

THE



LION

PRICE'S SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

Vol. 1. No. 14.

DECEMBER, 1926.

New Series.

EDITORIAL.

What a majestic god is Ambition,—if influence can make it so! See the millions striving, to gain a higher place, to obtain prominence, driven on by our unsatiable god. Each one cries, "I must be first." Are you one of them? Are you pushing to the front? And do you think priority means bliss? Learn a lesson of the Editorial.

When it was young, it had greatness thrust upon it; it was pushed to the front; it was made to lead. Fate chose it from thousands of similar articles to be the foremost, and amidst the envious acclamations of its one-time equals, it assumed the title of "Leading Article." Oh! the sweetness of that position whilst the pride of youth upheld it, whilst vigour compelled power, and novelty interest! But soon, all too soon, power and freshness, and the attraction of majestic look, departed. Nothing remained but the repulsion of depressing dotage, of aged child-ishness; nothing but this and a conspicuous position.

Then indeed the horror of conspicuousness dawned upon it: respect had given way to scorn and laughter, and, far worse, laughter and scorn in their turn to the deadening influence of utter indifference and neglect. And this as a mere spectre of its original greatness, entirely incapable of arousing either sympathy or respect, it has since remained with us. Still occupying a place where all must see it, still open to the gaze of nought but ridicule, powerless even to withdraw.

Nevertheless, the columns which stretch behind it are yet moved by the spirit of youth; always they call for further effort, and always offer the reward of study. Without delay, pass ye on to them, and restrain, in sympathy, from gazing on their hollow head. Throw aside the crumpled cork and drain the contents. Waste no time on the hors d'œuvre, but tackle some-

thing solid. Avoid the night-cap lest it induce too sound a sleep. Pierce the dry hush and hurry to the tasty kernel. Take no account of the dust-bin lid, but dive inside.

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

OXFORD SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

JULY, 1926.

1st Class, Honours: Hewetson, Winsor.

2nd Class, Honours: Butters.

3rd Class, Honours: Chamberlain, Davison, Eyles.

Pass: Clark, Dodds, Gardner, Hall, Latty, Loosemore, Morrison, Nobbs, Smith, Silvester.

Junior: K. Riley, 3rd Class Honours: J. Chapman, Pass.

Admiralty Exam. for H.M.S. "Fisgard":
E. R. Davison passed the competitive examination.

MARRIAGES.

We offer congratulations and best wishes for the future to:

K. DAVENPORT,

C. E. M. RIDSDALE,

E. H. DEAN-COOPER,

E. HINXMAN,

who have all been married since the last issue of "The Lion."

OLD PRICEANS ASSOCIATION.

Past v. Present Hockey Match: Saturday, March 26th, 1927.

The Old Priceans Association continues to flourish and to grow in strength, though we should like to see a greater rate of increase and

would appeal to boys to approach us immediately upon leaving School, for these people have a very active interest, and the shyness which grows up in a very short interval has not to be overcome; we find this shyness is a very real obstacle, but we are very willing to try our hardest to bring these Old Boys into the fold, and from the more recent boys we expect rather more co-operation. Our membership is now over 120, and we have representatives dotted in many parts of the world. In some parts of England we have a sufficient number of Old Boys to form a branch association of the parent body, and to Mr. Chignell we offer our congratulations on shepherding into being the first of such bodies, a very keen and active London branch having been formed, of which particulars are given elsewhere in this issue.

The Old Boys' summer function took place on July 24th, when three XI.'s were fielded, and we had a record attendance of over forty Old Boys. All those present were entertained to tea, and the usual discussion turning to former and very happy days took place. One incident very reminiscent of long ago took place when the company was instructed to go outside and, not daring to reason why, not hesitating to obey, one saw married men and single men; men with age steadily overtaking them others bustling with youth; men from all parts of England and from abroad file out into the rain; then, on the command being given, service men, professional men, business men, and gentlemen of leisure, endeavoured to smile whilst being subjected to a camera ably wielded by Mrs. Brady, who was supported by Mr. Gale armed with a similar weapon.

The Annual General Meeting took place on this date, and a motion was adopted that in order to get in touch with more Old Boys, a list containing all the known names and addresses be sent to all of our members, and that they add any more and correct those given, and return the list to the Secretary. Every Old Boy will find a copy with his Magazine, and is asked to return it as soon as he can check and revise it, so that it may be completed and printed at a later date. The officers of the Club for the previous year were re-elected, and Mr. L. F. Biden, of 40, Wyndcliffe Road, Charlton, S.E., was elected Treasurer, and after January 1st, 1927, all subscriptions should be sent direct to Mr. Biden. After the General Meeting, Mr. Nugent entertained a by now attenuated gathering to songs with tenor banjo accompaniment, and Mr. Polwin gave some Dutch songs.

LONDON SECTION.

We exist, nay rather, we flourish, thanks to the keen support of those who helped to start us, and the enthusiasm which led gallant spirits to brave the malign fate that gave us a succession of soaking wet Tuesdays. But to those of us who toiled through the slime and drenchings of a wet London night, there was something very jolly and cheery in the warmth of the restaurant; the excellence and albeit the cheapness of the food (a great point this); and the sparkling conversation and anecdotes of such practised entertainers as M... k Sw... f... d, and the brothers C... H...; and even the extreme love of work that led B. d. n to visit his place of business (?) one night at 9.30 p.m.!

So far, of course, we are not overcrowded, but the start has been made, and at one time or another we have had sixteen people along, averaging about eight a night.

However, there is no limit to the castles in the air which we build, projecting smokers, and even dances and ladies' nights (astonishing how these things appeal to some people!).

At the moment, of course, our great excitement is the Christmas dinner, taking place on Tuesday, December 21st, which is to be the function of the year. We are promised all the gastronomic delights associated with such feasts, and are even going to the length of short (very short!) toasts and responses.

For the benefit and information of any who may be interested, is appended a summary of our programme:—

OBJECTS.—To foster intercourse between Old Boys resident in, and passing through, London, and to keep in touch with the School.

SUBSCRIPTION.—None.

RULES.—None.

CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP.—Open to all Old Boys, but it is hoped that all who come along will join the parent body (the O.P.A.).

TIME AND PLACE OF MEETINGS.—Every alternate Tuesday, at the Soho Restaurant, Soho St., W.C. (first turning to the left going west along Oxford Street from Tottenham Court Road). Dinner at 7.15 p.m. or thereabouts, at a cost of 2/6.

NEXT MEETINGS.—Tuesday, December 21st (Christmas dinner).

Tuesday, January 4th, 18th, and thereafter fortnightly.

If you are likely to be in town and not sure of the date of the next "do," drop a line to me at 2, Milton Road, Highgate, N. 6.

GUY CHIGNELL.

OLD BOYS' NEWS.

- H. WELLBORNE has been transferred to Alexandria from E.F.C., Malta. The passing exams. have been considerably stiffened and need 80 per cent. in every subject to pass, including the workshop test, the other papers being electricity and maths. At Alexandria, all the staff mess together, games are very good, and he has come out as a bowler with 32 wickets, average 8. The E.F.C. play five matches with Alexandria, two-day matches, starting at 11 a.m. At Alexandria, people in training go up to the cinder track at 9.30 for half-an-hour's training, and then an hour's soccer, sixes, so that it does not suit to be out of condition.
- H. LARDEUX has also been transferred to the E.F.C. Staff Mess at Alexandria. He is said to put in all his spare time bathing. We have recollections of his being so keen on a dip that when nothing better offered he had a dive in the tannery! so that he is evidently keeping up his old habits.
- L. G. EASTON is at home on leave from Ansaldo Motor Works at Turin, to which he will probably be returning next month.
- G. H. RICHES, Fort Constantine Station, Clonenny, Queensland, was jackerooing for two years on a station called Warbreccan, and is now head stockman at Fort Constantine—a big run of about 2,400 square miles, with 25,000 head of cattle. They spend six weeks at the homestead, to break in horses, and for the remainder of the year bivouac near the best water-holes. The life is fairly rough, but has many advantages. He has heard that W. IVENS is farming somewhere on the coast.
- K. DAVENPORT was married at Catherington in October, and he and his wife have now gone back to India, after a motor tour round England. He hopes to come back in four years' time.
- J. H. CHAPMAN has been appointed to Barclay's Bank, Sandown, Isle of Wight, and is now living at Mountfield, Winchester Park, Sandown.
- M. R. COGHAN has shifted to a fresh tea estate in a very out-of-the-way part of India, with nothing to talk about in the way of a good road for 50 miles.
- E. HILL, who was serving in H.M.S. "Assistance," has just returned on leave from Malta. He has been keeping up his French, and acted as an interpreter when the French Fleet was in.
- F. J. TAULBUT has been appointed to H.M.S. "Renown" for the Prince's trip round the world, and is visiting many places in the next six months. The School will have three re-

presentatives in the ship, as DAVIS and L. BOXWELL are both on board.

