

THE



LION

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New Series.

EDITORIAL.

The Editor of "THE LION" is in a quandary: he cannot mourn for the departed, for they were unknown to him; he cannot say how odd all the new-comers looked, as they doubtless did, because he was one of them himself and didn't even notice if his own hair was well waved. But he can, and will, pay a tribute to his predecessor, wishing him the very best of luck and thanking him for the invaluable bequest of a "Junior English Grammar."

Next it falls to his lot to congratulate those who have so successfully deceived the examiners and worked on the blind side of the referee. We won all twenty-two matches at the last Oxford Local, while the football team has failed only before the might of St. John's College and the trickery of the Staff. No doubt, in the case of the latter, the School considered it diplomatic to propitiate, so far as possible, the autocrats who rain imposts from on high.

Many readers must have, doubtless wisely, skipped these opening remarks and passed on to the football news. None the less, opening remarks have to be made, so he offers no apology. Not only to those who read these lines but to all who should have read them—and would have done so but for the fact that they are scandalously over-worked and are worn out by the arduous and endurances of a long term—he wishes a very merry Christmas, and hopes that, rejuvenated by the festivities, they may return to School once more determined to work themselves to the bone.

EXAMINATIONS.

Despite gloomy prognostications, the long-looked-for list of the Oxford School Certificate Examination disclosed the most successful result that the School has yet achieved.

Twenty-two entered. Twenty-two passed. Three with 1st class honours, two with 2nd class, and four with 3rd class; the remainder passing with satisfactory lists of "credits."

A notable feature was that every candidate passed with credit in French, and all who took the oral test (15) satisfied the Examiner.

G. W. Winsor, who had previously obtained 1st class honours, took papers in Latin and additional mathematics only, and obtained a "credit" in both subjects.

1st Class Honours:—A. J. Bark, F. O. Dyer, D. Swinstead.

2nd Class Honours:—G. Edmunds, A. C. Manning.

3rd Class Honours:—G. A. Booker, L. Chamberlain, D. Humphries, A. C. Vibert.

Pass:—V. J. Barnes, C. H. Cussell, H. J. Dimmer, H. B. Duffett, J. E. Franklin, J. Andrews, S. Hoather, G. R. Mullins, P. K. Truckle, N. E. Wareham, A. G. Pennell, H. J. Whiteman, E. Wheeler.

R.M.C., Sandhurst, Entrance:—E. NOLLS. (Also awarded a King's Cadetship).

H.M.S. "Fisgard" (Boy Artificer), Entrance. (Nominated candidates, limited competition):—G. A. DIMMER.

R.A.F. (Boy Mechanic), Open competition:—T. B. COOPER.

THE ROCHE COURT FUND.

In the past the generosity of the late Mr. H. F. Rawstone endowed the Leaving Scholarship which bears his name and has already been of great advantage to boys proceeding to the University on leaving School.

It has been felt that there are many boys who on leaving do not propose to go to a University, but who find the expense incurred in a training course preparatory to entering on

their permanent careers a matter presenting considerable difficulty, and in many cases closing the door to a congenial occupation. This obstacle will in future be much easier to surmount, as a fund, to be known as the Roche Court Fund, has been instituted by Sir William and Lady Fane de Salis, from which boys whose school life at Price's School has been at least four years, and who are recommended by the Head Master as having given satisfaction throughout their school career, may obtain a loan towards the expense involved in the training period. Preference will be given to boys whose families have resided in Fareham for at least ten years.

The amount of the loan is to be at the discretion of the Committee of the Fund, and satisfactory sureties must be provided by the borrower.

Repayment will commence three months after the completion of the training period, and if the sum borrowed is repaid within two years of that date no interest will be repayable.

On any balance outstanding at the end of the two years, interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum will be payable.

The existence of such a fund should prove of the greatest help to many boys in paying the premium often necessary, or, where no premium is payable, in helping to meet the expenses necessarily involved, and the School owes much to the kindness and forethought of its generous benefactors.

Since our last issue further gifts of chairs for the Library have been made by Major T. E. Hulbert and Mr. W. H. Wible, to whom we take this opportunity of tendering our thanks. With the increased size of the Sixth Form, extra chairs were urgently needed, so that the gift has been a very timely one.

"SALVETE."

The following new boys entered the School this term:

IV.B.: K. W. Clark.

III.A.: W. D. Chase, C. A. Beauchamp, J. B. Cornish, J. V. Dyer, A. D. Freemantle, N. E. Goss, D. G. Haffenden, K. J. Milnes, E. J. Saunders, V. W. Bailey, S. H. Pullinger, E. A. Crofts, H. B. N. Hynes, W. J. Jones, A. Jones, H. Grimoldby.

III.B.: A. C. Faulkner, S. G. Miller, J. Silvester, F. J. Watts, L. K. Sims, G. W. Fewtrell.

II.: K. Lavy, D. Lavy, W. J. Newbury.

MONITORS AND OPTIONS.

The following have been appointed School Monitors: A. J. Bark, D. Swinestead, A. C. Manning, R. A. Lewry.

The following have been appointed Options: F. O. Dyer, E. W. Christmas, G. Booker, D. Humphries, H. J. Dimmer, H. Bucknall, A. C. Vibert, N. Wareham, G. R. Mullins.

At a meeting of the General Games Committee, R. A. Lewry was elected Captain of Football, G. Edmunds Captain of Hockey, and D. Swinestead Captain of Cricket.

OLD BOYS' NEWS.

