

The
Alcester Grammar



M.D.C.
CHRISTUS NOBISCUM STATE.

School Record.

1924-25.

Alcester

Grammar School Record.

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

Headmaster's Letter.

*Tempora labuniur tacitisque senescimus annis,
Et fugiunt freno non remorante dies.*

DEAR READERS,

Occasionally, when making one of my many excursions down the corridor, once so familiar to you, as I pause before the line of school groups that hang upon the wall, I am forcibly reminded of the quick passing of the years. A few steps, and the small boy in the front row of one group is transformed into six feet of responsibility in another, or the little girl, fresh from her conquest of Nellie Dale's First Primer, changes to the studious maiden for whom the lore of Cicero or Livy holds no more terrors than that first small book. But quite as often, when looking at these old photographs, it is the faces of those who have left, and are now Old Scholars, that one runs over, wondering how they fare. To them, especially, I write these few lines. I am glad that so many still live in this neighbourhood, and are able to keep in touch with their old School. Fresh to my mind is the recollection of the delightful gathering we had here just before Christmas—successful, I think, beyond any former O.S. meeting—which made me feel anew that the work of the School, as demonstrated in its old scholars, is not in vain.

A teacher's work consists largely in "casting bread upon the waters," and it is only after many days that it is found again, if it is found at all. You must, therefore, excuse me if I remind you that it is to you we look for the proof that what we are doing here is justified. That proof does

not alone consist in lists of examination successes and scholarships won, gratifying though these may be, but in the real usefulness, high character, and true worth of our old boys and girls as they go about their work, whatever and wherever it may be.

Many of the ordinary lessons learnt here will be—have been—forgotten. One, I hope, has not, and that is that it is good to do good work, quite irrespective of the reward. Good work for its own sake, that is the thing.

As on many previous occasions I urge you to take your share of public work as it comes your way. Don't hide your talents. Help the social life of the place you live in. It is a useful service.

To those Old Scholars who are abroad—whether in France, Belgium, Canada, the States, Australia, or far New Zealand—I send a hearty greeting and message of encouragement from their old School. We shall always sympathise in your trials, and rejoice in your success.

And some there are who, though still at School, will in a few short weeks be Old Scholars. Their feelings just now are probably of a mixed description—a very natural regret that school days, so full of interest and happiness, must end; and perhaps a certain feeling of anxiety as to what the next stage in life may bring. Well, do not spend your time in looking backward. This is a sign of old age, and not for you. Hold fast to your ideals of truth and honour, and go forward courageously in the belief that what has been is only a preparation for what is still to be, and that life has much happiness in store for you.

“As for the perils of life, the world is no more cruel than the sea, whose habit, after all, is not to throw ships upon the rocks, but to bring them to their desired haven.”

YOUR HEADMASTER.

The School Register.

Yalete.

Chatterley, M. M. (Vb), 1920-25.	Williams, L. A. (IVb), 1915-25.
Cooke, I. (IVa), 1921-25.	Smith, K. L. (IIIa), 1919-25.
Griffin, R. (IIIb), 1919-25.	

Salvete.

Edmonds, R. (Ib).	Gwynne-Jones, O. M. C. (II).
Gwynne-Jones, D. R. G. (IIIa).	Walters, W. M. (Ib).
Wilshaw, L. (IIIb).	

Old Scholars' News.

On Old Scholars' tennis match was held on Monday, June 29th, against the School. The Guild was represented by M. Adkins and E. Bunting, W. Beasley and L. Sisam, E. Stock and H. Whitehouse, and K. Perks and C. Bunting. A very enjoyable evening was spent, and there was a very keen finish, the School winning by 67 games to 61.

Another match was played on Monday, July 6th, against a Staff team. A new team represented the Guild, in order that as many Old Scholars as possible should play. The team consisted of M. Sisam and A. Finnemore, C. Holder and R. Jephcott, F. Smith and E. Bunting, and E. Thompson and J. Thompson. The match resulted in a win for the Staff by 72 games to 56.

The Summer Re-union has been arranged for Saturday, July 25th. It is hoped that as many Old Scholars as possible will be present. In the past it has never been possible to commence the tournament at 2.30 p.m., so this year the tennis tournament is arranged to start definitely at 3.30 p.m. There will be a dance in the evening from 8.30 to 10.30 p.m., which will be run on similar lines to the one at the last winter meeting.

Old Scholars are reminded that the Re-union will be held even should the weather be bad.

Also that anyone who finds it impossible to attend in the afternoon will be welcomed at the dance in the evening.

Congratulations to D. Wayte on passing the P.M.G. Wireless Operators' Examination at the Radio Communication School at London.