- F. WELLBORNE is at Akarana, 8, Whitaker Place, Auckland, New Zealand. He has been there since July, and at the end of August had had very bad weather, and very little chance of finding a billet. He has seen HOULDEN, who is farming, and his younger brother, who is in business in Auckland.
- E. H. FRY, who is the Priest-in-charge of the Scottish Episcopal Church at Govan, near Glasgow, sends a copy of his parish magazine, which shows that both he and Mrs. Fry have a busy time with the various activities of his parish, which is evidently most efficiently worked.
- W. H. DROVER is now a Cadet in the S.S. "Clan MacInnes," of the Clan Line.
- R. R. SINCLAIR has completed his cadet time in the same Line, and is taking his mate's exam. We wish him luck!
- V. POULCHAU was in England for August and September, and is now back again in Berlin.

Old Boys' Day, December 11th, though not as fully representative as in the summer, brought together F. E. Nugent, R. C. Connolly, F. R. Clark, J. Wheatley, A. B. Coles, A. F. Bailey, H. E. Mercer, F. W. Taulbut, F. C. Polwin, H. Swaffield, G. Chignell, H. L. Marriott, C. Ross, L. Reed, R. Soker, F. King, L. G. Easton, J. Chapman, J. Hurden, M. Cubbin, R. Forsyth, R. Wade, W. Watson, W. G. Tovell, E. Hinxman and after tea, a sing-song of more than usual vigour broke up about 7.30.

Will any Old Boys who can recall the names of those in the 1st and 2nd XI's at Cricket, Hockey and Football, send in as full a list as they can. We have an incomplete record for 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913 and 1914, but otherwise have full lists.

SUGGESTED OLD BOYS' TIE.

THE EDITOR, "THE LION."

Dear Sir,—May we be permitted to occupy some of the valued space in the "Lion" to urge the adoption of an Old Pricean tie? The proposal to adopt one was keenly favoured at a meeting of this Section, and enthusiasts have even submitted many weird and interesting designs. Admitting the multiplicity of such badges in general wear nowadays, it does afford a means of recognition of a kindred Old Boy, and forms an easily obtained and unostentatiously worn link with the School.

Designs in favour are a blending of the various House colours with the School blue and white, or a line or lines of a single colour in the

School tie; and any chosen design may be registered to prevent unauthorised use.

Should the scheme find favour, a motion for its adoption may be brought forward at the next general meeting of the O.P.A.

Yours faithfully,
(on behalf of the London Section),

G. C.

A TRIP TO THE BATTLEFIELDS.

It is astonishing how much one can see in the space of a few hours.

One bright Sunday morning, at 6 o'clock, my brother and I left home in a small three-wheeler car, joining members of the Motor Cycle Club at the gates of Paris. Albert was our destination. Leaving the old fortifications behind us, we made our way noisily through the half-awakened suburbs of the capital; and, after a fast drive lasting just over three hours, we arrived at Albert, via Amiens. Our average speed had been forty miles per hour, excluding a short pause at Breteuil to replenish with petrol.

In Albert, we all proceeded to visit the 'Basilique de Notre-Dame de Brébières.' This Cathedral was damaged beyond repair by the German guns. If it were now to be re-built as it was in 1914, the cost would be tremendous, nearly forty million francs.

Returning to our cars, we set off for the battlefields of Beaumont Hamel, the very heart of the "Red Zone," as it is called. This zone has been bought by Newfoundland to form a Memorial Park; nothing has been touched since the war. Trenches, block-haüs, machine-gun dens, dug-outs, ammunition dépôts—everything is just as it was during those four terrible years of bloodshed.

Three monuments have been erected here to the memory of the British dead; one to the Canadians, another to the Scottish, the third and most imposing to the Newfoundlanders. This last represents a Caribou, sculptured in bronze by an artist who, though he had never seen such an animal in his life, evolved one of the most perfect statues of this stag. It rests on boulders from Newfoundland, and the small pine tree growing around it were also brought from that Dominion. Brass plates, inlaid in these rocks, indicate the directions in which lay several villages completely wiped out by the deadly fighting which took place in these parts.

Walking through the Park, one sees rifles, guns, helmets (English and German), strewn about the ground, half buried and rusty. There are also many straps, belts, and torn shells, making this desolate spot even more gruesome. Here is a broken aeroplane—or at least its twisted

remains—in which both occupants were killed outright; there—a tree, "l'arbre de la mort," so-called because the enemy trained their guns upon it, working great havoc among our forces. In this part of the line, the British experienced their heaviest losses; in the cemetery, there are nearly as many crosses for the missing as for men who were recognizable.

At one end of the ground is a ravine, the Y, thus named on account of its shape, which was the site of German Headquarters. It was entirely covered in by branches and leaves, and could not be seen from the air. A little train ran along the ravine, and dug-outs, still in good condition, made to contain approximately two hundred men each, as well as horses and provisions, were excavated in the sides of the slopes. A whole army could be concentrated there without our troops knowing the least thing about it. I should say that it must have taken years of labour to accomplish this gigantic undertaking; it was nearing completion when the Armistice was declared.

Near the cemetery is a field gun, one of the first used by the Boches; its muzzle is made of wood bound round with wire; only two specimens of this type used in the Great War are still in existence.

After signing the Visitors' Book, we returned to Albert for an excellent meal, which was eaten most heartily. This over, we motored to the Potez Aeroplane Works, a few miles out, where, having cast lots, some of us received the "baptism of the air." Being one of the lucky ones, I went up in the two-seater for a five minutes' flight over the Aerodrome. It was quite thrilling; just the pilot and myself several hundred yards above Mother Earth, with only a few thin boards beneath my feet, and a parachute on my back to save me from destruction in case of accident! Optimist!!! What??? Without waiting until all the flights were over, my brother and I went off to our little bus and drove back to Paris—a distance of 120 miles.

Had we waited for the rest of the party we should have been smothered in clouds of dust on the way home, but at least we should have seen a "Big Bertha," intended for shelling Amiens, but captured by the Australians in 1918 after firing only three shots. Twenty-three feet of the gun muzzle are missing, having been taken as souvenirs; imagine how huge the original cannon must have been!

It was a day of perfect enjoyment, though the agony of our men was so vividly recalled to us—truly, the Park is well worth a visit by all to whom 1914–1918 is but a vague memory.

Lest We Forget!

J. G. E. (O.B.)

THE SENIOR LIBRARY.

The year 1926 has seen a remarkable growth in this Library, and as it is chiefly fiction, that accounts for this growth, there has been an even greater growth in the demand for the books. A second new book-case is coming—and is very much wanted.

Figures showing the number of books taken out in the past six terms are available, and are rather interesting:—1925: Easter Term, 70; Summer Term, 24; Christmas Term, 215. 1926: Easter Term, 270; Summer Term, 484; Christmas Term (to December 10th), 610.

FOOTBALL RETROSPECT.

With two matches to play, the 1st XI. have won five games, drawn three, and lost three. They have scored forty-one goals, and had twenty-four scored against them. Considering the record as it stands, the season has been a fairly successful one. The team played their best game in the match with Gosport, which was won by five goals to one. The most disappointing result was that of the Midhurst game, in which we were badly out-played and beaten by seven goals to two. In this game, weaknesses in the side which had not been apparent against weaker opponents, were clearly seen, lack of pace and vigour being the chief causes of the defeat.

A practically new team had to be discovered this season, as only three old Colours remained—two forwards and one defender. A fairly sound defence was formed, and Butters and Lewry have played consistently well throughout the season. For some weeks at the beginning of the term various experiments were tried with the forward line in an endeavour to find a centre. Finally, Clark moved into that position from inside-left, and although he obviously prefers his old place, he has played very well. The wingers, Andrews and Heifnan, have realised the disadvantage of being considerably smaller and slower than opposing half-backs, and as a result have been apt to centre the ball too quickly. Outside forwards should endeavour to make as much headway as possible, and to draw the opposing defence before making their centre.

