	82
Old Boys' News .. .. .	82
Gossip Column .. .. .	83
Notice to Correspondents .. .. .	85
Notice to Subscribers .. .. .	86

## **Editorial.**

### EDUCATION.

**N**O subject has ever been more universally acknowledged in theory to be more important than education, and yet none has been treated in practice with a stranger mixture of ignorance and neglect.

As a science, education is yet in its infancy, though as a matter of practice it is very old indeed, for it is a matter of necessity wherever there are children.

Like many other words, it has a broader and a narrower meaning, while at carries its original significance in its very structure—*e*, out, and duco, I draw—and implies a drawing out, a cultivation, a development, of what? Of the whole human being, mental, moral and physical.

In its broadest sense, therefore, we may define education as the sum of those influences which form and develop human faculties and character, and in this sense, education is a life-long process, and a preparation for the life to come; however, as childhood and youth are the periods in which faculties are most easily and successfully trained and character is most surely influenced, we generally narrow the meaning of the word and apply it to that period of training and preparation in early life, which forms a child's character and equips him for his place in the great battle of life. Again, as school life is the most important factor in doing this, we often give the word a still narrower force, and apply it only to the work of the teacher. This is a mistake, for though the most powerful from its very nature, the teacher's work is only one among many influences which are at work training the child for his future life.

Many and varied methods have been pursued in education, and while we condemn many of the ancient methods, we must remember that each age knew its own needs, and provided for them as it best could, and generally chose the most suitable for its own time and state of development.

The various methods of education among the Jews, denoted here and there in the Bible, are full of interest, and their soundness has been proved by modern experience. Education received its full share of attention among the Greeks and Romans, and intelligent methods of teaching and training were usually

employed. The mediæval days of Europe were, perhaps, the darkest in its annals, when the worst methods were followed and the poorest results obtained by the schoolmen. Locke, Comenius, Pestalozzi, and Froebel are all deservedly honoured as the prophets of education, who taught us a better way.

The education of the people as a whole was not recognised by our own country as a duty till within the last century. Private charity for many years provided the only education for the poor, while the mass of the people remained in ignorance of book-learning.

The last half of the Nineteenth Century, however, saw this altered, and the Government at last undertook its responsibilities by the Education Act of 1870; since then the progress made in the provision for elementary education has been most remarkable. It has, however, taken Englishmen a long time to realise that education, like light and air, is one of those inestimable gifts that must be, to a large extent, freely given, and that a people must be educated in order to appreciate the value of an education. Much still remains to be done, and the indifference of the ignorant, and their contentment with ignorance for themselves and their children, are its worst enemies at the present day. That much is going to be done is certain. A clean sweep of many absurdities will be made. For the first time in the history of education, a man, who knows almost everything there is to know about the science and art of teaching, reigns over the Board of Education. Long may he reign! The value of a good education is inestimable. In its true sense, it brings out the noblest possibilities in character, strengthens and develops mental power, and makes the best of what is in us. Its influences are too far-reaching to be measured by statistics, but they are so real, deep and lasting, and so affect the best life of a people, that no effort is too great to provide our children with the very best education we can give them, for "The future prosperity of a country rests with the education of its youth."

---

## Wit and Humour in Literature.

### PART II. PROSE.

To define "Wit" and "Humour" is no easy matter, although many have tried to do so. *Wit* in its broadest sense is something intellectual, whereas *humour* means something incongruous or unexpected and appeals to the feelings and imagination. Wit may become stale or objectionable by repetition, whereas humour can always cause amusement. The

humour (?) of a London street waif may often cause pain to others; e.g., a man was once heard to say of a certain ill-fated workman—"I heard his old head crack on the stones just as you might crack a nut, and didn't I just laugh!" Parodies are not a high order of wit, the principal objections against them being, that a man who parodies is always inferior to the writer of the work parodied, and is not capable of producing the best work himself but spoils that of others. What is humorous ought to be the mean between two extremes.

When we turn to "Wit" and "Humour" in Prose we unhesitatingly give pride of place to Lewis Carroll who made the twins 'Dum' and 'Dee' famous.

The Rev. Charles L. Dodgson was born in the year 1833 and died in 1898. In 1865 he published "Alice's adventures in Wonderland" and seven years later the sequel "Through the Looking-glass," a book where that marvellous game of dream-chess, in which a real Chess Problem is faithfully worked out, strikes one as a masterpiece of nonsensical ingenuity. The breathless way in which Alice as a pawn works her way through the sea of dangers and trials surrounding her 'on board' till: "The eighth square at last!" she cried as she bounded over the brook and threw herself down to rest on a lawn as soft as moss, "Oh, how glad I am to get here and what *is* this on my head?" in tones of dismay as she put up her hands to her head to something that fitted very tightly to her head. It was a golden crown!

Imagine being instantly crowned with success just through taking a jump into the future!

In 1876 the "Hunting of the Snark" was published, that wonderful poem which proved at length how the Snark *was* a Boojum though which was what, and what was either is left to the imagination of the reader. It is a comfort to the feminine mind to realise, when sometimes reproved for the number of parcels, bags, baskets, packages, boxes, trunks which seem indispensable for travelling and which invariably get lost, stolen, or forgotten, that manly reform in that direction only dates since the seventies, for here we are told:

"He had forty-two trunks all carefully packed  
And a new suit of clothes packed in each  
But as he omitted to mention the fact  
They were all left behind on the beach."