• And to E. Bowen on gaining the Hons. B.Sc. with second class honours at Birmingham University.

Also to J. Thompson on obtaining his Malting and Brewing Certificate at Birmingham University.

And to P. Shrimpton on passing the competitive Civil Service Examination for Women Clerks.

And to V. Bunting, who secured the gold medal in the Ladies' Singles Tennis at Battersea Polytechnic.

And to R. H. Mander on obtaining the M.A. degree at Sheffield University.

And to B. Walker, who has passed the Institute of Chartered Accountants' Intermediate Examination.

CORRECTION:—A. Finnemore's course took place at the County Agricultural College, Penkridge.

Marriages.

On January 1st, at Studley, Dorothy Lilian Dyer (scholar 1912-13) to Harold Devey.

On April 13th, at Abbots Morton, Doris Hill to Harry Rimell (scholar 1916-17).

On June 2nd, at Haselor, Kathleen Mary Smith (scholar 1912-17) to Arthur Raymond Ore.

On June 3rd, at Bromsgrove, Maud Ethel Tilt to Kenneth Sisson (scholar 1912-15).

Births.

On June 9th to Mr. and Mrs. Villers (née Irene Heard)—a daughter.

On March 15th, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Wheeler (née Dorothy Hill)—a son.

Across Paris.

Having left London at nine o'clock we are well on our way to Paris, and the French northern express flashes through St. Denis at well over 100 kilometres per hour, for we are two minutes late, and we must get in to time. Suddenly a large white sign appears on our left, with Paris-Nord on it, and is immediately lost in the night again. We have hardly donned our coats and hats when there is a grinding of brakes and we are in.

A confused babel of sound is the first thing that strikes us, and out of this the cry of "Porteur" is most outstanding. Having secured our porter we wend our way to the outside of the station and, with much difficulty, get a taxi; for, though there are many of them, there are more than twice as many people wanting them. When we have told

him our destination the driver clicks down his taximeter. Scarcely are we seated when we start off with a terrific jerk. The motto of the Paris drivers is "speed"; and speed it is, as there are no restrictions whatever. We go round a corner on two wheels, and just miss another taxi, whose driver flings a volley of expletives at ours. At this, let me add, they are all experts.

Our house is right on the other side of Paris—at Passy—and there are two ways of getting to it, by the Quays or by the Champs Elysées; and so, expecting a very interesting journey, I turn round and watch the streets. Our driver chooses the Champs Elysées. First of all we pass St. Lazarre—the West Station; then we turn into the Boulevard Hausseman, and I notice for the first time how wide the streets are. There are unbroken lines of taxis and buses four deep each way—that is, eight across the road—and there is plenty of room between. Looking up the boulevard I see two long lines of lights stretching right away into the distance—so far that it almost seems impossible for a street to be so long.

At last we come to the end, and find ourselves in a huge open space, the Place de l'Etoile, in the exact centre of which stands the Arc de Triomphe, and radiating from it in all directions are numerous avenues and boulevards to all quarters of Paris. It is under this Arc de Triomphe that the Unknown Warrior is buried, and there is a lamp which will always be kept alight in memory of the Great War. Every night, at five o'clock, there is a most impressive service when some great general or celebrity who has fought in the war replenishes the oil.

It is from the Place de l'Etoile that there starts the famous Avenue des Champs Elysees, up which, every Armistice Day, the soldiers march, with their flags, to the Arc de Triomphe. But our taxi driver has no time to waste, and we dash down an avenue and almost before we know where we are we have arrived at the Trocadero and—facing it—just across the river, the famous Eiffel Tower proudly raising its head above Paris. Between its legs I catch a glimpse of the lights of the Champ de Mars, where all the great exhibitions are held. Then we turn into the Rue de Passy, and I just catch sight of the Trocadero, with its great dome and the marble statuary in front, before it is gone, and my father is tapping the window with his stick to tell the driver to stop. I step out of the taxi fully determined on the morrow to see more of this wonderful city of Paris.

C. G.

Notes and News.

E. Lane and B. Wells have been appointed prefects this term.

At the beginning of term Perkins was elected cricket captain and Partridge i. secretary.

Mr. Burrell, who was visiting the School on March 17th, treated us to an enjoyable half-hour in the hall during the afternoon.

The cross country races were run on April 3rd. In the senior event Perkins proved an easy winner.

The " Mile " races took place on the Birmingham Road on May 8th.

Hearty congratulations to Lester and M. Sherwood on their success in obtaining County Major Scholarships.

The Oxford Local Examinations are being held from July 14th to 25th inclusive. There are 18 candidates for the School Certificate, and three candidates for the Higher School Certificate.

