

The  
Alcester Grammar



M.D.C.  
NOBISCUM  
CHRISTUS STATE.

School Record.

1924-25.

# Alcester Grammar School Record.

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No. 20.

APRIL, 1925.

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EDITOR—MR. DRULLER.

SUB-EDITOR—MISS FURNESS.

COMMITTEE—M. SHERWOOD, B. WELLS, L. SMITH,  
M. CHATTERLEY, LESTER, PARTRIDGE I,  
HODGKINSON I, BAILEY.

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## Notes and News.

Lester has succeeded Bunting as head boy of the School.

New prefects this term are B. Johnson, I. Dowdeswell, Earp, and Perkins.

Perkins has been elected captain of the football eleven, and has also taken over the cricket secretaryship.

Congratulations to Partridge I., who has been awarded a County Intermediate Scholarship on the results of the School Certificate Examination last July.

And to M. Thomas, who, in the December School Certificate Examination, obtained Third Class Honours, with exemption from London Matriculation.

The balance sheet of the Scouts' Concert, held last term, shows a profit of £5 18s. 7d.

The classroom formerly occupied by Form II. has been this term converted into a Geography room, and is also used by Form VB as a classroom. Mr. Walker and Mr. Druller have changed over as Form Masters of IVB and VB.

Early in the term a new bench was installed in the Chemistry Laboratory.

The Games Subscription amounted to £6 1s. 8½d.

In the December examinations a new system of marking was adopted. Instead of receiving actual marks, children are now placed in four classes, A, B, C, and D, in each separate subject, and in the final lists.

A fresh form of recreation has been introduced this term, a number of the boys practising sword dancing, under the tutelage of Miss Mayne.

On Monday, February 9th, a small party from VI and VA, chiefly Economics students, paid a visit to Messrs. Cadbury's Works at Bournville, under the care of Mr. Wells and Miss Evans.

The new Geography room has quickly begun to make history. On January 30th two wasps, one a queen, paid a surprise visit, and Gwinnett fell a victim to their unwelcome intrusion.

A Board of Education drawing inspection, supplementary to the full inspection, took place on December 11th, when we received a visit from Mr. G. H. Hooper.

The Speech Day gathering took place on Thursday, February 19th, in the Picture House. Lord Henry Seymour presented the certificates to successful candidates in last year's examinations.

### The School Register.

#### Valete.

*Bunting, F. (VA), 1913-24.	Smith, S. H. (IVa), 1915-24.
Paice, P. F. (IVa), 1921-24.	Alexander, W. R. (IVb), 1920-24.
Rook, A. J. (IVa), 1923-24.	Davis, M. M. (Ib), 1923-24.

\* Prefect.

#### Salvete.

Bomford, E. (IVb).	Jackson, E. R. C. (IVb).
Bomford, M. (IIIa).	Spencer, R. E. W. (Ib).
Davis, W. J. (IIIa).	Walters, T. F. (IIIb).

Ison, S. (Ia).

I had hardly had time to collect my scattered wits when the bell rang again. Thoroughly unnerved, I took hold of the receiver and called as before, being considerably surprised to hear an indistinct and shrill voice answer immediately. I was then asked a question which, do what I would, I could not make out. "I beg your pardon; I cannot hear," I said by way of a reply. Again the question was asked, and still I was unable to hear what was said. "Would you mind speaking a little louder?" I simply cannot hear you," I remarked, patiently. An exclamation—doubtless not for my ears—came floating to me, and was followed by a brief silence. Then, just as I was wondering what to do, a loud voice shouted, "Holloa, there! Holloa?" Evidently the first person had given up the unequal contest and retired, for this voice was by no means soft, though just as indistinct as the other. "Holloa?" I answered. "Are you there?" asked the voice. "Yes!" I replied. Really, some people are stupid. Then the voice literally roared out the question I could not hear before. I was startled, and replied in my most dignified manner, "Will you speak more slowly and distinctly, please. I find it impossible to understand what you have just said to me." I do not know what happened, but a queer, gurgling sound reached my ears—possibly, someone at the Post Office, or a March wind lost in the Exchange Office.

