

THE



LION

PRICE'S SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

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New Series.

EDITORIAL.

It is with very great regret that *The Lion* announces that this term it is without its Editor-in-chief, Mr. R. A. Langford. As many of our readers know, Mr. Langford was obliged a very few days before term to enter a Nursing Home in Oxford. Furthermore, of the Editorial Committee elected a year ago, there remain now only Archell and Sheppard. If, therefore, this issue should fail to reach the standard of its predecessors, in quantity or quality, our readers will know the cause, whilst we, the present Editors, their 'humble patience pray, gently to hear, kindly to judge' our efforts. Meanwhile, we offer Mr. Langford the most sincere of wishes from *The Lion* and its readers for his very speedy and complete recovery.

The new school year saw the admission of twenty-three new boys, including four boarders. To these we extend a hearty welcome, reminding them that they are now members of a school proud of its traditions, both academic and athletic, which, in course of time, it may be their duty to uphold and augment. They have had an excellent example of our sporting record in this year's Football Eleven. At the time of writing, the Eleven has an unbeaten record: its opponents failing even, in any case, to effect a draw. Everything points to the retention of this splendid achievement until the end of the term, the only apparently formidable obstacle being the Old Boys' Match.

On one Saturday, the First and Second Elevens found the opposition's goals on no less than forty-one occasions without drawing any reply. These successes reflect much credit upon the Captain, Sturgess, whose patient training of the team has reaped its rich reward. The only 'fly in the ointment' is that the Eleven should not have had some stronger foe to face.

The newcomers, as regards scholastic successes, have only to remember the results of the last Senior Locals in which 1 First Class, 2 Second

Class, and 1 Third Class, Honours were gained, besides 6 Passes.

In the matter of the House Cup, Cams proved the winners, with 16 points as compared with 9, 7, 1 for School House, Westbury and Blackbrook respectively. The match between the first choices of Cams and Westbury was a great game, and the best witnessed this term on the School Field.

The term has proceeded along its usual uneventful course. Apart from Football, the only amusement seems the calculation of the next really fine day, neither too cold or too tempestuous: the average working out at somewhat above one in twenty. The long threatened Board of Education Inspection has again been postponed; we are now to expect these High-Priests of Education next term. However, the Drill, Singing, and Art did receive the promised attention, and have managed to survive.

In conclusion, we should like to remind our readers that these pages are open to their pens. Of contributions, in prose or verse, we cannot have too many.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the Summer Term number of *The Gosportian*.

Speech Day, 1923.

Dr. M. J. Rendall, the Head Master of Winchester College, unveiled the War Memorial to those old boys of the school who were killed in the war, and subsequently gave away the Prizes gained during the year.

The Memorial, consisting of an oaken tablet, bearing the names, and the words *Pro Patria*, was the work of Mr. Norton Palmer.

The hymn, "How bright those glorious spirits shine," having been sung, Dr. Rendall performed the unveiling ceremony with the words: "In devout thankfulness to Almighty God for the glorious victory He vouchsafed to our arms, I

unveil this memorial to His praise and honour, and to the immortal memory of those gallant young men who went forth from this School and gave their lives for their God, their King, and their country."

Dr. Rendall said he wondered if we had thought what the memorial signified to the school. Our school had a great tradition which had lasted for not a few years: a tradition of learning, efficiency, and good work. But it represented something further than that, for it would serve to remind us every time we entered the room that there was a tradition of sacrifice. As Christians we knew what that meant, seeing that we had learned of the sacrifice of Jesus Christ, and the memorial had brought us nearer to His death. He suggested that those who would be present at the school day by day should remember that those boys, who had made the great sacrifice, were young and were happy. They only knew the first half, or say one-third of their lives—they were young, vigorous, and gallant fellows, who had given up for us all they had: not money, position, or influence, but the one priceless thing which was themselves, and for all time the memorial would stand as a record of that priceless gift which had a mystic symbolism about it. Those who had fallen had endured hardships which neither he nor we could estimate. Yet they were happy. Let others, like those brave boys, forget self and in so doing, work for God, for King, and for country.