The examination in oral French, in connection with the School Certificate, took place on June 9th. The examiner was M. Bourdache.

On May 6th a party, consisting of members of Forms VI, VA, and Vc, with Mr. Wells, Miss Deans, and Mr. Druller, visited the Stratford Memorial Theatre to see " King John."

The football presented by Mr. Bunting was awarded to Farmer i.

The hockey stick presented by Mrs. Wells went to M. Sherwood.

The classroom adjoining the new geography room has now been fitted up as a history room.

Mr. Rees, our visiting woodwork instructor, leaves us at the end of term to take up a new appointment.

Sports Day, 1925.

Once again we were favoured with fine weather for the occasion of the School Sports on Thursday, May 28th. Jupiter Pluvius held sway the previous day, and all seemed lost, but fortune did not desert us, and a smart morning's work rendered the field fit for the afternoon's performance.

We have to thank Mr. Hall for his untiring energy in getting the preliminary heats run off and in preparing the field, which was a credit to all who helped. The sports events were run off with great promptness, and many a close contest roused the enthusiasm of the spectators. The Obstacle Race and the High Jump still continue to be two of the most popular events. After the sports spectators and scholars gathered on the girls' playground, where Lady Helen Seymour kindly presented the cup, Shields, and Medals to the winners. Heartly congratulations are to be extended to Perkins, who proved himself a fine all-round athlete, and secured the trophy by a large majority.

This year the Brownies won the Sports Shield by some splendid work, and the Arts and Crafts trophy also went to them after a close contest. Three hearty cheers for Lady Helen Seymour brought the proceedings to a close, and so another Sports Day passed in school history. Appended are the chief results:—

SENIORS.

- 100 Yards.—1, Brewer; 2, Perkins; 3, Brookes; 4, Partridge i.
Half-Mile.—1, Wainwright; 2, Barnet; 3, Perkins; 4, Bird.
Slow Bicycle Race.—1, Edkins; 2, Finnemore; 3, Sisam; 4, Harwood.
Obstacle Race.—1, Guillaume; 2, Finnemore; 3, Perkins; 4, Savage.
220 Yards.—1, Perkins; 2, Hodgkinson; 3, Earp; 4, Partridge i.
Quarter-Mile.—1, Jones; 2, Earp; 3, Cook; 4, Partridge i.
Hurdle Race.—1, Perkins; 2, Hodgkinson; 3, Wainwright; 4, Finnemore.
Consolation Race.—1, Earp; 2, Edkins; 3, Cook; 4, Savage.
High Jump.—1, Perkins; 2, Finnemore and Gothard; 4, Wainwright.
12—14.
100 Yards.—1, Smith i.; 2, Sutton; 3, Davis; 4, Sherwood i.
220 Yards.—1, Duxbury; 2, Griffin; 3, Smith i.; 4, Summers i.
Crab Race.—1, Sherwood i.; 2, Griffin; 3, Walters; 4, Ainge.
Half-Mile.—1, Summers i.; 2, Davis; 3, Smith i.; 4, Harris ii.
Obstacle Race.—1, Howard; 2, Sherwood i.; 3, Summers i.; 4, Harris ii.
Hurdle Race.—1, Smith i.; 2, Griffin; 3, Sherwood; 4, Howard.
High Jump.—1, Griffin; 2, Sutton and Sherwood; 4, Howard.
Consolation Race.—1, Smith i.; 2, Sherwood i.; 3, Davis; 4, Griffin.
Slow Bicycle Race.—1, Summers i.; 2, Davis; 3, Ainge; 4, Harris ii.
UNDER 12.
100 Yards.—1, Sumner; 2, Steele; 3, Sherwood ii.; 4, Hough.
Egg and Spoon.—1, Walters ii.; 2, Ison i.; 3, Sumner; 4, Corbett ii.
Obstacle Race.—1, Walters ii.; 2, Hodgkinson ii.; 3, Sumner; 4, Sherwood ii.
Sack Race.—1, Sherwood ii.; 2, Walters; 3, Hodgkinson; 4, Steele.

OTHER EVENTS.

Tug-of-War.—Brownies beat Jackals.

Relay Race (Girls).—1, Brownies; 2, Jackals; 3, Tomtits.

Relay Race (Boys).—1, Brownies; 2, Tomtits; 3, Jackals.

GIRLS.

100 Yards.—1, N. Baylis; 2, E. Greenhill; 3, P. Inns; 4, R. Bunting.
Egg and Spoon.—1, E. Ison; 2, J. Bourne; 3, B. Greenhill; 4, D. Sparrow.

Potato Race.—1, J. Bourne; 2, N. Baylis; 3, E. Ison; 4, O. Gwynne-Jones.

