

The
Alcester Grammar



M.D.C.
CHRISTUS NOBISCUM STATE.

School Record.

1925-26.

Alcester Grammar School Record.

No. 23.

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EDITOR—MR. DRULLER.

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

Editorial.

Owing to the unexpectedly large demand for last term's RECORD we had, unfortunately, to declare ourselves "sold out" to a number of late applicants. In view of this, we wish once again to call the attention of our readers to the fact that we order from the printers only a limited number of copies, this number being based upon the number of regular subscribers. Thus, in order to make certain of securing a copy, it is advisable to place with us a definite order in advance. If this is not done, there is always the possibility of our being unable to supply all those who do not regularly take a copy.

A number of Old Scholars have informed us that they would find it much more convenient to pay for several copies at once rather than for each copy as received. We are, therefore, quite agreeable to taking, in advance, subscriptions for two or three terms' issues. All such subscriptions should be sent to the Editor.

Quite a deal of trouble in connection with the Magazine accounts is being caused by certain subscribers, who receive the RECORD by post, failing to forward their remittance for the same within a reasonable time. The financial position of a school magazine is a precarious one, owing to the necessarily limited circulation, and such delay in making payments causes us to be faced with considerable difficulties. We wish once more to appeal to all those who are in arrears with their payments (and there are those who owe us for as many as four copies) to help us by settling these accounts.

Attention is called to the Old Scholars' Guild Social, to be held in the Town Hall on Saturday week, April 3rd. Those who take tickets are assured of a thoroughly enjoyable evening, and are at the same time doing something to help the funds of the School, both of which are badly in need of assistance. And tickets are only two shillings each!

The School Register.

Valets.

Guillaume, C. (VA), 1918-25.	Derrick, E. E. (IVA), 1918-25.
Ankorn, H. A. (VB), 1921-25.	Ainge, G. (IVB), 1918-25.
Bomford, M. (VB), 1917-25.	Canning, G. H. (IIIB), 1923-25.
Holworthy, K. (VB), 1921-25.	Jeffcoat, N. (IIIB), 1919-25.
Jackson, E. O. (VB), 1921-25.	Wadge, A. C. (IIIB), 1925.

Salvets.

Goulbourne, D. V. (IA).	Smith, J. M. (VB).
Hodgkinson, B. (II).	Wood, E. P. (VB).
Morom, K. J. (IIIB).	Wood, V. (II).

Old Scholars' Guild News.

HON. SECRETARY—Mr. E. Bowen.

HON. TREASURER—Miss K. Perks.

About ninety Old Scholars attended a very successful re-union on Saturday, December 19th, 1925. The usual programme of games and dancing was carried on until the supper interval. After supper a novel cabaret-revue was staged, of which a full criticism appears elsewhere. The games and dancing afterwards continued until midnight, when the meeting concluded with the "Grand Good Night" and "God Save the King."

At the Winter Re-union it was announced that a Social Evening would take place in the near future in the Town Hall. The exact date was afterwards fixed for Saturday, January 30th. Members were allowed to bring a friend each, and, as the price was only two shillings, all the tickets were soon sold. The Hall was effectively decorated with streamers, kindly lent by Mrs. Barker, and the music was supplied by Mr. Smith's Dance Band. Approximately, a hundred and ten people were present, including representatives from the Redditch S.S.O.S.A.. The programme of dancing and games was carried on from 7 to 11.30 p.m., under the direction of the M.C.'s, Miss K. Perks and Mr. E. Bowen. It is pleasing to be able to record that, as a result of the Social, the Guild Fund will benefit by about £4 15s.

Another Social Evening has been arranged to take place in the Town Hall on Easter Saturday, April 3rd. A programme of games and dancing will be carried through from 7 to 11.30 p.m., and tickets, price two shillings each, including refreshments, are obtainable from any committee member, or direct from the Secretary, E. Bowen, Alcester. All the profits will be given to the "School Fund" and the "School Games Fund," and, as the demand for tickets is likely to be very great, members are urged to make early application for those they require.

We are pleased to know that A. Anker has recovered from his operation of last month.

Things We Should Like to Know.

What Mr. F. B.— did when, on the lights going up in the twilight Paul Jones, he found that his one arm was round Miss W— and that he was holding another lady's hand?

Why Mr. S. H— did not play the game in the Hop-it One-Step?

Why Mr. E. B— proposed the vote of thanks to "those people who helped, and especially those who put up the lampshades"?

The reason for so many gentlemen going home with the wrong shoes.

Why some members of the staff arranged to arrive immediately before the supper interval?