A. G. PHILLIPS has been successful in applying for a post under the exchange scheme of the French Education Office, and joined the Ecole Normale d'Instituteurs at Vannes for a year. The school is a large, grey building on high ground just outside the town. The Directeur, fortunately, is ready to do all that he can to make his staff comfortable, while Vannes itself, being a very old town at the northern end of the Morbihan, has much that is interesting, and a few miles away the Carnac district, with its extensive Druidical remains, attracts visitors from near and far.

R. CARR-HILL has been captaining Park House, the well-known Kentish Rugby Club, and in the intervals is very busy working for his firm, which is the European Branch of the American Liptak, Boiler Arch Company. He was recently in Portsmouth, where his firm is installing its products in the new power-house.

E. CARR-HILL, having put in his time for the diploma in mechanical engineering, has just got a job with Vickers' and expects to join the Works at Erith before long.

W. IVENS, of Queensland, is meditating coming home to take a course of journalism at London University. For some time past he has been the correspondent for his district to a big Australian paper, and is keen to take up the work. Letters addressed c/o, Mrs. Carstairs Jones, The Old Hall Chester, should find him.

F. W. C. KING has completed his course at Winchester Diocesan Training College, and passed his Final, having taken an advanced course in English.

A. G. PENNELL is with an uncle in London, and intends to take up a commercial course at Pitman's Institute.

J. H. ANDREWS is with an uncle at Hove, and is filling up spare time in the evenings by playing badminton. He is waiting for a vacancy in a Bank.

- J. HURDEN is now at 56, Porter Road, Derby, but put in part of his summer holiday at Ryde. He finds Derby full of works, Rolls-Royce among others. The British Celanese place is a couple of miles out and employs about 15,000, whose daily transport, in some 300 char-a-banes and omnibuses, makes motoring in the district a thing to avoid. The L.M.S. Railway Works are not small, and there are many other big firms. In the final regatta of the season, rowing for the Derwent Club, he was beaten by two feet in the Fours, and after reaching the final of the Pairs lost by three-quarters of a length. He was luckier in the Sculls, winning the "Leach" Cup by a length over a three-quarters mile course—a challenge pot open to all members of the Club. Hockey for the Derby Club is now on, and he has played for their 1st and 2nd XI.'s this season.
- E. G. WHITE has been playing a good deal of hockey for the B.T.H., and was picked for the Warwickshire County Trial.
- F. NUGENT, who is now a Master at St. Lawrence College, Ramsgate, has been playing for Kent, and in the Southern Hockey Trial was easily the best forward on the field.
- A. COLES has moved from Ildsworth, and is now at Steep, near Petersfield.
- G. ELLAM came over from Paris for a holiday, and was staying for some time with the Ross family at Netley.
- L. REED was married last week at Holy Trinity Church, Fareham. We wish him every happiness.
- E. NOBBS has finished his first term at Sandhurst, and is in No. 3 Company.
- MR. L. JONES, our former Editor, took on a temporary post at Hele's School, Exeter, and is going out to a School at Bulawayo in January. He came down for a week, about half-term.
- R. TURNER has obtained a post in the office of the Borough Engineer at Southampton.
- J. O. HALL has been appointed to the Permanent Staff of Lloyds Bank, after a probationary six months at the Havant Branch.
- L. TUNKS had several exhibits at the Arts and Crafts Show held at Fareham, which were very favourably noticed.
- G. W. WINSOR has been appointed to the Inspector of Taxes Office at Portsmouth.
- E. LLEWELLYN is now in charge of the Plymouth Branch of the South Western Tar Distilleries—a very big concern. He looked us in in September.
- G. SPENCER was at Ryde for his holidays, and came over to see the new buildings. He is still with Messrs. Reslaw, in London.

May we take this opportunity of asking all Old Boys to send us their news. Even a few

lines on a postcard will provide material for a note, which is sure to find interested readers.

When you sympathise with the makers of bricks without straw, give a thought to the trials of the writer of Old Boys' Notes without news!

The Old Boys Hockey Match is fixed for Saturday, March 23rd, 1929.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

This season we were rather more fortunate than usual in having a useful nucleus of five old colours available, as well as a few other people who had occasional experience with the 1st XI. last year. We therefore could look forward to a successful season, and this hope has been justified. Of ten 1st XI. matches played, seven were won, two drawn, and only one lost, and forty-three goals have been scored with only twenty-one against us.

This record is all the more creditable because the fixture list contained many new and much more difficult games than in past seasons. For the first time, at least for many years, we met Portsmouth Grammar School 1st XI., instead of their 2nd XI. Both of these important games were drawn, and in each case the run of the play favoured us rather than our opponents. Particularly was this so in the second fixture, when a series of bad defensive errors threw away the advantage of a lead of three goals.

We scored a good win against Midhurst. This was an excellent game, very keenly contested in abominable weather. The School forwards, very well led by Chamberlain, put up their best performance.

The only game lost was that against St. John's College, another School whom we had not played for many seasons. St. John's were clearly the better side, but if our forwards had taken their chances as readily as our opponents, the margin of defeat would have been rather more narrow.

Apart from some early difficulties in the matter of a goal-keeper, the defence has been the sounder part of the team. This is not surprising, as Lewry, Troke, Edmunds and Christmas I. remained of last year's XI., and all of these have played consistently well. The forwards have been patchy, sometimes playing with something like inspiration, as in the Midhurst match and the first part of the earlier fixture with Portsmouth G.S., but rather more often they have been weak in front of goal, and innumerable chances have been missed. It is unfortunate that Chamberlain was absent from many matches, because the line was always more effective with him at centre-forward. Forward weakness is not confined to

the 1st XI., as in most of the House games, and in the ordinary School games, the lack of quick-shooting inside forwards has been very obvious.