Skipping Race.—1, N. Baylis; 2, E. Ison; 3, J. Holder; 4, P. Inns.

Flower Pot Race.—1, D. Sparrow; 2, B. Greenhill; 3, N. Baylis; 4, E. Greenhill.

100 Yards.—1, E. Holder; 2, M. Chambers; 3, M. Baylis; 4, B. Whitcombe.

Sports Day Indoors.

For those who were occupied indoors Sports Day passed in very much the usual manner—the morning spent in setting out the exhibits, the afternoon in attempts, unfortunately not always successful, to smother our excitement and sell the results of our labours to visitors who inevitably set their hearts on buying articles marked “not for sale.” Miss Holliley kindly came over on the Monday before Sports Day and judged the needlework. There were perhaps fewer exhibits this year than on previous occasions, and certainly fewer visitors entered the hall. This, indeed, made the task of the seller somewhat less onerous, but was not so satisfactory from the pecuniary point of view. The work exhibited, however, with the exception of the photography (which could not fail to suffer from the continued spell of bad weather), maintained a high standard of excellency, and, as usual, the boys' cookery aroused great interest among the onlookers.

The stalls were practically cleared, however, when we assembled on the girls' playground, where Lady Helen Seymour kindly presented the Shields and Medals. We have to congratulate the Brownies on their double victory this year. In Arts and Crafts they obtained 992 points, of which the boys made 153, the Jackals 867 (boys 209), the Tomtits 836 (boys 57).

The following obtained silver medals for the Arts and Crafts:—*Seniors*: J. Wells 224 points, D. Balmforth 128, B. Thomas 127, M. Thomas 125, G. Bishop 118, Brookes 90, B. Wells 89, H. Hunt 82. *Juniors*: M. Thomas 166, M. Sheppard 93, M. Lane 88. Bronze Medals were awarded to

the following:—*Seniors*: G. Ainge 75, N. Derrick 58, B. Johnson 55, Wainwright 46. *Juniors*: M. Taylor 72, B. Bomford 44, and R. Jackson 40.

Votes of thanks were proposed to Lady Helen Seymour for presenting the Shields, and to the Judges. Thus Sports Day ended, not without feelings of regret among several of us who realised only too well that this would be our last.

J. W. W.

Sports Shield.

SIDE.	CAPTAINS.	SIDE.	CAPTAINS.
1913 Brownies	A. K. Brown	1920 Brownies	A. Anker
1914 Jackals	K. Hall.		M. Farquhar
1915 Jackals	K. Hall	1921 Brownies	R. H. Mander
1916 Jackals	K. Hall		E. A. Baseley
	E. T. Tipping	1922 Brownies	E. W. Beteridge
1917 Jackals	E. Staff		M. Walker
	E. T. Tipping	1923 Jackals	F. Bunting.
1918 Tomtits	W. Heard.		W. M. Sisam
	M. Johnson	1924 Jackals	F. Bunting
1919 Tomtits	W. Heard		W. M. Sisam
	M. Johnson	1925 Brownies	A. E. Perkins
			A. M. Thomas

Arts and Crafts Shield.

SIDE.	CAPTAINS.	SIDE.	CAPTAINS.
1916 Brownies	M. Stock	1921 Brownies	E. A. Baseley
	E. Bird		R. H. Mander
1917 Brownies	M. Stock.	1922 Tomtits	V. Bunting
	G. E. Farmer		C. Bunting
1918 Brownies	A. P. Jephcott	1923 Brownies	A. M. Thomas
	A. Anker		E. H. Mander
1919 Tomtits	M. Johnson	1924 Tomtits	J. Wells
	W. Heard		A. J. Partridge
1920 Brownies	M. Farquhar	1925 Brownies	A. M. Thomas
	A. Anker		A. E. Perkins

Olla Podrida.

Query: What time is school time?

S. G. would like to know how many gallons of petrol a Ford car uses to the mile.

What is it that M. T. intends to remember as long as she dies?

We learn from some "advanced" Latin students that Jupiter moves everything with his eyebrows. Mythology, we suppose.

A certain student, who should know better, tells us that her history course includes a study of the next century.

We learn from M. T. that Sophocles wore a pair of tragic boots. How sad!

Are VA boys very fond of school?

Is there a "Gilligan" in the School cricket XI.?

Fresh scientists are being brought to our notice daily. The centigrade thermometer, J. G. informs us, is so named after its inventor.

An augur, says D. A., is a big giant.

A new historical fact: The King of Spain was driven out of his country during the Great War, affirms J. H.

A young mathematician asserts that "concentric circles" are circles made of granite or concrete.

Memorial Brasses.

