

# THE



# LION

## PRICE'S SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

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New Series.

### EDITORIAL.

"To edit," says the dictionary, is "to compile, garble, or cook up material into literary shape," and it also informs us that "to garble is to mutilate, corrupt, or falsify." Evidently, therefore, the occupation of an editor is pleasing, granted the right material to work upon. Unfortunately, no amount of cooking will give literary shape to some of the ingredients we receive, unless we can consider their arrangement into parallel lines and columns as satisfying the definition. To garble, however, looks a much easier task; surely anyone can mutilate, corrupt, and falsify. We can. And we should certainly do it, if our contributors would only have the decency to leave to us a function that is our undoubted right. Unfortunately, too many of them usurp the right, and hand over articles already so mutilated, corrupt and false, that it is impossible to improve them.

In order to make up for this disappointing loss, we pay all our attention to the Editorial. Here, at any rate, no one can deprive us of our rightful function, and every idea in this part of the Magazine would be most conscientiously and thoroughly garbled, but for the obvious and distressing fact that we have no ideas. But wait a minute; perhaps the dictionary will supply one. Let us look at the word "editorial." Surely there will be some helpfully challenging definition. Here we are—"(Latin, *edere*, editum—out; dare—to give), something belonging to the editor."

Well—"Quis?"

### OPENING OF THE NEW BUILDINGS

On Monday, December 12th, the long-hoped-for addition to our buildings was opened by the Bishop of Portsmouth. A very full room welcomed him, as, after cutting a tape stretched across the South door, he advanced to the platform and declared the building open. "Forty Years On," sung really vigorously by the whole School, which, for the first time for many years, was able to be in the room for a function, was followed by a speech by the Chairman of the

Governors (the Rev. E. J. Tarbat), and after two "Songs of the Hebrides" in Gaelic, the Bishop made a most witty and interesting speech, in the course of which he said that it was the first time he had ever known people to be pleased at "Prices" being up. He emphasized the point that you could judge a person's education by the way he occupied his leisure, but made an exception for the golfer, who occupied himself by hitting a ball as far as he could, then spent much time in hunting for it, and when he found it proceeded to hit it away and lose it again.

Two carols followed, both exceedingly well sung. The shorter one, "How far is it to Bethlehem?" in which the solo part was taken by Swales, was new to nearly everyone in the audience.

A vote of thanks to the Bishop was proposed by Mr. Vickers, the Principal of University College, Southampton, and seconded by Mr. Cowan, the retiring Director of Education for the County, who gave the School credit for having won for itself a place in the front rank of the Secondary Schools of the County.

Flemons once more showed that the School had a violinist of far more than ordinary ability, and was much applauded, and an excerpt from Henry German's "Merrie England" ("O. Peaceful England"), in which it was shown that the School had quite a number of basses and tenors, was well sung by the Choir.

After a few remarks by the Headmaster, who acknowledged with gratitude the interest shown in the School by so many in the town, as well as by the Governors and the parents of the boys, suggested that the New Hall was worthy of a good platform, and also asked whether some good friends of the School would show their interest by presenting a chair apiece for the new Library, which was at last to have a permanent home, in-tancing the case of Bedford, in which all the School library chairs were the gifts of friends, the donor's name being engraved on a small plate affixed to the back of the chair.

The whole School then sang Blake's "Jerusalem," and "God Save the King" brought a very successful meeting to a close.

Tea was subsequently served in the various new rooms, and the company had an opportunity of inspecting the additions, which include three new class rooms, a masters' room, and a new lobby double the size of the old one, and with much increased washing accommodation.

The architect was Mr. Norman Atkins, and the contract was carried out by Mr. Glover, the result giving the greatest satisfaction to those who were present.

## LONDON SECTION.

By the time these notes appear in print, we have no doubt that all our members will be walking about with tightened belts, eagerly encouraging the growth of a stupendous appetite for our Christmas dinner, which will take place this year on Tuesday, December 20th, at 8 p.m., at our usual meeting place, and at which we should have the greatest pleasure in welcoming any of the Staff or the School who may be in London on their way home or on holiday.

Turning to our past activities, mention should be made of a very good turn-out at the Past v. Present Cricket Match, when fourteen members reached Fareham in safety, and had the pleasure after the match of entertaining to dinner those of the Staff who were able to join us.

A special meeting was held on September 6th to bid farewell to R. H. and B. R. Scott on their return to India after leave, and just achieved its object, though a motor accident did its best to deprive us of the central figures of the evening, the Scott family having the bad luck to smash up their car on their way up to Town from Fareham, and only arriving at the last minute by train.

The first two meetings of the winter season were distinctly brightened by an excellent cinema display given by L. F. Biden, to which local colour was given by the introduction of films taken by himself of the cricket match and of his summer camp.

A new feature of the meetings, to be introduced at the beginning of next year, will be a series of short talks which some of us have volunteered to give, after the dinners, on the "behind-the-scenes" of our own jobs. The talks may be followed by a short discussion, and it has been suggested that a modified form of the papers might make interesting reading in the Magazine, as being side-lights on the various trades and professions which people leaving school may adopt.

It is a matter of regret that we have to record a falling off in attendance so far this season. We have a nominal membership of thirty, of whom

about a dozen are really keen and turn up with refreshing regularity as often as they can get away from the cares and responsibilities of the world of big business, but there are several on whom the repeated addressing of appeals for their support appears to have not the slightest effect—some of these being among those who were most keen when we first started.

The continued existence of the Section can surely be taken as proof that it fills a need, but the apathy of fifty per cent. of its members is a very disheartening feature, especially as the guilty people will not say why they are failing us. We make no apology, therefore, for addressing two questions, through the medium of this Magazine, to all London Section members.

- (a) How long is it since you attended a meeting?
- (b) If more than two months, what is the REAL reason for continued absence? If it is just that you feel that you derive no benefit or pleasure from the meetings, will you admit it, and save us the cost of posting unnecessary reminders to you? If it is that the monotony of a sequence of dinners bores you, will you tell us so, and we will try to arrange other diversions. If you have any other grievances whatsoever, why not air them and give them a chance to be remedied?

In passing, it may be mentioned that at one of the early meetings of this season a "not-treating" order was proposed and accepted, and is now in force. This was done, not with any idea of discouraging good cheer, but merely as an experiment to try to make us all feel more at ease over the vexed question of drinks.

For the future of the London Section we have no fears. With our small band of enthusiasts, and the steady influx of newcomers to London which we are receiving, and hope to go on receiving, its prosperity is assured; but to carry a dead weight of apathetic members is far more of a retarding force than to lose from altogether.

For the benefit of newcomers, the details of the Section are appended.

Subscription.—None.

Meetings.—Every alternate Tuesday, at Bassi's Hotel Restaurant, Soho Street, W.C., at 7.15 p.m. Dinner 2/6. Meetings on Jan. 3, 17, 31, Feb. 14, 28, etc.

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## WITH H.M.S. ARGUS IN CHINA.