The House competition resulted in a win for School House, who beat Cams by a small margin of points. Cams won all three 1st XI. games, but did exceedingly badly in their Junior games. Members of Junior House teams should notice this, because this season School House are champions largely because of the efforts of their smaller people.

The 2nd XI. have had a moderately successful season. They took over one fixture from the 1st XI., and also met St. Helen's 1st XI. Swin-stead (goal), Watson i. (half) and Jones i. (forward) have all played well in this team.

The 3rd XI. had five matches, and won them all fairly easily. Their success, it is hoped, is a good omen for the future. Some of this team show very good form indeed.

1st XI. MATCHES.

Hilsea College	Won	3-0
Itchen C.S.
Portsmouth G.S.	Drew	2-2
Portsmouth Nomads	Won	6-1
Portsmouth G.S.	Drew	3-3
Gosport S.S.	Won	5-1
St. John's College	Lost	2-7
Midhurst G.S.	Won	4-3
Gosport S.S.	Won	10-2
Itchen C.S.	Won	4-0

2nd XI. MATCHES.

St. Helen's (1st XI.)	Lost	2-4
Hilsea College	Won	3-2
St. Helen's (1st XI.)	Lost	0-4
Purbrook (1st XI.)	Lost	0-4
Gosport	Won	6-1
St. John's	Lost	3-4
Portsmouth G.S. III.	Won	3-2
Gosport	Won	10-2

3rd XI. MATCHES.

St. Helen's II.	Won	10-2
"	Won	15-0
Gosport III.	Wor	7-2
"	Won	4-2
Purbrook II.	Won	10-5

Two Junior XI.'s played against Hilsea and won their games; two small teams played against Captain Williams' Junior Scouts, winning one and drawing the other.

1st XI.

*R. A. LEWRY, Captain (left back).—Has been a successful captain. Seldom misses his tackle, and kicks and heads the ball well. Rather fancies himself as an inside right. (See Barnes).

*G. EDMUNDS (right half).—Marks his man very closely and generally gets rid of the ball profitably. Was rather shaky early on, but has improved.

*L. G. CHAMBERLAIN (centre-forward).—Was developing into a good leader, and was badly missed when absent. Played a great game at Midhurst.

*E. W. CHRISTMAS I. (centre-half).—A hard-working and unselfish player. Not very fast, but plays every minute of the game. Uses his head well and tackles strongly.

*V. J. BARNES (inside right).—Played very well in the first Portsmouth Grammar School game. Heads the ball very well indeed, and can shoot quite hard, but he will hang back too far. Fancies himself as a left back. (See Lewry).

J. F. CHRISTMAS II.—(inside right).—Played his best games on the wing, where there is more rope for his individual style. Quite clever and can shoot well from an angle. Does not always make ground with his dribbles.

F. T. TROKE (left half).—A really good half-back. Passes very well to his wing, and is not afraid to come up himself and have a shot.

A. C. H. VIBERT (outside right).—First season in the team, and has done quite well. Centres accurately, and is sufficiently clever to beat his half. Not quite fast enough for the position, largely because of his small size.

J. RICHES (goal).—Has played quite well at full-back also. In goal he shows good anticipation, has safe hands, and clears well. A goal-keeper in whom one has confidence.

A. C. MANNING (right back).—Came into the 1st XI. late in the season, after playing very well in the 2nd XI. Kicks and tackles quite well, and is fairly fast.

E. E. WHEELER (outside left).—Rather small for the position, and is handicapped by a heavy ball. Has good football sense, and centres quickly.

H. McNEIL (centre-forward).—Has deputised successfully for Chamberlain. Plays a hard and unselfish game, but misses rather too many chances. He has improved considerably.

W. RAMPTON (goal) and PERRY (outside right) have also played in the team.

1st XI. Colours have been awarded to Troke, Vibert, Riches, Christmas ii.

* Old Colours.

HOUSE MATCHES.

1st XI.

Blackbrook	7	Westbury	4
Cams	2	School House ...	0
Cams	4	Westbury	2
Cams	8	Blackbrook	1
School House	4	Blackbrook	1
School House	4	Westbury	2

2nd XI.

Cams	3	Blackbrook	0
School House	6	Cams	0
School House	8	Blackbrook	0
School House	3	Westbury	2
Westbury		Blackbrook	
Westbury		Cams	

3rd XI.

Blackbrook	5	Cams	1
School House	15	Cams	0
School House	3	Blackbrook	0
School House	4	Westbury	2
Westbury	2	Blackbrook	1
Westbury		Cams	

Final Points.

School House	19
Cams	17
Blackbrook	6
Westbury	6

HOUSE NOTES.

BLACKBROOK.

The House started this term without the presence of Mr. Jones, our late House Master, who greatly to our regret had left the School preparatory to taking up an appointment abroad. We wish him the very best of luck, and are glad that his place has been filled by Mr. Thacker.

We had our fair share of the spoils at the Oxford Locals. Bark got first class and Booker and Vibert three class honours, while Duffett, Truckle, Wheeler, Pennell and Cussell passed. Bark is to be congratulated on becoming a Monitor, and Cooper on passing the R.A.F. entrance exam.

At present we hold only the newly presented Tarbat Cup for School work, but we are going to try and relieve the School House of some of their trophies in the near future.

Our efforts in the football competition this term produced no great results. We certainly did not have the best of luck. The 1st XI. played hard and well, however, and the 3rd XI. hard in every match. Wheeler, Vibert, McNeil, West and Case all played well for the School 1st or 2nd XI.'s. Some of the younger members of the teams should do well in the future.