I have been asked by the Editor to contribute something to the School Magazine—a task more difficult than it may appear. For one who is at present living miles away from School, and who is now an old student of four years' standing, it is not easy to choose a subject. Many of the present readers of the A.G.S. RECORD will be quite unknown to me, and yet I have to choose a subject which I hope will prove interesting to them.

Memorial brasses—I hope this does not sound too doleful and funereal. Nor do I wish "brass" to arouse erroneous ideas. The scientist may think of some metallic alloy; the man in the street might think it a slang term, and dream of the many and varied possibilities of monetary wealth; but perhaps the artist who can think of brass as a medium of artistic expression more nearly hits the mark. Many of my younger readers may be somewhat mystified as to what "memorial brasses" are, and if asked what is meant by "brass rubbing" they might give an obvious and ludicrous answer.

Memorial brasses are to be found in many of our older English churches, and are full of historic and artistic interest. They are tablets of brass engraved with repre-

sentations of one or more figures, and usually an inscription to the memory of the person or persons to whose memory they were erected. Memorial brasses were common in England, France, the Low Countries, and Germany. The earliest ones date from the thirteenth century, but perhaps this art achieved its highest point in the fifteenth century. This kind of memorial for the time superseded the old stone effigies. Usually the brass was moulded to the shape of the figure, the details of feature and dress cut into the brass, and then the whole was inserted into a correspondingly shaped hollow cut in the stone floor—the brass thus being flat and level with the floor. Much more recently many of these brasses have been taken up and placed on the walls of churches, and in many cases this has proved that brasses are often palimpsests—*i.e.*, a brass once used as a memorial had been taken up, inscribed and cut on the reverse side, and then re-inserted.

During the Reformation period many brasses suffered destruction or less severe injury. In the frequent spoliation and ruthless desecration of churches and ecclesiastical furniture at the hands of fanatic reformers many were mercilessly destroyed. Furthermore, the value of the metal attracted the greed of the irreverent and the scoffers, and hence many of these priceless and irreplaceable treasures were lost, stolen, defaced, or destroyed. To-day, there remain many valuable and beautiful ones in Europe, but the greater number have gone, and England alone has anything like a complete series of them, those remaining in this country numbering something like 4,000.

From the standpoint of history these are of great value, for they serve as contemporary pictures of the costume of the period. At first the actual features are stereotyped, but later some attempt is made to portray the actual facial characteristics of the people depicted. Many are the brasses in memory of some holy priest, who is shown in full ecclesiastical dress holding before him the chalice. Here are knights and ladies, and there are merchants and their wives. Often a man is shown with his wife, or wives as the case may be, and below them are their children—usually the girls on one side and the boys on the other. Some of the most attractive brasses are of knights in armour with their ladies. The inscriptions are most commonly in Latin, and the date of the brass can often be very nearly ascertained by the type of costume worn, and with a knight by the details of his armour and the position in which he wears his sword. The memorials to merchants

are also full of interest, and often very elaborate. Many of the churches in the Eastern counties and in the Cotswold district are particularly rich in this type of memorial, for these were important centres for the extensive woollen trade of the Middle Ages, and consequently the merchants could afford expensive memorials. Generally this kind of brass can be recognised by the fact that the merchant, in his loose-flowing robes, will be standing on a wool-sack, or even on a sheep; and often behind him, on a miniature hill, sheep may be seen grazing. Beautiful examples of such brasses may be seen, among other places, at Northleach, Cirencester, and, nearer still, at Chipping Campden. This latter (one of several brasses at Campden) is supposed to be the finest of its kind in England, the merchant also being described as the "flos mercatorum."

It is, however, unnecessary even to go as far as this to find splendid examples of brasses. Warwick has an extremely fine one, and many of the churches around Alcester have them—Coughton, Exhall, and, above all, Wixford. One of those at Wixford, on a raised tomb in the North aisle, is one of the most beautiful memorial brasses I know. On the tomb are the brass effigies of Thomas de Crewe, died 1400, and his wife, died 1411 (as the Latin inscription around the edge of the tomb tells). The lady is clad in the tight-fitting gown of her century, with a flowing mantle lined with ermine. On her folded hands are long gauntlet gloves, the fasteners of which can be seen distinctly. At her foot is her lap dog. Thomas himself, wears complete armour, and so distinct is the incision, and so well preserved the brass, that even the buckles of his armour can be seen quite easily. His sword hilt, too, is of remarkable beauty. At his feet is a lion, and above the figures is a beautiful crocketed canopy enclosing the heraldic shields of the family. Beneath is a finely-executed border. The inscription, too, is worthy of mention, for between each word is a bare foot, seen also on the shields as a distinctive family badge. Here is a knight who probably fought in France during the Hundred Years' War!

