

The  
Alcester Grammar



M.D.C.  
NOBISCUM  
CHRISTUS STATE.

School Record.

1925-26.

# Alcester Grammar School Record.

---

No. 22.

DECEMBER, 1925.

---

EDITOR—MR. DRULLER.

SUB-EDITOR—MISS FURNESS.

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

---

## Headmaster's Letter.

DEAR READERS,

I have been reminded that although you are all familiar with our School badge, yet many are probably quite unaware of its origin, and that it has any particular meaning or interest attached to it.

Almost every honourable family or community has its badge or sign, which the members are proud to wear to show that they belong to it. So one of the first things that I had to think about when this School was very young was what our colours and our badge should be. The colours were soon decided, but the badge was a more difficult matter, as I wished it to be both suitable for a School and to have some definite and interesting connexion with this district. After much vain searching a consultation with Dr. Smith, who is well known to Alcester boys and girls, resulted in our spending an evening examining his collection of old coins to see if there might be any device on one of them that would serve our turn. The coins were found during excavations in ground not far from where the School now stands. Many of them were Roman, but were so much worn by exposure that it was difficult to make out what was on them. At last, however, we found one upon which was the figure of a Roman soldier holding a standard, and on the standard was a monogram consisting of the first two letters of the Greek word for Christ. This monogram told us that the coin must be of the time of the Emperor Constantine the Great, who ruled in Britain about 306 A.D., and whose soldiers very likely tramped down our road. Of

Constantine the following legend is told. When marching towards Rome to attack his rival, Maxentius, he is said to have seen in the sky a shining cross, with the inscription, "By this, conquer!" and the night before the final and decisive battle with Maxentius a vision is said to have appeared to him in his sleep, bidding him inscribe the shields of his soldiers with the monogram of the name of Christ. In this manner legend relates that Constantine became a Christian. Historians attribute to him baser motives, but with these we are not concerned. The soldier with his standard satisfied my feeling that our badge ought in some way to be connected with the town, and it does this, for the coin was found upon the spot, and it also points to the town's Roman origin. It also seemed to me a most suitable emblem for a school like ours, especially when there was added to it the motto, "Christus nobiscum, State!"—"Christ is with us, stand fast!" words which might very well have been spoken by one of Constantine's standard bearers at a critical moment in the fight, and which we also may do well to remember when times of difficulty come to us.

There only remain the letters M.D.C. to be explained. These give the date, 1600, of the foundation of Newport's Grammar School in Alcester. The original old School was merged in this one when this School was started in 1912, and it seemed right that the date of its foundation should be preserved.

I only wish to add that I should like to feel that all boys and girls who belong to this School are really proud to wear the School badge and colours. They have good reason to be proud, for in every field, whether in scholarship, business, or mere sport the sons and daughters of the School have done excellently and proved their worth.

YOUR HEADMASTER.

### *School Year, 1925-26.*

AUTUMN TERM: September 17—December 22.

Half Term: November 2 and 3.

SPRING TERM: January 20—March 30.

Half Term: March 1.

SUMMER TERM: April 21—July 27.

Half Term: June 7.

The Winter Re-union will be held on Saturday, December 19th. In addition to the usual programme of games and dancing, there will be a novel musical interlude, and we urge all Old Scholars to be present.

---

The committee have considered the possibilities of holding a Social early in the New Year. The date which has been provisionally fixed is Thursday, January 21st. The charge will be very moderate, and the programme will be similar to that of the Re-union. The matter will be finally decided at the Winter Meeting.

---

Congratulations to A. Williams, who, in June last, passed the Corporation of Accountants' Final Examination.

---

An enjoyable football match between the School and a team of Old Scholars resulted in a win for the Old Scholars by 11 goals to 3.

---

In a hockey match between an Old Scholars' XI. and the School, the Old Scholars' team was defeated 4—0.

---

### **Births.**

On Thursday, August 13th, at Great Alne, to Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Lane (née Frances Clarke, scholar 1913-17), a son.