The three inside-forwards have all played vigorously, and are fast, and the forward line as a whole has been successful, if not exceptionally brilliant.

The 2nd XI. have not had many chances to display their ability. They have played five games, winning two of them. In this team, Riches ii., Prail i., Edmunds and Wheeler have all played well, and ought to do even better next

season. Latty has also been consistently good, and has been almost up to 1st XI. standard.

One of the most pleasing features of the season has been the keenness and ability displayed by younger members of the School in the House matches and ordinary School games. Many of these people show signs of becoming really good players in a season or two, and 1st XI.'s of the future ought to be very strong.

Among these improving players are: Christmas ii., who shows signs of being a good left-wing forward; Spencer plays a hard and promising game at outside-right; McNeill can shoot very well and can keep his forwards moving; Matthews i. is good at half-back and has a tremendous kick; Troke and Christmas i. are both good halves; Swales tackles fearlessly and kicks strongly at back; Watson i. and Watson ii. show promise either as forwards or halves; and Rampton fields the ball well in goal, in which position Frost and Care should do well.

The House matches this term produced some good and exciting games, as the Houses proved to be more evenly matched than they were expected to be. The competition will have done a great deal for School football if everyone learns the lesson so obviously demonstrated in the games. It was clearly shown that it is by team-work and by keenness which lasts throughout the whole game that success on the football field is achieved. Blackbrook, the winning House, owe a good deal to the energetic and capable leadership of Chamberlain i., and are to be congratulated on their success.

All the Houses held an extensive series of trial games, which undoubtedly helped the captains to choose their teams, and probably accounts for the improvement in the standard of play produced.

1st XI. Colours have been awarded to Butters, Lewry, Chamberlain i., Raby ii. and Nobbs.

1ST XI. FOOTBALL CHARACTERS.

*F. W. BUTTERS (goal).—Has improved greatly since last year, and has played excellently all the season. Kicks strongly and shows good judgment and fearlessness when coming out to clear.

*B. H. DODDS, Capt. (right-back).—Works hard and kicks a good length. Has been a successful captain.

*E. G. NOBBS (left-back).—Was inclined to be somewhat erratic at the beginning of the term, but has improved with experience, and has played many good games. Uses his head well, but is still rather slow.

A. T. LOOSEMORE (right-half).—Tackles vigorously and kicks well. Is rather slow, and

as a consequence does not back his forwards up sufficiently.

*R. D. RABY II. (centre-half).—Always does a tremendous amount of work; passes very well to his forwards, and his height enables him to use his head to advantage. Finds it difficult to overhaul a fast forward.

*R. L. LEWRY (left-half).—An exceedingly sound and industrious player. Tackles vigorously and fearlessly. One of the most consistent players in the team. Should develop into a really good player.

A. HEIFMAN (outside-right).—Can dribble and centre well, but is very small for the position. Has played many good games, but has a tendency to get off-side.

*H. D. ATKINS (inside-right).—Very fast on a dry ground and dribbles well. Shoots hard, but sometimes wildly. His passes to the wing are usually very good.

*R. T. CLARK (centre-forward).—Has been a successful centre-forward. An unselfish and hard-working player. Shoots with accuracy and distributes the ball well.

*W. E. CHAMBERLAIN (inside-left).—A very energetic forward, equally good at outside-left. Shoots hard and accurately, and uses his head well.

J. H. ANDREWS (outside-left).—Dribbles and centres quite well. Rather small and not quite fast enough for the position.

L. F. Hewetson (right-half), D. Riches i. (centre-forward), E. E. Wheeler (outside-left) and H. J. Raby i. (inside-forward), have also played in the 1st XI.

* Denotes 1st XI. Colours.

MATCHES PLAYED.

1st XI.

Oct. 2nd.—Hilsea College (away). Won 4—2. Clark i. (1), Chamberlain i. (1), Raby i. (1).

Oct. 9th.—Purbrook Park (home). Won 10—1. Chamberlain i. (3), Riches i. (3), Clark i. (2), Atkins i. (1), Dodds (1).

Oct. 13th.—Banister Court (home). Won 2—1. Atkins i. (1), Chamberlain i. (1).

Oct. 16th.—Hilsea College (home). Won 8—0. Atkins (3), Raby ii. (2), Clark i. (1), Chamberlain i. (1), Riches i. (1).

Oct. 27th.—Gosport Secondary (home). Won 6—1. Clark i. (2), Atkins (2), Chamberlain i. (2).

Oct. 30th.—Portsmouth Grammar (home). Draw 2—2. Chamberlain i. (1), Heifman (1).

Nov. 20th.—Midhurst (away). Lost 2—7. Chamberlain i. (1), Opponents (1).

Nov. 27th.—Itchen County (away). Lost 2—3.

Clark i. (1), Chamberlain i. (1).

Dec. 1st.—Purbrook Park (away). Draw 2—2.

Clark i. (1), Riches i. (1).

Dec. 4th.—Portsmouth Grammar (away). Draw 1—1. Goal unknown.

Dec. 11th.—Past v. Present. Lost 2—4. Atkins (1), Clark i. (1).

2nd XI.

Oct. 27th.—Gosport Secondary. Won 12—1.

Oct. 30th.—Portsmouth Grammar. Draw 4—4.

Dec. 4th.—Portsmouth Grammar. Lost 1—5.

Dec. 11th.—Past v. Present. Draw 6—6.

OTHER XI's.

Oct. 16th.—IV. th and V. th XI's v. Hilsea College. Lost 2—4. Lost 1—5.

Oct. 20th.—"A" Team v. St. Helens. Lost 3—4.

Oct. 20th.—"B" Team v. St. Helens. Won 9—1.

Oct. 27th.—3rd XI. v. Gosport Secondary. Won 6—3.

Nov. 10th.—"A" Team v. St. Helens. Won 5—2.

THE VICTIM.

Slowly the hours dragged by. A gentle rain pattered against the windows and the street was a sad and dreary spectacle. Snow had fallen during the morning and was now churned into a drab and murky mess. The gas-fire in my room gave out a cheerless warmth which seemed to chill the spirit whilst warming the body.

Presently I fell into a reverie, and contemplated the joy with which I should handle my victim; the care I would take to smother the cry and the false allurements I would make to get the object of my thought in a position of disadvantage. I was moving stealthily about the room, rehearsing the scene I hoped would be accomplished ere the darkening skies drove more folk to their own fire-sides.

Suddenly the clanging of a bell echoed loudly through the long corridor, and my heart beat violently against my ribs as I felt the crucial moment arriving. Pulling myself together, however, I opened the door to my anticipated visitor and admitted her. She was in tears, and for a moment I faltered in my determination, but remembering how I had looked forward to this meeting for years past, I steadied my jagged nerves, and with a calm suavity of manner, I indicated that she was to sit.

Now my course was clear; no thought of pity or remorse would turn me from my purpose. Gently but firmly I forced the head backwards; the jaw dropped and the full fair throat was exposed. Hastily I gripped the glittering weapon

--a blood-curdling yell was heard as the tooth came out--and a young dentist had claimed his first victim.

J.E.F.

WINTER.

The snow lies deeply on the ground;

On the hill and in the dell.

Nature is frozen all around:

Of whose advent does this tell?

Why! WINTER'S.

The pond is now a sheet of ice,

So youths the art of skating learn;

And graceful (?) tumbles once or twice

Cause no cessation in their yearn

For WINTER.

But now the gaunt grey trees look dead,

Yet still a sweet sound strikes the ear.

The robin with its breast of red,

Pipes forth its little note of cheer

To WINTER.

Although we like the frost and snow,

And think they keep us fit and well,

We all are glad for them to go:

And old men like to ring the knell

Of WINTER.

L.G.C. (V.B).

A MOUNTAIN TORRENT.

I climbed the mountain road, which leads over the pass and to the village below. Before I reached the pass I struck off the road, and over the mountain side to the banks of a fast-running stream. Here I intended having a good day's trout fishing; but as the old saw runs, "The schemes of mice and men gang oft a gley."

After plying my rod fruitlessly for some time, I lay back lazily on the heather-clad bank. Perhaps it was the heat of the day, or the effect of the good ale I had sampled with my luncheon; anyway, I found it nicer to listen to the torrent as it gushed and hissed round the rocks above the pool.