Next term, besides hockey, are the steeplechases, and in these everyone, no matter how slow or small he is, has a chance to help his House. Training plays a great part in steeplechasing, and that alone can help us to recapture the Cup we lost last year. I hope everyone will realise this end, and, when the day comes, will do his level best to score at least a few.

L.G.C.

(Chamberlain has modestly withheld his own name from the list of those who passed the Local with honours. We congratulate him, and also Vibert on getting his 1st Eleven Football Colours. —H.R.T.)

CAMS.

First of all, we offer our congratulations to Dyer, Edmunds and Manning on securing honours in the Oxford Locals; to Edmunds on his position of Head of the School, in succession to Winsor and Hewetson, who also belonged to Cams; to Manning and Lewry on being promoted to be Monitors; and to Lewry on his captaincy of the Football First XI. and the general run of good luck this football season.

Our hopes of winning the Football House Cup Competition came very near to being realised. The 1st XI. won their first match, that against School House, and maintained their superiority to the end. The 2nd XI. lost their matches against School House and Westbury, but, somewhat to their surprise, beat Blackbrook 2nd. The 3rd XI. won no matches and no points! It is therefore curious to note that although we beat each House on points, we did not win the Cup, which shows how much we depend on good work by the 2nd and 3rd teams. This year it happened that the 2nd and 3rd teams were composed for the most part of new arrivals, some of whom have all their football to learn. However, as the competition went on, we found quite a number of promising players who will make their mark, doubtless, in a year or two. Meanwhile, we think every praise is due to the only unbeaten team, and special credit is due to the goal-keeper, White, who, in spite of his size (or lack of it), did so well. We are sorry to hear Watson is leaving this term. At first, like so many others, he did not seem likely to do much, but in the last few seasons he has done some really useful work, both in football and hockey. We wish him all good luck.

Just a word to the new-comers, so many of whom have joined Cams House this term. We want them to know that Cams House has good traditions which it has taken many years to build, and it is for them to live up to these traditions by doing their best for their new House. Real, hard work, both in School and games, acting straight,

and keeping self well under control, will help to make your House one to be proud of, and incidentally bring you a happy School time. So try your best, will you; all of you?

T.W.M.

SCHOOL HOUSE.

We have won the Football Cup once again, not by individual work, but by combination and whole-hearted team-work by all the teams. Our 1st XI. were beaten by Cams 2—0 after a hard game, but we proceeded to win all our other matches, and so won the cup by two points. In the 1st XI., Christmas i., Christmas ii., Troke, Swinstead and Bucknall were most prominent. In the 2nd and 3rd XI.'s, Smith ii., Smith i., Bull, Rush, Child and Smith iii. were the most promising players. Christmas i., Christmas ii. and Troke have played regularly for the School 1st XI., and we have several members of the 2nd, 3rd and Junior School teams.

In the Oxford Local results we got a fair share of successes. Swinstead got first class honours, and Mullins, Andrews and Hoather passed.

Congratulations to Swinstead on becoming a School Monitor; to Christmas i., Mullins, Troke and Bucknall on becoming Options; and to Christmas i., Bucknall and Dacunha on becoming House Monitors.

We are sorry to lose Nobbs, who was House Captain for so long, but we are glad to hear that he is doing well at Sandhurst.

The House is so far a good third in the Tarbat Cup Competition. This is an improvement on last term's results.

Smith i., Pickwood, Mitchell, McMullen, Etherington, Williams i., Rush, Price, Child, Smith iv., Crouch and Aps ii. have all kept near the top of their forms throughout the term.

Next term we will have to fight hard for both the Hockey and Steeplechase Cups. I hope the House will work as hard then as it did this term. If every boy who can run will train frequently, and do his best, we may at any rate keep those cups already in our possession.

D.C.T.H.

WESTBURY.

Once again comes the day when I absolutely must write House notes, and once again the everlasting question: "What on earth shall I say?" If only you would buck up and win something, it would be so much easier; the task of apportioning excuses or blame for a succession of losses is one which tends to become monotonous.

It is true that our 2nd and 3rd teams have acquired a few points, but I do hope some day to see a Westbury 1st XI. win a match or two. It

is hard to say why that happy event fails to come off. Watching the games gives one the impression that very often it is just a matter of extra dash, extra keenness in following up, a little more brain, perhaps, at times, a little less of the spirit which urges a player to get rid of the ball as soon as possible; in short, a better understanding of the game. There is no reason why we should lose every 1st XI. match.

We have fewer new boys than any other House. The two we acquired at the beginning of term are both distinctly useful, though one of them was unlucky enough to get damaged before House matches. New boys please note, in future, that they are requested to wait till after House matches are over before getting themselves hurt.

Some people hold the theory that people who are bad at games are good intellectually, and vice versa, but Westbury doesn't seem much more likely to win the Tarbat Cup than the Football Cup. Do buck up, next term, in every way, and let people have reason to be proud of Westbury.

J.S.

CADET CORPS NEWS.

The fortunes of the Corps were in the balance at the beginning of the term. A number of Cadets had left, and the great question was, whether sufficient recruits would join from the newly-promoted Fourth Forms to make it possible to carry on. It is very satisfactory, therefore, to be able to show not merely a maintaining of our strength, but an increase. At the end of July the strength was 49 Cadets of whom 10 have now left. The number of new recruits was 24, one of whom, we regret to say, has since changed his mind, so the number is now 62.

The weather has, on the whole, been kind, with the result that the drill is improving very considerably. There is plenty of room for more recruits: the field is big enough for the whole School.

A number of Cadets have been tried as N.C.O.'s with varying success. As a result, F. T. Troke is promoted to be Acting Platoon Sergeant, subject to his passing regulation tests. It is desirable that there should be permanent Section Commanders and deputies, and these will probably be announced next term.