---

On Friday, September 4th, at New York City, U.S.A., to Mr. and Mrs. Carleton McMackin (née Molly Alison, scholar 1913-19), a son.

---

On Wednesday, November 18th, at Alcester, to Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Hemming (née Phyllis Alison, scholar 1913-17), a daughter

---

### **Marriages.**

On August 5th, at Feckenham, May Johnson (scholar, 1912-19) to Basil G. Barber.

---

On August 11th, at Coughton, Elsie Finnemore, B.Sc (scholar, 1915-18), to Sidney Philip Perkins.

---

On August 27th, at Wixford, Madeleine Hilda Adkins (scholar, 1912-18) to John E. Caldwell.

On October 28th, at Uccle, Brussels, Hélène Oury (scholar 1915-16) to Raymond Sion.

On November 11th, at Alcester, Doris May Lane (scholar 1916-18) to Frank Williams.

### **The Perfect Prefect.**

(A Small Boy's Daydream.)

A few years more, some three or four,  
And I, grown up and wise,  
A prefect great, will stand in state,  
The envy of all eyes.

The assembled line I'll marshal fine;  
No talking I'll allow:  
And from the door check all uproar,  
A frown upon my brow.

About I'll strut, from room to hut,  
Replete with mystic lore;  
Pomposity and dignity  
Exude from every pore.

From Sixth Form room, with thunderous boom,  
My voice shall float around;  
From morn till eve, from floor to eave,  
I'll drown all other sound.

With brilliantine I'll raise a sheen  
Upon my well-brushed poll;  
Its odours rare shall haunt the air,  
And to all nostrils roll.

My silken socks, all decked with clocks,  
In front and eke behind,  
With stripes and rings, stupendous things,  
Shall strike beholders blind.

The juniors all I shall appal,—  
They'll sigh with jealousy;  
On wings shall Fame to all proclaim  
The Perfect Prefect—ME.

XNOQ.

### **The Trials and Troubles of the Science Sixth.**

No other form in the School has so many trials and troubles as the Science Sixth. Indeed, our life may be termed a veritable nightmare.

We have no form room—at least, no form room which we may call our own. Most of our time is spent in the laboratories, and if ever we try to sneak half-an-hour in the Sixth we are greeted with groans and boos, and almost immediately turned out by some member of the staff. Having been ignominiously ejected from what is erroneously called the Sixth class room (rather should it be called the classic Sixth form room), we proceed to search the School for a vacant room. This, when found, is usually IIIb or IIIA, where we spend an agonising five minutes trying to tuck our legs under ridiculously small desks. These forms, when they leave their class room, usually let the fire out, and consequently we have to work under conditions of refined torture. How can anyone wade through Calculus and Conics seated in a desk which is a cross between a rack, stock, and stiff waistcoat, and with the thermometer registering 13 deg.? (Perhaps we should say 13 deg. Centigrade.)

When we retire to the Chemistry Lab. (which is generally as cold) we still have our troubles and adversities. Imagine one of us sucking a strong solution of magnesium sulphate up a pipette, while the other is busy adding the last few drops of decinormal potassium permanganate to a burette so as to bring the liquid up to the zero mark. Suddenly there is an ear-splitting bang, followed immediately by a gurgling sound from the one with the pipette, who is busy spitting out a mouthful of magnesium sulphate (known to most people as Epsom Salts) which the suddenness of the unexpected explosion has made him take. The other, meanwhile, mops up the beautiful dark-red liquid from the bench and books. The voice of the Science Master breaks the silence as he addresses another class. "And so you see oxygen and hydrogen combine very readily . . . ." We agree; they do.