"Doublets" "A tangled tale" "Rhyme and Reason" "Sylvie and Bruno" are the other and lesser known humorous works of

Carroll, and he seems to have written in extremes, for Treatises on Mathematics and Works on Logic, etc., are numerous. Queen Victoria was so delighted with the "Alices" that she commanded every work by Lewis Carroll to be prostrated at her feet. To her dismay arrived Mathematical Problems and Logical Conclusions of such weight and in so many volumes she was extremely sorry she had spoken.

In "Alice in Wonderland" we all know the thrilling Kitchen Scene of 'Pig and Pepper,' where the immortal Duchess and the Cheshire Cat first make their appearance. The Duchess is discovered nursing the historical baby which, forty years later is reproduced in the admirable Cartoon by Bernard Partridge on the Education Bill—

"I speak severely to my boy  
And beat him when he sneezes,  
For he can thoroughly enjoy  
The pepper when he pleases."

So chants the Duchess who then throws the baby to Alice, who catches him and carries him outside where he almost immediately turns into a pig.

"By-the-bye, what became of the baby; I'd nearly forgotten to ask?" said the Cheshire Cat suddenly appearing.

"It turned into a pig" said Alice.

"I thought it would" said the Cat and vanished.

"Did you say pig or fig?" It asked appearing again.

"I said *pig*," said Alice. "I wish you wouldn't keep appearing and vanishing so suddenly; you make one quite giddy."

"All right" said the Cat, and this time vanished quite slowly, beginning with the tail and ending with the grin which remained some time after the rest had gone.

In the kingdom of inspired nonsense there is none greater than Lewis Carroll. His nonsense is as no other man's. It startles, bewilders, delights, yet is hardly the humour which bubbles, sparkles, and evokes irresistible laughter. For that we would rather turn to Dickens, or Mark Twain, or to an afternoon with "Three men in a boat."

Lewis Carroll has not Lear's high spirits nor Gilbert's irony. In his wildest whimsicalities he preserves a restraint, a sedateness

in his absurdities. And lastly there is the wonderful Carrollian language. That new-born tongue which conversed with Mock Turtles and jabbered that wild and wondrous ballad of the Jabberwock, the very name alone which has been Anglosised, and the verbs to 'galumy,' to 'burble,' to 'gyre' to 'gimble,' and to 'chortle,' though not actually declined in our modern grammars, are very far from being *declined* by Speakers of English.

William Makepeace Thackeray was born in 1811 and died in 1863. From 1843 to 1853 he contributed regularly and profusely to 'Punch' in which 'The Snob Papers,' 'Prize Novelists' and 'Ballads of Policeman X' appeared.

The charge of cynicism, which it was the fashion at one time to bring against Thackeray has been again and again repelled by those who were intimate with him. These found in him an ardent friend full of innocent humour, and, from a generous point of view he was really quite unique. In no book is this simple spirit of fun and drollery more marked than in the 'Pantomime for Young and Old' entitled "The Rose and the Ring" which Thackeray published in 1854. This weird and wonderful story is illustrated by himself, and though he never learnt to draw correctly, there is no question as to the originality, quaintness and even grace of his drawings.

Through Lady Ritchie having brought out a work entitled 'The Blackstick Papers,' this book of the 'Rose and the Ring' by her illustrious parent seems specially interesting, for it is here the fairy Blackstick makes her *début*. This lady had the power of whizzing about from one kingdom to another upon her black stick, conferring her fairy favours on this Royal Child, and that these generally took the form of either a Rose or Ring, and the possession of one of these made the holder irresistably attractive. The Fairy Blackstick also had a habit of turning various wicked people into beasts, birds, clock, pumps, bootjacks and umbrellas, and a neat little habit of adjusting black puddings upon offender's noses. People became alarmed consequently, and when the Princess Angelica was born, her august father Valeroso XXIV., King of Paflogonia, not only did not invite the Fairy to the christening, but gave orders to his porter Gruffanuff to refuse her admittance.

The story is full of humorous interest and amusing complications till at the end of the book, when Gruffanuff's *widow* is about to wed the unfortunate Prince Giglio, the Fairy restores Gruffanuff to his best beloved, much to Madam Gruffanuff's discomfiture. Prince Giglio marries Princess Rosalba, and the

Fairy Blackstick, feeling she had done enough mischief, sailed away on her cane and was never more heard of in Paflagonia.

When reading Jane Austen, one feels these apparently simple stories of country life and ways to contain a humour beyond laughter and almost appreciation. At once we recognise Mrs. Bennet, Miss Bates, Mr. Collins, Mrs. Norris and Emma Woodhouse and others, to be our marked friends and acquaintances of to-day. We are surrounded by her models, her scenes, the romances of Miss Austen. We cannot spend an afternoon in our own village or neighbourhood without experiencing similar experiences to those we read of in 'Pride and Prejudice' and 'Emma,' but we cannot sit down and write a second 'Pride and Prejudice.' Jane Austen, in the seclusion of her life as a country parson's daughter, used her wonderfully observant mind, coupled with rare appreciation, for humourous detail to such fine effect that the result is that art conceals art, and she takes her place as a classic.