The prayer of dedication was read by the Rev. J. E. Tarbat, the Chairman of the Governors; and the proceedings ended with the hymn "For all the saints."

The weather being good the Presentation of Prizes, etc., was carried out in the field.

Record of Football Elevens.

Fixtures and Results (to date).

FIRST ELEVEN—Played 7, won 7 goals for 57 against 4.

Wed. Oct. 17, Gosport, H. 8-0. Goodall 6, McNeil, Wellborne.

Sat., Oct. 20, St. Helen's, H. 13-0. Goodall 6, Bussey 3, McNeil 2, Jones 1, Wellborne.

Sat., Oct. 27, Portsmouth G.S., H. 4-2. Wellborne 2, Goodall, Bussey.

Wed., Nov. 7, Banister Court, H. 3-1. Goodall 2, Bussey 1.

Sat., Nov. 17, Midhurst Grammar S., A. 9-0. Goodall 4, Cummins 2, Bussey 1, McNeil 1, Wellborne 1.

Sat., Nov. 24, Hilsea College, H. 16-0. Goodall 6, Bussey 5, McNeil 3, Wellborne 2.

Sat., Dec. 1, Portsmouth G.S., A. 4-2. Bussey 2, Cummins, Wellborne.

SECOND ELEVEN—Played 4, won 4 goals for 54 against 2.

Wed., Oct. 17, Gosport, H. 8-1. Sinnott 4, Tovey 4.

Sat., Oct. 20, St. Helen's, H. 13-0. Sinnott 2, White 2, Tovey 6, Collihole 3.

Sat., Oct. 27, Portsmouth G.S., H. (Scratched).

Sat., Nov. 24, Hilsea College, H. 25-0. Sinnott 11, Collihole 6, Back (through own goal), Tovey 5, Hackett, Hickman.

Sat., Dec. 1, Portsmouth G.S., A. 8-1. Sinnott 3, Tovey 2, Collihole 2, Hackett.

THIRD ELEVEN—Played 3, won 3.

FIRST XI CHARACTERS.

H. F. STURGESS (Capt.).—(Right Back). One of the best backs the school has produced, as he has pace and judgement, clears hard, and feeds his forwards. Has taken his team through the season so far with unbroken success.

F. DE M. WELLBORNE (Centre Half). Unites speed with distinct dribbling powers and tackles strongly. Gets through a lot of defence work, and has also scored several goals.

L. GOODALL (Centre Forward). His play has developed considerably this year. Is quite a good pivot, and has scored some clever goals. Makes good use of openings and does not dally with his shots.

F. BUSSEY (Inside Right). Quite speedy and a very fair shot, but is inclined to fade away nearing the goal.

C. MCNEIL (Inside Left). Has plenty of dash, but is clumsy, and often ends a very good break through with a soft shot.

F. JONES (Outside Left). A very useful forward, combines well, and is generally in a position to give or take his pass.

W. G. CUMMINS (Outside Right). Varies his tactics, and is quite a fast wing forward. Gets in his centres in good time.

L. ARCHELL (Left Half). A hard-working half, gets through a good deal of quiet work, and feeds his forwards with discretion.

F. BUDDEN (Right Half). Has pace and can tackle. Is rather apt to over-run the ball.

A. TEE (Goal-Keeper). A much improved goal-keeper. Has learnt to anticipate and to act quickly, clears well.

D. BONE (Left Back). Has got through a good deal of work. Is rather clumsy, but sticks to his man and clears safely. Is always a trier.

The Mad Poet's Ecstasy.

It was midnight on the ocean,
Not a taxi was in sight;
The sun was shining brightly,
For it rained all day that night.

'Twas evening, and the rising sun
Was setting in the West,
And the little fishes in the trees
Were cuddled in their nest.

'Twas a summer's day in winter,
The rain was snowing fast,
A bare-footed boy with shoes on,
Stood sitting in the grass.

A warm, dry rain was pouring down,
The sun was shining bright;
And everything that you could see
Was hidden out of sight.