THE FRENCH TRAINING COLLEGE.

The "Ecole Normale" is the French equivalent of the English Training College for Elementary School Teachers, but there are differences between the two in administration, etc. In France, the expenses of these Colleges are shared by the

State and the Département, the latter's contribution being the College building and all its furniture, while the former defrays all other expenses, such as the cost of the board of the students and the maintenance of the staff.

Entrance to the College is by open competitive examination, and the successful candidates are educated, boarded, and lodged free of charge.

The course, unlike that in the English Training College, is on a three-year basis, there being three "promotions" (Ajoué d'Or, Morgane, and Lotus, as the first, second and third year students respectively are here called). It includes teaching practice for a certain number of hours a week, and military preparation, the latter being optional, as it is merely an arrangement to assist in surmounting the Conscription difficulty. At the end of his third year, a student sits for the Brevet Supérieur to obtain his teaching certificate.

It is usual to accept the statement that French students are more industrious than English students, "cum grano salis," but the truth of the statement, so far at least as it concerns this type of college, is easily established by indicating the average Normalien's time-table. The week is a six-day one, Sunday being the only day on which there is no study. Thursday afternoon, 1—5 p.m., is the usual half-holiday addition. The day begins at 6 a.m. in winter, even earlier in summer, and does not end until 7.45 p.m. Allowing intervals of half-an-hour, an hour, and an hour respectively for "petit déjeuner," "déjeuner" and "récréation," this leaves a day of more than ten hours' study. It may be that the student works so hard because he is made to, but the fact remains that the work is done.

To come to the athletic side of the College life. The only sport seems to be football, to which the French are devoted. Their enthusiasm and energy for the game easily compensates for any lack of skill. Generally speaking, an Ecole Normale can field a soccer team equal to those possessed by most English Secondary Schools and Colleges. In summer, unfortunately, there is nothing in the athletic line save, occasionally, tennis, at which the French appear to be gifted.

Socially, College life is perhaps somewhat less active than in England. In the course of a year it is usual to give one or two dances, and to produce a play. However, the students are very musical, everyone being obliged to have at least one instrument on which he can perform reasonably well. Being, moreover, attached to dancing, it is quite common for them to dance for half-an-hour or so in the evening between 8.15 and 9 o'clock in their "salle des jeux." The fact that they have long hours of study does not appear to have a soporific effect on them, and in their hours of recreation they seem to live up to the French reputation for vivacity.

Finally, they are amused at the English conception of the average Frenchman, especially at the designation "Froggy," accorded to them, but they have their revenge, so to speak, in their very unvegetarian-like conception of Englishmen.

A. G. PHILLIPS.

SANDHURST.

I arrived at R.M.C. and was directed by a senior to my room. Then, having been told that I was not wanted for some time, I went to the F.G.S. (Fancy Goods Stall), where I had tea. This is a most marvellous place, where one can obtain almost anything. Later, all Juniors were interviewed by the Company Commander, given books and equipment, and then went off to change for Mess.

After Mess, the Under Officers gave us a few hints about R.M.C., and then we went to our rooms. The next few days we went about very cautiously, lest we should transgress unwritten laws. However, we soon settled down. The Staff are a very good lot, and were most patient with us, and now we are the best Junior Squad. The work is hard and the officers strict and efficient, so that the Squad is as smart as any, and we hope to "pass off the square" more quickly on this account. When this takes place we are first-class private soldiers. Hence on Church Parade exceptionally good drill is seen. At present Juniors attend early Church at ten o'clock. The services are very brief, and are held in the beautiful Memorial Chapel.

Drill takes up eight hours a week, weapon training four, and P.T. three. Lectures on Tactics, Organisation, Administration, Map Reading and Constitutional History and Private Study periods take up the rest of the time. There is also one equitation lesson (even this makes one tired and sore), and firing tests.

Some of the R.M.C. expressions are very queer. A bicycle is always a "bogwheel," G.S. means "very efficient," while a servant is a "general."

Life is rather rushed: in the ten minutes' interval between periods we may have to change completely. There are inspections before every parade, and defaulters have ten minutes' extra drill, in full uniform and heavy boots, doubling round the square, with rifles above their heads or at the slope.

We get fourteen weeks a year leave, and Juniors, when they have passed off the Square, can get one week's leave off in term.

E.G.N.

P. T.

Oh, P.T. !
 How we all love P.T. !
 How we long to lie,
 To lie on our backs. . . .
 We waggle our legs —
 Why do we waggle our legs?
 We do not know,
 We do but waggle. . . .
 I waggle, you waggle. . . .
 He waggles. . . .

How I love the waggling,
 the waggling of the legs. . . .
 Such legs, he legs,
 legs that are straight
 and
 legs that are not straight.

Also we see —
 No, it can't be !
 We see a glimpse,
 a glimpse as of a
 as of a rainbow. . . .
 It is just like
 a rainbow,
 or like the 2.30 express
 of the day before.
 It is a suspender,
 a little pink suspender !
 Ah, how sweet is P.T. !!
 Sweet as the little pink suspender !!!

Not only do we lie
 In the dust. . . .
 On the contrary.
 We jump on the horse —
 Such a horse !
 How we love the sweet calm of the horse,
 Its quiet dignity. . . .

Does it dream? Oh, yes, it dreams.
 Or is it full of calm resignation,
 Resignation, calm, calm, calm. . . .
 Or does its mind seethe and rage
 because it has not got,
 not got,
 because it doesn't possess
 a tail.