Having just read the account of the last Speech Day in the latest paper from home, I should like to say how pleased I am at the progress of the "Old School." Since I left I have got

rather out of touch, but nevertheless, I am always interested in the report of "Speech Day" news. Although the ship is not actually stationed here, we are one of the units engaged in keeping up the interesting task of impressing on the Chinese the respect for British lives and property that they have not got for those of their own countrymen. In spite of international laws and agreements, the average Chinese is the same now as he was a thousand or so years ago—down-trodden and poor; in fact, a slave to the richer classes. He lives on a bowl of rice and a few cash a day. As the dollar is worth roughly 2/-, and there are 100 cash to the cent, and 100 cents to the dollar, you can see the amount he lives on. The "coolie," as he is called, is not very heroic, except when he is in a crowd. The only idea he has is the one of Might is Right. If he is treated at all easily he gets the idea that he is boss. Their own people treat them very cruelly, and execute them for the least thing. Civilisation, as we know it, is the work of devils, according to his ideas. As we are a strange-looking ship, whenever we go to any Chinese port there are generally a few sampans come off to fire crackers around us to prevent the devils from landing. We had only been at Shanghai a day before we got the name ashore of "Debbil Ship," and only great persuasion could get their boats to come near us to enable us to go ashore.

The sights and smells in China are extraordinary, to our ideas, and they seem to do everything upside down. The different concessions, such as those at Shanghai, are very like English towns. There are miles of wharves and docks, magnificent public buildings and offices, which give you when you see them a feeling of pride in the energy and abilities of men from Home. Certain people at home say that we should not have sent troops and ships out here, but I can assure you that if we had not come, the atrocities which were carried out by country would have been repeated in Shanghai a thousand times worse. Also we should have "lost face" amongst the Chinese, and the natural result would have been a flare-up in India and Malaya, as well as the lost trade to an enormous amount every year. As it is, we have lost by the boycott of our trade, and by the trouble generally, an enormous sum, totalling many millions.

Of course, the part that this ship has actually played has not been very active, except for a recent stunt against a gang of pirates in Bias Bay, not very far from Hong-Kong. We landed parties in boats a distance of three miles from the ship, burnt two villages, and blew up several junks which the pirates use on their piratical expeditions. How they do it is this: Chinese go aboard disguised as passengers on the small merchant ships that ply up and down the coast.

They get good information about the ships and cargoes. Then, perhaps, on the next trip they hold up the bridge and engine-room, and take the ship to Bias Bay, which is their headquarters, loot her, and send her away. They shoot anybody who attempts to resist. They have had two or three of our ships in that way, and we, as a result, have had two raids on their headquarters. I am afraid that it does not make much difference though, and will not, unless all the nations take a hand in it and thoroughly clear out their quarters. If we catch any of them red-handed they are handed over to the Chinese authorities and instantly executed. They do the same ashore in the way of highway robberies and burglaries. Even in the concession at Shanghai, well policed as it is, they hold up people in broad daylight in the narrow side streets and rob them, shooting if resisted. There are certain streets down which it is not safe to go unless you are in parties of four. There are huge numbers of Chinese, living for the most part in squalor and dirt, as well as a vast floating population living in junks and sampans. A sampan is a small boat not so big as a naval cutter, decked in, in which sometimes a family of eight or more live and sleep. These are the boats that you have to use to go ashore. The junks are bigger, being about 100 tons burden, in which three families live. You don't see all the family at once, as they sleep in a space of about 5 feet by 3 feet, under the floor boards in the sampans. It is a hard job to explain to anybody who has not seen it how they exist at all. Every typhoon and flood wipes them out by the thousand; but it does not matter to the Chinese, they just go on the same.

As regards the Chinese armies, we cannot negotiate, as there are now three Governments in China. They are the Pekin, Hankow, and Nanking Governments, the latter being an offshoot of the Hankow Cantonese Government, which was under Chiang-Kia-Shek. He having robbed the Chinese of £200,000, is now on his way to America. If he did not do this he would probably lose his head if either Hankow or Pekin forces caught him. As China is a country of big distances, it is fairly easy for him to get away.

C. E. LILLYWHITE.

## FOOTBALL RETROSPECT.

With two matches still to be played, the 1st XI. have won seven games, drawn one, and lost two, so that the season may be regarded as a successful one. We were beaten in two games by teams which we should have beaten if our XI. had played at all up to its true form. Both of these matches came early in the term, when it looked as though we should be very weak indeed. The forwards were ineffective, and the defence

was none too steady under pressure. But this state of affairs, fortunately, did not last long. Lewry, who missed the early matches, through illness, came into the team at right back, and this gave a steadiness to the defence and life and vigour to the team as a whole. The forwards, though never brilliant, improved considerably, and the team developed into a sound and successful side. The improvement was clearly shown in the marked contrast between one of the early games against Hilsea, in which we were deservedly beaten, and the later game against Midhurst. Against Hilsea the team lacked steadiness in defence, and thrust in attack, and gave a lifeless and disappointing exhibition. On the other hand, against Midhurst, who were a vastly better side, every member of the team played hard and skilful football for every minute of the game, despite appallingly bad weather conditions, and the result was a very creditable win by five goals to two. This was undoubtedly the best performance of the season, and the team never afterwards played so badly as in the early games.

One would like to bring to the attention of the wing forwards the necessity of being able to take corner-kicks satisfactorily. Time after time the ball has been kicked behind the posts, or otherwise badly placed from flag-kicks. A little practice would make an enormous difference in this important part of the game.

A gap difficult to fill was caused when Butters left, towards the end of the term. Both as Captain of the XI. and as goal-keeper he had been entirely successful.

The 2nd and 3rd XI.'s have this year been rather stronger than usual, and this augurs well for 1st XI.'s of the future, as does the large number of keen and skilful players seen in the House matches and ordinary School games. There does, however, seem to be a preponderancy of promising backs and halves over forwards. Too few boys desire the responsibility of goal-scoring, and this must be remedied.

Boys who should do well in the future are: Riches, equally promising as a goal-keeper or a half-back; Mundy, a vigorous full-back; Matthews i., Watson i., and Swinstead, all good halves; Humphries, who centres well at outside-left, as does Mitchell i. on the opposite wing; and Franklin and Vibert, whose forward play shows distinct promise.

F. L. W. BUTTERS\* (Captain), (goal).—A really good, reliable goal-keeper. Kicks a great length, is very good at dealing with low shots, and possesses sound judgment.

RAMPTON (goal).—Has satisfactorily filled the gap caused by Butters' departure. Rather small at present, but quite plucky.

E. G. NOBBS\* (left-back).—Has a strong, if sometimes erratic, kick. Heads the ball well and works hard; rather slow on a heavy ground.

R. L. LEWRY\* (right-back).—A splendid full-back in every department of the game. Kicks remarkably strongly, tackles fearlessly, and is quite fast. Has been the mainstay of the defence in many games.

F. TROKE (left-half).—A young player of much promise. Fairly fast and tackles well. Has a strong kick and dribbles cleverly, but should not over-do this.

E. W. CHRISTMAS I.\* (centre-half).—A hard-working and capable half-back. Uses his head very well and tackles strongly. Should not be afraid of taking a shot at goal more often.

G. EDMUNDS\* (right-half).—Is quite fast and heads the ball well. Marks his man very closely. Better in defence than attack.

J. C. CHRISTMAS II. (outside-left).—Clever with his feet, but hangs on to ball too long. Has improved greatly, but is on the slow side for a wing player.

W. E. CHAMBERLAIN I.\* (inside-left).—A hard-working forward. Passes well and makes the most of his chances when in front of goal.