"Would you mind——" I began again—and stopped; firstly, because there was no hope of making myself heard above the voice of the person at the other end, and secondly, because I had caught the sound of footsteps on the stairs. "Hold on a minute, please!" I yelled, and, dashing out of the room, told my father he was wanted on the phone. Afterwards, I found out that he was not wanted, really. The people had got hold of the wrong number!

M. T.

### Old Scholars' Reus.

The winter meeting of the Guild, held in the School on Saturday, December 20th, was pronounced by all a great success. The workaday appearance of the hall had been metamorphosed by light, but tasteful, decorations, when fully eighty Old Scholars assembled. The programme of dancing and games was carried through with such a swing that there was not one dull moment from start to finish. Not the least exciting part of the evening was the supper interval. The large number present taxed to its utmost the

very limited accommodation of the dining room, and it was a work of real skill to balance plates and cups and at the same time to guard the feet from the attentions of those of the waiters.

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During supper the formal business was quickly disposed of. E. Bowen was unanimously elected secretary in succession to H. Whitehouse. A very hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the retiring secretary, who briefly (very briefly!) responded.

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The question of an Old Scholars' Dance was brought forward. On a show of hands, however, barely twenty signified their approval, and the suggestion was not proceeded with.

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In a hockey match during the afternoon of the reunion an Old Scholars' XI. was defeated by the School XI. at Ragley by two goals to one. The Old Scholars were represented by Misses E. Clark; E. Thomson, M. Hall; C. Holder, L. Heath, M. Whitehouse; F. Winnett, N. Ainge, M. Walker, M. Sisam, K. Bomford. Referee—Hector Hall.

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A. Finnemore has been engaged upon a course at the Agricultural College, Tettenhall. We are pleased to learn that he has done so well there.

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Congratulations to K. Hall on passing his examination for the M.P.S. last September.

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We are glad to learn that E. Bunting is about again after the accident to his knee;

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And that P. Burden is again fit after a month's rest with diphtheria.

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Two Old Scholars' XI.'s have met the School XI. at football during the term. In the match on February 7th the following team was defeated by 8 goals to 6:—G. Baylis; W. Gardner, C. Johnson; J. Hemming, H. Hall, Brewer; J. Shrimpton, H. Hewitt, L. Sisam, A. Rook, F. Williams.

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On February 21st the Old Scholars won by 4 goals to 3, the team being:—G. Baylis; C. Bunting, W. Holder; H. Hall, F. Bunting; H. Hewitt, J. Shrimpton, E. Betteridge, W. Gardner, S. Baylis.

**In Memoriam.**

[An elegy on the death of Arabella Gloriana Seraphina,  
the hockey mascot.]

High on a lofty pillar of stone,  
In VA's. sacred hall,  
Fair Seraphina shone alone,  
Queen of the hockey ball.  
But beauty and fame cannot suffice  
Fair Seraphina's heart;  
For from her own dear Solomon  
She never more would part.

A gallant hero saw her pain,  
And, eager to relieve,  
Beside sad Seraphina plac'd  
Solomon. Then all perceive  
How Seraphina smiles around;  
And Solomon, how proud!  
Here all applaud with great delight  
And laughter, oh, how loud!

But, at the warning of the bell,  
They two are left alone.  
Lock'd in her lover's firm embrace,  
Such joy she'd never known.  
Yet happiness must have an end,  
For Seraphina swoon'd;  
In vain did Solomon try to save,  
She fell, on to the ground.

When all return, such wails and moans  
Never before were made:  
For Seraphina now lay dead,  
To be in coffin laid.  
Her beauteous face was bruised and torn,  
Her plight was sad to see;  
But Solomon, oh, the wretched youth!  
He grinned with savage glee.

The room was darkened, blinds were drawn,  
The sun was hidden away;  
And sighs and tears proclaim'd the grief  
All felt on this sad day.

**TWO MOURNERS.**

## Marriage.

On February 23rd, at Inkberrow, Dorothy Perks (scholar, 1917-20) to Wilfred M Heard (scholar, 1914-19).

### “Truth is Stranger than Fiction.”

(A Play after Shakespeare (300 years), by the Author.)

PROLOGUE: This account is true—in patches—containing additions by the author, some being original, mostly “pinched.”