I imagined its chatter being translated into a history and description of itself.

"Ah!" it sighed, "up here one is raised above the bustle and hum-drum of the towns. Here one sees the elements in their natural garb, not from the inside of a big overcoat, or from behind plate-glass. I drain a small lake up in the mountain.

You only see the happy and contented side of my nature. Now I am just playful, just splashing and gurgling with delight round the crags and rocks in my winding course.

That is the way with you mortals; you see one side of a question and think you know the other.

I think of me in the dead of winter: the sky sullen and grey, the mountain looming stern and cold in the mists above; that is my background. The look of the sky is reflected in me, and I look cold and menacing. All the herbage round my banks is dead, my solitude is unbroken save when a shepherd comes, looking for some of his lost ones. Even the birds desert my banks then, for food is scarce and hard to come by.

Then, when the snows come, I may even look pretty against a blue sky and the white outline of the mountain. I myself make a division of the white snow; but do you know the latent power that I now hold? When the snows melt I shall be a brown hurtling flood, carrying all before me in my mad leap down the mountain side. My surface will be strewn with rocks and boulders; here and there crowned with eddies of dirty foam. I shall embrace the full width of my narrow banks, and even overflow them, rooting up young pines and heather-clad banks to make way for my relentless and awesome waters.

After venting my temper in this form I shall gradually go back to my ordinary course, and leap and chatter round the stones, contented with all the world.

The heather will begin to shoot up on my banks and shrubs will put on their spring coats.

I may even wreck all this again, if the sun comes out hot and melts the snow too fast on the mountain side. For then a great strain will once more be put on myself.

I shall overflow my banks and spoil all this new herbage, leaving a dishevelled collection of rocks, pieces of timber, and a layer of mud over all.

Perhaps after this attempt to flood the country I shall be content to babble and lap round the stones and crags in my own course till this same time next year.

H.K.E. (V.B).

THE MODERN D'ARTAGNAN.

D'Artagnan came from the country to make his fortune. He came in his father's one-time Ford, which had been coated a bright yellow. It was this last fact which started D'Artagnan's adventures.

His father, finding him unmanageable, had sent him to Paris in it, with two hundred francs, and letters of introduction to one of the secretaries of the Minister for the Interior. He stopped on his way at a small inn. Looking through an open window was an army colonel

and two other men. It was easy to see that the Colonel was criticizing the yellow Ford and its owner, even if his voice had not carried through the window. "See that young fool there," he said, "apparently he belongs to the Mustard Club."

D'Artagnan, furious, turned towards him and said, "Ah! you are laughing at me; come out here, come out here!" They came—all three of them, so that D'Artagnan got severely handled. When he came to, both the letters and the colonel were gone.

D'Artagnan, however, continued his journey to Paris. There he took a flat near the outer Boulevards, and hearing that the Minister for the Interior was expected to be at a certain dance, he went. As luck would have it, the first dance was the ladies' choice, and although he could not Charleston, a young lady offered to show him. The result was that he stepped on the tender toes of a person called Athos, and kicked hard the latter's friend, one Porthos. Anger seething in their hearts, they asked him to come to the Bois de Boulogne and have it out with them. Their friend Aramis went with them. Athos and D'Artagnan were about to start the fray, when they heard the thudding of feet and cries.

Tschukovsky the Red had that night gathered with some comrades to hatch another plot which should save the world from capitalistic ruin. Also, strangely enough, the Minister of Interior took it into his head to walk home, instead of having the usual taxi. The plotters saw him and were suddenly stricken with a great desire to hunt. The Minister decided to run in spite of his corporation. In his flight he came upon our friends, and almost falling at their feet, panted "Help me!" D'Artagnan, Athos, Porthos and Aramis at once made good use of their fists on the first-comers, and even the Minister fought gamely. But there were several conspirators, and they closed in fiercely. Then Tschukovsky came for the Minister, breathing out fire and brimstone. But D'Artagnan stuck out his head and struck him under the fifth rib. However, he was soon up again. "Ah!" he screamed, his black, bushy beard bristling with rage, "ah! I will kutski your throatitch with my knifov."

Then a battle royal ensued, until the gendarmes came up. The Moscovites fled. The Minister explained things. He warmly thanked his helpers, especially D'Artagnan, who told him about the lost letters. Thereupon he obtained for our friend a good position in the Army. And as the story-books tell us, everything went happily for ever afterwards.

L.F.C. (V.A.).

WINTER SCENES.

The deep thick mire, the fresh sprung briar,
One winter's day I went away
To places where the forests lay;
The scenes I saw were cold and raw,
The rain seemed endlessly to pour.

The leafless trees, the missing bees,
The mossy ground so thick with leaves,
The deep thick mire, the fresh sprung briar,
The wolf who never seemed to tire.

The homeless birds, the reindeer herds,
The bearers who are not deterred,
The Indian Red with silent tread,
His feathers floating on his head.

The evergreens with glossy leaves,
The squirrels climbing in the trees,
The timid deer, with gait so queer,
The cunning fox with horrid leer.

These scenes I saw before I tore
My heavy heart away and bore
A vision sad, which made me glad
To see my cheery home once more.

AUTUMN.

It was autumn in the now almost silent woods. A very light breeze was blowing, but that was all. It seemed to make a sweet lullaby in the whispering pines and birches. The ground underfoot was hard and strewn with leaves of every hue. Some red, some gold, some brown, and others of paler shades. The leaves were added to continuously as more and more fluttered silently to the ground, lurching and swaying in the air, as some stricken creature. A few birds twittered softly in the trees overhead, as though contented after a happy and successful nesting season, while in the babbling brook near-by, a silvery trout jumped ever and anon to catch some fly or insect. A little further away, out of the precincts of the wood, was an almost barren orchard, the trees of which had yielded much ripe, mellow fruit a short while before; and still further beyond that, several fields of yellow stubble, already being ploughed up. Not far from the scene of the ploughing, stood a farmhouse, seemingly devoid of all life; but occasionally from across the intervening space, there came distinctly the rolling lowing of some cattle, or the bark of a dog. Everything seemed in harmony, and made one feel the goodness of this life.

H.B.D. (V.B.)

AUTUMN.

The Autumn ushers out the parting year.

The leaves around are as a carpet spread
To catch their fellows, whisp'ring in the air,
Who fall to lie with them for ever dead.

The gentle wind blows softly through the trees,
From which fall leaves which ne'er shall rise
again;

For Earth receives them, blown down on the
breeze,

Making a rustling through the sunlit lane.

Upon the ground the gloomy shadows frown,
Patched by the sunshine on the leaves once
green,

Now russet, purple, many shades of brown,

A carpet rich and full of glorious sheen.

Across the sky faint wisps of white are seen

Skimming the heav'ns, 'neath the feeble sun,

Faintly dissolving ere the wind grows keen

That soon from Auster's kingdom fast will
come.

O, glorious Autumn! with thy matchless shades,

Wraith of a Springtime once so fine and proud.

At Winter's Advent all thy colour fades,

Once an adornment, now a gloomy shroud.

M.W.G. (V.A.).

THE EXPLOITS OF SHYLOCK BONES (No. I)

The front door of the big, dull-looking house, in the main street of one of the Northern suburbs of London, banged. The gravel path crunched under the tread of a heavy boot, and the last of the furniture-removers came slowly out of the gate. He mopped his brow, wiped his hands on his green baize apron, relieved his feelings with an emphatic "N' then!" to several small children who were looking on, and took his seat on the tail-board of the pantechnicon, which rumbled away down the street. He filled his pipe, lit it, and began to puff contentedly, at the same time addressing his mates through a cloud of smoke.

"Queer lot o' stuff, that there, Joe; looked like a bloomin' 'orspital on the move."