L. F. CHAMBERLAIN II. (centre-forward).—Not very comfortable in the position, but tries hard and has improved considerably. Somewhat erratic in shooting.

V. J. BARNES (inside-right).—Shoots well with right foot, and feeds his wing man cleverly. Too frequently out of position.

J. O. HALL\* (outside-right).—Very fast and centres quite well. Spends too much time on the ground.

E. E. WHEELER (inside- or outside-left).—Played several times. Quite clever, and knows the game well, but rather too small and light.

The following also played in the 1st XI.:

H. PEARCE (half-back).—Is fast and works very hard. Uses his weight, not always with discretion.

R. MULLINS (full-back).—Tackles well, but is too slow in getting back and in kicking.

\* Denotes 1st XI. Colours.

# 1ST XI. MATCHES.

Oct. 8.	Purbrook Park County Secondary Sch. 1st (home) Won	3—2
	Goal scorers: Barnes, Wheeler, Chamberlain ii.	
„ 12.	Hilsea College 1st (home) Lost	0—2

- Oct. 15.—Portsmouth Grammar School  
2nd (home) ... Won 9—2  
Chamberlain i. (4), Barnes (2), Edmonds, Chamberlain ii., Christmas ii.
- " 22.—Itchen County Secondary  
School 1st (home) ... Lost 2—3  
Barnes (2).
- " 26.—Gosport Secondary School  
1st (home) ... Won 4—0  
Barnes (2), Chamberlain ii., Wheeler.
- Nov. 19.—Midhurst Grammar School  
1st (away) ... Won 5—2  
Chamberlain i. (2), Chamberlain ii. (2), Christmas i.
- " 26.—Purbrook Park County Secondary Sch. 1st (away) Won 7—4  
Chamberlain i. (4), Chamberlain ii. (2), Hall.
- " 30.—Gosport Secondary School  
1st (away) ... Draw 4—4  
Wheeler (2), Barnes (2).
- Dec. 3.—Portsmouth Grammar School  
2nd (away) ... Won 3—1  
Pearce, Troke, Barnes.
- " 10.—"Past" v. "Present" ... Won 2—0  
Chamberlain i., Chamberlain ii.
- " 14.—Hilsea College 1st (away)
- " 17.—Itchen County Secondary  
School 1st (away)

## 2ND XI. MATCHES.

- Oct. 15.—Portsmouth Grammar  
School 3rd (home) ... Lost 1—3
- " 26.—Gosport Secondary School  
2nd (away) ... Won 5—2
- Nov. 9.—St. Helen's College 1st  
(away) ... Lost 4—6
- " 30.—Gosport Secondary School  
2nd (away) ... Won 4—1
- Dec. 3.—Portsmouth Grammar School  
3rd (away) ... Draw 4—4
- " 10.—"Past" v. "Present" ... Won 5—2

## OTHER MATCHES.

- Oct. 19.—"A" Team v. St. Helen's  
College 1st (home) ... Won 5—1
- " 19.—"B" Team v. St. Helen's  
College 2nd (home) ... Won 10—1
- " 26.—3rd XI. v. Gosport Secondary  
School 3rd (away) ... Won 4—0
- Nov. 9.—St. Helen's College 2nd Won
- " 26.—Purbrook Park County Secondary  
Sch. 2nd (home) Won 6—3
- Oct. 12.—4th XI. v. Hilsea College  
3rd (away) ... Won 3—1
- " 12.—5th XI. v. Hilsea College  
4th (away) ... Won 3—0
- " 29.—XI. v. Captain Williams' XI.  
(away) ... Lost 0—1
- Nov. 26.—XI. v. Captain Williams' XI.  
(home) ... Won 3—1

## SWIMMING FEATS OF THE FUTURE.

What will happen when Channel swimmers seek fresh seas to conquer? We can imagine newspaper accounts like these:—

Nome, Alaska,

June 1st, 1930.

A daring and perhaps suicidal proposal is put forward by John Eiderduck, an Eskimo of Upper Alaska, who will attempt to swim from America to Asia. The distance across Bering Strait is a hundred miles, the entire course being broken by current and tides of extraordinary ferocity. It is also thickly strewn with floating ice, and exposed to the full fury of the Arctic gales.

Nome, Alaska,

June 5th, 1930.

John Eiderduck, covered with seal blubber a foot deep and with his eyes closed by ham fat, successfully accomplished to-day the feat of swimming from America to Asia. The swim occupied four days, one hour, and one minute. Eiderduck landed at Chuk-Chuk, in North-Eastern Siberia, and had to be harpooned to lift him out of the water.

Nome, Alaska,

June 20th, 1930.

Miss Ettie Underweight, a girl teacher, swam from America to Asia in two and a half days, thus beating the time of John Eiderduck easily. She weighs only ninety-five pounds, and was accompanied by a boat, from which she was given chocolates and cigarettes on the way.

Nome, Alaska,

August 1st, 1930.

Mrs. Martha McFoose, a Scottish missionary, who is eighty-four years old, and who only learned to swim last summer, left Asia early on Wednesday morning and arrived in America on the previous Tuesday evening, thus getting across in slightly less than no time.

And later still perhaps:—

Hamburg, June, 1938.

Hans Hamfat, weighing three hundred and fifty pounds, and carrying half a ton of cargo, to-day completed his swim from Norway, at a rate much faster than by boat. He will now carry cargo between Hamburg and New York.

"N - - H - - S." IIIA.

## WRITING AN ARTICLE FOR "THE LION."

We are nearing the end of the term, and for the past two weeks the Editor of "The Lion" has been importuning us to write an article for it. As an incentive, he mentioned that an English prep. could be missed for each article written.

Now, the one thing I work hard at cheerfully is "work-dodging," so you can guess how eagerly I jumped at the chance of missing a prep. Besides, writing an article for a magazine is potty work (at least, I used to think so). So one night, when there was an English prep., I took a wad of paper, and two or three pens, and a bottle of the best blue-black. The first thing I did was to knock the ink over on to the table cloth. I rescued as much of the ink as I could with a spoon, but a lot of it had soaked into the cloth. The table cloth was white and the ink was black, but most of the mess was hidden by a carefully arranged book. I once more prepared to write. I was just about to put my pen to paper, when I met my first difficulty. What was I to write about? I was, and still am, confident that I could write a wonderful article, if only I could get started. The veins stood out on my forehead like whip-cord, my face was ashen, foam flecked my lips (I couldn't see these things happening, of course, but people in books always do them in time of stress), and I chewed up two pens in my agony of mind. I thought, thought, and then thought again, but nothing original came to my mind. I had two or three ideas, but they had been pinched by the chaps who wrote for the last half-dozen numbers of the Mag.

I racked my brains as they had never been racked before, but all to no avail. Should I — Adolphus Smith-Whistler — be beaten by a paltry article for the Mag? Never! the Smith-Whistlers are made of sterner stuff. I still went on racking my poor brains, but alas, I am afraid that they have grown rusty through long terms of neglect and idleness. The machinery of my imagination could not be called to use at such short notice, and for the present at least my attempt at literary fame seemed a wash-out. The only thing that stained the virgin purity of the page was my name in the top right-hand corner. My name is hyphenated and may count as two words. In two hours I had written two words. Working for two hours a night I might reasonably expect to finish a 500-word article in nine months. I am afraid that this will prevent me from writing an article for this "Mag." But, don't think, don't think I have given in. A Smith-Whistler fights to the last drop of blood, or, in this case, to the last drop of ink, and in spite of my mishap, I have still half a bottle-full left. I shall finish my article in time for next December's "Lion." I don't think that I have dodged much work this time, however. I have still to finish the article, and, as it is not given in, I shall have to do my English prep. as well. Moreover, I haven't heard about that ink-stained table cloth yet. I am waiting in painful anticipation. A. J. B.