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

One Very Stout Gentleman. (V.S.G.)  
One Stout Gentleman. (S.G.)  
One Fat Man. (F.M.)  
Conductor and other occupants of a tramcar  
A Dandy.

TIME: MID-DAY. PLACE: BIRMINGHAM

SCENE: Interior of tramcar—passengers just beginning to settle down.

ENTER: Very stout gentleman, following stout gentleman.

S.G.: There y'are. I know'd I'd get y'ere sometime.

V.S.G.: 'Umph.

S.G.: Gratitood! Arter I've mauled meself to death getting you along. What a life!

(Both sit down heavily at one end of car, taking up half one side.)

S.G.: 'Ere we are again.

Conductor: Fares, please! (Collects fares and passes out.)

S.G. (to companion): They'd oughter charge you a shillin' a mile!

V.S.G.: Whafore?

S.G.: Book!

V.S.G.: That's my advantage. If they went by weight they'd stop anywhere for me, but they wouldn't look at a sprat like you.

S.G.: Garn! Is that yer face?

V.S.G.: Yes.

S.G.: Orl on it?

V.S.G.: Yes.

S.G.: It ud do for three!

V.S.G. (pointing to chin): An' this?

S.G.: Ah! that's yer chins.

(Both relapse into silence, but keep on edging down seat.)

S.G.: What size foot d'yer take?

V.S.G.: Four.

S.G.: What four?

V.S.G.: Whacher think for? To wear, o' course!

S.G.: Where yer goin'?

V.S.G.: 'Orthorns.

S.G.: Cup-tie?

V.S.G.: Ah—Looton's gonna win!

S.G.: 'Ow many men are they bringin'?

V.S.G.: G--r-r-r-r-----.

S.G.: 'Ow shall yer get inter the ground?

V.S.G.: 'Ow d'yer think?

S.G.: Why, they'll want cranes an' 'oists an stem engines an' derricks an'-----

V.S.G.: Shurrup! Yer can't talk.

S.G.: I know I can.

(Enter the Dandy. Tries to pass stout gentleman and cannot.)

Dandy: I say, you know, can't you let a man come by?

S.G. (aside): Man?

V.S.G. (sympathetically): There must be a lot of waste on us.

Voice From End of Car: Wait till 'e breves out, mister.

Dandy: Ah! This is where I alight. (Exit.)

V.S.G.: (half asleep): This ain't a smoking compartment. (Silence prevails for a time.)

V.S.G. (excitedly): That's the 'ouse. (All stare.)

S.G.: Wot 'ouse?

V.S.G.: The 'ouse wot Jack built.

(Enter Fat Man, covered with clay. Wedges himself in between S.G. and end of car.)

S.G.: I don't know wot we should do with a lot of folks like you. There ain't room now!

F.M.: Room! Why, we sh'ud make room! We sh'ud do wot the Japanners did—we sh'ud push art an' push art, till we wus a livin' on wairter.

V.S.G.: Yah! Pro'ibishun!

F.M.: As I was a-sayin', them Japanners lived on wairter; some on 'em lived in wairter.

S.G.: You warn't one on 'em.

F.M.: As I was a-sayin', in an 'undered million 'ears we shan't 'ave no diseasés. There'll be too much wairter. We shan't 'ave no dirt; we shan't 'ave no nuthin'. 'Ere's our rouse.

S.G.: 'Ere, mate! Shall we 'ave any fleas?

F.M.: Don't be funny. 'Ere's me's bin readin' yer a lesson. I 'opes it's done yer good. (Exit.)

S.G.: Ah! s'long. Itchikoo.

V.S.G.: 'Ere we are, 'Erbert; s'long, all! (Exeunt.)  
(Curtain.)