We are often working in smells which simply cannot be confused with Eau de Cologne. How can we mark, learn, and inwardly digest the causes of depression of freezing point and other troublesome phenomena when some budding analyst has been using a liberal supply of  $H_2S$  without lighting the flame in the fume cupboard, and consequently making the lab. smell like the refuse tip of a large poultry farm in the hatching season? Meantime, another of these

same analysts is trying to make us experience the agonies of a chlorine gas attack in the last war. We are truly thankful when the bell rings; but our troubles are not over, although it is dinner-time. We hurry from the lab. hungry and somewhat faint after our hour and a half in a poisoned atmosphere, and thinking that in a few minutes we shall be overcoming both feelings at once. But it is not to be. The classical people are in the class room, and we have to wait outside for about a quarter of an hour while they have instilled into them the type of poetry written by Shelley's Aunt or some other such person. Meanwhile, our hunger and faintness grows apace, and when at last we are admitted into "their class room" it is as well that our thoughts remain as such.

When we descend from the celestial and cold regions of the Chemistry Lab. to the lower and warmer regions of the Physics Lab. we carry our troubles with us.

Working in the dark necessitates that the windows and doors be tightly closed and all the blinds down. (Hence the reason for calling our life a nightmare.) Whenever we work under these conditions the stoves always appear to be exceptionally well-stoked, and their tops often glow in the darkness. We therefore pass from a refrigerating Chemistry Lab. to miniature Inferno. In this furnace we glare for hours at pin-points of light, straining our eyes to distinguish one from the other, and consequently we soon suffer from headaches.

Moving about in the dark is an art indeed; we bash our shins against stools, stub our toes against legs of benches, and bump our heads against fourteen-pound weights suspended from model pulley-blocks.

If any have tried working in a suffocating hot, dark atmosphere—provided that they have not had to move about—we think that they will agree that it is a first-rate sleeping-draught, and guaranteed to cause prodigious yawning in half-an-hour.

We are puzzling our brains over the peculiar manner which some people have of looking to the left when they want to see a thing on the right and diagnosing the cause of the trouble, when we hear some person in another class (which is striving to master the method of proving that air expands regularly when heated) talking about enclosing some air in a tube with a *Blobume* of mercury. We have, perforce, to start our subject afresh.

In those rare (very rare) moments during break and dinner hour, when we are permitted to enter the class room we are not allowed to stay unmolested. We are called by all names under the sun from cats to fools, and even our desks are rifled before our eyes. We are putting away our books when a classical person picks up some object, such as a pencil or rubber, carefully pockets it, and then asks, "Can I have this . . . ?" If we reply, "No," we never see that thing again; if we reply "Yes," we may at some future date again possess it.

We are becoming thinner and thinner, our cheeks are becoming hollow and pale, and we feel quite sure that before next Easter we shall either have a nervous breakdown or be found on the floor of the Chemistry Lab. with a bottle of prussic acid by our sides. Perhaps then they will let us rest in peace.

"In this wild world the fondest and the best  
Are the most tried, most troubled, and distressed."

### **Notes and News.**

The Head Girl for this year is M. Sherwood, and the Head Boy Partridge i.

Earp and Farmer i. have been appointed Prefects.

This year's Football Captain is Partridge i.; the Hockey Captain is B. Thomas.

The following are the Sides Captains for the year:—  
Brownies, E. Lane and Hodgkinson i.; Jackals, B. Thomas and Earp; Tomtits, B. Wells and Partridge i.

The bat presented annually to the boy who specially distinguished himself in the Cricket eleven went to Earp.

The tennis racquet was awarded to G. Ainge.

Our congratulations to M. Sherwood on her success in gaining a State Scholarship.

At the beginning of term Forms IVA and I exchanged classrooms.

The Games Subscription realised £7 6s. 5d.



During the first week of term a quantity of new gymnastic apparatus was installed in the hall.

For several weeks we have been deafened and chilled by the noises and draughts occasioned by the erection of two drying rooms.

Miss Furness, who joined the Staff in 1924, and who was leaving us at the end of term, was forced by doctor's orders to relinquish her position before the end of November.

Miss Northcott has replaced Miss Stafford and Miss Knight as Visiting Mistress of Needlework and Cookery.

Our new Woodwork Instructor this term is Mr. W. Walker.