## "THE SLACKER."

No use at either work or play;  
He only lives for his own way.  
He thinks he knows an awful lot,  
But always talks most fearful rot.  
He'll live inside a Picture Hall,  
But never touch a cricket ball.  
To "get leave off" he's always keen,  
And then besides he's beastly mean.  
He does not care for any sport;  
Nor hold a single word he's taught.  
With slipshod gait he shuffles in;  
With grumpy neck and brainless grin,  
He's always late for morning school;  
In all things he's a first-class fool;  
He's shunned by every decent chap;  
For this he does not care a rap.  
In any school there's nothing worse,  
A blight more deadly than a curse.  
In after years there'll come the day  
He'll rue the time he loafed away.

"YE CRITIC." IV.A.

## THE PANAMA CANAL.

H.M.S. "RENOWN."

No memory of this very remarkable tour is likely to outlive the vivid recollections we all retain of the Panama Canal. Its engineering triumphs are so astonishing, and the efficiency with which it is administered, is so amazingly complete that it must always remain for us one of the half-dozen first wonders of the world.

We all gazed entranced at the beauties of the Gatun Lake and the grandeur of the Gaillard Cut (formerly known as the Culebra Cut); we enjoyed a mild thrill at the sight of the crocodiles lazily taking the sun on the banks of the Canal; we marvelled that we should travel thousands of miles from London to see the aerial acrobatics of Hendon repeated for our entertainment — but no emotion could compare with the admiration we felt for the engineering skill which had made it all possible.

The history of the Canal is briefly this:— Balboa, when in 1513 he discovered the Pacific, crossed the Isthmus on a course about 100 miles to the South-East of the line of the Canal, and entered the Pacific in the Gulf of San Miguel, so naming it because he had entered it on the day of St. Michael.

Sixteen years later, Alvaro de Saavedra, a companion of Balboa in the discovery of the Pacific, and later one of Cortez's most persistent lieutenants in the search for the Strait, prepared the first plans for the Canal. From that time through the centuries, every nation of importance made surveys and developed projects. The idea

made an inescapable appeal to popular as well as to commercial and naval imagination.

It remained for the French to do the first actual work on the Canal. The famous engineer, de Lesseps, fresh from his triumphs at the Suez Canal, sought to apply similar methods to Panama. He succeeded in inducing an International Congress in Paris to accept his scheme, which was to cost £24,000,000, for a tide-level canal. He entered upon his mammoth task with splendid confidence, in January, 1882, even boasting that six years later the delegates could meet him in Panama to celebrate the completion of the work.

Disaster followed upon disaster, however. Loans followed loans, interest charges accumulated and became an embarrassment, and when the year for the festivities arrived, not more than one-fifth of the work had been completed, though the company's indebtedness had reached the huge sum of £80,000,000. The liquidation of the company followed, the plant rusted, parts of the Canal already constructed fell in, and the territory through which the Canal passed was, in the words of a historian, "a dreadful, fever-stricken and pestilential country, where dead men's bones lay thicker than trees."

After scandals in which many prominent Frenchmen were involved, and which led, among other things, to the imprisonment of de Lesseps, the United States secured a concession from the newly-established Panamanian Republic, which had revolted, in order to expediate the work, agreeing in return for the use in perpetuity of a zone 10 miles wide, to pay £2,000,000, and £50,000 a year after a stipulated period. That the Panamanians made a wise choice is history. An army of doctors cleared the zone of fever and death, and an army corps of engineers and workmen, in the 10 years between 1904 and 1914, built the splendid Canal through which we passed.

There is one rather extraordinary feature about the plan on which the work was carried out. A big commission had decided by a small majority in favour of a sea-level canal, but the report of the minority, advocating a lock type canal, was adopted by Congress.

Time has shown that the changed decision was wise, because the lock type has provided a safer and quicker passage, provided the best solution of the problem of the flood waters of the Chagres and other streams, cut down by half the cost of construction and the time occupied, and lessened the maintenance cost.

Tremendous problems had to be faced as it was. The building of the Gatun dam across the valley of the Chagres river made it possible to flood a great part of the valley, thus creating the beautiful Gatun Lake, the largest artificial lake

in the world. Its surface is 85 feet above the level of the sea, thus reducing the depth of the Gaillard Cut by that amount, and its length from the Gatun locks to the entrance to the Cut is more than 25 miles. On the Atlantic side, the "Renown" was lifted to the level of the Lake by means of the Gatun locks, and on the Pacific side the descent was made through the Miraflores and Pedro Miguel locks.

Everyone knows now how that was carried out, but everyone does not know that in making that feat possible, not far short of £200,000,000 have been expended. But even that vast sum is trifling in comparison with the benefits which the Canal is destined to confer on the world.

Already it has proved itself self-supporting, for the revenue from tolls, and other sources, since it was opened to navigation, has exceeded £25,000,000.

The expenses of operation and maintenance in 1924-25 were about a million and three-quarters, whereas the revenue exceeded four millions.

F. W. J. TAULBUT.

## BY WUN RUN.

The Schoole was in a ferment! The egerly-lookt-forward-to dae had come at larst, and we were to meat St. Slip's, and do battle roil, on the green terf!

Larst yeer St. Slip's had warked over St. Flippert's to such an eggstent that one or two plaers were trodden completely into the grownd, and mae bee fownd there to this dae. But now, when the schoole had every hope of a gigantick win, a colamity occured. L. Ate-Cut, the best batscaptan, had vanisht. I. Hunt Clues the schoole's tame 'tec had serched hi and lo. Then, when the teshun was at a height of 5,000 feet, L'Egg Brake, rusht into our room. "News," he cried, "here's a letter from Cutty." Everyone crowded round to heer the letter. "Deer old Egg," it ran, "I am orf on an urgent mishun, and I will be back for the second harf of the mach,—Yours never, Cutty." "Hurrah!" The cheers of the delited fellows rent the air, and it had to be sown up again. The next dae dorned. It was the dae. A clatter was herd in the lane and up dasht St. Slip's fellows on there scooters. Having won the toss, we took the feelde one man short. All eyes were bent on the grownd, but having been straitened and returned to their oners, the plaes commensed. G. Oood Length's first bawl was a site to sea. It bounced harf way up the pitch, broke to leg, turned a somersalt, and broke to the off. The batsman put a hand to his heeted brow and burnt it so much, that he jumped on his wicket. The next man determined

to do or dy. He dooded. I dror a yale over the painful scene that followed. Having no chair the score stood at 600. We went in bravely enuf, but by tee were all out for 46. Then, was it? No! Yes! I don't think so! Possibly not! Perhaps! Never! It was L. 'Ate Cut at larst! Cheer after cheer rent the are, and secotene had to be applied to mend it. The feeders began to brighten wonderfully. Smudge at point raised a skier to the boundary and cort it as it came down. L. 'Ate Cut's larst bawl was a site to see. Running up to the wicket, he wirlid his arm round. Where did the bawl go? Plaers and specked taters lookt for it. Then, plonk it descended from the cloudis rite on top of the wicket. St. Slip's' were out for 100. To tye the schoole wanted 654, 655 to beat. Cutty opened with a drive that took the cover off the ball. The next one he put thrue the slips, leaving a big boale in him. Having killed the umpire, he setteled down. Crash! he put one in D. Ig Well's cucumber frame. With a long sic, a cucumber died. 651 was on the bord. The specked taters held their breth. Would Cutty do it? Crack, he had hit it. The specked taters let go there breth, and a rush of air welled acrost the pich, carrying the bawl to the boundry. St. Slip's had wun.