With George Eliot we have the second and more generally known and appreciated of our finest examples of the depths of the feminine mind when its genius is directed towards the humourous. Almost upon every page of her writings is to be found some little bit of humour brilliantly exhibited, or pointed witticism exquisitely turned. Yet throughout her eight novels one is not conscious of having enjoyed a single hearty laugh! There is nothing uproariously funny, nothing comical, her characters are not overdrawn, they simply live and live simply. Not as in a Pantomime scene, but the people in George Eliot's world are real folk as we walk and talk with to this day. The humour is painted in as unconsciously as one might imagine the unconsciousness of the promoters as to its very existence.

Who does not recognise Mrs. Poyser as an authority in wisdom almost equal to Solomon himself. There is no end to the humour contained in the wish and innocent sayings of Mrs. Poyser each with its fully fledged epigram of George Eliot so carefully and cleverly disguised within, and all set off by the simplicity of Mrs. Poyser's native tongue.

"If you could make a pudding wi' thinking o' the batter, it would be easy getting dinner."

"There's folks 'ud stand on their heads and then say the fault was 'i their boots."

"It's poor work allays settin' the dead above the livin'—it 'ud be better if folks 'ud make much on as beforehand instid o'



beginning when we've gone. It's but little good you'll do a watering the last year's crop."

"I's poor eatin' when the flavour of the meat 'lies i' the cruets. There's folks as make bad butter, and trusten to the salt t' hide it."

"Some folks' tongues are like the clocks as run on strikin', not to tell you the time o' day, but because there's summat wrong i' their own inside."

"Things allas happen so contrary if they've a chance."

"It seems as if them as are'nt wanted here are the only folks as are'nt wanted in the other world."

"I'm not denyin' the women are foolish: God Almighty made 'em to match the men."

And so on, *ad lib*, there is no end to Mrs. Poyser's quaint reasonings always of a hopeful nature, and full of unconscious wit.

How different to the humorously pathetic Mrs. Tulliver, Aunt Clegg and Aunt Pullett, who invariably see the dark side of things, glorifying in them to ridiculous extent.

Mrs. Tulliver: "How much might they charge you for that bonnet, sister?"

Mrs. Pullet screwed up her mouth, shook her head and whispered: "Pullet pays for it; he said I was to have the best bonnet at Garum Church let the next best be what it would." Her thoughts taking a melancholy turn she shook her head—"Ah" she said at last "I may never wear it twice, sister, who knows?"

"Don't talk o' that sister" answered Mrs. Tulliver "I hope you'll have your health this summer."

"Ah, but there may come a death in the family, as there was soon after I had my green satin bonnet. Cousin Abbot may go."

"That *would* be unlucky" said Mrs. Tulliver "There's never so much pleasure i' wearin' a bonnet the second year especially when the crowns are so chancy, never two summers alike."

"Ah, its the way i' this world" said Mrs. Pullet, then beginning to cry she said "Sister, if you should never see this

bonnet again till I'm dead and gone you'll remember I showed it you this day."

It was in the year 1823 that Charles Lamb put together in the "thing called a book" the Essays which had appeared under the signature of "Elia" in the 'London Magazine.' These Essays have become, of course, world renowned, and Mrs. Battle is as well known as Mrs. Poyser and Bridget Elia quite as well as Diana Vernon.

The wit of Lamb is ordinarily of the quiet unobtrusive kind which wins rather than compels attention. Occasionally there are bursts of active humour and brilliant penning as in one of the later Essays bearing upon the incoming of the New Year. "The Dissertation upon Roast Pig" too, is extremely funny. Whether this story is pure invention of Lamb's, or translation of an ancient Chinese manuscript as he informs us, I do not know.

Theodore Hook, a very familiar character during the last century, was one of the greatest wits the world has ever recognised. Indeed, he is remembered for his ready humour and love of practical joking almost more than for actual writing, though his novels are said to be of great interest.

It is affirmed that as a practical joker Hook has never been excelled, but one feels rather thankful there is no competition in this highly impractical form of joking now-a-days. Hook's powers of impersonation were extraordinary, but naturally his efforts in this direction passed without record, and but few examples remain. Once whilst in the midst of singing a song Hook was interrupted by the arrival of the tax collector, whose name happened to be Winter. Disdaining disturbance he continued his ditty as follows:—

"Here comes Mr. Winter, collector of taxes,  
I'd advise you to pay him whatever he axes,  
Excuses won't do; he stands no sort of flummery  
Though Winter his name is; his prowess is summary."

That superb piece of nonsense appearing in Cuthbert Bede's book "Verdant Green" has been attributed by some to Theodore Hook. "She went into the garden to cut a cabbage leaf to make an apple-pie. Just then a great She-Bear coming down the street, poked its nose into the shop window. 'What! no soap!' So he died, and she (very imprudently) married the barber. And there were present at the wedding the Joblillies; and the Piccaninies and the Gobelites and the great Panyandrum himself with the little button on top. So they all set playing 'Catch-who-

catch-can,' till the Gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots."

This, which was "to be turned into Latin after the names of the animals of Tacitus," formed part of a bogus Examination set before an unfortunate freshman at Brazenface College, Oxford.