Then the organ peeled potatoes;
Blowing bubbles were the choir;
While the sexton rang a dish cloth
Someone set the church on fire.

'Holy smoke,' the preacher shouted,
As he madly tore his hair.
Now his head resembles heaven,
For there is no parting there.

R.S.B.

An Experience of a Coal Mine.

I appeared at the Colliery, Colgnant Colliery it is called, but no one knew anything about me, so I got the manager on the 'phone (he was down the pit), and he came up to fetch me. I was informed that I was an official, and given a 3-foot stick, divided up into inches; that was the badge of office. I was also given an oil lamp (a specially light one, made of aluminium for officials). I then stepped into the cage, and down I went. I shall never forget that! I seemed to leave my inside at the pit top. The pit is 600 feet deep, and they let you down in about one minute, something like 30 m.p.h., because they slow it up a lot for officials, etc. It is all right after the accelerating is finished, but until then it was awful. After a few days you are used to it, and then you rather enjoy it—at least I did.

I didn't get much encouragement on arriving at the pit bottom, for the first thing my eyes fell on, was a man being carried out on a stretcher—you can guess how I felt. I thought of nearly half-a-mile of earth above me, and the pit on one side; but the others didn't mind.

Colgnant, I believe, has one of the best pit bottoms in the country. It is high and very wide, all arched up, of course, and electrically lit for the first hundred yards along the headings. As we

proceeded along the road, my spirits sank decidedly; the top became low, I could only see a few yards with my lamp, and the roof was held up only by pieces of timber which were badly cracked and had, in places, fallen away. I tried to make a mental calculation of the weight of half-a-mile of earth. Every now and then a piece of rock would fall from the roof with a bump. I was told "not to touch the top, because it was loose." We proceeded as far as the double parting in the rails; it is the same as the places on the Gosport tram line, where the trams pass each other. The full trams or trucks of coal are brought by horses up to one side, and when the "journey" is ready, a signal is sent to the pit bottom, where the winding engine hauls out an empty journey which arrives eventually on the other side of the parting. The rope (it is a steel hawser really, and works on the endless system) is then transferred to the full journey which is hauled to the pit, and raised to the top.

Going in from the double parting, the roof became still lower and still looser, while water made an appearance on the floor, and was often as much as a foot deep.

We then came to the face, where the coal is cut. Each collier works in his own tunnel, with a boy, and the tunnels are supposed to run parallel to each other, all of them leading off the main heading. The stalls, as they are called, are all joined along the face, so that all the coal is used. The spaces between the stalls are "gobbed up" with "muck," that is to say, they put the rock, etc., there. Anything that isn't coal is "muck." They also fill in all old stalls except those they want for airways. We crawled on our hands and knees along the coal-face, which was about 2ft. 6in. high, visiting all the stalls in that district. We then had to go through a "roof-up," that is to say, a hole in the floor of our seam at an angle of about 40 degrees to another seam, which was about 30 yards below us. I was told to sit on my heels, and slide down, which I did after a fashion, but I was glad when it was over, for the wind was against us, and the dust we raised was enough to choke anyone. We then repeated the process of going round the coal-face. Half-way round this district I gave my lamp a bang, and out it went. I was given another, while a boy was sent back to the lamp room to get mine re-lighted.

Another experience that I disliked intensely was inspecting a fall (the first I'd seen). We came to a part of the stall where about three tons of the roof had fallen in. We walked straight on to this mound of earth, and the manager and the agent, who were also with us, proceeded to poke the top with their sticks. I was expecting to be buried under another three tons any minute; but

they only got a piece weighing about two pounds, down, and that caught one of them on the knee, which made him retire, and I followed, quickly. All the colliers speak Welsh, with a few English words stuck in, but I can't grasp it at all, especially as no two of them speak the same way, and one half doesn't understand the other.

Coming up the pit for the first time, I found my legs doubling up under me owing to the speed at which they lifted us.