### The Fourth Test Match.

The morning paper comes at last,  
I scan its sporting pages,  
Until I see the Test Match scores,  
For which I've waited ages.  
It is with fearful dread I read,  
To find out England's luck;  
Has Hobbs another century made?  
Or has he got a "duck"?  
Has Gilligan called "heads" in vain?  
No! No! he's won the toss!  
Now, there's a chance for England's sons  
To avenge their former loss.  
I read the list most carefully,  
Of plucky Englishmen;  
Of Sutcliffe, Hobbs, and Woolley, too,  
And others whom you ken.  
Well! Sutcliffe's got a century,  
That's very good; what more?  
Hobbs, too, has got a sixty-six  
To start old England's score.  
There's Hearne and Woolley doing well,  
What's that? Again I look;  
Oh! Whysall with a seventy-six,  
But Gilligan—a "duck."  
The other men have all played well  
To put up such a score;  
But when Australia come to bat,  
Of course, they may get more.  
Again I read the tables through,  
Australia's total's down!  
Hurrah! for England's won the match,  
Down there, in Melbourne town.

### The Mirror.

(Being extracts from an old manuscript of the twentieth century,  
circ. 1924, with comments thereon.)

[CONTINUED.]

The interval is brief. Debouches a band, in number small, of those whom inexorable fate confines still to realms below. On each face is writ the tale of ardent aspiration and yearning towards the regions higher; while now, with the ascent to all seeming so near, mingled expressions of keen anticipation and timorous shrinking from that exalted prospect reveal themselves on every countenance. Such are they whom the mirror now reflects.

In the fore there shuffles forward a slim youth of woe-begone appearance, at no pains to conceal his abject misery and dissatisfaction with existence. Can he find no consolation? But, stay! 'Twas but an illusion! Now is he convulsed with side-splitting chuckling, and shuffles (o) out of view vainly attempting to check his inexplicable display of mirth. On his heels step daintily into sight, to the accompaniment of peals of laughter, a maiden turning looks of astonishment upon her comrades. But comprehension supervenes; to that frown of inquiry succeeds a smiling ripple soon embracing all. "Thus does unconscious humour add its steps to hers." With a perceptible forward incline, whereby better to display the glory of her hair, a tiny maid, concealing behind radiant cheerfulness a purpose serious and indomitable, elbows her way out of the throng. Nought hinders her; to the fore she struggles, and passes on. Comes next a trio of youths, fondly grasping their minute, flimsy oblongs. (p). The first, most slim and frail, propounds in accents subdued, yet unconfidently authoritative, a theory abstruse, which the second, in whose pale face burn eyes dark and bright, refutes in loud, piercing tones. The third, Health's very twin (q), in deep, yet tempered bass, with half assurance reconciles their claims. Arguing still, still gripping their treasured labels, they make way for one who, with questioning voice and questioning eyes, bustles in; with rising colour she bustles away immediately . . . . .

. . . . . raven hair,  
Which ever and anon he fondly smooths,  
As with no dexterous grip, with body bowed,  
He wields his pen . . . . .  
. . . . . weight and substance strides along . . . . . through  
glasses peers, regarding for the most part downward, but at  
times raises her eyes . . . . . mellow voice gives accommod-  
ating answers questionwise . . . . .

[From this point, for numerous pages, the manuscript has suffered irremediable mutilation. The most minute examination has failed to extract from the greater part of it anything but dismembered phrases and disjointed words, having in themselves no general interest. Here and there, however, a few complete sentences have been deciphered, and these, we feel, may have a definite significance to some; though, it must be confessed, we ourselves are frequently at a loss to grasp

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- o. What significance has this insistence on the word "shuffles" ?  
p. Obscure. May be an allusion to some prevalent hobby. But this is a mere conjecture.  
q. Surely a refreshing sight.

their full meaning. We give them for what they are worth, as we think that, when so valuable a document is under review, it is of the utmost importance that nothing should be withheld from that body of critical readers who will peruse this recension.]

p. 23, ll. 7 seq. . . . . with reproachful, suppliant gaze fronts his interlocutor, clears a passage (R) for a hesitating voice, and resolutely makes reply . . . . .

ll. 15 seq. . . . . again and again petulantly pushing back from her brow those fair, dishevelled locks which will not be confined. Between which operations lethargic indifference resumes its sway and . . . . .

p. 24, ll. 3 seq. (Thou)gh tiny of voice, nor gigantic of size, (And) of frame which is scarcely robust, (He k)nows how to utilise two pairs of eyes, (An)d a brain which he'll never let rust.(s)

ll. 9 seq. . . . . devoting to life's humour an energy with better advantage applied to serious matters. But now his brow is deep ploughed with furrows, and awhile assiduously he plies his ta(sk) . . . . .