Of modern writers, I suppose that Jacobs, Pett Ridge and Rudyard Kipling stand foremost among humorists. Jacobs' nautical sketches "The Skipper's Wooing," "Many Cargoes," and so on, full of breeziness and humorous adventure, have great powers of fascination for some readers. Pett Ridge has many admirers for his amusing description and more or less witty tales of London and Suburban life such as are contained within the covers of "London Only" "Mord Em'ly" and the like, and Kipling with his particularly fascinating style, so varied and charming, strikingly original and ever engrossing. From him we have learned the laws of the Jungle-beasts, we know exactly how the leopard got his spots and the camel his hump, and the independence of the cat who walks by himself has now no mystification for us. Many of Kipling's original poetical phrases such as "Best Belovèd" and "Wild, wild, love" have become common to everyday talk for the very music contained within them. The deep pathos which so often accompanies the temperament of the humorist is not wanting in Kipling as is proved by the singularly powerful stories of 'Kim' and 'The Light that Failed' also in some of the verse.

For Humour, from a present-day feminine point of view, Ellen Thornycroft Fowler and Mary Cholmondeley both stand forward for brilliancy. If the epigrams of one are inclined to be wearisome, and those of the other, perhaps, sarcastic yet the wit of both is undeniable.

I think it is the opinion of many, that of all present-day writers, there is not one who can compete with Henry Harland for wit, originality and delicacy of humour. These delightful stories from the pen of a man—which one is *almost* inclined to fancy at times is the pen of a woman—charm one for their freshness and novelty, the crisp dialogue and quaint style of humour. One feels the absence of "the world's coarse thumb" throughout and revels accordingly in the refinement, tender humour, poetic feeling and quaint fancies contained in the Cardinal's Snuff Box" "The Lady Paramount" and others.

CONSTANCE MEADOWS.

**The Lion.****Verse.****A LITTLE TIME.**

A little time to sit and sigh,  
 A passing thought, a bitter cry;  
 And then—remorse.

A little time to love and live,  
 A giving all there is to give,  
 And then good-bye.

A little time to work and wait,  
 A passing hence, maybe too late;  
 And then the grave.

A little time to wail and weep,  
 A lying still in silent sleep;  
 And then—who knows?

**P. PIERREPONT-MEADOWS.****“ONE BY WAITING.”**

(With apologies to the late Thomas Campbell).

Of Miss Pullets named Leghorn  
 Sing a glorious day's outlay,  
 When to quarters new were borne.  
 Six ladies bright and gay,  
 And their combs above their heads proudly drooped;  
 By each toe the dauntless six  
 Swore to spurn the thoughts of chicks,  
 And their thoughts on eggs to fix,  
 So they said.

Like convicts in a gang  
 Worked they from morn till night;  
 While clouds of cinder flew  
 Up and down and left and right,  
 As one and all they scratched without a pause;  
 As they rummaged in their litter,  
 To the sound of merry twitter,  
 They were getting daily fitter  
 For their lay.

Again Again! Again!  
 And the scratching did not slack,  
 Till a louder cackle grew,  
 Which made us all rush back;  
 And the litter round about us still did fly—  
 Then ceased—and there was calm,  
 As without the slightest qualm,  
 Into our waiting palm  
 Dropped an egg.

Now joy we all do raise!  
 For the tidings of their might;  
 Since we know a pullet lays,  
 If you only treat her right;  
 And still amid our heartfelt joy,  
 Let us think of them that stay  
 Trapped in boxes lined with hay,  
 Stiff with sitting day by day,  
 Shelling out.                      INCUBATOR.

---

“THE MEASLE AND THE MUMP”

The Measle and the Mump once met  
 Down by a sandy creek;  
 The Mump, altho' but freshly hatch'd,  
 Had a most awful cheek;  
 The Measle, though the day was warm,  
 Had quickly reached the spot;  
 A rash proceeding, you'll agree,  
 If cheeks are burning hot.

The Mump he was an awful swell,  
 And very far from thin;  
 The Measle looked him up and down,  
 And scratched a mottled chin;  
 “Oh, Mumpie, come and sit with me  
 Upon the briny sand”;  
 “Hush! Measly dear, I beg of three,  
 Beware—Parotid Gland.”

Oh, Mumpie dear, I must be rash,  
 Whatever else I be;  
 You touch the spot, I'll face the swell,  
 Down by the silent sea”;  
 So by-and-bye, as time went on,  
 Arose a spotted lump;  
 A swell so rash that all exclaim'd,  
 Behold a Measly Mump! ”                      EPIDEMIC.