The day's work is not over when you are back home. You are black from head to foot, and it takes nearly an hour to get clean. The eyes are the hardest part to clean, because the coal dust goes right to the very edge of the lid, and doesn't come off at all willingly, with the result that your eyes suffer.

All your clothes give off clouds of coal dust when you touch them, even your underclothes, of which you have got to have a lot, because one minute you are in the cold air that has just come down the pit, and the next you are in the hot return air that has been all round the workings, when you promptly shed coat and waistcoat. Boots are also a problem. You kick an ordinary pair to pieces in a week, but if you get heavy ones with iron tips and heels, you are fit to drop after walking all the morning, especially as your back is nearly broken from bending in the low roads.

Those, however, are details which fade into insignificance (in *my* estimation, any way) beside the hours that are kept. I have to be down the pit at *half-past six* in the morning, which means catching the six o'clock train, for which I have to rise at 5 a.m. I nearly 'chucked' mining when I heard that. However, I come home at one, and sleep till about five in the evening to make up for it.

J.H.S.

How to Keep Your Bicycle Fit.

I hope everyone will accept the advice I am taking the trouble to offer. I am assuming, of course, that the reader has a bicycle.

With the roads in their present condition, it is somewhat difficult to keep your 'jigger' spick and span. I know of one very certain way to prevent mud and wet getting at your bicycle. Thoroughly clean it, keep it well dusted, and wrap the bright parts up in greasy rags—and *never* take it out. This is about the only certain way of preventing it getting muddy.

With regard to punctures: it is far and away the best policy never to get any. But I have noticed some tyres with cuts, bruises, corns, etc., that fairly make one weep to look at them. How they continue to hold air is a mystery. I am in the happy position of being able to tell you an

absolute preventive for punctures—use solid tyres.

Don't allow any nuts to become loose, for if these fall off while you are riding, it is just possible that you will fall off too. Nuts may be small, but they are very important. A cracked nut on your spindle may result in a cracked nut on your shoulders.

It is always a very difficult matter to keep nickel-plating clean and bright. In damp weather rust quickly forms. It is very galling for you to find your handle-bars or pedal cranks spotted with red rust. I have long since discovered that there is only one remedy—let the blessed thing get rusty all over, and then you don't care. A spot or two will worry you, but a multitude is of no importance.

Lamps are very important articles on a bicycle. I can safely recommend acetylene lamps for giving a good light—and much trouble—to say nothing of a good, sound 'niff.' That's the great advantage of a gas lamp—you can always smell it on your bike, even in the dark. If you can't get much light, don't unscrew the bottom and investigate with a match—you'll probably get the light without difficulty. But there's a certain advantage in this, because you'll have no further trouble with the lamp. Scrap-iron sells at a fairly decent price.

Oil lamps, on the other hand, are very simple. They don't give so much light, but they are more reliable. Burning oil is quite cheap, and has the double advantage of being useful for frying pancakes or kippers. It is just as good for your lamp after it has been used as a frying medium. This system has a certain charm because, when cycling, you obtain a pleasant smell of cooking.

A good strong parcel carrier is an essential feature of any good bike. It always comes in handy for giving any friend a lift, but if he is heavy, it will probably give him a drop after a while. Straps are sometimes quite useful, but as these generally get lost, it is always safer to carry some good string. A hank of string in the pocket is worth dozens of straps left at home.

Finally, always remember that a good bell is very important. Never forget to ring when you see anything in the way, unless you happen to be insured by one of the newspapers. Finally, never bring any part of your machine into contact with oil, as this picks up dirt.

W.G.T.

The Good St. Patrick.

Hibernia to her constellation
Of saints has got a bright accession,
Whose shining light adorns our story,
And clothes the banks of Lee with glory.

For 'twas Hibernia hither sent us
The good St. Patrick to content us.
To lead a hermit's life intending
He from his home in sorrow wending,

To our good bishop did apply him
Who studying how to gratify him
Far in the forest unfrequented
A hermitage to him presented.

Here while with staff he traced his meaning
The woods (some angel's hatchet cleaving)
Fell down, as if before the woodman,
And left a garden for the good man.