Oh, how I weep for the horse.
 the strong, silent horse,
 for the great open spaces,
 where men are men
 and
 horses donkeys. . . .
 Our tears wash the floor. . . .
 We stand, we swim, we drown. . . .
 In our tears. . . .
 Amen.

A.J.B.

P. T.

It has been the custom at our School for all boys to finish drill in the 4th; it was considered that boys in V.B and V.A would require all their time for study, in order to reach a sufficient standard to gain the School Certificate at the end of the school year.

Thus it was really quite a delight to reach the upper forms, in order to watch other less brainy individuals exerting themselves and suffering considerable physical strain, which is said to be less tiring than brain work, if one swots properly. At the end of the summer term we learnt that our English master was leaving, naturally, we wondered who would take his place. But, to our surprise, there were *two* new additions to the staff. Worse than this, one was to take a new subject, called P.T. (By this time everyone who has tried it, knows what these letters mean); Painless torture would perhaps be a better rendering of it. We fellows in the upper forms still hoped to be without the grasp of P.T.; but, to our intense disgust, we were informed that all forms were to take it. Our disgust was greater when we learnt that two 40-minute periods had been allotted to us, to endure this torture. There was no escape; we had to grin and bear it.

We, on entering the gym., were confronted by an athletic-looking master, clad, to suit the occasion, in a white sweater and gym. shoes, obviously ready to put us through it. We were told that we must dress ourselves in like manner for every ensuing period of P.T.

The inquisition was then started with a curt and well-rapped-out order, "With a jump—attention!" This put us all on tenterhooks. Then, like lightning: "Starting with the left foot—jumping on the rebound. BEGIN"; and we probably resembled a very amateur set of chorus girls at a "first rehearsal." Our legs were thoroughly stretched when the order "Steady" came. We rested thankfully, though not for long; we were soon "on the go" again, to the tune of "Full-knee bend," accompanied by creaking of our nether limbs and bursting of brace buttons. These things, which were meant to give us a constitution second only to Hercules, resulted in physically prostrating us.

(Of course, we all realised that no pain was aimed at, for we all know that drill instructors are brought up on serap iron and plated steel, and consequently have no feeling for their perspiring and unfortunate captives.)

It would be tedious to recount all the torture we suffered, but the fact that many fellows, instead of cycling next day, "bussed," speaks for itself.

However, we are, at the time of writing, reconciled to our torture, and hope, like the fallen

angels of "Paradise Lost," that in time these tortures shall become elements, to be looked upon as an essential part of the week's work, not to be missed at any cost.

L. G. C. (VI.).

DE EXAMINIBUS PUERISQUE.

In the Spring number of this Magazine a notorious member of our community expressed his dislike of a painful piece of labour which is annually forced upon us—the Steeplechase. One other thing, coupled with this, is calculated to make one's life at school anything but pleasant—a school examination of any sort. Perhaps this is even the greater evil, for when you have laid down your pen (that is, if you have ever taken it up), you have by no means finished altogether with the masterpiece composed.

You wait for perhaps a week, and then, perchance, a master, rustlingly begowned, may cross the threshold of your form-room, armed with the corrected exam. papers with the marks attached thereto. He reads the list, starting from the top: you remark to yourself, ere he starts, "I don't expect to be in the first five." The names are read, and, wonderful to relate, lo and behold, you are *not* there, nor even in the next five, or the next. Fifteenth! That's pretty bad! Then your heart sinks with a bump to the utmost extremity of your nether limbs, as the master says, "Bottom, X—, whose all-round efficiency in answering the questions set was remarkable."

The average boy goes into the exam. room feigning a smiling indifference, chatting and cracking jokes while he is inwardly quaking. This careless air is speedily dropped in the cold, grey atmosphere of the sanctuary of all knowledge. The miserable youth goes in a dazed fashion to the seat assigned him by a master who excites intense and terrible fear in the youthful heart. He turns round in his place to endow his comrades with a sickly, rather green looking grin, and deems that same look wondrous happy for the sternness of the hour. He regards the master at the desk with something akin to horror, or as a bird watches a snake, in a fascinated way.

"Stop talking!" This in a stentorian voice echoes and re-echoes from the desk and rattles from all four walls of the room. The awe-inspiring master commences to dole out the questions to the several candidates. They are received with various airs. The clever youth gives it a glance and a seraphic smile, and begins to push his pen with great assiduity. Several rather less enlightened candidates give it more consideration, but they soon start writing, working faster as they warm up to the business in hand.

Our dull youth looks at his paper, blinks, and

looks again. He repeats this procedure several times, and then leans back in his seat, looking rather like a newly-landed fish. With trembling fingers he takes up the paper once more; his face presents a perfect blank, albeit a terror-stricken blank. After about half the allotted time has elapsed, a ray of hope flashes on to his face—and flashes off again. He commences to write feverishly, and continues to do so for a quarter of an hour. Then he waits for the end to come.

He gives up his paper and falls through the door. He falls on to his bicycle and falls off again. Having regained the saddle, he manages to reach his ancestral abode, knowing that his only attempt to answer a question was hopelessly wrong.

D.S.H.S. (VI.)

MOSS.

Green in the forest, dark and lone,
Where the red pine pillars stand,
Where the only sound is the falling cone
To startle a listening land.

No eye e'er rests on the fairy view
Or peers through the larches tall,
Save stars that pass as the snowflakes do
When the night drifts over all.

The shadows melt over hill and tree
As the white clouds pass on high,
And the twigs of the years drift over me,
And the leaves of the hours drift by.

S.R.H.M. (V.A.).

EVENTIDE.