## Stamp Collecting as an Aid to Education.

Of all the hobbies within reach of the multitude, Stamp Collecting is an easy first. It can be taken up by persons of all ages; it is a fascinating teacher of contemporary history and geography, and enables us to follow the current of foreign politics. It creates a bond of friendship irrespective of nationality, and is one of the very few hobbies which can be followed and studied with interest by all classes of society. The late Bishop of Ripon has said that "Everyone should have a hobby," and it has been also said that "A man draws in vitality from his hobby." Balzac has gone so far as to declare that "A man who has no hobby does not know all the good to be got out of life. A hobby is the happy medium between a passion and a monomania." The ideal hobby is that which gives a recreative occupation—something to delight in, something to enthuse over—something to give a healthy change which is different from the daily routine of ordinary study or business responsibilities. Stamp collecting fulfils all this and more. Stamps will impart more knowledge to a boy in a week than he will get from his school-books in many months. Why is this the case? The reason undoubtedly is that his collection is his toy, and the knowledge he can gain from it is taken at pleasure, whereas his books are considered a task. He will learn all he can regarding his stamps because he is interested in them, and it is a pleasure to learn, and knowledge gained in this manner is permanent. As a rule children have no natural taste for geography, and the first thing to do, if it is to be studied, is to awaken that taste. Tolstoy suggested the reading of travels as a means to this end, but the collecting of stamps has been suggested as an even more efficient awakener. The ordinary boy learns much more in this way than from the best of masters. What information, then, can be gathered from Postage Stamps? We will give a few examples.

Nearly every new issue of postage stamps is brought out for some special reason. A new king on a throne; a revolution in progress; a centenary of some great event; a jubilee. Of such events a collector learns through his stamps.

The changes of government, whether by pacific or violent means, may easily be traced on the faces of stamps. In the issue of France, for instance, we find stamps issued after the fall of the Empire, whilst the German shells were wrecking the beauties of the French capital. They franked some of the twenty-two million letters that sailed out of the city in fifty-four

balloons between September, 1870, and January, 1871. The course of the Spanish-American War is illustrated by the Colonial issues of Spain for her ancient colonies of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, changing to the provisional stamps of the American Armies of occupation, and the current picturesque issue of Cuba under American protection. In the postage stamps of the late South African Republic and the Orange Free State, also those of Rhodesia, Bechuanaland, Zululand; and the famous siege issues of Mafeking, much of our own history may be read.

Stamps exhibit much variation in design and execution, showing in many instances the style of art in the country of issue. All civilized countries issue postage stamps, and the collector becomes familiar with the location of each place, its principal cities, its climatic area, and many other points. On the stamps of Egypt we find the ancient Pyramids. The British Protectorate issues for the Soudan show us an armed postman perched on the top of a camel, with the mails for Berber and Khartoum. The Chinese send us fiery dragons, junks and hieroglyphics. Salvador shows us its smoking volcanoes; dyaks, oil-palms, and crocodiles enliven the stamp of British North Borneo; the emu, lyre-bird, and kangaroo appear on those of New South Wales; the codfish, seal, and dog are on those of Newfoundland; the bread-fruit, coral, and parrot are those of Tonga. So we might go on.

The United States issue of 1893 gives us a whole series of historical pictures relating to the life and discoveries of Christopher Columbus. Another very interesting issue is the "Sydney Views" of New South Wales, the design being a copy of the Colonial Seal, and the scene represented is the landing of the convicts at Botany Bay, received by Industry, who, surrounded by her attributes, a bale of merchandise, a bee-hive, a pick-axe, and a shovel, releases them from their fetters, and points to oxen ploughing and to a town rising on the summit of a hill.

Enough then has been said to prove the value of Stamp Collecting as an aid to Education; but apart from that, it is of most absorbing interest.

There is another hobby which is rapidly gaining favour, and threatens to oust stamp collecting from its premier place among boys, namely, cigarette card collecting. Although still in its infancy, it is making rapid strides, and as a teacher of general knowledge there is nothing to beat it. In a future issue I hope to give some account of its origin and its leap into public favour. In conclusion, I quote an extract from a speech of the

late Sir Lauder Brunton. He said: "There are a great many people who die in this world from the very simple malady of having nothing whatever to do. They passed their lives in accumulating money, with no relaxation, and then when they retire from active work they die of sheer ennui. Sometimes they come to me and complain of so many things, and say they have nothing to do. I tell them to collect stamps. It will add ten years to their lives. The wise men do so; the others do not. And the wise men live on."

PHILATELIST.

---

## **Football.**

### THE FOOTBALL SEASON, 1916.

This season has been one of the most disappointing for some years, as the team sustained several heavy defeats, notably at the hands of St. John's College, Portsmouth Grammar School 2nd XI., Portsmouth Secondary and Southampton Grammar School. The main reason for these failures was undoubtedly the lack of weight in the team as a whole. Since last season we have lost nine of the team, and their places were filled by players who were both small and light. Then, too, Eade, our Captain, was away from three matches, laid up with a bad knee, and unable to do himself justice in others. Packman, the only other player of any weight, left for Sandhurst before half-term. One criticism, however, may justly be made: heads, though possibly for ornament elsewhere, have a very distinct use on a football field, as the Secondary School showed to our cost.

Owing to an outbreak of mumps, the fixture with Midhurst and the return matches with Portsmouth Grammar School II. and III. had to be cancelled; also both matches with Stubbington and Eastmans and the return with Wykeham Hall.

The incessant monsoon weather of the last three weeks allowed little beyond the seven-a-side tournament. This, however, included most of those outside the 1st XI., and proved quite a successful innovation. The "mice"—Eyles (Captain), Swaffield i., Lewry, Dore, Smith i., Pearce ii., and Davis—playing one short in most matches, thoroughly deserved their success. The "Gnats"—a light side, as the name indicates—played some plucky uphill games; while the "Hippos" started well, but unfortunately lost one or two of their best players. The "Ants" ran the "Mice" quite close. The "Tanks" were too unwieldy.