That nite at the feest, Cutty told us, why he had gorn. "This morning," he sed "I received this letter. 'Dear Laurie,—I hope you are weering yore vest nexst to yore skin and that you wash yore neck evry morning. Yore berd has no seed left. It is erly closing. Unless he has sum he will di.—MOTHER.' I took sum home, and arrived just in time to save his life." "And got back in time to save us to!" sed L. Egg Brake. After the feest, the He had to get a carpenter to widen the door to let us out.

N.E.W.

## "TRAINING TO BECOME A PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST."

Perhaps you might like to hear a little about the "work" side of my life. There are six assistants at the place at which I work; of course, I am only apprenticed, and am receiving 10/- a week for pocket money.

We all start work in the morning at 8.30 and keep on till 1 o'clock, when we have an hour and a quarter for dinner; at 5 o'clock we have three-quarters of an hour for tea, and finally we close at 7 o'clock on all week-days except Saturday (8). Sunday duty does not fall to my lot, thank goodness. The first thing I have to do when I get there is to clear up the dispensary (the errand boy has to wash up the bottles and clean all greasy things under my supervision) and fill up

any of the bottles that may be empty or low. There is usually a rush about 11 o'clock, when the dispenser and myself are kept fairly hard at it dispensing till about dinner-time. Everything I measure or use has to be checked by the dispenser, also all labels and prescriptions.

The rules of the dispensary are:—(for dispensing)

1. All bottles to be put back after use unless low.
  2. Copy prescription and check.
  3. Write label and read over prescription again, checking label.
  4. Rinse bottle out and check marking on back.
  5. Weigh or measure drugs accurately, and let dispenser check before mixing.
  6. Mix in measure (not in bottle), and always use distilled water when it states "Aqua." Use tap water only when stated.
  7. Strain all mixtures with a sediment through muslin and filter all clear mixtures, lotions, eye drops, and applications through cotton wool into the bottle.
  8. Attach label and let dispenser check, and then wrap and address bottle.
- Here it is handed over to the lady assistants to be despatched.

There are numerous other rules with regard to the wrapping of powders, packing of plasters, blisters, cachets, suppositories, and such like.

In the afternoons I usually do any optical repairs that have been brought in, and read up the B.P., B.P.C. and Paison's law. The last mentioned, plus the materia medica, is the worst part of the whole examination.

With regard to the Physics, the syllabus was covered at School—the Chemistry is the School syllabus plus the rarer metals and a more detailed study of the various compounds. We use Newth as our text book. Botany, of course is almost new to me, but am struggling along and hope to have mustered enough to get me through Part I. in December. During the winter months I attend evening classes. On Mondays and Wednesdays we do Chemistry, while on Thursdays Physics and on Fridays Botany. Notes usually carry me over the week-ends. The worst part of classes is that I have to cycle eight miles to West Norwood (the nearest recognised institute for the Pharmaceutical Exam.).

A.J.C.

## EXTRACTS FROM THE FOURTH FORM ELEGY.

The school bell rings the peal of parting break;  
The crowd of boys wind slowly back to class,  
Each chews a sweet in spite of teeth that ache  
And risks the master's shout "You silly ass!"  
Now burst detention lists upon the sight,  
And stony silence falls upon them all;



Then, to the study one poor youth takes flight,  
And distant yells resound throughout the hall.  
And now the day-boys from the landscape fade,  
The cleaners sweep the dust in tidy heaps,  
The boarders in their neat white beds are laid,  
And on his rounds the prefect, Nobbs, soon  
creeps.

L.S.

Far from the madding crowd, the swot he got;  
He had his bag and French books open wide;  
He swotted Latin, French, and all that rot,  
And then they wondered why the poor chap  
died.

M - SS.

There rests his head upon his crooked arm,  
A boy, with English and with French unknown;  
The master smiled not at his humble prep.,  
And swotting marked him for her very own.

G - L - - T.

The school bell sounds the end of one more day,  
The noisy class bursts through the open door,  
The master homeward speeds his joyful way,  
And leaves the school to brooms and mops once  
more.

Oft did the paper to their scribbling yield,  
Their craniums rare the baffling problems  
solved;  
How bravely ramped the lion on their shield!  
How scored they goals on victory resolved!

MI - H - L.J

## LIFE IN A "SMELTER."

TRAILL, B.C.

It is rather hard to explain what my job is unless you know a little about refining metals. I am a tank tester, and the tanks are about 6 ft. by 2 ft. 6 ins. and 3 ft. 6 ins. deep, full of acid which runs through in a stream. The tanks are on the same principle as electrical storage batteries, but instead of storing the electricity, it is used to separate the metals.

In each tank hang the anodes and cathodes, 25 of one and 26 of the other, the current passing from one to the other through the acid. Each anode when put in a tank weighs about 500 lbs., and is made of the metal to be refined. The cathodes (in the lead refinery) are made of pure lead, just a thin sheet weighing about a pound when put in new. The lead comes away from the anode and settles on the cathode, leaving behind a black slime on the anode, which has a big percentage of silver in it. After four days the cathodes weigh about 220 lbs., and are then taken out and new ones put in. After eight days

the anodes only weigh a few pounds, and then both are taken out and the tank cleaned up. The cathodes are melted and cut in bars, ready for market. The slime from the anodes goes to the silver and gold refinery. The tester's job is to stop the anodes and cathodes from "shorting" in the tanks, and is a matter of much patience, as you can see nothing, but to feel with a long spear.

D.J.T.

## MOONLIGHT.

When the wild waves heave at night,  
And winter winds do roar,  
Nature sends her helping light,  
Along the rocky shore.

And even where no beacon stands  
To lead the wand'ring soul,  
By loaming waves or desert lands,  
It guides him to his goal.

It guided men in days gone by,  
And will for years to come;  
And as the wild wind rages high,  
Still shines the midnight sun.

R - L - S. III.A.

## MIX WELL.

A wireless enthusiast "got" two stations on his set; one was broadcasting a talk on gymnastics, the other a recipe for cooking. He tried to get the recipe down, and his attempt was rather a failure.

"Hands on the hips, place one cup of flour on the shoulder, raise knee, depress toes, and mix thoroughly in one half-cup of milk. Repeat six times. Inhale quickly one half-teaspoonful of baking powder, lower the legs and mash two hard-boiled eggs in a sieve. Exhale, breathe naturally, and sift into a bowl. Attention. Lie flat on the floor and roll the white of an egg backwards and forwards until it comes to a boil. In ten minutes remove from the fire and rub smartly with a rough towel. Breathe naturally, dress in warm flannels, and serve with fish soup.

A.M. V.A.