Having delivered himself of this piece of criticism, Bill Briggs, for that was his name, kept silence and, having nothing better to do, began to think. His cronies at the "Flapping Ostrich" could tell you, if you happened to be acquainted with them, that when Bill began to think, something was going to happen. The last time he began to think, the local arm of the law spent a week in hospital, because Bill thought that nobody dare assault a policeman, and did so himself just to test his theory. That, however,

is by the way. In this case they would have been right; something did happen, and Bill found himself reposing in the middle of the road, between two fast-moving streams of traffic. The wheel of an omnibus passing about an inch from his head made him think more. "Why had he fallen from the van?" Obviously because he had gone to sleep! But why should delivering a load of hospital cots to an empty house make him fall asleep? The empty house made him think of empty cots. Falling asleep made him think of drugs. As he dodged two motors and a tramcar, and tripped over a stray cat on to the pavement, he had an inspiration. The frames of the cots were hollow, and contained some sleep-inducing drug, the fumes of which had leaked out at the joints! He felt sure he had hit on the solution, and behind it all he sensed some ghastly plot. He decided to probe the mystery to its depths. He was a keen student of criminology and knew almost by heart the famous book "How to be a 'Tec," by Hunt. M. Down, the great American. Especially was he familiar with that famous passage "Play your cards carefully, for many a great coup is ruined by over-eagerness, inattention to disguise, and lack of stealth." Keeping this sovereign advice well in mind, he crept back the way he had come, keeping well in the shadow of the wall. He disguised himself by pulling his trousers up above his knees, removing his socks, winding his green baize apron round his neck, and tying his handkerchief round the lower part of his face. He drew upon himself the eyes of all the passers-by, but that did not worry him; he looked upon it as the penalty of fame. At each step he shaded his eyes with his hand and peered anxiously round for anything resembling a crook. His eyes fell upon a tall man across the road, dressed like a fashion plate, and, remembering Mr. Down's words, "A crook is always a gentleman," he decided to track him to his lair. He shadowed him so carefully, keeping himself so well out of sight, that the tall man saw him at once. He was used to being tracked, however, and took no notice. He approached the empty house — Bill's heart fluttered. He entered the gate — Bill began mentally to spend the reward. He went upstairs and entered the room where the cots had been stacked. Bill followed, locked the door on him, and sat down to await the police, for whom he had sent.

Sounds of violent movement began to issue from the other side of the door. Bill decided that a real detective would go and effect the capture single-handed, deprive the prisoner of numerous revolvers and knives, and then take him to the Police Station. He decided to put this plan into operation. He crept stealthily to

the door and threw it wide open. The tall man started to rush, but suddenly stopped, and stood with his arms folded, regarding Bill with a cynical smile. This gave Bill his opportunity. Adopting his best Macbeth manner, he declared in a sonorous voice, "I know your awful secret," fully conscious that he did not but determined to wring a confession. He paused, wondering how to continue, and his eyes fell upon a letter which the other, in his surprise, had dropped on to the floor. He could read the address:—"Sir W. Towers-Thompson, M.D., The New Era Hospital, 12 Saxon Road, S——, — that very house! Vague fears began to assail his mind. This really was a hospital! This man must be the famous surgeon! His sleep must have been caused by a prolonged visit to the "Flapping Ostrich"!"

The tall man began to speak. "Now, perhaps you'll explain——." But Bill had decided that this was no time for explanations; he gave a yelp and fled for his life.

Slippery Sam, the notorious drug-trafficker, went to the door and called a loving good-bye. Then he replaced the letter in his pocket, unscrewed the leg of one of the cots, removed some wadding, extracted some small white packets, put them in his pocket, covered up the traces of his operations, and went out, bound for his usual night haunts. On his way down-stairs he picked up a green baize apron, which he picked up as a souvenir of Bill, to whom his heart went out in sympathy. F.L.W.B.

THE LYNN.

Some talk of Dart, and Dartmouth,
Of Exe, and Torridge, too;
Of Avon, Erme, and Axemouth;
And of Tamar not a few.
But of all the rivers of the South
There's none that can compare —
With the lovely Lynn at Lynmouth.
The like's not seen elsewhere.
The East Lynn, and the West Lynn —
Three miles from the shore —
Mingle their lovely waters,
And together onward pour.
The Watersmeet is said to be —
The best spot in the world;
With its swirling pools, and waterfalls,
Its moss-green rocks, its lore.
'Tis at this wonderous beauty spot —
I wish to always stay;
To hear the thunder of the falls,
And on some boulder lay;
To watch the water eddying round
The rocks along its way,
Surrounded by its woodlands,
To sit there day by day.

As for the vale of Lynton,
I faith 'tis very quaint.
Thatched roofs, white walls, etc.,
And woodwork of green paint.
Pavements made of cobbles,
Lead downwards to the sea,
Where the lighthouse guards the harbour,
And the fish smacks 'neath its lee.

P.K.T. (V.B.)

A STORM AT SEA.

The tempest was at its height. The wind, shrieking and shrilling on its way, lashed the waves to fury. Overhead, black, scurrying clouds swept across the heavens, from time to time partially cloaking the baleful, yellow face of the moon, which, seen through the veil of driving rain, had the appearance of some spectral monster gloating over the raging elements. Down below, the ocean was in a turmoil. Mountainous rollers raised their snow-white domes to the sky, towering and seeming to gloat over the deep-cut, treacherous furrows in between. Nature's dreaded artillery belched forth its thunderous roars and, drowning even the high crescendo shriek of the gale and the hissing of the rain, reverberated across the deep like the crack of doom. Intermittant flashes of forked brilliance crackled down from the rain-bearing vaults above, lighting the scene of mighty conflict with an eerie glow. Nearer the shore, gigantic breakers reared their lofty foam-clad caps to hurl themselves with impotent rage upon the rock-strewn coast. Dripping crags and half-submerged boulders split the green monsters with a deafening boom and blinding clouds of spray were thrown into the air. Each succeeding giant of the deep threatened to engulf the land, but each in its turn retired, broken and beaten, in sucking, gurgling eddies and whirlpools, to recover its strength for another terrific onslaught. Nature was in one of her most savage moods, warring against herself, and yet, in this state of chaos, she illustrated to the full her undoubted claim to beauty, though of a kind far removed from her usual calm, peaceful splendour. W.E.C.

THE ROBIN.

I gaze from out my window pane,
The day is dark and chill,
But borne upon the wintry breeze,
I hear a robin's trill.
Gaily he sings amid the snow;
His notes so sweet and clear,
Call to me through the darkening days,
"Cheer up, be of good cheer,

Winter will soon be past you know,
The Spring will come again,
My feathered comrades will return
From Africa, from Spain.

But when their lovely notes you hear,
Pray spare a thought for me,
The robin who in Winter drear
So sweetly sang to thee.

It is not our fair weather friends
Come dearest to our heart,
But those who in the dark sad days,
Still bear a friendly part."

Yes, little robin that is true,
And ere you fly away,
Pray take my very warmest thanks
For your sweet song to-day.

L.S. (IV.B).

WINTER.

The snow was lying on the ground,
And more was falling fast,
And all the boys who lived around
Were hoping it would last.

They piled the snow up in a mound,
And shaped it like old men,
But their hopes were dashed upon the ground,
The sun came out just then!

E.J.G. (III.A).

TRIPE AND ONIONS.

As he lay on his bed, he felt something caressing his chin with an icy, deadening touch. His bones rattled with paralysing fear, but he plucked up his courage and grabbed with his right hand at his unseen foe. He uttered a cry of pain as he bent the little finger of his left hand.

A sinking feeling seized him because he had forgotten to take his Bovril, and something warm and flabby began to beat on the soles of his feet. He put down his hand and found that his heart had sunk into his boot via his pyjama leg.

He sat up to see if he was in bed, and perceived a terrible apparition gibbering in the sunlight. "So you're the bally butcher, are you?" he gurgled inanely. "May you always eat filleted tiddlers and cod's eyebrows." The apparition gurgled in turn, and in a frenzy of terror he hurled his bedsock at it. There was a splintering of glass and the spectre vanished. A cold shiver ran through him and buttoned up in his back.

A dreadful moisture overflowed his face and sandpaper rasped his neck. The moisture began

to spread, and he seized the pillow to mop it up, only to find that his dog was licking his face.

He saw a silver coin of immense proportions glittering at the window. His avarice awoke, but he did not until he fell into the garden.

"Eat an apple going to bed,
Make a doctor beg his bread."

If you prefer tripe and onions, be strapped down, or undertakers will unduly flourish.

L.F.H.

A RACE FOR THE 'BUS.

"Hurry up, kid, or we shall miss it." We raced down High Street, and arrived just in time to see the jolly old "Rib-Tickler"—otherwise the 'bus—depart for Pompey. "Quick!" I gasped, "down Bath Lane, and across old Jenkins' fields, and cut the 'bus off at the bottom of the hill." We dashed across the road and missed death by a few inches, as a Rolls-Ford whizzed past like a snail. We dashed down the Lane and climbed over a barbed-wire fence into Jenkins' turnip field. Rip-p! My friend's trousers were torn in the seat—a large, three-cornered jag.