On the evening of Thursday, November 5th, a lantern lecture was given in the hall by Mr. Fitzwater Wray ("Kuklos," of the "Daily News"), the subject being "How we Cycled to Venice."

A Jumble Sale, held in the Baptist Schoolroom, Alcester, on Friday, November 27th, realised £8 1s. 6d.

We all wish Mr. Walker a speedy recovery from his illness.

A large party from Forms VI, VA, VB, IVA, and IVB attended a matinee given on Thursday, November 19th, in the Great Alne Village Hall, by the Arts League of Service.

We wish to express our gratitude to the committee of the Alcester Old Boys' Football Club for their kind gift of football nets.

The following weather observations have been recorded by geography classes:—

	MAXIMUM TEMP.		MINIMUM TEMP.		RAINFALL.
August	... 75° F.	...	42° F.	...	4.96 ins.
September	... 67° F.	..	40° F.	...	1.97 ins.
October	... 61° F.	...	31° F.	...	3.65 ins.

CORRECTION.—In our last number we inadvertently stated that the football was presented to Farmer i. instead of to Savage.

The flowers are of the most beautiful colours, but have no scent. The birds, also, have gorgeous plumage, but do not sing; in fact, some tribes protect certain species for their plumage, and often scour the forests in search of stray feathers for their head-dresses.

To have fresh meat was a luxury. We had to kill a cow once in three months, and, to keep the meat from going bad, it was hung out on poles to dry. Thus when we wanted a piece of meat for dinner it had to be hacked off, scrubbed, soaked for twenty-four hours, boiled twice, and then fried. Often by this time, indeed, maggots were dropping off. This, with boiled rice, dried beans, tea and bread, was our everyday diet. When our store of meat ran out we used to go out, and Dad would shoot a monkey or an alligator. Of the alligator only the tail is eaten. This is skinned, cut into cubes, and then fried in plenty of fat. The flesh of a monkey tastes something like mutton.

Such are some of the details of life as I found it on the borders of Matto Grosso, in the wilds of Brazil.

T. H.

### **My Cars.**

"What you want," he said, with decision, "is something inexpensive, something little and light, and easy to run—say a Rover, or a Standard, or an Austin."

But it wasn't in the least. Financially, I might be thus cabined and confined, but temperamentally—! Besides, what would suit me to perfection on a Tuesday would leave me cold and critical on a Thursday. Think of coming out on a windy, stormy day, in a Singer or a Sunbeam mood, to find only the impertinent insufficiency of a Morgan, exposed to the searching blast. No, one must consider carefully one's personality when one chooses a car—or cars. The sordid question of capital is of purely secondary importance.

Now there is my brisk, frosty, Monday morning mood, when it seems possible, nay, easy, to feel secure in a Ford, comfortably elevated both above the heads of envious tramping acquaintances, and above their facetious and carping criticisms. It is the man on foot, you observe, who is so gratuitously insulting in his references to this respectable vehicle, so sweeping in his disparagement of its sensible black dignity, and so egregiously astray in his estimate of its endurance. The broad sweep of country, which its elevation brings within one's view, is sufficient compensation, and if there be a continuous subdued accompaniment

from playful nuts, screws, and springs, who would not prefer a car that will sing at its work and chatter to him in friendly tones, to the smug, self-sufficiency of a Rolls Royce or the pompous self-importance of a Bean?

As I said, that is my Monday mood—sometimes. Now by Wednesday, when the week is well begun but by no means over, a wave of restlessness has been known to assail my spirit. I am no longer content to escape from care and depression in a square, clumsy, dingy, American rattle-trap. I must have something inspiring in dignity and strength, something satisfying in quiet richness, say, an Armstrong or a Daimler—preferably the latter, for I'm sure that I could be inspired to fresh and gigantic efforts by a sleeve-valve engine (whatever it may be!).