ll. 17-19 . . . . . strident nasal accents impetuously replies; nor does he yet realise the folly of his words ere the last syllable is uttered. With such fatuities does he (in)ter(s)pers(e) his w(ord)s (of) w(isd)om . . . . .

p. 25, ll. 6-7 . . . . . flies(r) rapidly and confidently into view . . . . . sand(y) . . . . . se cropped . . . . .

p. 31, ll. 14-15 . . . . . affecting languorous grace, she . . . . . her pallid cheeks . . . . .

ll. 19 seq. . . . . with hanging head, and shoulders raised to ears, he briskly advances.

Others hang heads for shame; but he

Through sense of some achievement . . . . .(v)

He has gone, to be succeeded by a giant, dark and serious, his . . . . .

p. 32, ll. 7-9 . . . . . ever and again they rise and sink. Truly, Nature has so designed these youths that a single movement of an arm upward produces a sudden erection of the whole body.(v) Sandy and fair, the(y) . . . . .

r. Coughing (?).

s. It is most pleasing to have this quatrain preserved almost entire.

t. Could there have been a winged mortal surviving as late as 1924?

u. We cannot understand the point of this quotation.

v. Curious beings, indeed.

11. 12 seq. Beneath those spectacles, and hairs of jet,  
The colour comes and goes. Pondering, she  
frowns;  
Reason o'ercomes surprise—she starts to  
speak . . . . .

11. 19-20 . . . . . wriggling into view, with fairest flaxen  
locks, she makes her confident assertion . . . . . (w)

p. 33, l. 6 . . . . . features fixed in an inveighing smile  
whereto is seen no end . . . . .

l. 9 . . . . . a very magazine of polysyllables, in-  
discriminately discharged . . . . .

[The third and final instalment of extracts will appear in the next  
number of the RECORD.]

### Lines on Choosing a Subject for a Magazine Article.

To write and what to write—that is the question,  
For to my vacuous brain no thoughts will come,  
Much less the words wherewith to picture them;  
So, naming paper slips, I fold them oft,  
And cast them in a hat with fev'rish haste,  
And, breathing hard, I shake them up full well;  
Then close my eyes and thrust my clammy hand  
With ominous portent into that heap.  
To draw one out, ah! that needs courage bold,  
For questions may be asked in letters large  
On points of abstruse subjects, or, mayhap,  
The meaning of an intricate discourse  
From which t'unravel sense will take too long.  
“ Now set the teeth and stretch the nostrils wide,  
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit  
To its full height.” For I do draw the slip,  
And after nervous toil t'unwrap the folds  
With shaking fingers, whilst my brow doth sweat,  
I peer on hieroglyphics blurred and crooked  
That never were put down by my bold pen.  
What means it? Sure, the ghosts will leave my work,  
Which ne'er can interest any save the dolts.  
But now a feeble glimmer, flickering faint,  
Of things that happened many ages past,  
Makes motion in my brain. I see afar  
A monastery old, where sits a monk;

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w. It is difficult to reconcile wriggling with confidence.

His cowl is doff'd, his noble brow contracts,  
And deep-set furrows show thereon—he pens  
The page before him. “ He who leaves to Chance  
Decisions which by Reason he should make,  
Is doomed to hesitation all his days.”  
How can he know that I did leave to chance  
A subject that my brain could not suggest?  
Do I just dream, or live? The room gyrates;  
I'm almost spent with dread of unknown things  
That force themselves upon me, 'gainst my will.  
Methinks I'll sit me down and once more read  
The message that did so o'erstrain my nerves.  
—Now, courage; and do battle with your fears.  
The writing's plainly writ, the ink's quite black,  
Nothing fantastic to derange your wit.  
Thus do I gather force—and quickly scan  
The fateful message that has strangely cleared  
Since last I saw it madly reeling round.  
These words are penned in bold and hurried hand:  
“ Arithmetic, the basis of all Maths.”  
Now what ken I about the subject, Maths.?  
Arithmetic I know; but how this can  
Lead to Geom. and Trigonometry,  
Statics, Dynamics, Calculus on Curves,  
And all the others, more advanced, we learn,  
Make towards a higher knowledge of the world,  
Is far beyond my brain's supremest flight.  
My head feels like a sort of dusty mould;  
Ill give this subject up, and rest awhile;  
Then, if no good results accrue, I'll step  
From ranks where such mean subjects rightly turned  
Lead in the end to paths of lasting fame.