"W-w-w-what will m-m-my m-m-mother say when I arrive at our r-rab-rabbit-hutch," stammered my friend, whose name was Archibald Potts, and who was known to us as "Egg," a "Wrigley-Chewer" or a Yank.

"Never mind," I said, "your coat will cover it. Besides, we want to get to Pompey."

We rushed on across the field; an irate voice yelled, "Oi! What be ye a'doin', in my turmut field!"

"Quick!" I gasped, and on we sped across the field. Then I happened to look back, and there was one of those large, ferocious dogs which farmers use to round up their sheep, bounding after us.

"Oh!" groaned "Egg," "let's run, shall us." He was, I may tell you, always joking, as most Yanks are.

We ran on again, and ran full tilt into a man hoeing turnips.

"Hoi!" he bawled. "What the — are ye a'doin' of 'ere?"

"Oh!" groaned Archibald, "where's me chewin' gum?" He actually forgot to stammer this time. "What shall we do now, kid?"

"Search me," replied I.

We looked round, and there was the labourer jumping about like a locust, because "Egg" had jumped on his toe, or "corn" as he called it.

"Quick! through the hedge," I gasped.

We were now in a field with cows in it, and after blocking up the gap in the hedge with a hurdle, we raced on. Many times we fell over,

and just as we were crawling through the hedge, Jenkins, the dog and two farm labourers came chasing down the field. However, once through the hedge, it did not take us long to reach the road. Just as we got there, the 'bus whizzed by and splashed us from head to foot.

"Let's go home," joked "Egg."

Biff! I caught him a well-timed clout on the ear and knocked him into a puddle, after which we proceeded sullenly homeward.

Never again will I try the short-cut through Jenkins' fields to catch the 'bus.

"ABIE."

MR. 1926.

Bags there are—have been—and must be—flour bags, sugar bags, and meal bags, useful articles all.

But to young men privileged to be young in 1926, "bags" called Oxford's have been things of beauty.

The poet says:

"In the Spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love."

But sleepless nights to the youth of 1926 have not been caused by heart affairs.

To him, the burning question has been, "Do they fit?" "Will they suit me?" "Are they wide enough?"

Over the last he has pondered deep and long, but, finding the measurement to be 44 inches round each leg, bravely he has sallied forth, hoping to be the observed of all observers.

Regard his hat—his tie—his coat, by all means, but above all, look at his Oxford's!

These wonderful garments clothe his nether limbs, kindly hiding all deficiencies, and enabling him to present a bold front to a critical world.

By contrast, his feet, when they do emerge from the voluminous folds of his baggy trousers, look neat and dainty.

In bygone days, the gallants in knee breeches and silken hose had the advantage over their ladies when crossing muddy thoroughfares, in that they could boldly cross, while the ladies mincingly tripped over, raising their flowing skirts.

Now, what a contrast!

Miss 1926, with skirts well out of harm's way, gaily trips cross the muddy road, while her male companion—her fashionable manly escort—lovingly lifts the folds of his Oxford's out of the mire, before attempting the hazardous journey.

But his nether garments are not the only ones which commend the youth of 1926 to notice.

From head to foot he is clothed in what is, to say the least, conspicuous attire. His tie,

for instance, surely speaks for itself. A multi-coloured, bizarre patterned piece of material, it cannot but attract attention, displayed as it invariably is to its fullest possible extent.

To form a suitable setting for so bright a gem of apparel, Mr. 1926 is compelled—and not unwillingly—to don the well-known "double-breaster." This coat may be of almost any conceivable shade, providing that it is buttoned tightly across the owner's chest, thus showing to perfect his strong, manly figure.

From a breast pocket dangles a flaming wisp of silk—just to add a touch a colour, as Mr. 1926 would put it.

Beneath his coat, yet conspicuous for all that, may be seen another "atrocious." A rain-bow-like article of wool, whose riotous colour scheme must have been the fruit of a demented artist's labours, comprises what our friend of 1926 is pleased and proud to call his pullover.

Last but by no means least, his hat calls for attention. If he is to be in the fashion, he has the choice of two articles of head-wear: the well-known shaped "pork-pie" or the shapeless coloured beret.

He generally chooses the latter, for its more striking colours commend it to his artistic (?) tastes and set off the rest of his well-chosen (?) attire.

But in Physics we are told that to every action there is an equal and opposite reaction, so perhaps the time is not far distant when the youths of our country will go about dressed in sombre black or inconspicuous shades of brown.

Then the present-day "things of beauty" (?) will be relegated to the has-beens and by future historians receive honourable mention among the absurdities of 1926.

W.E.C.

TRUE POETRY.

Poetry, though not regarded with the same feelings by all, is, in some form or other, undoubtedly known to all.

The baby knows:

"Ride a cock horse
To Banbury Cross,"—and likes it.

The schoolboy knows:

"Latin nouns in '-is' call
Feminina, one and all,"—and hates it.

Others know other poems, and have no feelings about them. If only real poetry were learnt, everyone would enjoy it. This, I contend, is not poetry; it is a mere collection of twaddle, fitted together so as to rhyme, having no meaning and less sense. Any fool could mix a lot of words up. If I cared to descend to such depths

of degradation I could do it myself; and, to silence all incredulity, rot my socks if I won't!

"Glaxo buildeth bonnie babies,
Tripe will give a cat the rabies,
Pigeons ears are made of silk,
A bob's an awful price for milk."

However, to return to our muttons, this twaddle is not Poetry within the meaning of the act. No, true poetry is the stuff that Bill Shakespeare wrote. It is called "Blank Verse," though why the blankety blank blank, nobody knows. It differs from the ordinary, common, every-day, sing-song, dismal moaning stuff as Attar of Roses does from Sulphuretted Hydrogen (H₂S). It soars high above the realms of detentions and lines; it carries one far from the sordid atmosphere of the stagnant depths of common things and places one in a heavenly land where milk and honey flow from public fountains and ten-shilling notes are 1/4 a pound.

Nevertheless, with all his good qualities, Bill has his faults. His work is rather monotonous—each line has approximately the same number of syllables, and the sense is continuous. The language is also at times rather feeble. With these defects remedied, from being the joy of the educated alone, he would become the adored of the Fourth form, and, who knows, a member of this form might even borrow his works from the School Library.

In order to demonstrate my point, I will revise a few selections from Bill's works, giving first his version and then my revision:

Bill: Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears,

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

Myself: You Blokes,

Hark! I want to "plant old Cæsar not to; !"

Puff.

Him.

This is obviously a great improvement on Bill's style. It is snappy, it goes with a swing; even the dullest schoolboy could read it all right if there was enough of it and if he only had the common sense to realise what it was all about.

That, by the way, reminds me of another fault of Bill's. He is too clear, his style is not involved enough; the meaning of many lines is usually obvious after about an hour's deep thought. This defect I have remedied in my own masterpieces; indeed, far from the meaning being clear, there is usually no meaning at all.

My complete works may be obtained from any good ironmongery or grocery stores under the title "Absent-minded Eulogies to a Stamp-perforator's Assistant," price 3d. down and 1d. a week for three years, after which Woodbine packets will be taken in part payment.

For those unable to afford the complete addition, I will append a few of the more well-known passages:

"The Cross-Eyed Dustman with knobs on."

Act 18, Scene 431.

Enter the Chorus singing "Pfistnqrxxxxo."

Enter Sir Kiswosti Antanatafotagasbag dancing slowly on his hands flapping his ears, and shouting "Yar."

Chorus (in chorus): Cats.

Sir Kiswosti A.: Trouser presses on stilts saw my mother washing a monkey nut

In the back
Yard.

Exeunt at the double.

What could be more pathetic than Sir Kiswosti's grief at finding the dog chewing his pet canary on the mat? "Nothing," you say, "except seeing you alive after writing such rot."

Ah, well, perhaps you're right; so I will desist.

BRIGHTER BANKING.

(Money is abolished and we return to days of barter.)

Moo! Moo! Down the street comes a man driving a cow. He stops now and then to look at the names on the shops and offices. Presently he reaches a grey formal building, on which stand the big brass letters: "Lloyd's Bank Ltd."

He opens the large double doors, drags the old cow up the steps, and leads her in front of the highly-polished counter. A smart bank clerk appears.