Much more might be said of memorial brasses, both in general and in particular, if time and space permitted. Most interesting copies, or "rubbings" of brasses, may be taken (with the permission usually of the Vicar of the church). This may be new to many of you, but have you never taken a pencil and paper, stretched the paper tightly over a penny, or perhaps a suitably indented book cover, and, by a process of continued scribbling, produced a good image? I have

done it, and I expect most of you have, too. Brass rubbing is done on exactly the same principle, but, of course, with different mediums. The paper best suited to this is the white lining paper used by paperhangers underneath the ordinary wallpaper. This is laid on the brass, and then rubbed with heel-ball or cobblers' wax. A good black impression, which will not rub off, is the result—given the requisite amount of patience and of "elbow grease." It is a most thrilling occupation, for the rubbing shows up the brass to perfection; but I advise you not to *begin* on too large a brass!

Perhaps, if you have not already done so, some of you may desire to rub a brass—I hope so. A "Brass-Rubbing Society" would be intensely interesting, for at its meetings many interesting technical details could be discussed and practical results exhibited. Most thrilling expeditions could be arranged, and even a school collection of rubbings might be made. Why not?

E. F. G.

It's a ——— ?

- "Upon my word," said Henry Ford,
"These cars are really fine;
They look so smart; until they start
They equal any line."
- "The body's tin, and very thin,
But, then, it's bound to be;
The price of scrap will never drop,
So one load does for three."
- "The seats are good, they're made of wood,
Leather (with straw inside)—
If you prefer, you will not err,
To stand up when you ride."
- "The steering gear is very queer,
And is not made to use;
Let others learn the way to turn,
Drive straight on if you choose."
- "The bonnet hides what man derides,
And few can understand;
Don't try to start, with eager heart,
Or on your neck you'll land."

- “ Enamelled black, they nothing lack,
 When first they leave my store;
 But soon, I fear, you'll grieve to hear,
 They lose your nuts in scores.
- “ One thing I have to say, and this
 A sort of solace brings;
 Caterpillars, snails, and Fords,
 Are genus 'creeping things.' ”

A: J. P.

The Outcasts of Latin and Science.

Of all the subjects that we hate
 The worst, we think, is Latin;
 The Ides of March proclaim our fate
 With long and evil plotting.
 That, then is why we chosa to be
 Outcasts from the mystery,
 And now pursue our modest rôle
 Of English, French, and History.

The Latinites, with martyred air,
 Look haggard, pale and thin;
 How well with sickly smiles they hear
 The loud and deafening din,
 Which penetrates through floor and wall;
 Betraying thus their misery,
 While peacefully we spend our time
 With English, French and History.

The pleasures, too, of Science we shun,
 Content to go our way;
 While yonder, in the "Chemy lab."
 The little victims play
 With flasks and test-tubes flying round,
 And gases leaking, too;
 The culprits are expelled by force,
 And the help of a leather shoe.

All these worries do we miss,
 The outcasts of VA;
 And onward in untroubled bliss,
 We take our tranquil way;
 Avoiding all this misery,
 By English, French, and History.

THE OUTCASTS.

The Mirror.

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

[CONCLUDED.]

..... On and ever on they come, for the most part steadily diminishing in size, though now and again there stand out among their fellows one and another of greater bulk or stature. But now the mirror, whose brightness has hitherto remained almost regularly undimmed, becomes involved in mist. Each after each they pass before it, yet is no satisfaction given. For most the gloom continues of impenetrable denseness, though of some a faint unrecognisable reflection may be dimly discerned.

For the very few the mantling haze momentarily parts asunder, and reveals an image more or less complete. Here one of form compact dreams his way forward; blithely unconscious of his surroundings he dozes; with a start he returns to consciousness for a brief moment, then once again resumes his doze. Three maids are imaged as just three simpers and three smirks; if aught beyond is there, it fails to appear. A mouse-like maid, of speech precise, is seen and clouded brow, as though about to break beneath a load of worry. Then comes, with movement slow, a pallid youth, the while he walks mumbling words which defy the keenest ear. Rushes forward next a maiden, her visage shining in one perpetual smile, her every motion displaying the athlete's grace. A tiny youth, with questioning, piping voice, gazes around with smile now impudent, now sunny. With him is one instinct with such energy and vigour that his very limbs refuse to remain still.

The rest no image see. 'Twas but to be surmised. For how can the mirror, which speaks naught but truth, speak aught of things of which it wots not? How should they who change from day to day find in its glassy deep portrayal true of non-existent idiosyncracies? Yet let them not despair: the years roll on, and, in their unchecked course, will quickly cleave the thick annoying fogs that shroud the mirror's brightness. Soon shall each one who this day vainly peers to pierce the veil find himself there portrayed in image large as life. So, patience! The mirror ever stands; gaze in it oft, for, sooner than is thought, its message true to each and all shall be revealed.