### *Olla Podrida.*

Science made easy! Heat, according to one of our budding scientists, can now be measured in units of feet.

Who was the ingenious one who poured cold water over a flask to keep it warm?

A certain member of VA has recently had the unique experience of playing “inside-out” in a hockey team.

Who can inform a member of the Staff on what date New Year's Day fell this year?

Will P.F. please tell us which of the neighbours "hollowed"?

Where did B.S. obtain those "vacuums" with which he was filling his flask?

### Following the Hounds.

The day proved an excellent one for following the hounds, but when we arrived at Amen Corner we found that the meet was over; the huntsmen had already drawn a wood and scented a fox. We were late, there was no doubt; and we had to find out in which direction they had gone and then to follow them. With eager spirits we set off on our search, which did not, however, cause us much trouble, for soon, through the dark trees of the wood, we caught glimpses of red coats, and the baying of the hounds and the "Tally Ho" of the huntsman's horn told us that we were in the right wood to see the whole affair.

Jumping across a small stream we reached the wood, and, entering by the gate, we stood and listened for the horn. It seemed to sound first from one direction and then from another. We made our way to where we thought the Master with the horn was, but immediately we reached there the horn seemed somewhere else; it was most puzzling. Where were we to go? "Let us leave the wood and wait for the fox to come out," someone suggested. So we made for the fence; but there lay a difficulty. The fence was extremely high, and we were by no means accomplished climbers. Two of the smaller ones of our party squeezed through, but the rest of us could not; instead, we had to force a passage through bushes and briars, sometimes running and sometimes going on hands and knees, until at last we reached the gate.

Here we hesitated, not knowing where the hounds were, but we were astonished to find hoof-marks leading out of the gate and stretching away up a field that lay in front of us. Following these we ran as fast as we could to the top of the field, and, scrambling over or through a hedge that evidently the horses had jumped, we reached the other side very much torn, scratched, and out of breath. We came upon a cart track, along which it was clear that the huntsmen had been. Suddenly, and quite unexpectedly, we saw the whole chase rapidly climbing a hill. The fox, some way ahead, was gaining quickly on his pursuers. Having reached

the top of the hill he speedily disappeared down the other side. The hounds followed up with tails wagging and noses pressed downward; behind them galloped the huntsmen, some stumbling, others actually falling off their horses.

We ran across the track, and, jumping the ditch and railings on the other side, started to ascend the hill. Reaching the top we watched the whole hunt. Below us lay the river, which was surely an impassable barrier to the fox. But he, doubting nothing, plunged into the water and swam to the other side with might and main; scrambling on to the other bank he was soon lost to sight. The hounds and huntsmen stood on the nearer bank watching this scene much amazed. Downcast for the moment they paused, but soon the Master, turning his horses, called up the hounds and determined to draw another wood and try another fox. Here we left them, and, trudging homeward, we arrived very tired but much appreciative of the good meal that awaited us.

M. L.

### *The Ports (Mis)applied.*

- H.L.: "Thou hast a voice whose sound is like the sea."  
B.J.: "So buxom, blithe, and debonair."  
B.W.: "We are the music-makers."  
L.A.: "All the earth and air  
With thy voice is loud."  
G.B.: "Some to conceit alone their taste confine."  
E.P.: "He all the country could outrun."  
B.T.: "There Affectation, with a sickly mien,  
Shows in her cheek—"  
C.G.: "Come, and trip it as you go  
On the light fantastic toe."  
L.E.: "But when to mischief mortals bend their will,  
How soon they find fit instruments of ill."  
M.T.: "Hail to thee, Blithe Spirit."  
F.R.: "You egg!—Young fry of treachery."  
I.L.: "His voice was buried among trees."  
G.C.: "Her mirth the world required;  
She bathed it in smiles of glee."  
H.C.W.: "He was full of joke and jest."