## ELEGY ON AN HOUR'S WAIT IN A RESTAURANT.

"Oh! hear me, Gracious Beauty!  
Hear my frenzied plea.  
Oh! hear me, Gracious Beauty!  
Have pity on poor me!"  
I cried again,  
But all in vain,  
My inside still was racked with pain!

"Oh! hear me, Gracious Beauty!

Kick up not a fuss,  
For all I ask of thee, dear,  
Is 'café à la Russe'."

Then deigned she,  
To look at me,  
But gave no answer to my plea.

"Oh! hear me, Lazy Waitress!

Be not quite so slow,  
Do hurry up and serve me,  
Or from this place I'll go!"  
She cried out, "Wait!  
I'll get a plate."

But I had gone. It was too late.

P.P.S.

## THE HORRORS OF HOMEWORK.

Homework is a horrible thing. You sit down by the fireside, directly after tea, and begin reading a very interesting novel. With a start, you realise that the clock has just struck eight.

"Oh, confound it!" you say to yourself, "Whoever put the clock on? Mother! did you put the clock on?"

"No!" replies Mother, from the kitchen, where she is getting the supper ready, "No one has, to my knowledge; the clock is exactly right."

"Christopher!" you shout, and then, lowering your voice to a whisper, you say to yourself, "I have that chapter to learn for geography, and all that French prose, and the relative pronouns, qui, quae, quod, to learn for Latin. Phew!"

No words can describe your feelings, as you fall back into your comfortable chair and let your book fall on the floor unheeded. Well; you arise from your chair, get your books, and start. You begin by reading the chapter on "Rain and Rainfall." You remark to yourself, what a long chapter it is; six pages, and only one taken up by a measly old map, which you don't care tuppence about. Then, after you have read through the first page, you ask yourself what do you care about rain? Why do the masters think that you want to know what clouds are made of, how water evaporates, how the air when cooled drops its moisture? Why do they think you want to know all that? Why does anyone want to know it? You don't. Then why do you have to do it?

--Torturing people so cruelly. Well, you are about fed up with it. Of course you are. Anyone would be; at least, anyone with any sense. Well, you cannot do any more of that now, so you will have to take a hurried look through your Latin, and try to do your French prose in bed, or copy it off your neighbour's paper. All of a sudden, on looking into what is commonly called

your prep. book, you are amazed to find that you did not have to do the chapter on "Rain and Rainfall"; in fact, you had no geography to do at all. You had to make a summary of the Renaissance. And also you find that the French prose was all wrong. You had to write the questions and answers of lesson 62. However, all is well that ends well, for on the next day, after vivid dreams in which you are promised whacking imposts, great detentions, and horrible canings, after which you would not be able to sit down for a week, you find that the History Master has influenza, and the French Master forgets to collect the prep.

T.J.W. IV.B.

## THE WINNER.

The man stood in a grassy enclosure, his tense eyes staring at the scene. Would his hopes materialise? If not, the money he had spent would be wasted, and he would have to return home in sorrow. Soon the time would come when he should know if his journey had been in vain. His favourite was black, but the other, which was approaching, seemed as if it would reach the desired goal before it. Another minute, and the issue would be decided. The black had a very short distance to go, but the other was overhauling it rapidly. Ah! at last! He breathed again. "My railway fare wasn't wasted, although it seemed as if that cloud would get to the Sun before the Moon did. It was a fine eclipse of the Sun."

H. W.R. V.B.

## XMAS.

The very thought brings home a sense of warmth,  
And mental pictures of delightful spreads,  
Of fattened turkeys filled with stuffing good,  
And meals at which we ate all that we would.

A hushed expectancy comes o'er the house;  
'Tis Christmas Eve. The kiddies are in bed:  
So Father, creeping stealthily upstairs,  
Proceeds to fill the stockings on the chair.

The first grey streaks of dawn glide o'er the sky,  
As if 'twere good to greet the Christmas morn;  
And then the church bells through the casements  
sound,

Amid the falling snow that strews the ground.

The sons of Father Time boom forth the hour,  
Another happy lunar day is sped,  
It's memories, it's thoughts, in us reside,  
But Christmas Day has gone where none abide.

J.H.A.

## "PUGNA QUAE NON ERAT."

Fight! Fight! I was aroused from my studies of Cæsar, book IV., by a most unearthly yell. This nuisance hailed from the front of the Pavilion. "Hullo! Where is the murder?" I demanded of my companion. Throwing Cæsar IV. into my locker, I took up the chase. But unfortunately for me I was not the only one eager to see the combat. A person whose name I prefer not to mention and whose weight exceeded mine by about four stones, saw me take up the cry, and, unable to stop himself, he cannoned into me and sat me down in the mud. Casting a glance at my undesirable surroundings, I jumped to my feet and fled after my friends to the "scène de combat."

Finding my way to the front of the crowd, I emerged in full view of the combatants. Much to the disgust of my companion, the "pugilists" were only a couple of "kids" who seemed to have forgotten the spirit of the noble art which they were disgracing. The two would-be pugilists, M - - th - - s ii. and R - - pa - -, appeared to be having a staring match. An enthusiastic spectator pushed M - - th - - s against R - - pa - -, as a result of which R - - pa - - smote his opponent on the nose. M - - th - - s responded with a straight left to the shoulder. The two "gallants" retreated, and stood looking at each other for five minutes.

Cave!! Yaroo!! Cave! The swaying mob scattered and rushed helter-skelter. In the hubbub that followed this alarm, my companion jumped from the verandah on to a seat which proved to be collapsible. After helping my friend to his feet again, we fled to the Iron Room. No sooner had we got inside the door than we turned about and walked out, looking quite innocent.

Wishing to know the reason of the so-called fight, we questioned the "combatants." It appeared that R - - pa - - was hit behind the ear with a piece of orange peel. The missile, having been thrown by "Herb.", the marbles champion of Gosport, and R - - pa - - being "Herb's" inferior, R - - pa - - decided to blame M - - th - - s ii. Then the quarrel commenced. These kids will fight over any trifle instead of "turning the other cheek" to the offender.

VALT. V.B.

## A MATCH.

Boomgh!

There is a dull thud as a trusty boot meets the sodden football with a well-timed impact. Disaster follows! The heavy back makes one desperate attempt to stand on one leg in the squelchy mud, but it is of no avail, and within a

few seconds of delivering the kick, he is measuring his length in five feet of English slush.

The ball, by this time, has sailed up the field, and a hawk-like forward, hovering near, seizes it and proceeds to forge ahead. A half looms up and the centre attempts to pass. They meet, and a few brief seconds pass before they attempt to untwine themselves. Breathlessly, the half scrambles to his feet;

"Are you all right," quoth he.

"Yes, thanks," is the grim reply as a badly-mauled forward also attempts to regain his equilibrium.

But where is the ball. It has just smitten the cross-bar, at the other end of the ground. It has re-bounded, and a desperate goal-keeper leaps forward with a whoop of joy and seizes the slippery sphere. He attempts to clear, but a merciless forward emerges sideways, and the goalie bites the dust, or rather, chews the mud. The ball enters the net amid loud applause. These are only a few instances of the game.

Now, excitement reigns everywhere; for are there not five minutes to go, and is not the score level, each side having two goals? Loud cries proceed from the rain-soaked spectators, who, however, have anything but damaged spirits. Yells of "Come on the House" and "Kick it," mingled with mournful moans, rend the air. Master Knowall rails upon everybody in turn, and gives forth pieces of advice which are drowned beneath the uproar. "Grimmer," of the fourth, jumps up and down on the touch-line, scarcely to be seen, and laughs and yells with the best.