While thus on heavenly aid depending,
St. Patrick was his bounds extending,
A wicked wife, who heard the clamour,
Declared it all the work of glamour.

She raised the hideous cry of witch up,
And down upon him brought the bishop.
Meanwhile the Saint, such woe oppressed him,
Sat down upon a stone to rest him.

Wherefore he prayed to God to hear him
And plague all women who came near him
Which is the reason, that to enter
His blessed gates, they may not venture.

His days he shortened much by fasting,
By hair-cloth shirts and vigils wasting,
But all the more he strove to hide him,
All the more men glorified him.

C. McN.

The Vagaries of the Bengali.

I was just disembarking from my taxi at Hourah station when I heard a deep rumbling, almost approaching a roar, close behind me, which immediately had the effect of making me leap from the taxi and stand in the entrance, mopping my brow.

Oh, what a terrible death I had escaped! On looking round I had seen a formidable looking lorry thundering down upon me, piled high with every conceivable article—boxes, rat traps, bird cages, and a hundred and one other things. The largest of the bird cages was topmost, and was swaying in an uncertain manner. The bird, a large brilliantly-coloured cockatoo, was experiencing the greatest difficulty in maintaining its balance, and was shouting—"Oh! hades, Oh! hades." Now came the owner himself, an immense Bengali, literally drowned in bundles of assorted hues, tied with enormous knots. The gentleman himself was slightly bizarre in his attire. His coat was of a brilliant pink, and his shirt of deep blue, displaying large gold studs from neck to waist. His "dhotie" (trousers) still bore traces of that big festival "Holy," and his shoes were of light red colour.

Poor man, beads of perspiration were rolling down his chubby cheeks as he wrestled with his bundles in a vain attempt to extricate himself. After two or three attempts, he ultimately decided that he would get some coolies to empty the taxi before he made a move. Calling three or four men to his assistance, they soon emptied the car, and he, at last, stood on the platform issuing instructions in an irritable voice, at intervals mopping his countenance with a large green handkerchief.

I left him at this stage as I had yet to buy my ticket—a second-class one—for I had come down to Calcutta on business from up-country; but owing to having attended a race meeting the previous day, a temptation I could not resist, I was compelled to return second-class. As I passed the Bengali, I got a whiff of a sickly perfume. Ah, but had I only known at the time what I was letting myself in for, I would have certainly postponed my departure till the next day. However, I am not sorry I did not, as the situation was not without its humour.

Having procured my ticket and distributed my things in the best compartment I could find, I sauntered off to the book stall to get a paper to read on the journey, after which, I returned, only to find my compartment entirely obscured from view, the well-upholstered Bengali having dumped all his worldly possessions before it. He himself was seated on a stool a short distance away, crunching beetle-nut, and surveying the mess complacently.

"Well, Babu, what is the meaning of this?" I said, as I was fast losing my temper.

"Ah, Sar, h'tit will be h'all right, I will get them all in," said the Bengali confidently.

"Will you, by gad? You will do no such thing. Where the deuce do you think I am going to sit?"

"Nothing doing, gentlemen, nothing doing," shrieked the bird, much to my surprise.

"H'tit will be h'all right, sar, h'tit will be h'all right," replied the Bengali, perfectly at his ease; and this was all I could get out of the gentleman. Seeing it was no use arguing, I bustled off in search of the station-master.

"You are the station-master?" I said, tapping the man on the shoulder, who had been pointed out to me by a guard as such, and who had just detached himself from a small group having a hot argument over the question of seats.

"Yes, sir," replied the station-master, "what can I do for you?" He was only too pleased to escape from an old lady in the group, who by this time had worked herself into a frenzy.

"I would like you to come with me a moment, as I am not able to make this Bengali understand that he cannot put all the things he has brought

with him into the compartment."

When we arrived at the spot, everything was exactly as it had been before I left.

"Well, Babu," I said, "when do you intend to make a move, there are only ten minutes left?"