THE EDITOR.

A Conversation Between the Nightingale and the Moon.

Nightingale: I am so sorry I could not come before, but the rain came into my nest so much I had to clean it out.

Moon: It's quite all right, my dear; I am sorry about your house. But jump on my back, and I will take you through the clouds.

Nightingale: Oh! do look at that lovely golden sign post. The stars all look the same from my nest.

Moon: Oh, no, they are not. I will take you down the Milky Way if you like.

Nightingale: I should like to go very much.

Moon: You see that—

Nightingale: Oh!

Moon: What is the matter?

Nightingale: Oh!

Moon: What-is-the-matter?

Nightingale: Oh! Look at that big thing over there!

Moon: You silly! It is only the Big Bear and her little son Teddy.

Nightingale: But they look so big up here, and they look so tiny from below.

Moon: They won't hurt you.

Nightingale: Oh! I am glad!

Moon: But look at that bright red light over there. I must be going.

Nightingale: Good-bye. I will come again.

Moon (faintly): Good-bye.

R. WALKER (III).

Cricket.

The results in cricket this season have not come up to our expectations. We have been obliged to bring several small members into the team, in place of those who left us last year, and the committee has had considerable difficulty in making a suitable selection. We have also had the misfortune to lose the toss on several good batting wickets, and in consequence we have been greatly handicapped. We have a full list of fixtures, of which eight have been played to date, three being won and five lost.

One fixture had to be cancelled owing to rain, but has since been played. It is hoped to obtain a fixture with a team from Cambridge University towards the end of the term.

A feature of this year's cricket has been the resumption of side matches. The Brownies were successful in their encounters with both their opponents, while the Tomtits succeeded in beating the Jackals. The matches Jackals v. Brownies and Tomtits v. Jackals were keenly contested, but the game between Tomtits and Brownies proved a very one-sided affair.

The following boys have represented the School this season:—Perkins (captain), Gothard, Partridge i., Hodgkinson i., Earp, Finnemore. Harwood, Farmer ii., Summers i., Anker, Wainwright, Sisam, and Jones.

The results of the matches to date are as follows:—

May 16.—A.G.S.	90 v. Evesham P.H.G.S.	54 (away)
„ 30.—A.G.S.	46 v. Temple Grafton	159 (home)
June 10.—A.G.S.	51 v. Stratford G.S.	112 (home)
„ 13.—A.G.S.	41 v. Evesham P.H.G.S.	54 (home)
„ 17.—A.G.S.	37 v. Redditch S.S.	32 (home)
„ 24.—A.G.S.	181 v. Stratford G.S. (for 6)	219 (away)
„ 27.—A.G.S.	44 v. Redditch S.S.	35 (away)
July 4.—A.G.S.	55 v. Bromsgrove S.S.	70 (home)

A. J. P.

Tennis.

The tennis season has been enthusiastically welcomed by every girl in the School, and the keenness displayed is as great this year as it has ever been. This season we were able to have sides matches in tennis, and these aroused a very keen interest throughout the School. Though all three couples were most closely matched, the Tomtits—represented by J. and B. Wells—won a well-earned victory, the Brownies coming second, and the Jackals third.

On Monday, June 29th, the School met an Old Scholars' team on the School courts. Our four couples were J. Wells and Gothard, M. Thomas and Hodgkinson i., E. Thomas and Sisam, and B. Wells and Finnemore. Each match consisted of eight games. After a very strenuous yet enjoyable tussle we won by 67 games to 61.

In the Gold Medal Competition the last four were E. Lane, M. Thomas, B. Wells, and J. Wells. In the semi-finals M. Thomas beat E. Lane (8—6, 5—7, 6—3), and J. Wells beat B. Wells (6—3, 4—6, 6—1). In the final, played on Tuesday, July 7th, M. Thomas beat J. Wells (6—2, 6—1).

A very enjoyable afternoon was spent on Saturday, July 4th, on the occasion of the tennis tournament. In the senior division the winners were J. Wells and O. Lane, who defeated M. Thomas and E. Francis.

The remaining event of the term is the match between Forms VI. and V., which is being played on Friday, July 10th. A very keen contest is anticipated.

The Scouts' Outing.

It is eight o'clock on a summer morning, and every one of the party of boys here assembled is eager for the start. A large motor omnibus has been waiting for nearly half-an-hour. After much eager jostling we are all seated, and, it being certain that everyone is present, the signal to start is given. It is the day of the Scouts' Annual Outing.