The 10.15 Revue.

The Winter Re-union of the A.G.S.O.S.G. was much enlivened by an entirely new feature, which was much appreciated by the assembled company. This was "The 10.15 Revue." The artistes consisted of the Misses S. Harris, C. Holder, K. Perks, F. Smith and J. Wells, and Messrs. A. Anker, E. Bowen, C. Bunting, and R. Jephcott.

The company introduced themselves with the chorus of "Ah Ha!" and then R. Jephcott favoured us with a humorous monologue in the reputed dialect of a noted and

not far distant Midland city. F. Smith sang "A Spring Morning," and drew from us applause of a distinctly different kind. Next followed a duet, convincingly sung by K. Perks and C. Bunting, entitled "When You and I were Seventeen." The perfection of the lighting arrangements were invaluable to this number. J. Wells then performed a solo dance, both lightly and gracefully. Two choruses followed—the ancient and the modern. "What Shall we do with the 'Drunken Sailor'" was followed by "Chick, Chick, Chicken!" both sung with great effect. For the latter appropriate verses had been added to suit the environment and the audience.

While preparations were being made for the final number the Old Scholars, one and all, joined in singing the old school favourites, "Forty Years On" and "Heroes".

The last item, a court scene, entitled, "Drunk and Disorderly," gave full scope to the dramatic talent of the company. R. Jephcott, in the rôle of the habitual drunkard, still in an inebriated condition, was brought before the judge (E. Bowen) by a stalwart and burly arm of the law (C. Bunting). A. Anker acted as clerk, the rest of the company representing the witnesses and jury. The scene generally was conducted in musical fashion, introducing many modern-day classics! For example, the prisoner, after causing much diversion, is at length assailed from all sides by the moving refrain, "He ain't going to drink no more." This sketch, we learn, was original, coming from the pen of Mr. S. Hutton.

The Revue was certainly a success, and no small praise is due to the many artists and artistes who contributed to make it so. Thanks are also due to other less visible helpers—the stage assistants and the exceedingly efficient lighting assistants, who certainly did much for the success of the Revue. Last, but not least, a word of appreciation must be said for the work of the musical director, Mr. S. Hutton, and the stage manager, Mr. V. V. Druller.

OUR DRAMATIC CRITIC.

Vae Victis!

"There was a lanky sixth-form lad,
He was sweet seventeen, he said;
His hair was sleek with oily reek,
And grew upon his head."

No, candidly, I am afraid it is not quite what you would term successful. Certainly, the metre is more appropriate

than blank verse, though I pride myself that my attempt at the latter proved as blank as one could reasonably expect from an amateur; and it is a vast improvement on the Spenserian stanza I wrestled with so valiantly. Could the worthy Master Edmund have had the opportunity of perusing the result of my literary effort, he would have forsaken the Abbey, seized his quill in horror, and have re-written the "Faerie Queen" in heroic couplet. No—every form of poetry I have attempted—ballad, ode, lyric, sonnet, elegy, all have proved somewhat coy, strangely unresponsive. Perhaps—yes, I think it must be so—the theme is inadequate. After all, what is the use of an elevated imagination, a unique facility of poetic phraseology, an æsthetic ear for rhythm, and a delicate lyric grace, if your subject is—call it not unworthy—but lacking in those qualities of the sublime necessary for the highest literary inspiration?

Ah! it is not an unmerited honour to have your name conspicuously inscribed on the first page of the ALCESTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL RECORD. Do not for a moment be deluded into thinking that the lot of those committee-members is a happy one. Bullied, persecuted, over-worked, they are specially chosen for their lack of physical and moral resistance. It is they who are held responsible for every breath of scandal which has lately been somewhat prevalent, every misprint, every omission. An error in an examination result is regarded as a personal insult; the non-appearance of an article premeditated malice. The committee are even suspected of misappropriation of the financial returns. One fine day, towards the end of the term, they are popularly supposed to be taken by the editor on a pleasant little charabanc trip, when they regale themselves on currant buns and lemonade. What a delusion! I call magazine committee members, past and present, to witness. What a delusion!

Puny and fragile, you watch them rise from the lower forms before their names appear in the afore-mentioned conspicuous manner. Stunted and cowed, they reach the upper school. They receive their appointment, and then they never get a chance. As soon as term commences a small but vivid notice appears on the notice-board, to the effect that all magazine contributions should be sent in as soon as possible. It's not a bit of good trying to ignore it or to avoid the editor at every available opportunity; sooner or later the inevitable must be faced.