"Mornin'," says he of the cow.

"Good morning," replies the clerk. "What can I do for you?"

"Wall, this ere ole dummick's run dry an' I wan's ter bank 'er till she be fit ter milk agin. Whatcher gim mi on 'er?"

"Two and a half per hundred oxen per annum," replied the bank clerk.

"What'll that bay fer dree munths," says the cow investor.

The clerk produces a large book, and after turning over numerous pages, reads: "Interest on an old dry cow for three months at two and a half per hundred oxen equals three moulting hens and a maggoty cheese."

The farmer is satisfied.

The clerk, taking the bull by the horns, leads the cow into some stables at the back. Unfortunately, on the way back, he meets an over-excited goat in the doorway, on his waistcoat middle button—and lands in a horse-trough.

But, putting business first, he scrambles out, and again enters the doorway, this time holding a plank in front of him. The goat bumps his head and goes to sleep.

Similar transactions go on throughout the day, the interest sometimes consisting of pounds of beer, or of gallons of apples. A circus proprietor brings in an elephant; the clerk measures its feet and height, and in consequence remarks that the rate of interest will have to be lowered from two and a half to two per hundred oxen. He produces the great book, and says: "Your elephant will become two elephants at the end of five years; or at the end of three months the interest will be an ostrich and a cat without a tail." "I'll take the second offer," replies the circus man. "My wife has a craze for ostrich feathers."

By the end of the day, sheep, horses, cows, goats, dogs, cats, cabbages, apples, and a hundred and two other things have been banked. The bank clerk, now not quite so smart, methodically enters on a large placard of things for hire at five per hundred oxen, one dry cow, one goat, one elephant, a number of sheep, horses, pigs, dogs, etc., etc.

Then he locks up the premises, goes home, and slowly eats his own profits, to save banking them.

H.J.W.

[Criticism of "The Lion" having been invited, the author of this article imagines that he is brought up before the Supporters' Club to answer for his attacks.—Ed.]

IS "THE LION" A USELESS ABSURDITY?

Undoubtedly.

In saying this my apologies overflow. To those who still abide by old beliefs, I say again, "I am sorry."

I can see those literary giants throwing back their manes, partly in defence, partly to get a better view of their humble and minute attacker. Those relics of another age, those unenlightened, honest fools who still believe in trying to "do something for the mag." have got me in their Demosthenic mouths. My tongue will be forever silenced. My lips will be closed eternally before I can give them a reason for my irreverence.

No, no. They remember their heroes. Would Hector Featherstonehaugh squeeze the life out of the villain who has kept the beautiful Verna Margeribanks in durance vile, without giving him a chance to prove his innocence. No! Nor will they.

"Speak, worm, speak!" they cry

"My Lord, Lights of this Noble Land, whose pens have shed light on the minds of the uncouth heathen, whose Power sways the hearts and minds of both educated and illiterate, whose kingdom — — —"

"Cut out the sob stuff, guy, and spill the beans," utters the begoggled lion who has already translated the Latin Poets into American, and has now started on Euclid.

"Light of Lights, with morning shine, grant me this boon, I pray thee — — —"

"Well, wot 'yer want? My blooming autograph?"

"My Fellows of the Ancient and Honourable Society of Scribblers, do we not become irrelevant?" asks the great Pen Wiper.

"Mighty Penwiper," interrupts the poet of I.L.B. "My mind is very apt to wander, and I must now, with deepest apologies, beg to ask from what subject have we become irrelevant?"

"Fool," I shout from my chair. "Haven't I been trying to explain to you why I think your magazine is absolutely daft?"

"Infidel!" screams a voice from the end of the room. "How dare you express yourself in so few words? Haven't I written articles in our magazine for the last five years on subjects of the greatest importance, and have I ever expressed myself in less than five times the number of necessary words?"

"I say your magazine is utterly senseless. There is not a scrap of sanity in it. It is all utter tosh!"

"Now then, maggot; you monument of inertia; you M.D.—that's my private expression," booms out a writer of house notes.

"But what good does it do?" I continue. "None at all. What's the sense of having to darn well keep it going?"

"My dear child. Do be careful of split infinitives. You are nearly as bad as Baroness Oreyz," groans another member of the Sixth, horribly shocked.

"Sorrow. But this magazine of your's is pure boodle. One sends in contributions because one has to. One does not do it to air a grievance. If it was made the organ of the boys, with no one to censor it, it would be gee. But now its rotten. The only things put in are funny articles, utterly feeble poems, and other piffle. The only reason chaps send in an article is to see their initials at the bottom. In this, too, we see some laughable things. The average person puts his initials; the funny one his nickname; the modest, "Nemo," etc.; but the important person has about ten initials, and then bursts into the full joy of his unblushing surname."

"Hear, hear."

"Who told you to interrupt?" demands Penwiper.

"Oh! I see. He applauds your dislike of surnames. His name is Scubb."

I next suggest that we see what some boy thinks of the Mag. A small boy is produced.

"What do you think of the Mag., kid?"

"Oh, not bad."

"Not bad, eh? Is it good then?"

"No. Sure to be!" "Why not?"

"Why. I can't understand most of it, and I don't read any of it."

"If you could write articles, would you send them?"

"No; because you don't get anything for them."

"Well, they wouldn't be worth anything."

"Says a lot for the Mag., doesn't it?" replies the child in glee.

"Do you think it is worth sixpence?" "No."

"Why not?"

"Because you can get three 'bloods' for sixpence, or three two-penny bars, or twelve sherbert dabs, or a hundred and eighty Pogo eyes, or——"

"Stop that, you little glutton, and clear out quick."

"Alas! the modern child," said Penwiper, sadly, "thinks nothing of the noble art of scribbling. What will happen when Dickens' immortal books perish, together with my friend Semper Eadem's immortal treatise on 'Causes of Idiocy in Lesser Bugworts.'" How separated from these magnificent works will he spend his time?"

"He won't. He'll save it." The irrepressible child shouts from the door.

"My dear friend," says Penwiper to me (I wonder, however, he has been brought so low), "the fault of our Magazine is that we are standing still whilst our readers are going forward. I think the only way to keep the Mag. going is to persuade our contributors to write more and far better articles. That child has said he does not read the Mag. I don't want a children's corner in it, but now it only caters for the clever people in the School. The others pay the most for it to be published and then can't read it. What can be done?"

"Nothing."

"Yes; I am afraid so. Nothing."

C.A.W.

Here is a summary of some other opinions on "The Lion":—

Several maintain that it is worth buying, because it has notes on the House competitions; because it is a record of football matches and other School events; because it has poems and

articles by boys in the School; in fact, because it concerns only people and events in which we are interested and of which we like to read.

On the other hand, several people maintain that "The Lion" is not worth buying, because it has notes on the House competitions; because it is only a record of School matches and events; because it has articles and poems by the boys; in fact, because it deals only with the people and events of which we already know, and which therefore we have no desire to read about.

HOUSE CUPS.

The winners of House Cups are as follows, as far as can be traced from the old copies of "The Lion." Will anyone send me information of the years which are blank, as it is hoped we shall get the House Cups engraved with the winners for each year to date?

R. O. JOHNSTON.

	Football.	Hockey.	Cricket.
1914	—	School House	—
1915	—	—	—
1916	Westbury	—	—
1917	Cams	Westbury	Westbury
1918	—	School House	Cams
1919	School House	School House	Westbury
1920	—	School House	School House
1921	Cams	—	—
1922	School House & Cams (seq.)	School House	School House
1923	Cams	School House	Westbury
1924	School House	Cams	Westbury
1925	School House	School House	School House
1926	Blackbrook	Cams	Cams
1927	School House	School House	School House
1928	School House	School House	School House
1929	School House	School House	School House

THE HOUSE MATCHES

1ST XI.

Nov. 3.	Blackbrook	8	Cams	5
	Westbury	3	School House	0
Nov. 17.	Blackbrook	3	School House	2
	Cams	5	Westbury	1
Nov. 24.	Blackbrook	5	Westbury	3
	Cams	1	School House	1

2ND XI.

Cams	2	Blackbrook	0
School House	3	Westbury	1
Cams	3	Westbury	1
School House	1	Blackbrook	1
School House	1	Cams	0
Blackbrook	7	Westbury	1

3RD XI.