With cheers to the small group of people assembled to see us off, we proceed cheerfully along the Priory and away *via* Worcester, bound for Wales. As far as Worcester the journey is familiar, and as we take time to settle down fully into the spirit of holiday we are comparatively quiet. Soon, however, someone can hold himself in no longer, and begins a song. School songs alternate with "Felix" or the cheery optimism of "It ain't gonna rain no more." Incidentally, clouds have already gathered, and a sharp shower is encountered before Worcester is reached. This is the first of a number which recur at varying intervals, but as each succeeding one is greeted with a more defiant rendering of the chorus, who cares? Our optimism is justified later.

Soon Worcester, then Wales—mountains and valleys of woodland and grass all seen by sunshine through a rainy mist. We reach a village, and on a short, steep hill encounter a traffic block more certain than any of which London might boast. The ingredients are a milk cart, a cow, a heavy timber wagon, and ourselves, and for a time the result is an intriguing mixture. Which contributes the most to the confusion is problematical, but an impartial judge would probably say the cow.

After successfully negotiating this we begin to climb in real earnest, and finally reach a large tract of moorland, where a halt is called for lunch at a lonely village consisting of one house and one shop.

The sun making a welcome reappearance, we proceed on our way, and finally reach Llandrindod Wells. Here enquiries are made for the position of a Roman Camp known to be in the neighbourhood. We follow directions, and finally arrive at a farmhouse, where we are re-directed in words which suggest a further journey of at least a mile. However, after climbing a small hill some hundred yards away we find ourselves right in the midst of the camp, or rather its remains. These seem chiefly to consist of a number of ditches and stones arranged in some sort of order over a space of about an acre. No walls are standing, but everywhere the foot of the original walls can be traced. After a few games we split up into smaller parties and go our own sweet way. Mine leads round by the river by foot-path, over fences, through woods where the path slopes perilously down to the river, and so back to the town. Here, after a visit to the Spa and gardens, we join the others at tea. Everyone has something to say worth saying, and demonstrates the fact. The food disappears with amazing rapidity with the exception of the bread and butter. Boys subscribe to a well-known theory that meals, particularly tea, should begin and end with bread and butter, but are content, in practice, with the latter half of the theory alone.

A return journey by another route—if anything, more varied in scenery, to the accompaniment of even more joyous songs and higher excitement—again brings us to Worcester. Here we stay half-an-hour, as there is an unwritten law against returning home with anything left to spend. And so home, where we end a thoroughly enjoyable day with cheers all round.

S. H.

For the Juniors.

A Magic Holiday.

Part I.: Down to the Sea.

As I was sitting by the sea, which made me feel rather sleepy, I heard a tiny voice calling me. I looked round, and saw in the sea the very fish I had lost the day before. I went forward and asked who called. "I did," said the fish; "come down to the bottom of the sea, and I will show you some pretty things."

"How can I?" I asked.

"You must leave that all to me," said the fish.

I found myself sinking lower and lower into the sea; my legs were a long green tail, and my hair was very long and golden. Down it hung pearls—I was a mermaid.

The fish took me straight down to the wide sea caves, where I found many mermaids. I went to sleep that night on a seawood couch, and the fish swam by me all the time. Next day I rose to the surface of the sea and combed my long tresses. The morning sky was a rosy red, and very pretty. The seashore was about ten miles away.

Part II.: The Mermaids' Feasts.

At the evening of that day the mermaids told me that they were having a feast, and they invited me to it. All the creatures of the sea came, too, except the whale. The sea caves were large and roomy; the ceiling was of amber and coral, and the floor of the soft yellow sand; the waves were the servants, and handed food round; the water-babies came from the rivers and pools; they had wings of water-lilies and leaves. We all ate the shell-fish and salt from the seaweed and honey from the sea flowers.

After supper we watched the water-babies dancing; then we rose to the surface of the sea and swam round the ships. After that they took me home, and then I woke up and found it was all a dream.

J. LANE (AGE 9).

Thistledown.

"I won't look after these little squabblings," said Thistledown, as she turned away from a nest of young pie-fishes. "I am afraid you will have to be taught a lesson," said the Fairy Queen, as she touched her on the shoulder with her magic wand. Immediately she was turned into a little sparrow. "Look, daddy," said a little girl as she ran up to her, "here is a dear little sparrow." "Let us put it in that little robin's nest in the ivy," said her daddy. So Thistledown was put into the little robin's nest, and Molly—for that was the girl's name—fed the little sparrow daily. Soon the little sparrow wanted to be a fairy again and look after young birds; so the Fairy Queen changed her back into a fairy, and Thistledown lived contentedly ever after.

J. D. SUMNER (AGE 8).