At even when the sun sinks in the west
And zephyrs murmur softly in the trees,
When darkening sky bids birds and beasts to rest
And evening mists creep o'er the dew-pearled
leas.

When slowly homeward wends the loaded wain
And piteous bleatings rouse the slumbering
fold,

When dusky night comes o'er the world again
And Cynthia beams from out a bank of gold
To bathe in radiant light a peaceful sphere
Or cast an inky shadow 'gainst the hedge,
When curls cease to twitter by the mere
And seek sweet sleep amidst the sedge.

When nightingales commence their chant unto
The lord of sea and sky and every zone,
Then let me, under heaven's deepening blue,
Sink into rest unmissed, unmourned,
unknown.

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

SPORTING NEWS IN BRIEF.

MARBLES.

Fiery Herbert defeated Nym Muffins last night in the final of the Gosport Championship. After a grim struggle, "Erb" trod on his opponent's marble, and so he retains, for the third time, the "Glass Allie."

SNAKES AND LADDERS.

In opening the "snakes and ladders" concert last night in "The Study," 'Oppy said that he was pleased to see the form of the players had improved. They could now play without losing the dice. The lead cup presented by Lord Sobbs was won by Barker, who ran up the board and scored a boundary.

HOCKEY.

Joshua Jarnes, who did not leave last term, has gone into business. In his branch of trade he is likely to become a millionaire. He has followed his natural talent and become a pawnbroker. In his spare time he plays linesman for the Blind School.

MOTOR CYCLING.

We are pleased to hear that Raymond Hue has found the needle of his carburettor, and has also succeeded in untying the knots in his chain. But he has met more trouble — next Friday he is to be wedded to Miss J. Gresley, only daughter of the well-known director of Minards Ltd.

TRANSFERS.

Blind School House have obtained the services of Lift, who is to be their mascot.

Blackbrock have recently (five years ago) signed from the ex-International player, Organ, from Knowle United. He brought with him a "dowry" of a sherbet-dab.

TIN ROOM FOOTBALL.

This term seems to have been a favourable one to the game of indoor football. Strange to relate, the weather has not affected it. Each dinner hour a match takes place. Yesterday the "Saints" defeated "Pompey" by 33—17, including four off-side goals. Play was brightened by an interesting argument: the Saints' captain, Mr. Veal, gave, free of all charge, a black eye to the other captain. As this amused the spectators, who numbered 54,000, a friendly combat took place. The Saints have been reported to the Royal Society for the Prevention of First Aid to Mental Defectives.

BADMINTON.

In the men's tournaments, "Japonica Jennings" failed to live up to his reputation. He is said to be worthy of a handicap of four points. It is thought that the shuttle was badly made. He is now thinking of taking up Ludø as a more strenuous game.

VALT.

THE SHADOW.

There lived in an old wooden water-mill a man and his two sons. The mill was situated on a secluded reach of the Albany river in Canada, and it was by the power of the river that logs were sawn and trimmed before being thrown into the water to be carried down-stream to Beaver, a small lumber settlement connected by rail with Winnipeg.

The two young men, Jack and Harold, used to cut trees in the forest and haul them by horses to the mill, while the old man tended and fed the sawing machines.

One day, in the beginning of the winter, Jack came across a litter of wolf pups under a mass of dead leaves. He killed them all but one, which he took home and fed until it grew to be a sleek and magnificent wolf-dog, with huge fangs and bushy tail. The old man disapproved of this, for he had heard of such a pet turning on and mauling its master as the result of a beesting. So far "Shaky," as he was called, had shown no inclination to do so, but there was a chance that that obedient and harmless creature might have become a formidable beast if it had run amok.

"Shaky" proved to be an excellent hunting-dog, and would find shot and snared birds in a way that was uncanny, and at night he would sleep in a shed near the mill, and many were the rats that he killed there. As "Shaky" grew older he slept more in the day-time and at night-time he would sit in the shed and howl whenever the moon shone. But one moonlight night there came no sound from the shed, save that of soft earth being flung into the air and striking a number of wooden boxes that were in it. "Shaky" had started to dig himself a tunnel under a wall of the shed, against which was a huge pile of brushwood from the logs. Slowly, "Shaky" toiled through the night, and the next night, and the night after that, and in the course of each night the tunnel was lengthened by two or three feet. Half-way through, "Shaky" encountered a large stone and had to make a detour round it. Each morning "Shaky" emerged from the pile of boxes, and, shaking himself, would walk to his pile of sacks and, having turned round once or twice, would drop into a deep sleep.

Jack and Harold one day noticed that "Shaky" grew very ill-tempered towards the afternoon, and for that reason they left him to sleep in the shed, but at nightfall "Shaky" resumed his task, and completed it after about an hour's labour. It was still bright moonlight and snow lay softly scintillating on the ground round the old shed. There was a continuous shuffling

sound, but the sound of water falling and chattering over a shoal in the river almost drowned it. An owl hooted, and was answered by another somewhere in the backwoods over the fast-freezing river. Then there was a cascade of snow from the brush-pile, and a shaggy head was pushed forth, to be followed by an equally shaggy body, which emerged and slunk across the clearing and was lost among the falling snowflakes and the dense forest.