But then there comes that Saturday mood of escape and daring and adventure. And then who could contemplate the prosaic respectability and stolid common sense of that Daimler, sleeve-valve or no! Nothing now will satisfy my romantic yearnings but the elongated elegance of an Isotta Fraschini, agleam with silver, enamel, and glass. Then could I sink with satisfied sighs upon a brocade-upholstered seat and survey, with complacency, my farouche and dishevelled appearance in the glinting surface of a priceless mirror. Who, indeed, would pause to weigh considerations of pecuniary difficulties when Soul and Imagination hang in the balance!

Meanwhile, my car is at the door, and it will not tarry. Commodious it is, cheerful in colour, gallantly noisy in action, and it runs every two or three hours.

### **Olla Podrida.**

C. E. informs us that "the Solar System means that the sun is divided into a lot of different parts, and that each part has so many suns each."

"Distillation," says M. K., "means to stand still."

The ancients' substitute for tobacco! *Tura fumabant*, says C. G., means "they smoked frankincense."

Goliath, avers our VA Biblical authority, was the son of Saul.

It is interesting to note that the most spidery member of the Sixth (by name, Slxxxxy) is capable of wrecking desks.

*Vir prudentiae magnae* is rendered by F. "a man of prudent size."

Two questions for two Old Scholars. What are oxes? and what is a dog's mane?

Can anyone account for the epidemic of strong language in the Sixth Form French?

Some imaginative person declares that the shadow of a fly on the screen at a recent lantern lecture was the ghost of one left by the lecturer to die of starvation.

All those interested in geography will be pleased to hear that, on the authority of E. O. J., the North Pole is still on top of the earth.

The football team has been presented with a set of nets which, asserts G. S., are to assist the goalkeeper in stopping the ball.

Livy-out-Livied! *Gallina in marem vertit*, according to M. S., means "a hen turned in the sea."

Can any of our readers inform us where we can find a Ducksberry? On the authority of a member of the Sixth it does exist.

A puzzler! In the following verse five words have been omitted. Each of the missing words consists of the same four letters arranged in different orders. Can you supply them?

A . . . . old woman, on . . . . intent.  
Put on her . . . . and out she went;  
" . . . . , my son, tell me, I pray,  
What we can do to . . . to-day."

### Learning to Drive a Car.

I have had lately the experience of being with two people who have been learning (or trying to learn) to drive a car. People often start it in very different ways, but I think the usual method is to spend several evenings studying the handbook sent with the car, and, having been thoroughly puzzled by the mechanical terms therein, to engage the services of a mechanic or any other person willing to teach you. If you are nervous, perhaps you will select some part

of the day when the roads are not very much frequented by other cars, or perhaps you will take your first lesson in some private park or drive.

The unfortunate person whom you have engaged may start by taking you in the car for a short distance himself, to show how you must put your foot down on something when you are doing something else, or how you must lift up your foot to stop the car in case of emergency.

With a good deal of persuasion you now take your place in the driver's seat, and after starting the car by the electric starter, if possible, you press down your foot on the correct pedal, push a lever into the slot numbered one (which, you find, is "bottom" gear), and, after a few moments' pause, the car gives a frantic leap into the air, to the immense amusement of onlookers. You find, of course, that in your excitement you have had the brake on, and you determine you will make a better start next time.

Perhaps you do. Anyway, once you have her started, you keep your eyes glued on the track in front of you, and the car takes a very "wobbly" course along the road. Changing gear you will find most difficult. To accomplish this feat when going uphill (the mechanic will tell you), you press the clutch firmly down (or up, I forget which), at the same time moving the gear lever quickly, but firmly, into the required slot. You may think it sounds easy, but I can assure you that the ear-splitting groans and scrapes made by most novices on changing gear are most distressing, both to themselves and to anyone who happens to be in the vicinity.

Another very common mistake is to press down the accelerator when the brake is required. I have been in a car when that has been done, and the terrific jar as we struck a wall was most unpleasant!

M. T.

## **The Adventures of Sheerluck Bones.**

### **I. THE MYSTERY OF THE STOLEN BOOTLACE.**

Sheerluck Bones, my dear readers, needs no introduction. Among C.I.D. circles he is exceedingly well known as the man who traced the kipper to the dustbin, and proved that Mike Pound, the forger, was labouring under false pretences; so I should deem it impertinent on my part to make any comment.