## CHARACTERS OF THE ELEVEN.

- \*A. V. EADE. Centre-half (Captain). 1914-15-16. More effective at half, as in the forward line he was often starved, and, being faster than the insides, unsupported. A clever dribbler and hard shot, who gets through a lot of work.
- \*J. M. LEE. Goal-keeper. Has had much—in fact, too much—to do, which he has done well. Has improved in kicking off.
- \*T. HALE. Right-back. Works hard. He has been the mainstay of the defence, which has had more than its share of work. Tackles well, and clears fairly with his left foot.
- \*J. HOAD. Centre-forward. A neat dribbler and ingenious shot; but he should go forward. With more weight should be very useful next year.
- \*D. EDMUNDS. Outside-left. A painstaking and plucky player, who has some weight; but his plan of campaign is too obvious.
- \*J. BRIDGER. Left-half. A very promising player, who with weight and kicking power should develop into one of the most useful halves the School has had.
- †D. R. KIRK. Right-half. Plays a hard game, but should learn to dribble, and to kick with his left foot. Can and does head the ball.
- †R. B. SCOTT. Inside-left. A neat dribbler, but singularly ineffective in front of goal. Lacks dash.
- †G. ETHERIDGE. Left-back. Was tried both at half and as a forward. Kicks well, but is rather slow.
- †W. C. BAKER. Outside-right. Rather light, and too easily knocked off the ball.
- †C. R. MARTELLI. Found his place in the 1st XI. rather late in the season, and quite justified his inclusion. Knows the game, but is inclined to hang on to the ball too long.

\*Signifies First XI. Colours, † Second XI.

**The Lion.**

## SECOND XI.

The Second XI. played six matches, of which they won four and lost two—quite a fair record.

Lampport in goal saved many hard shots, but has yet to learn to run out. Of the backs, Eyles clears well with his right foot, and gets through a lot of work, while Horner has improved. In the half-back division, Edmunds tackles well. Cox ii.—too light for the First XI.—knows the game, and should be very useful, and Gregory is neat and quick. In the forward line, Flint is a neat and fast dribbler, who centres well for his size. Scott i. is too clumsy and slow. Coles works hard. Misselbrook is a fair shot, but too deliberate; and Jeffery—too slow for the First XI.—was very useful.

R. O. J.

**Corps Notes.**

## PROMOTIONS.

Dec. 20th, 1916. Cadet R. H. Scott to be Lce-Corporal.  
 Cadet G. Chignell to be Lce.-Corporal.  
 Cadet Tappenden to be Lce.-Corpl.  
 Cadet T. Hale to be Lce.-Corpl.

## REPORT OF SECTION SHOOTING.

## WINTER TERM, 1916.

The shooting standard of last term has been practically maintained. Last term the whole corps obtained 8345 out of 14,400, a percentage of 57 per cent. This term the results show 8259 out of 14,400, a percentage of 56 per cent. This is creditable, as most of the recruits knew nothing about shooting when they joined. The result of the competition is a win for Section 2, who thus win the cup for the first time. Section 4, the holders, were close up, second. Results:—

Maximum per Section ... .. 3,600.

- No. 1 Section, 1911. 53.1 per cent. 4th.  
 1. Cpl. Eade, 245.  
 2. L.-Cpl. Chignell, 232.  
 3. Cadet Cox, 232.

No. 2 Section, 2230. 61.9 per cent. 1st.

1. Cpl. Packham, 238.
2. L.-Cpl. Harvey, 230.
3. Cadet Etheridge, 221.

No. 3 Section, 2000. 55.5 per cent. 3rd.

1. Cadet Eyles, 252.
2. Cadet Edmunds, 221.
3. Cadet Tappenden, 200.

No. 4 Section, 2118. 58.8 per cent. 2nd.

1. L.-Cpl. Scott, 258.
2. Cadet Miller, 253.
3. Cadet Swaffield, 227.

Counting by Platoons:—

	Possible.	Obtained.	
No. 1 Platoon ...	7200.	4134.	57.4 per cent.
No. 2 Platoon ...	7200.	4118.	57.2 per cent.

## XII. SHOOTING.

The Shooting Cup has been won by R. H. Scott. J. R. Miller is second, J. Etheridge is third, and G. Chignell fourth.

### *Interesting Items from the Front.*

The rank of a Field-Marshal does not carry with it an increase of pay unless the Field-Marshal is actually commanding an army. He then receives £16 8s. 9d. a day for staff pay. Otherwise he receives the pay of a General, which is £9 9s. 6d. a day.

Twenty thousand tons of potatoes are needed by the Army every month.

Khaki uniform, which has now been adopted in the Imperial Army, was first used by the Punjab Frontier Force in 1849. It developed during the Indian Campaign of 1857, and became general during the Afghan War, but the general public here did not see much of it until the last Boer War. The word is derived from the Persian "khak," a word meaning dust or ashes.

It has been computed that for every one of the five millions of men now constituting the British Army no fewer than sixty-five forms have had to be filled up. This shows that the total number made out comes to three hundred and twenty-five millions of forms! Of these, it may be assumed that two-thirds serve no useful purpose whatever.