For months "Shaky" was not seen, but rumours of a gigantic beast that killed poultry and dogs were heard several times at the old mill: the beast had not yet been known to attack a man. One year hence, on just such a night as the one on which "Shaky" had made his escape, the snow fell and lay inches thick on anything that impeded its progress to the ground. The shed and brush-pile were there as of old, but the tunnel had long since been filled in. Then, noiselessly, a shadow moved over the soft snow, and in the middle of the clearing, and full view from the windows of the mill-house, it stopped, and in front of it was a wolf-trap! Ignorant of the trap, the shadow sat upon its haunches and, turning towards the moon, gave vent to a long, drawn-out and dismal sound. Then came the sound of a window softly unbarred, and then silence. Came the staccato crack of a rifle and death in the shape of an ounce of lead sped through the falling snowflakes, to land right before the shadow. Immediately there was a cascade of snow, and the trap lay sprung on the ground, and before the shooter had time to reload, the shadow melted away into the snowflakes to re-join his pack, an enemy to all mankind.

R.L.M. (V.B.).

THE WRECK.

It was late afternoon when I leant against the stern rail of the old tramp, "Mary Eliza," bound from Lisbon to London with a cargo of Spanish coal. I was mate of the motley crew, there being besides myself the captain, two stokers, two deck-hands, and the nigger cook, Horace.

The sun was setting, and we were almost in the centre of the Bay of Biscay, the bay that all men fear, the bay that is the centre of the most ferocious storms and gales, and it was the bay that was the subject of my talk with Horace, who was reposing elegantly against the rail by my side. We were talking about the suddenness with which the storms appeared, and poor Horace's teeth rattled as I told him hectic yarns of shipwrecks in these waters, of course, mind

you, just to tease him, for it was a favourite pastime of the crew, to pull Horace's leg.

Well, at any rate, I was just enjoying myself grandly when the captain hurried to myself, his face a little drawn and haggard, with a slight look of anxiety in his eyes.

"Smith," he said, "the barometer's falling like the dickens: better tell the men to batten the hatches down, for we're going to have a proper Biscay storm."

I gazed at the sky: it was as peaceful-looking as it had ever been, but I noticed there was not the slightest suggestion of a wind.

"Right ho," I answered, "I'll tell them; but for the life of me I can't see no sign of a storm."

He pointed to the west, and, to my frenzied dismay, I saw the ragged edges of black clouds peeping over the horizon. I hastened to my duty, and rapidly the hatches and such like were battened down. The stokers in the small engine-room worked like men possessed, and the ship steamed faster than she had ever done before, making for the safety of Nantes.

Meanwhile, the storm-clouds were getting near, a low wind had risen and was moaning over the rolling sea: every moment its velocity increased, and in a few minutes a howling hurricane was blowing around us.

Then the heavens seemed to break; the thunder rolled and boomed, the lightning flashed and made the fast-gathering gloom to appear as bright as day. The rain lashed down, the very ocean seemed to have fallen upon us. The sea seemed to want to turn upside down and then somersault itself back again. The poor old tramp was tossed hither and thither among the madly swirling waters. One moment her nose would be under the waves, the next it would be clear above them.

We of the crew had to hang hold of anything we could to prevent ourselves from being flung overboard, while Horace lay praying in his galley, holding his lucky rabbit's tail in his hands and wishing he had never come to sea.

Suddenly, our gallant tramp began to list to starboard, for her cargo had all slipped to one side, and the sea began to pour over in a torrent. "All hands to the pump" was the general order then, but despite hard work the water began to mount relentlessly all the time. Then we fired our rockets of distress, and, to our joy, a few minutes later we saw the grey-painted sides of a British cruiser cutting towards us. Whaliboats were lowered and with difficulty were manœuvred to our sides; and into these we dropped, Horace, of course, being first, and the captain last, clutching his ship's papers tightly in his hands. A few minutes later our gallant tramp sank, and it was with regret that we saw

our old ship disappear, to end her days in peace on the bottom of the Bay of Biscay.

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

THE WEATHER.

Even now, as I sit in the old cosy armchair, drawn close to a blazing log fire, I can hear the rush of a hurrying, scurrying wind, and the merciless, eternal patter of the driving rain.

During the past week, England has experienced the most bitter weather of the last century, and my own home-town seems to be the very centre of it all. From where I sit I can see the tall elms swaying dangerously in that pitiless gale and their leaves flying about in the air like a myriad of dancing fairies. The boughs of those mighty trees are groaning, creaking and lashing about like some angry monster disturbed.

Ah! It's all right to talk about these things on land; but what of those at sea? The waves are lashed relentlessly by the piercing hurricane and the sea appears to be a tumult of hissing, sucking, whirling and heaving mass of water: a grand sight for those in safety on a majestic liner, but an awful and terrifying death for the intrepid and hardy fisherman caught alone on those sullen waters in a frail cockle-shell of a boat.

But in all the main streets at home one sees puffing and irate old gentlemen chasing their hats, while others are bemoaning the loss of their umbrellas. One of them is worrying over the loss of a chicken, his intended dinner, which has been

blown away to be picked up later by Weary William, the tired tramp. There is only one thing more to tell, and that is, that the poor, old school-boy misses all this fun, for he is bottled up in school, unloved and unwanted.

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

THE SUN.

He is always welcome. He breaks the fetters of the ice which imprisons the stream so that it again trickles its way, rippling over the cool, smooth pebbles, until it falls in a glittering cascade on the cold, grey stones beneath the old stone bridge.

He calls the birds from distant lands and bids them sing their sweetest songs and build their nest in the leafy branches he prepares for them.

The little violet peeps shyly out of her nest of green leaves at him, while the celandine opens wide her chalice to catch his rays in full.

He unfolds the gauzy wings of the butterfly and tempts the bee to take his fill of nectar from the flowers on every side. He makes ready the hay, matures the swelling grain and "fills all fruit with ripeness to the core." He makes the hoar frost sparkle like diamonds on the hedgerows and gives a purple haze through the bare branches of the trees.

He brings hope and joy of life to all men, for he is the silver lining to every cloud.

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