(Anon.)

### A Midnight Alarm.

One night in the winter I had an awful fright. I woke up just as the clock struck twelve. "Oh, thank goodness! It isn't time to get up yet," I thought, "so I'll just turn over and go to sleep again." I did so, and when I was comfortable and expecting to doze off I heard a thud by the window, then a rumble, and I turned my head to look. What I saw was a round ball, out of the top of which stuck two points; at the sides were long wiry things, and at the bottom two thick stumps. Suddenly two doors opened near the top of the ball, and two lights appeared. My courage failed; I dived down the bed; but I was not far enough down, for the creature landed suddenly on my head. It seemed to think my head too hard, for it moved to the top of the bed. I suddenly decided to go to the top of the bed, and at the same time the animal decided to come to the bottom. I saw lights coming towards me; suddenly, they got up speed, and a furry body rushed past purring like a motor engine, and went burrowing down the bed. I found that the cause of my alarm was only—the cat!

A. H. (IIIb).

### Debating Society.

SECRETARY—Lester.

Only one meeting of the Debating Society has been held this term. On Monday, February 2nd, the Rev. J. C. Paterson Morgan gave an address to the Society on "The League of Nations." This proved very interesting, and the innovation was amply justified. Bunting having left, Earp was elected to the committee at the close of this meeting.

H. T. L.

### Postage Stamp Club.

SECRETARY—Partridge I.

Meetings have been held as usual on Thursday afternoons this term, and various short lectures have been given. Among the subjects dealt with are: "British Stamp-Issuing Possessions" (by Mr. Druller), "French Possessions" (by Partridge I), "Fakes, Forgeries, etc.," (by Bailey). A full programme for the rest of term has been arranged.



### **Musical Society.**

SECRETARY—D. Balmforth.

The Musical Society did not waste much time in starting operations, a meeting being held in the second week of the term, on January 25th. On this occasion the members provided a miscellaneous programme, which proved very enjoyable.

The second meeting of the term was held on March 11th, when Master S. Bor kindly came down from Birmingham to give a violin recital. For one so young his performance was remarkable, and was greatly appreciated by all present. Master Bor was most efficiently accompanied by Mr. Tong on the piano. Miss S. Johnson sang with great charm. She has a beautiful and well-trained voice, which is particularly suited to the songs she had chosen.

The Nafford Quartette have kindly promised to visit us again on April 6th.

The membership is entirely voluntary, and as there is no subscription, attendance at the meetings whenever possible should be regarded as a point of honour. We hope that all members will prize their privileges, and turn up with their friends or relatives.

### **The Wireless Society.**

SECRETARY—Hodgkinson I.

Three meetings of the Society have been held up to the present, but others will be held before the end of the term. At the first meeting Guillaume was elected a member of the committee, to take the place of S. Smith, who left at the end of the term. Guillaume has to represent the forms IVB, IVA, and VB, as the other members of the committee are now in VA and VI.

At the first two meetings, held on February 3rd and February 17th, Mr. Hall gave a very interesting lecture on the parts of a valve and their various uses. At the third meeting, on March 3rd, Earp gave an interesting talk on the use of the valve in a simple wireless set.

H. H.

### The Scouts.

During the term the competitions have been continued, and the following are the results to date:—Woodpigeons, 145; Owls, 130; Foxes, 113; Eagles, 110; Peacocks, 101; Peewits, 55; Kangaroos, 52.

### Football.

CAPTAIN—Perkins. SECRETARY—Gothard.

At the beginning of term the football team received a severe set-back in losing Bunting and Rook ii., but after the first game or two settled down to satisfactory form. Six matches have been played to date, of which two were won and four lost. Up to the present the season's record is:

Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.
14 ...	9 ...	4 ...	1

A second team has been started this term, and has played two matches.

#### RESULTS:

- First XI. v. Redditch S.S. (away), lost 2—5.  
 v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), lost 3—6.  
 v. Old Scholars (home), won 8—6.  
 v. Old Scholars (home), lost 3—4.  
 v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away), won 5—1.  
 v. Redditch S.S. (home), lost 2—3.
- Second XI. v. Stratford (home), won 10—1.  
 v. Stratford (away), lost 3—4.