"H'all right, sar, h'all right," replied the Bengali, rising with difficulty, "I will put them in," he repeated.

"No, you don't," I answered resolutely.

"Did you hear what he said?" I explained, turning to the station-master.

"Look here, Babu," said the latter, "you can't put all these things into the compartment."

"Then what to do?" replied the Bengali, now losing his patience, and breaking into his pigeon-English again. After a good deal of argument and coercion alternately, he consented to have the majority of his belongings put into the van, but on no condition would he part with his bundles and his cage containing the cockatoo. The train was gradually moving out of the station as the last of the bundles was being handed in. I had just returned from the dining car, when I caught my friend the Bengali in the midst of ostensible preparations for a meal of no small dimensions. The seat was littered with utensils of various sizes, containing all sorts of mysterious edibles, some wrapped in filthy looking paper, and others in large leaves. So that, by the time he had finished, the floor of the compartment was strewn with greasy paper and leaves woven into cups. The compartment bore a stale pungent smell of curry, mingling with the odour of native sweets. Such was the condition of the compartment in which I had to sleep.

E.B.D.W.

Old Boys' News.

F. POLWIN came over, when on leave. He is now acting as Manual Instructor at a large school in Somerset, which is located in a village, quite in the country.

E. L. DOVER has recently been married and is living at Portslade, near Brighton; 108 Lansdown Place, Brighton, will find him. He is in the Westminster Bank. He was in command of a tank during the later days of the war.

J. H. SINCLAIR is with Norbles Navigation Collieries, and an account of his experiences is to be found in another column.

R. R. SINCLAIR passed out of Pangbourne and is now a cadet. He has had an operation for appendicitis which went off quite satisfactorily.

T. C. HOLFORD is at the Shanty, Bransgrove, near Christchurch.

C. AUSTIN is still with the Prudential Insurance Co., and lives at 35 Albert Road, Caversham.

F. E. NUGENT is teaching at Sangeen School, Bournemouth, and in the intervals playing hockey for Hampshire.

V. F. SANDY, who is now at Basingstoke, played in the Hampshire County Hockey Trial.

V. HOULDEN, Rukura Farm, Hamilton, New Zealand, is learning farming. There are about 20 fellows, ages 16-22. They have alternate weeks of lectures and practical work, of which he prefers the latter. All turn out at 6 a.m., and each grooms and harnesses a horse. His first week's job was to manage 4 horses on a disk, and then at 5 p.m. to clean their harness. The games out in N.Z. are Rugby Football and Net Ball. Rabbits are so abundant that the farmers put down poison for them. Feeding is good, and a passing mention of 5 eggs for tea suggests that appetites are not failing.

R. H. SCOTT, Ahmedabad, India, sends a long letter, enclosing a fine specimen of a Babu letter. This part of the country swarms with big monkeys with long tails, but as they are sacred they cannot be touched. Several invaded his bungalow the other day and began throwing his clothes about.

G. CHIGNELL is working in Limehouse testing raw material and finished products. Hours are 8-5-30, which makes it difficult to live in an attractive part of London.

H. WELLBOURNE has passed the E.T.C. final, and was one of two selected for a Wireless Course, so he is still at Hampstead.

V. POELCHAU is in Berlin, but finds things very difficult. The extraordinary changes in the mark, make money lose half its value in an hour.

R. CARR-HILL has just come back from Cologne and tells much the same tale, both he and his brother (E.) were down for a week-end in October.

F. J. WOODS has started work in an Accountant's Office.

D. SCRIVENS we believe has a post at the Power Station.

R. REEVES is working in Yorkshire with Siemens, the famous Electrical Engineering firm.

L. STEVENSON called at the school this term. He is learning office routine in Southampton.

H. E. DEAN-COOPER dropped in on his way to Oxford, where his English studies are progressing, we believe, favourably.

House Notes.

BLACKBROOK HOUSE.