Five minutes more and the winning House (for they are level on points gathered from preceding matches) will be awarded the Cup, which is now being fought for so fiercely.

The team which is playing uphill is being hard pressed by five mud-bespattered forwards. There are many scrimmages in front of goal, and the two backs, one long and lean, the other corpulent, give a good account of themselves. Mud is always flying about in the air and the rain continues in a steady downpour, which generally makes the field look like a sea of mud.

A forward emerges from a scrimmage and shoots for goal. The shot is tipped over the bar by the goal-keeper amid cheers from his House fellows. From the corner kick, the ball curves in, and then, high above the others, we see the mud-stained head of the inside-left. The ball slides off his cranium into the net, well out of the reach of the goal-keeper.

The whistle blows.

Phew! The majority of onlookers wipe their brows, murmuring "Thank goodness that is over." Then they commence to yell for The House.

So, on this twenty-third day of November, in the year of grace 1927, did the Football Cup pass into the possession of The House; after a thrilling game.

G.R.H.M.

## THE AWFUL ORDEAL.

Furtively he closed the door and carefully plugged the keyhole with cotton-wool. He needed privacy to carry out his grim purpose.

He had pondered long over this drastic step. He was naturally timid; the thought of the downward swoop of the glittering steel had sickened him; but he could no longer face the thinly-veiled disdain of his fellow comrades. Yet he dreaded this only way out.

That evening he had purchased the wicked-looking instrument, which he hoped would effectively end his life of torture. Now he carefully prepared it. Curiously he looked in the glass. His eyes seemed haggard, the lower part of his face strangely white.

He raised the shining weapon. Blood fell on his hand. He had cut himself in his first shave.

A.M. V.A.

## THE HOUSE MATCHES.

### 1ST XI. (5 points).

School House	...	5	Westbury	...	0
Blackbrook	...	4	Cams	...	2
School House	...	5	Blackbrook	...	1
Cams	...	7	Westbury	...	1
School House	...	2	Cams	...	2
Blackbrook	...	4	Westbury	...	0

### 2ND XI. (2 points).

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

### 3RD XI. (1 point).

School House	...	8	Westbury	...	2
Blackbrook	...	4	Cams	...	0
School House	...	5	Blackbrook	...	1
Cams	...	3	Westbury	...	2
Blackbrook	...	4	Westbury	...	3
School House	...	5	Cams	...	1

### Goals

	P.	W.	L.	D.	for ag.	PTS.
School House	9	7	1	1	37 11	19½
Blackbrook	9	5	4	0	20 20	14
Cams	9	4	4	1	20 21	12½
Westbury	9	1	8	0	9 34	2

## HOUSE NOTES.

The new boys were allotted as follows, so as to make the Houses numerically equal:—

Blackbrook: Yates, Bricknall, Ralls, Hobbs, Rushforth, Sargeant, Jeffery, Limburn, Cole, Haley, Wilton, Tapson.

Cams: Etheridge, Stougnell ii., Lynch, Smith iv., Parker, Sanders.

School House: Harrison, Child.

Westbury: Watson iii., Hingott, Manuel, Rideout, Coles i., Coles ii., Mills, Saint, Gregory ii., Tatiord, Godden, Mansbridge, Fieder ii.

## BLACKBROOK.

In gaining second position in the Football Competition this term, we have done quite as well as we had any right to expect. The opening victory over Cams pointed to the possibility of repeating last year's surprising success, but in the next game we came up against a side with more experience and cohesion, and the School House well deserved to win. Nevertheless, the game was fairly even for three-quarters of the time, and the subsequent collapse was unfortunate. As I saw very little of most of the games, it would be unfair to comment on individual play, but I feel sure that everyone tried hard, which is the main thing.

The 3rd XI. certainly did very well in winning two games, and losing only to a side nearly as heavy as our First!

Several of the new members of the House have already proved very useful, amongst whom are Rushforth, Limburn, Cole, Hobbs and Wilton.

Next term, besides the Hockey, we have the Steeplechases, and these give an opportunity for every single boy in the House to do something. Don't think you are too small, for the smallest boy in each event got home first last year; and don't think you are too slow, for sometimes about seventy places count.

Training for the Steeplechases is the greatest test of keenness, and it alone can ensure our keeping the only Cup we hold, and make it possible to gain two more.

Congratulations to Chamberlain on being elected House Captain, and on playing regularly for the School team; to Wheeler, Pearce, McNeill, Vibert and Matthews i., who have been playing for the first or second team; and also to Walsh, Chamberlain i., Boyes and Bark on gaining all the honours the School obtained in the School Certificate Examination.

## CAMS.

We cannot claim any brilliant success to our credit. It has, however, to be remembered we have not any miserable failure to our discredit.

In the Oxford Locals our passes are limited to Edmunds, Hall and King, and though they did not attain to the highest we had hoped, still we are represented in the Pass Lists.

We are sorry to lose King, who has always tried, in a very pleasant way, to work for the House, and we wish him "Good luck."

We congratulate Hall on becoming a Monitor, and obtaining his 1st XI. Colours for Football.

Winsor, the Head of the School, is still with us, and doing well.

In the Football Cup Competition, we might have done better. Yet it is not at all a dismal failure that we have to record, but, on the whole, a better performance than last year. If the same form had been shown in our first match (v. Blackbrook) as was shown in the others, a very different tale would have to be told. There was always hard work done, but the shooting was feeble in the extreme. Westbury gave us, as usual, some very happy games. The real tug-of-war, as has so often happened, lay with School House. They were practically winners of the Cup, only needing one point. The going was heavy, as the ground was a quagmire in parts. So every man of each team was tired to his utmost. It was a good game to watch, and one that showed Cams at its best, every one putting their all into the game. The result was a draw.

The 2nd and 3rd XI.'s covered themselves with glory, and mud, to their own great satisfaction.

Lewry is congratulated on his Captaincy. He has done very well for a start, and should do even better next year. It was pleasant to know how well he played at Midhurst.

Now we must turn our thoughts to Hockey and Steeplechasing. If we don't leave all the work to somebody else, perhaps we shall have something better to show next term.

T.W.M.

### SCHOOL HOUSE.

Once more the House has come out on top, having won the Football Cup. In the competition we have only lost one match and drawn one, and have finished with 10½ points.

The 1st XI. beat Westbury 1st XI. 5-0, Blackbrook 5-1, and after a very strenuous game drew with Cams 2-2.

The 2nd XI. beat Westbury 2nd XI. 2-0, Blackbrook 2-0, and lost to Cams 2-3.

The 3rd XI. beat Westbury 8-2, Blackbrook 5-1, and Cams 5-2.

As regards individual players, Christmas i. and Butters did some very useful work in the defence, while the forwards played well together. In the 2nd XI., Case, Bucknall, Rush, Smith ii.

and Bull were prominent. Pickwoode and Cook were by far the most outstanding players in the 3rd XI.

In School Football, we have had several regular members of the 1st XI., including the Games' Captain, Butters. One or two others have been hovering on the outskirts of the team. Congratulations to Christmas i., who received his 1st XI. Colours after the Midhurst match, in which he played a sound game.