School House	2	Westbury	0
Cams	2	Blackbrook	2
Cams	3	Westbury	3
Blackbrook	1	School House	1
Blackbrook	3	Westbury	1
School House	0	Cams	0

	p.	w.	l.	d.	for.	ag.	Pts.
Blackbrook	9	6	1	2	30	17	20½
Cams	9	3	2	4	21	17	13
School House	9	3	3	3	10	10	9
Westbury	9	1	7	1	14	31	5½

The new boys this Term were allotted to the Houses as follows:—

Blackbrook: Tasker, Bark ii., McNeill, Frost, Hyland, Riley ii., Old.

Cams: Newbury i., Mitchell iii., Coleborn, Lea: Newbury ii., Gibson, Weavil, Gumbleton.

School House: Mullins, Christmas i., Christmas ii., Pickwood, Pettifer.

Westbury: Praill i., Chalk, Emmett, Knight, Russell, Gilbert, Saunders, Brookes ii., Westbrook, Matthews ii., Pope, Glover, Tod, Praill ii., Lockyer, Selfe.

HOUSE NOTES.

BLACKBROOK.

The winning of the first open trophy by a House is an important event, and one of which it is possible to be justly proud. We have learned in the past to play hard on a losing side, and determination will always bring its reward in time, often sooner than is expected. Certainly very few people expected us to carry off the Soccer Cup this term; in fact, the majority, having compared teams on paper, probably ignored our claims. This should be a great encouragement to all supposedly weak sides, for that enthusiastic will to win, which so often decides the issue between victory and defeat, is not allotted to any particular House with its members.

Our first team won all three matches. It is a great credit to them that they showed no signs of losing heart, when Cams scored twice in the first five minutes, when School House were leading seven minutes from the end, or when Westbury took the lead against them. In every case Chamberlain i., the House Captain, set a fine example of determined effort, and in every case ten others followed it. It would be unfair to pick out any names; everyone seemed to play a little better than his best.

We expected something good from a well-balanced forward line—and got it. All the forwards scored, and an average of over five goals a match against some good defences speaks for

itself. The defence, however, exceeded all expectations; with only one member from the two School teams, it compared very favourably with defences which possessed several school representatives. Determination did it.

The play of the 2nd and 3rd XI's showed that this spirit should be well maintained in the future, and that the new-comers to the House this term are not likely to fail us. The second team were rather lacking in confidence till the last match, when they played like an unbeatable side and gained the most decisive victory of the eighteen House matches.

The third team did not lose a match, and should next year be able to supply the higher teams with some efficient players. Edwards ii., Kilford, Bark ii. and Frost were perhaps the most prominent amongst the many who showed good promise. To those equally keen members of the House, outside of the chosen thirty-three, we would say that their chance will come.

Congratulations to our House Captain and every boy on this term's performance. Also to Chamberlain i. on being appointed a School monitor, and on being awarded well-earned Soccer Colours. Also to him and Davison, our only representatives at the School Certificate Exam., on gaining 3rd Class Honours. Also to Huifnan, Wheeler and Frampton, on being chosen regularly for the School teams.

If, next term, every boy in the House shows the same keenness as this term, we shall give creditable performances in the Hockey and Steeplechase competitions. Then whether we come out top or not, we can feel satisfied. Moreover, in school work, don't disgrace the House with detentions and blue reports.

L.J.

CAMS.

The term opened brightly for us in the results of the Oxford Locals, Hewetson and Winsor i. getting 1st Classes, Hall and Loosemore getting 3rds, Clarke and Latty getting Passes. We congratulate them, and hope the House will do even better next July.

The new boys who have come into Cams look a very promising lot, and we welcome them warmly. At the same time, Cams wants them always to remember that "promise" does not count for so much as "performance," and that each is expected to be a "doer" of something for his House, and not a "spectator." It is gratifying to notice the way the senior boys have been driving this home, and we have no doubt they

will find further opportunities for encouragement in the Hockey and Steeplechase next term.

We offer our congratulations to Winsor i. on becoming a monitor, and trust he will do well; and to Lewry on getting his 1st XI. Colours.

As regards the Football Cup, we certainly felt our chances rosy, and if we had to explain why they faded and grew dim, we should probably require most of the auxiliary verbs to do so. Suffice it to say that our first team lost to Blackbrook (8-5), beat Westbury (5-1), and drew with School House (1-1). Our second team beat Blackbrook (2-0) and Westbury (1-0), and lost to School House (1-0). Our third team drew all their games. We came out second in the competition, and that is our only consolation, besides the memory of some rather pleasant, though muddy games. It would not be correct to say we approve of Blackbrook winning the Cup (although they really deserved it!). Still, we do not grudge them the sweets of victory, which we hope were as pleasant to their taste as to ours, and we can now look forward to more equal tussles than in the past.

So now, Cams, enjoy your Christmas thoroughly and get ready for the New Year.

T.W.M.

SCHOOL HOUSE.

We have lost the Football Cup, mainly owing to a disastrous first round match with Westbury, who won on their merits. In the second round we led until a few minutes from time, when a spirited series of attacks by Blackbrook's forwards turned the tables, helped by misunderstandings and miskicks by our backs, who, in spite of the mud, had up to this point done well. A large share of the work fell to Nobbs, and he did it well. Butters in goal was very sound, and Raby ii. at half was prominent. Our best performance was against Cams, with whom we drew though we were not at full strength.

Our forward line lacked finish, but credit is due to Spencer, who though very light for a first team played "all out." Humphries, who played v. Cams, was probably the youngest representative of any House in its first team. Raby i. and Andrews did much useful work, but were weak in front of goal. In the Cams match Troke came in at back, and made a promising début. Good work was done by Christmas i. and Swinstead, but the latter must put on weight. Perhaps a member of the House could tell him how it is done! Four of the House have played in the School 1st XI., one for the 2nd XI. and several others have represented the School in junior matches.

The 2nd XI. beat Cams and Westbury, and drew with Blackbrook. Mullins, Bear, Hoather and Humphries were prominent.

The 3rd XI. won 1, drew 1 and lost 1. Buckler and Bull are deserving of mention.

Chapman and Hurden, who left in July, both gained 1st XI. Cricket Colours.

Next term we have the Steeplechase and Hockey Cups to compete for. I think our chance for the Hockey Cup is very good, provided, of course, there are no detentions for members of the teams.

As regards the Steeplechase Cup, I hope School House boys will do their bit. It will do no harm, once the Christmas festivities are over, to turn one's attention to light training, brisk walks, etc. Of course, we shall have no outstanding runners like Bucknall i., our last year's winner, but by trying in the race, we can all get some place.

We bid farewell to Raby i. and A. W. Bear this term. May they be successful in their respective vocations.

WESTBURY.

The football term has found us still lacking in the ability to win cups. Our first team did well, and put up a good fight. In the last round, Atkins i. made several brilliant efforts, and might have succeeded in reversing the result had he had a little better luck and a little more support.

The second and third teams did not impress me at all. They seem to contain a large number of people who simply hate to have the ball in their possession, and who kick it as far away from them as possible and as soon as possible. Forwards should realise that it is quite useless for them to kick the ball a long way ahead (unless they are taking a shot at goal), and they should dribble while they can, and pass to one another when necessary, and should be ready to take a shot without waiting till they are within four or five yards of the goal.

Blackbrook deserves our congratulations on their victory. Their teams impressed me with their continuous effort; they kept trying all the time, not just now and then. Another thing that struck me was the volume of encouraging shouts from their supporters on the line. I have never heard so much from any day-boy house before. I heard hardly a sound from Westbury supporters. Once, indeed, my heart was gladdened by a fairly respectable cry of "Play up, Westbury!" but alas, when I turned to see from whom

it came, I found a group of boys from Cams House who, for their own reasons, wished Westbury to win. Now Westbury, surely you can support one another. It makes more difference than some of you realise. We don't want a crowd of second and third eleven boys telling the first eleven how to play, but we do want the encouragement and support that enthusiasm and keenness can give.

I want to remind you all that at the end of next term the Steeplechase will take place. Lately we have had several examples of fine performances in running events by boys who began

to prepare weeks beforehand. Do get in some practice, and do avoid over-indulgence in tuck. A long run cannot be done well unless some time has been spent beforehand on training and preparing.

So far as I know, none of the boys in Westbury House are leaving this term, so we'll hope to do better in all inter-House contests next term.

Hearty congratulations to Dodds on his being Captain of the School 1st XI.

J.S.