The following boys represented the School this season:—Anker, Finnemore, Rook ii., Gothard, Hodgkinson, Bunting, Harwood, Rook i., Partridge i., Wainwright, Sisam, Perkins, Savage, Edkins, Harris i., Cook, Brewer, and Summers i.

### Hockey.

CAPTAIN—J. Wells. SECRETARY—M. Sherwood.

In spite of bad weather and the condition of the field, which interfered with practice games, we have been able to play most of our matches. However, the match at Bromsgrove had to be abandoned after a quarter of an hour's play, and the Evesham match took place only because we were able to use the Ragley ground. The second eleven have so far played but one match, which was won by six goals to one.

RESULTS:

First XI. v. Bromsgrove S.S. (away), draw 1—1.  
v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), won 6—0.  
v. Badsey Ladies (home), draw 3—3.

Second XI. v. Bromsgrove S.S. II. XI. (home), won 6—0.

The following girls have represented the School in the first eleven:—B. Thomas, M. Sherwood, M. Thomas, B. Wells, E. Lane, J. Wells, M. Bomford, H. Hunt, G. Bishop, B. Johnson, G. Ainge, M. Lane, G. Chattaway, B. Bomford.

For the Juniors.

The Adventure of a Horse.

Once upon a time there lived a little white Shetland pony, called Peggy. She was born in a large stable, and kept with her mother, who was also white. When she was two years old she was sold to a circus to be broken in. Peggy did not like it because they were cruel to her. She had to drag a large cart by herself from place to place. The people did not give her much to do at first, but after a while she had more to do. Peggy bit and kicked, and so she was taken to a sale.

A man came along with his son. They thought Peggy was sweet, and so they bought her. Her new stable was airy, and she was kept with two other horses. Her master fed her well; he was very kind to her, and so was his son. His son used to ride her every day but Sunday in the orchard, and then they went into the field. This man called Peggy Dolly.

When Dolly had been in this place two years her master had to leave, and, by a lucky chance, she was sold to her old master and was called by her own name.

N. B. (FORM II).

“ I am a Crocus.”

When I woke up I found myself in a shop. Then a man came and bought me, and took me to his house, where he put me to bed in his garden. About six months later I heard a little noise, and when I rubbed my eyes I saw a little Brownie tapping me. When he saw that I was awake he said, “ Be quick, or you will be late.” “ But what have I got to do?” I said. “ Why, push,” he said. So I pushed and pushed till the earth gave way, and I peeped up. Oh! it was lovely. The sun was shining beautifully. When I saw it I burst out my flower.

J. S. (FORM IA).

**Felix, Pinky, and Bonzo.**

It was the first day of June, and it was Diana's birthday. When she came down to tea she saw a big parcel from mother, and when she opened it she found a big Felix cat and a dear little white rabbit and a fluffy dog. Of course, she did not change Felix's name, but she called the rabbit Pinky because he had pink ears, and the dog Billy Bonzo. There was a little house for Pinky and Felix, and a little kennel for Bonzo. They were all in the parcel.

Bonzo did not think it at all polite to leave him in the kennel, so that night he thought to himself, "Now I will do all the mischief I can possibly do." So when Felix and Pinky were in bed and asleep he crept from his kennel in the nursery to the other side where Felix's house stood and got inside. He first went to the pantry and got into a pot of treacle; then he jumped into the pan of milk which stood by and had a very nice bath; then he tipped over a pot of jam and broke the pot.

Just then Felix's man—a very big cat called "Tiny" because he was a tiny kitten—heard Billy Bonzo drop the jar of jam. He got out of bed and put on his little jacket over his pyjamas, and crept downstairs very quietly. He peeped in at the pantry door. There he saw Billy Bonzo splashing in the bath of milk, but Billy saw his yellow eyes and bolted out of the window, knocking a plate of cheese in the cat's face.

That was the first night of Billy's mischief; but he is getting better now and sleeps in a basket in the kitchen, and sometimes goes out for a walk with Pinky and Felix and their mother Diana.

J. L. (FORM IA).