---

It is stated by Dr. Max Nordau, a well-known Jewish writer, that at the present time about 700,000 Jews are fighting in the ranks of the various belligerent nations, and that already many thousands of them have been decorated for bravery. They have earned more than 2,000 Crosses of the Legion of Honour, war crosses, and military medals in France; three Victoria Crosses, besides numerous Distinguished Service Orders and Distinguished Conduct Medals in England, and more than 8,000 Iron Crosses in Germany. It is estimated that so far 60,000 Jews have died on active service.

---

Australian private soldiers get five shillings a day while they are in camp, and six shillings from the day they sail. Married men have separation allowance, or anyone depending on them. A corporal gets ten shillings a day, a sergeant ten shillings and sixpence and separation allowance, a lieutenant fifteen shillings a day and twenty-one shillings when he sails.

---

It may be of interest to know how history repeats itself. We learn that recently in France, when our "tanks" were first launched upon the Boches, they beheld, wondered, and fled. Reverting to the passage and victory of Claudius Cæsar over our River Thames in B.C. 54, we find from Polyæxus that Cæsar was indebted more to stratagem than to valour for this victory, as he obtained it by sending forward an elephant bearing some archers and armed men on its back. The Britons, never having before seen such an animal, were struck with dismay, and fled precipitately.—Polyæxus, Lib. VIII.

---

The cost of the war has now reached such a fabulous amount that the ordinary mind fails to grasp the significance of the millions of pounds which are daily paraded in the papers. For instance, it has been announced that the interest on the debt

created by the War Loans of 1914-15 amounted to £38,445,856 for the financial year which ended March, 1916.

Suppose that it were possible to place a line of sovereigns which represents this amount close together, the line would reach nearly from London to Inverness.

If a man were invited to pick up each sovereign separately, and he was able to lift thirty sovereign every minute, and worked five hours every day, he would require to stoop 9,000 times, and it would take him about twelve years to pick them up, working every day of the week.

Or a footbridge could be built across the Channel, from Dover to Calais, nearly two feet wide, the surface of which could be laid with sovereigns as close as possible, and this would only represent the interest payable in one financial year for the loans created in 1914-15.

---

### *Battalion Orders of the 101st Standbacks.*

- 3 a.m.—Reveill .
- 3.30 a.m.—Roll Call.
- 4.10 a.m.—Battalion will parade with bare feet and helmets. Route March to Darknight Lighthouse.
- 7 a.m.—Camel Parade before going to Egypt. All camel humps to be polished and chins cleaned.
- 9.30 a.m.—Route March to Russia, headed by the regimental band—"Here we suffer grief and pain."
- 11 a.m.—Swimming Match. Each man will bring his own water. First prize, a tin of bully beef (in default, seven days' bread and water).
- 1.30 p.m.—All men suffering from corns will parade at the quartermaster's stores for sand-paper.
- 3 p.m.—There will be a night on the nearest pub. A fatigue party will be detailed to carry away the empties.
- 5.30 p.m.—Fire Alarm. On the fire alarm sounding, all men will stay in bed till carried to a place of safety.

**The Lion:**

12.30 p.m.—Zeppelins. In case of a Zepp. raid, all men will make for the nearest table and wait till "Cookhouse" sounds.

During the night all men are warned to have their toe-nails cut to prevent them from tearing the blankets.

Defaulters.—Private Buckup has been awarded 365 days for refusing to eat his rations. Private Dollar 116 days for refusing to whitewash the "Last Post."

R. A. HUNTER.

---

**School News.**

R. B. Scott has been appointed a Prefect, and has also been elected Captain of Hockey.

The Shooting Cup last term was won by R. H. Scott.

On Monday, March 5th, R. B. Scott and J. Hoad were awarded their 1st XI. Colours.

The School Branch of the War Savings Association, which was inaugurated at the end of last term, now has a membership of sixty-two. Fifty-one certificates have been bought, and thirty-seven have been issued to members.

The prizes offered by Lieut. R. A. Hunter for the best Essays on his lecture have been won by Baker (Lower Fifth), Ivens (Fourth), Cooper (Third Form), and Willcox (Form II.).

The House Football Cup was won by Westbury.

The term ends on Wednesday, April 4th, and the Summer Term begins on Tuesday, May 1st. Boarders return on Monday, April 30th.

---

**Old Boys' News.**

H. C. Sheppard has been appointed to H.M.S. Cochrane. In the passing out examination from the Fisguard he obtained a First Class Certificate, and was tenth on the combined list of Portsmouth and Devonport candidates.

R. A. Hunter paid us a long visit last term. He gave a most interesting lecture on his experiences at the Front, and shewed us several modern weapons of war, including a Gas Helmet. This he put on, and explained very fully the manner of its working. He gave a very able exposition of life in the trenches and trench warfare generally. He also described most minutely the life of a soldier from the moment he is sworn in to the time when he arrives in the trenches.

E. J. Coles has returned to the Hants Yeomanry. He was for a time a Corporal in the Military Mounted Police. When, however, at the end of last December the regulation, prohibiting any man under 25 years of age from remaining in that body, came into force, he re-joined his old regiment. He sailed for France last January. At present he is six miles in the rear of the firing line.