This term was our first birthday, and we have developed into a quite bonnie infant. Much of our exuberant health we owe to the ceaseless and careful nursing of Mr. R. A. Langford and McNeil, our captain. Whilst we cannot show any definite signs of our growth in the way of sports trophies, save the winning of this year's Junior Steeplechase, we are yet conscious of a real feeling of 'esprit-de-corps' and enthusiastic keenness. With these in our possession, it will not be long before we begin to capture cups, young as we are.

At the beginning of term, the new boys appointed to our House made us nearly as strong in numbers as other Houses. However, the vast majority of our members are still in the Junior School, and, thus, when the House Matches started, we had no alternative but to field simply a second and third eleven. The only success we achieved fell to the thirds, who managed to overwhelm the School House stalwarts. Though further victories did not come our way, we can safely say our opponents had, in every game, to put out all their energies. For the seconds, McNeil and Hickman (a valuable new Blackbrookian) proved towers of strength, and in King, we foresee a coming 'School goalie.' Wheatley II also, deserves a special word of praise for his extremely plucky and skilful display at back. Chamberlain III, Croker and Bevis, were the most promising of the thirds. McNeil plays in the School firsts, and Hickman in the seconds.

We now have Blackbrookians in every form, and in most they have generally very good places in the Fortnightly Orders. Chamberlain II of IVb has every likelihood of turning out one of the best English essayists the School has ever had.

The House impatiently awaits the welcome news that Mr. Langford is returning to resume its guidance. E.J.K.G.

CAMS HOUSE.

It is, in the main, a successful year that we have to record. Consequently, our reflections are pleasant, and we look forward with hope for the prizes that so far have eluded our grasp. We pass over our Cricket House matches, for the other Houses will, doubtless, have a song about them, though even they will have to admit the individual successes of Sturgess who well maintained the honour of the School and the House all through the season.

In the examinations for the Oxford Local, results show that six out of the ten who passed belong to the House: Sheppard, Archell, Messem, Jones, Elcock and Woods, to whom we offer our congratulations and thanks for their efforts for the

House, and more particularly for putting a Cambs boy at the head of the School. We congratulate Messem and Jones on attaining the position of monitors.

As regards the football competition, there is not much to record, but that little is important: for the House won the Cup again. Against School House we won all three matches (1st 4-0, 2nd 8-0, 3rd 13-0). Against Westbury, we won the 1st, but lost 2nd and 3rd matches (1st 4-1, 2nd 2-3, 3rd 1-2). Against Blackbrook, we won both matches, (2nd 6-3, 3rd 10-1). This time we were fortunate, perhaps more so than the other Houses, in having old players to fall back upon, but each team worked well, and we were not disappointed. Where all did their best, and in the best spirit, there is no need to make any selection of special work.

Now let us see, there's Hockey coming and the Steeplechase and the Sports. Come along! Play up! Cambs. Let us have a bright New Year.

T.W.M.

SCHOOL HOUSE.

The House numbers this term, owing to the inclusion of one or two who are incapacitated, make it very difficult to raise three teams, and in consequence our 3rd XI matches have helped our opponents' goal averages. Both teams did well against Westbury, though they had some luck.

Andrews has been made a House Monitor, and G. White is head of the House. Ross III and IV have come into residence, are now I and II, the late owners of these numbers being busy at Sparsholt. The remaining vacancies have been filled by da Cunha and Humby.

WESTBURY HOUSE.

Since these notes last appeared we have varied the fortunes of the House by the winning of two Cups—the Steeplechase Cup and the Cricket Cup.

We have also the satisfaction of having had three members of the House in the winning team of four boys who were so successful at Winchester Sports. Two of these, Budden and Goodall, are still in the School, and we shall look for further successes with their help, next summer.

This term's record is not nearly so pleasing, for in the Inter-House Football contest, we occupy third place. I feel sure we could do better in Football, and I am disappointed at the result of the matches. Our first team seem to have an unhappy knack of playing a little below their opponents' form. Against a moderate team they are a little weak; against a strong team they are strong, but not quite strong enough. In each of the first eleven matches we bombarded the opponents' goal fairly often, but the shots were either inaccurate or else travelling so slowly that they were easily

dealt with. The old mistake is still evident—that of kicking ahead by the forwards, thereby presenting the opposing backs with what amounts to a free kick.