Next term we shall have to fight for the Hockey Cup and Steeplechase Cups. I hope the whole House will work as hard for the Cups as they did last year. People should start their training for the Steeplechase some six weeks at least before the Steeplechase, in which I hope everybody will run.

E.G.M.

### WESTBURY.

This has not been a fortunate term for Westbury, for we have lost nearly every game we played—a sad state of things, which is not altogether surprising, for we have very few boys from the upper part of the School. Time may remedy that, and meanwhile, let me urge every boy in the House to do his best, not only to play well in House matches, but to play as often, and as keenly, as he can in the ordinary School games, for in no other way can he become skilful.

To many boys, Hockey, which we play next term, is a new game, and to them it is especially important that they should take every opportunity of playing, in order to acquire familiarity with the game itself, and skill in the manipulation of their sticks. The latter is not gained by making tremendous swings, after the fashion of a golfer. A good deal is gained by watching School 1st XI. matches when opportunity offers.

Popplewell was unanimously elected Captain, and we hope that everybody will help him in every possible way to change the fortunes of Westbury.

Congratulations to Dodds, our late Captain, on his examination success, and on becoming captain of a hockey team since joining his ship.

J.S.

### MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Feeling that he wanted something to do (not his prep.), Horace Take decided to call upon his friend, "Monk" Larkham. Upon his arrival, his friend demanded what he wanted, adding, "If you want help with your prep., you've come to the wrong shop, because mine will take me all the evening." "That's a pity," said Horace, "because I was going to suggest that we raided old Farmer Giles' orchard. It's easy to get over the gate." "But I can't come to-night because

of my prep., but I'll go to-morrow if you can." At this, Horace said that he would not go that night, and went home. When he got home, he looked for something to do, but as there was nothing but an old and battered Meccano, with all but a few nuts and bolts gone, he decided to get some apples himself. The orchard was enclosed by a high brick wall on three sides, and a fence on the road-side. As Horace had said, it was easy to climb the gate and enter the orchard. When he reached the gate, he saw someone else, who was leaning on the fence, looking this way and that. "Oh, bother!" thought Horace, "that's Farmer Giles. I'd better wait till he has gone." But the person did not move, and after waiting for a quarter of an hour, Horace decided to return home. At the same time, the other person moved away, but Horace did not notice him. "Oh, bother!" said the other, who was none other than Larkham, "that old farmer has been there for a quarter of an hour; no chance of any apples to-night." He had mistaken Horace for the farmer, and Horace had mistaken Larkham for Farmer Giles, and both were mistaken in thinking that they would have apples that night.

H.W.R.

## OLD BOYS' NEWS.

The Old Boys' Hockey match has been fixed for Saturday, March 24th.

- E. and C. Ross are with their father in the building in Netley, and it is suggested that in their interests a "drink more milk" campaign should be started.
- E. and C. Ross are with their father in the building trade.
- C. WESTBROOK, unfortunately, was unable to be present for the O.B. "Soccer" gathering owing to ill-health. He is at present at Castle House Farm, St. Agnes, Cornwall, and if there are any Old Boys near that district he would like to communicate with them.
- F. C. S. POLWIN has our heartiest congratulations upon the recent arrival of a son and heir, and also upon his post at Portsmouth Grammar School, in which he seems to be getting plenty of opportunities for games in addition to other attractive features.
- M. W. GARDNER is now in the Bethnal Green Branch of Barclay's Bank, and as it has been only recently opened the staff is small and the duties of the Junior include a daily trip to Head Office for the clearing. The neighbourhood is a busy one, and the natives are largely Jews.

He finds that his Oxford School Certificate exempts from the Qualifying Exam. of the Institute of Bankers so can go right away for the Associate Exam., which has five subjects—foreign exchange, practice and law of banking, economics, commercial geography and English composition; while it pays to keep up French and start Spanish, so free time is not as plentiful as at School.

- L. G. EASTON was seen at one of the stands at the Motor Show. We hope he did good business.
- E. KING and S. HARDING have our hearty congratulations on their marriages.
- E. HINXMAN and E. DEAN COOPER have recently acquired each a daughter. May they thrive and flourish.
- E. COLLIHOLE is the holder of the Southampton University College record for a first-wicket partnership, 140, thus depriving R. CONNOLLY of the honour, his previous record having been 138.
- F. NUGENT is now a master at St. Lawrence College, Ramsgate, and is playing hockey for Kent. He is taking up a Territorial Commission with the O.T.C. next term.
- E. W. FLINT is busy in the firm which was formerly known as Western Electric. His present job is fitting up automatic telephones in Paris, which should create a remarkable change in the French telephone service. The old exchanges are practically worn out. He came over early in August en route for Devonshire in an Austin 12.
- F. C. EYLES was married on August 3rd, spending the honeymoon in Belgium. He is now living at Carisbrooke, and looks extremely fit.
- F. E. JONES has taken up a post in a School at Bream, Gloucestershire.
- L. HEWETSON has been appointed to the British South American Bank, and is living at Romford. When last seen, he was 6 ft. 4½ ins.
- A. T. WITTER, who left in '22 to go to Kingswood School, Bath, has gained exemption from the Matric. on the recent Oxford School Cert.
- K. RILEY has been appointed to a clerkship in the office of the Clerk to the Magistrates at Fareham, taking the post resigned by
- T. G. WAGSTAFFE, who has been appointed Rate Collector for the Boarhunt and Wickham districts.
- W. H. MOULD was for some time chauffeur secretary to the Bishop of Southampton.
- F. SWAFFIELD has taken up a post in the National Refrigerator Co. in Victoria Street, S.W.

- H. F. P. SMITH is at the Aylesbury Branch of Lloyd's Bank.
- I. LOOSEMORE has been appointed to a clerkship in Barclay's Bank.
- G. CHIGNELL has our heartiest congratulations on his recent engagement.
- F. TAULBUT, to whom we are indebted for an account of the trip of H.M.S. "Renown," to be published in our next issue, is to be married on December 19th. He has our heartiest good wishes for the future.
- F. C. COWBURN, being keener on going to sea than his people were to agree to it, joined up as a deck hand on a P. & O. tramp steamer, and, showing no signs of regretting it, they obtained for him a Cadetship on the Baron Line (Hogarth & Co.), trading from Glasgow, which he finds a great improvement.
- G. W. HEATHER, who is a Cadet in the British India Line, is at home with an attack of appendicitis.
- E. DEAN COOPER, who is in charge of the largest Division in the Reading area for the Shell-Mex Company, had the satisfaction of being awarded the cup offered for competition among the various divisions.
- F. ELLAM, 6, rue Jean Binet, Colombes, Paris, has recently changed posts, and is now in a French Bank.
- J. BRIDGER completes the list of Old Boys who have been married since our last issue. May he have the best of luck!
- R. WHEATLEY, who left us as recently as 1925 to take up an apprenticeship at Messrs. Wadham's Motor Works at Waterlooville, collided with a lorry when motor cycling home last week, and sustained such terrible injuries that he died within a few hours. We are sure that all who knew him join in deepest sympathy with his family, who have recently moved from Hambledon to Fareham.
- B. H. DODDS was successful in passing into the Royal Navy as a Special Entry Cadet (Engineering Branch) in the July examination, and is now at Keyham, where he has been elected Hockey and Soccer Captain.