E. Llewellyn, who left the School in 1916, is now at Warminster, in the 33rd Training Reserve Battalion. All boys called up between the ages of 18 and 19 have to enter this battalion. He says there are about 3,000 boys between those ages in training, and that when their general training is completed they are transferred to a N.C.O. Class, and from there into an O.T.C., or into Musketry, Physical Training, or Bombing Schools.

---

### Gossip Column.

After having escaped an epidemic in the School for nearly two years, we succumbed last term to a Germ-Mump attack in extended order. Perhaps Mumps is the most annoying of all diseases, because, although one feels perfectly fit, one has to suffer temporary banishment from one's fellows, and sit and brood over one's misfortunes, like a hen trying to hatch a china egg. We most sincerely hope that the "Germ of Mump" has made its final exit.

It follows from the epidemic of last term that there is little or nothing to be said about the Football XI. The Mumps certainly saved us from what would otherwise have been the most disastrous season on record. All matches after half-term had to be scratched, and of those played before that time, the majority were severe defeats. With the exception of Bridger, who was consistently good, the team was inert and lifeless. It possessed no leader capable of arousing or infusing any enthusiasm among its members. Mr. Johnston when he did play managed to raise it temporarily from its slough of despond.

First Mumps and then Frost! We seem to be fairly in for it. One match was played during the first half of the term. Practice games have been out of the question, as the ground has been in the grip of a frost the like of which no boy here can remember. It is only comparable with the great frost of 1895, when those of us who were at school have very cold remembrances of it. However, "It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good." We have been able to improve our skating, except those of us who are content to go on sliding for the rest of our lives. It will probably be a good many years before we again have such a spell of winter weather.

In the days of our youth, the Public Schoolboy took a good deal of pride in his general appearance. Such things as grimy collars, elbowless sleeves, and things of that description were held to be "not quite the thing." Do we see the same pride taken nowadays? After careful scrutiny, we are reluctantly compelled to admit that, except in a few instances, things are not what they ought to be in this respect. There are, of course, the boys who will always look like pigs, even if they are beautifully turned out every five minutes; these we must leave to wallow in their mire. The majority, however, are thoughtless, nothing more. They do not realise that it matters. No one need ever have, shall we say, a shady collar? There are many brands of this neck ornament to suit all tastes. For those who fear the chill of linen's cold clutch, there is the sweet-scented, unbreakable, untearable, un-everything, snow-white variety, One mystic touch of the sponge, and this favourite regains its pristine beauty. There is, therefore, no excuse for a tired neck. The collar in mourning is an abomination, a blot on the scenery, and an eyesore of blinding intensity. We lay special stress on this article of wear, because it is the most conspicuous part of a boy's dress. A suit of clothes, however old, capped by a well collared neck, is always presentable.

Many of us, no doubt, read a letter that appeared recently in one of the London daily papers, in which it was suggested that, on account of the increase in railway fares, the Easter holidays this year should be abolished and school continue as usual. That is to say, masters and pupils were to be tied down to school from the middle of January to the end of July! Six months' teaching at a stretch. The cheerful idiot who made this suggestion is evidently an escaped lunatic. We should very much like to know how a master is to keep his teaching fresh and a pupil his wits keen for that length of time. Three months is quite enough for the majority of us. It is a most extraordinary thing and a most lamentable fact to find, in these enlightened times, that there are people who still think that



"anybody can teach," implying that it is the easiest thing to do in the world. We can only say, let them try. Teaching, to be of any practical use, must always be fresh, and so must a boy's mind if he is going to retain anything; otherwise the exertion put forth by both master and pupil is thrown away. One's imagination cannot picture the condition of a Form and its Form Master at the end of six months' constant teaching. The long holidays that so many people consider unnecessary are for the purpose of enabling both to return to work with redoubled vigour.

Who can tell what the Cricket Season has in store for us? It is too much to hope for a repetition of last year's record, when the team went through the season with a clean sheet. The majority of those "Invincibles" is no more. Three only remain. Lee, who captains the team for the third successive season, Baker, the Richardson of the team, and Kirk, who is an excellent field, and has great possibilities as a bowler. A good foundation, at any rate. That there is good material in the 2nd XI. we are certain. Edmunds and Misselbrook both promise well, and others too, if they will only take the game seriously. There is no room for slackers in the 1st XI.; and we feel quite convinced that the Captain will carry no passengers in his boat. A keep captain is half the battle. Lee, with two years of experience, should prove a tower of strength, and we wish for him during his third captaincy as successful a season as last one. We can wish him nothing better. We hope this year to hear less grumbling among the members of the rolling teams. Their's is no unimportant work, and a great deal of the success of a season depends upon their willingness and readiness at all times—especially during the Easter term—to do whatever they are called upon to do in this respect.

OBSERVATOR.

---

### Notice to Correspondents.

It is desirable that all Correspondence should be written on ONE side of the paper only.

The name of the writer should accompany the *nom de plume* otherwise the contribution will not be inserted.

The Editor retains the power of inserting Contributions at his own discretion.

**Notice to Subscribers.**

The Annual Subscription to "The Lion" is two shillings, post free. All P.O.O.'s should be made payable to The Editor, Prices School, Fareham, Hants., to whom all communications should be addressed.

The Editor hopes that Old Boys will kindly keep him informed of anything of interest, concerning themselves or others, suitable for insertion.

Back numbers may be had, price 6d. each, on application to the Editor.