One sultry afternoon in the middle of January our friend Bones was studiously perusing the sheets of the "Daily

Irritator," while his companion, the eminent surgeon, chiropodist, and back-bone setter, Dr. Watsup, lolled in lazy elegance on two chairs and a plank.

Suddenly, the icy silence was broken by the detective, who, rising from his seat with an air of supreme satisfaction, exclaimed, "At last, a case after my own heart." Watsup, caught napping, turned, or tried to turn over, and, in doing so, came into violent contact with the floor. Nothing daunted, he arose, put his tie straight, brushed a speck of dust from his immaculate red waistcoat, and prepared to listen.

"Yesterday," read Bones, "Viscount Coughcure, of Fooloden, had the misfortune to lose one of his priceless diamond-studded bootlaces, which is supposed to have been stolen while he was enjoying a bath at the Grand Hotel. Any information on the subject will be carefully considered and returned if a stamp be enclosed for postage."

"Now, my dear Watsup," went on the sleuth, "I have been thinking. I notice that the thief took one lace; therefore, I surmise that—there is only one left."

"Quite, my dear man, quite!" replied Watsup, applauding.

"The thing to do, then, is to find the bootlace, return it to its owner, and collect the reward," went on the sleuth; and, Watsup nodding his assent, Bones fell into a brown study, the doctor fell into a chair and went to sleep, and the clock struck three and fell silent.

A little later our friend proceeded to cut out the announcement from the paper, and pinned it in the window. He then addressed Watsup, who listened in silence.

"You see, my dear Watsup, I have placed this announcement in the window to arrest the attention of passers-by. As each stops to examine it I shall note the expression of his face, and, when the guilty party comes along, I will run my fox to earth."

"Quite," assented Watsup; "quite."

Several persons came, paused, and passed on, until one, a seedy-looking individual, with a head like a turnip and no hair to speak of, read the notice, glanced hastily at his watch, and dashed off for all he was worth. In an instant Bones roused the doctor, and, calling to his faithful blood-hound Fido, set off in pursuit. In a short time he caught sight of his man, only to see him disappear up a narrow entry. Nothing daunted he followed, accompanied by Fido, while Watsup proved a good third, and after ascending a

flight of steps he stopped short at the sound of voices raised in altercation. "What's all this trash about the Viscount's bootlace?" someone roared. "You've jolly well muddled my advertisement for Fooloden's 'Viscount Diamond' Coughcure with somebody's bootlaces, and if you don't stop them machines you'll have it in the second issue!"

Poor Bones collapsed in dismay, mumbling some incoherent remarks about "no flowers," Fido turned up his toes in sympathy, and Dr. Watsup nodded, sorrowfully, "We've made a mistake. Quite. Quite."

A. J. P.

### **Oxford Local Examinations.**

The successes gained in the examinations last July are as follows:—

#### **HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION.**

Group ii. (Modern Studies).—M. A. Sherwood (distinction in History).

Group iii. (Science and Mathematics).—S. A. Gothard, H. T. Lester.

#### **SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION.**

Second Class Honours.—\*B. Wells (distinctions in English and History), E. Lane.

Third Class Honours.—L. Smith.

Passes.—L. T. Anker, F. I. Dowdeswell, L. Earp, H. Hodgkinson, B. M. Johnson, I. M. Lloyd, A. E. Perkins, I. Staff, E. M. Thomas, H. C. Wainwright.

\* Obtained exemption from London Matriculation.

#### **SCHOLARSHIP.**

M. A. Sherwood was awarded a State Scholarship upon her results in the Higher School Certificate Examination.

### **The Scouts.**

This term the Scouts have been working under a somewhat different system. On alternate Fridays each patrol leader receives orders to instruct his patrol in some definite Scout work, such as knot tying, signs, semaphore and Morse signalling, tent raising, track laying, or fire making; and the following week one patrol is selected to be tested by the rest of the Troop.