These comments may seem somewhat late, since the matches are over, and it is a long time before next football term, but the same principles apply in a great measure to Hockey, so these criticisms may, I hope, bear fruit next term.

As usual the end of Summer Term saw the departure of many useful members of the House. Collihole I, Buckley, Rogers, and Westbrook, in particular, will be missed, but every year brings the same losses more or less, and those who are left must make up their minds to win all possible honours for their House, and not to lose a single point in any contest without a keen fight for it.

House ties may be worn by all boys who scored points in the Steeplechase, and by any boy who has played in a first team in the House matches. Names of other boys entitled to wear them will be put up on the notice board. J.S.

Examination Results.

OXFORD SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

1st class Honours (distinction in English) Sheppard. 2nd class Honours, Archell and Messem. 3rd class Honours (distinction in Mathematics) Jones. Pass: Cook, Elcock, Blanch, Hayward, Mason, Woods. Additional Certificate: Moore. Sheppard, Messem, and Archell exempted from Matriculation.

LONDON MATRICULATION, SECOND CLASS.

V. Poelchau and W. E. Collihole.

Reference Library.

A start has at last been made with the provision of a School Reference Library. Some valuable scientific books have been presented by Mrs. Ramsay; a copy of the Field Archaeology of Hampshire, by Capt. Williams-Freeman; and a very handsomely illustrated Bible, by Mrs. Woodward; while a grant from the Governors has been expended upon several historical and reference books.

The French Library.

The Lion is pleased to register this term the creation of a new French library. It is quite an innovation, and so far it seems to have been very popular amongst the boys of the upper forms. About thirty books have been lent this term, a very good start. It might have been even better, but for the difficulty in finding suitable reading books for boys with a medium knowledge of the language. We had a peep at the new books, bought during last summer holidays, and we

noticed the names of well-known French classic authors. Victor Hugo, Anatole France, Pierre Loti, Alexandre Dumas, and Alphonse Daudet, are represented by one or two of their best books.

Before finishing this, one word must be said concerning the great benefit which boys learning a language, can derive from reading. They will enrich their vocabulary with very useful words, colloquial expressions, and idioms; their style in writing French compositions will also improve very quickly; in a word, it will repay them a thousandfold in the future. Our best wishes to the French library for a prosperous life!

A very valuable gift of hockey nets from Mr. Atkins was much appreciated, and we take this opportunity of offering him rather belated thanks.

The Midhurst Match.

The match against Midhurst Grammar School is the match of the season. It was played for the first time in 1920, and the School has repeatedly lost. This year, being stronger than usual, we were determined to make up for past failures. The weather had for several days been distinctly wet, and our pitches were quite unplayable. It was, however, passably fine when the 'bus arrived at twenty minutes past eleven. A few minutes sufficed for the team to seat themselves, and on this occasion Sturgess was not left behind, in fact he seemed as keen as the rest—to miss French conversation. As we started, the juniors at the gate, set up a shout, which would have done credit to any pack of cubs. The journey, through Havant and Chichester, was uneventful. We lunched in the 'bus, and arrived at Midhurst Grammar School soon after one o'clock. We were immediately conducted upstairs to a dormitory, in which to change. Outside was a semi-circular room, round which were wash-hand basins, and along the straight side bath-rooms, including a shower bath. We changed, and half-an-hour later strolled down to the sports ground. This is in a large park, and the pitch on which we played lies between a ruined castle and a large pavilion. The pitch, contrary to expectation, was quite dry, but a very strong wind was blowing. We won the toss and played with the wind behind us. We were slightly the heavier team, but it was not weight which told. The passing of the forwards was glorious, and the ball sailed into the net time and again. We had most of the play in the first half and at half-time had scored six times. We expected harder play in the second half, but the wind dropped considerably, and we did most of the pressing. Three more goals were scored, making the total score nine-nil in our favour.

L.A.