Marks are awarded as before for smartness of appearance and success in competitive games and work, the results up to the present being as follows:—Kangaroos, 415; Foxes, 457; Peacocks, 808; Wood Pigeons, 362; Owls, 427; Peewits, 323.

The Eagles have had to be dis-banded owing to numerous boys having left and few new ones joining to take their place.

Shortly before half-term we received the stars and badges which had been due to us for some time, but, owing to the fact that we were without a District Commissioner, were not forthcoming; since a new Commissioner has recently been appointed, we hope, in future, to be well supplied with those very acceptable decorations. P. L. (PEACOCKS).

### **Musical Society.**

SECRETARY—M. Sherwood.

At a general meeting of the Society, held at the end of last term, to make provision for the coming vacancies, M. Sherwood was chosen as secretary in place of D. Balmforth, and B. Wells, L. Smith, and Partridge i. were elected to the committee.

A meeting was held on September 29th, when the programme was provided by Mr. Briscoe (pianist) and Miss Horn (violinist), assisted by Miss K. Smith. The performance of each was excellent, and a thoroughly enjoyable evening was spent. At the second meeting, held on November 9th, the items were supplied entirely by members of the Society. A most successful novelty was the Musical Quotations Competition, in which the audience enthusiastically joined. A few bars of a number of well-known songs were played, and the competitors, provided with paper and pencil, were asked to locate them. The result of the Competition, which was announced later, was most encouraging, and if, in the absence of an invigilator, each paper was the genuine work of the individual, a truly remarkable acquaintance with the classics of national song was shown.

The Musical Society continues to be well supported and appreciated by all the forms eligible for membership. The committee would be glad to hear of any talent among the younger members, as we do not desire to confine performance to a select few. Suggestions for evenings, also, would be very welcome. Everyone should make use of the privilege which permits each member to invite a friend to the meetings. Old Scholars are not expected to wait for an invitation; they will always be very welcome.

There will be a meeting at the end of the term, when a programme of Christmas music will be provided. On the first Tuesday in February Mr. Field, of Redditch, will give an illustrated lecture on Beethoven sonatas. M. S.



### The Wireless Society.

So far three meetings of the Society have been held this term. At the preliminary business meeting, held on October 1st, Harris i. was elected to take the place of Lester on the committee. As Form IVA had no representative, Jones was elected from this form.

At the second meeting, held on October 13th, Earp gave a very interesting and instructive talk on "amplification."

On October 27th the Society listened in with the new four-valve set made for it by Lester.

R. H. H.

### Football.

CAPTAIN—Partridge i. SECRETARY—Hodgkinson i.

At the beginning of the season Partridge i. was elected captain in place of Perkins. Many of the old members of the team having left, we were compelled to introduce several younger players, and consequently we met with little success during the earlier matches. In our first encounter with Waverley Road, we were victorious, and the match gave us our first win of the season. Having lost 2—1 to Evesham away, we retaliated by beating them 3—1 at home, after a vigorous and exciting game.

We are now looking forward to better luck, as the team has greatly improved. A second team is being tried, but has, as yet, met with indifferent success.

The following boys have represented the School in the first eleven so far this term:—Partridge i., Earp, Hodgkinson i., Farmer i., Farmer ii., Rook, Harwood, Jones, Sisam, Savage, Harris i., Summers i., and Holder i. Appended are the results to date:—

- FIRST XI. v. Old Boys' F.C. (home), lost 3—11.  
 v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away), lost 1—2.  
 v. Waverley Road S.S. (home), won 4—1.  
 v. Redditch S.S. (away), lost 1—8.  
 v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), won 3—1.
- SECOND XI v. Evesham P.H.G.S. 2nd XI. (home), won 6—0.  
 v. Redditch S.S. 2nd XI. (home), lost 1—9.  
 v. Evesham P.H.G.S. 2nd XI. (away), lost 1—4.

H. H.

### Hockey.

CAPTAIN—B. Thomas. SECRETARY—M. Sherwood.

Although at the beginning of the hockey season prospects looked dreary, on account of the loss of four members of the team, nevertheless, we have, by suffering no defeat as yet, been able to re-establish our former prestige.

Six first eleven matches have been played, with the following results:—

FIRST XI. v. Studley College (home), won 5—0.  
v. Bromsgrove S.S. (away), won 2—0.  
v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away), won 2—0.  
v. Old Scholars (away), won 4—0.  
v. Redditch S.S. (home), won 20—0.  
v. Studley College (away), won 6—4.

SECOND XI. v. Evesham P.H.G.S. 2nd XI. (away), draw 3—3.

The following girls have represented the School in the first eleven:—M. Sherwood, B. Wells, E. Lane, B. Thomas, L. Smith, M. Bomford, B. Bomford, M. Lane, G. Ainge, G. Bishop, I. Staff, W. Mason.

### For the Juniors.

#### Hurry-Skurry and the Fairy.

Once upon a time there lived an elf, and his name was Hurry-Skurry. His home was in the trunk of a tree.

One day Hurry-Skurry was playing outside his house, on the moss, when he heard a faint voice saying, "Help me out." Hurry-Skurry looked round in amazement, and there, stuck in a bramble-bush, was a dear little fairy. Hurry-Skurry jumped to his feet, and ran to the bush. He lifted the fairy out, took her into his house, and telephoned for the doctor.

The doctor said that he would come at once. Hurry-Skurry heard a motor-car stop, and out jumped the doctor. He came up to the fairy, and asked Hurry-Skurry what was the matter with her.

"I found her in a bramble-bush. I think she has hurt her wing, and can't fly." said Hurry-Skurry.

The doctor soon put the fairy's wing right. Then she told them that she had been left behind when all the fairies were going for their summer holiday. She had tried to catch up, but her wings had caught in a bramble-bush, and she could not get out. Then she had promised that she would marry whoever got her out of the bush.

When Hurry-Skurry heard this he jumped up with joy. They were married on the spot, and lived together very happily.

PATSY INNS (AGE 8).

### **The Frost Fairy and her Work.**

" Oh, dear, what a morning! " said Glitter Frost, " what a day! " She looked out on the cold bleak world and said, " I will go and make things brighter. " Out she sped, and ran down to the dew on the leaves, and, waving her wand, drew the drops of water to a dainty bag made of late autumn leaves. " Now I will go to my dear brother, Jack Frost. " So she blew a whistle made of leaf stalk. " Whoo-whit-whew-who! " it went. Then a robin flew down with a tiny saddle on its back made of sheep's wool which the Robin had collected from a prickly bush. Jumping on, she cried, " Bring me to Lord Jack Frost, " and she drew a cloak made of tiny fragments of frost round her sparkling dress and seated herself comfortably, while the robin sang as it flew along. Suddenly it stopped at a beautiful palace made of ice. Over it was sprinkled a layer of frost, and icicles hung from the towers. Then the fairy leaped off. She ran to the great silent palace. Two soldiers, with swords of ice, moved aside to let her in. Jack Frost came out, and, taking a wand, came with her. Then Jack called another robin, and they flew off. As they went they touched everything with their wands, and they became sparkling frost, the roads became hard and slippery, the rivers and streams were arched with ice, the trees covered with bright frost, icicles hung from every house, and all was silent and still. The fairy flung the dewdrops into the air, and it became cold and bracing. Then the sun came out, and Jack Frost and the Fairy Glitter Frost evaporated—their work was over.

O. G. J.

### **Home Fairies.**

I know where the fairies live, for one moonlight night I crept into the drawing-room, where the piano was, and I crept into the big armchair.

At midnight, out of the piano, came a lot of fairies, each bearing the name of a note; then the piano began to play, and the poker asked the shovel to dance with him. The little chairs began to laugh and sing, and suddenly the chair that I sat on began to dance, and then everything stopped.

P. G. SMITH (AGE 9).