I wonder if there is a Muse of Magazines among the immortal nine. If it is indeed so, she is either of a decidedly

retiring disposition, or appallingly ignorant of modern facilities of communication between Alcester and Hippocrene. A whole evening of fruitless endeavour results in a sleepless night. Feverishly meditating a eulogy to the hot-water bottle in particular, and a biting satire on journalism in general, you are assailed by a terrible nightmare. All the readers of the Magazine, old and young, assume ghostly form and gather round you. There, on one side of your bed, is the junior school, open-mouthed, and gaping with complete lack of comprehension, while on the other the upper forms gesticulate, wrathful, aggressive, menacing. At your feet loom hosts and hosts of old scholars, with alarming expressions, varying from contemptuous boredom to a diabolical malice. These are reinforced by the staff, whose stern features bear evident signs of disapproval. Then emerge all the kind friends of the School, who, at a weak moment, have been persuaded to purchase a Magazine. In righteous wrath they demand back their ninepences, appropriating my month's pocket-money as security! Then morning comes, and still your article is in the abstract, together with a history exercise, an English essay, and a Latin unseen. Meanwhile, there is the Editor to face—!

“ But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.”

I appeal to the humanity of our readers. Can nothing be done to relieve the wretchedness of six physical and mental wrecks, to brighten their blighted existence, to restore their youthful hopes? Envelopes should be marked “ Committee Convalescence Fund.” Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to the Editor.

M. S.

Resurge Napoleon!

Then let his fame be sung in every land,
Who from confusion and relentless strife
Drew forth a mighty nation, gave it life
And power, and with a warrior's iron hand
Led it to victory. The gleaming brand,
Cannon and musket, and the drum and fife,
Could only give when sorrow ended life,
A nameless grave in Saint Helena's sand.
Yet he lives on, and so will live until
The dead awake to hear the trump of doom.
His name, his work, his all, live after him.
His is the glory of a mighty will,
Which with a dazzled halo girds his tomb—
A glamour which no mortal power can dim.

Notes and News.

The Annual Speech Day ceremony took place on Thursday, February 4th, in the Picture House, a large number of parents and friends of the scholars being present. The examination certificates were presented by Prof. Russell, of Birmingham University, who delivered an interesting address on "Aims in Education." Many of the visitors afterwards came to the School, where tea was provided, as usual, in the hall.

All extend a hearty welcome to Miss K. R. Baker, who joined the staff at the beginning of term.

And to Mr. P. Hough-Love, who is with us during the period of Mr. Walker's absence.

Mr. Walker, we are all very pleased to know, is making a satisfactory recovery after his most severe illness.

The Games subscription this term amounted to £6 11.

On Thursday, February 25th, a lantern lecture was given in the hall by Miss Deans.

Monday, March 1st, was half-term.

The following weather observations have been recorded by Form VB:—

		Max. Temp.	Min. Temp.
November	...	62° F.	12° F.
December	...	52° F.	20° F.
January	...	52° F.	18° F.
February	...	55° F.	38° F.

CORRECTION.—Hodgkinson i. (not Earp, as stated in the December number) was appointed a new prefect last term.

E. Lane (not B. Wells) obtained London Matriculation exemption in last July's examination.

A Dream.**(Suggested by the Wireless.)**

"Oh, dear, where am I?" said George, aloud; for he found himself in a large room with papers lying about.

"Here is a telegram," said a deep voice beside him. "A telegram?" George repeated, "what's that?" "It has come to call you to go to the war," went on the voice. "What war?" asked George, sleepily. "The war in Spain, of course," said the voice, growing angry. "Oh, yes, I remember," said George. "What did I take with me the last time I went?"

"You took collars." "Collars did you say?" "Yes, but this time you will want lettuces." "Very well, I think I will go. Let me see what it is like first," said George, slowly.

"All right, then; come and see"

"Bang!" "Oh, it is not very nice, but I think I shall like it."

"Hurry up; you will miss your train," said all the soldiers in a loud voice.

"I must go and fetch the Pope first," said George, in a hurry.

In a few minutes George was on the battlefield facing a huge black cat. The Pope, who, George thought, was like his father, seemed terrified, and told him to run, for it was a Spaniard.

"But it is a black cat," said George. But all of a sudden he saw, to his horror, a dark man running after him.

Immediately George started running, but his feet would not move. He could hear the Spaniard close behind him, when suddenly someone sprang out of a bush behind him and held him until all the soldiers came up, and the Pope ordered them to throw him down a precipice.

In another second he found himself falling through space.

"It will spoil the lettuces," he said to himself, as he was falling. "I wonder when" Bump! He found himself on the floor in his bedroom.

M. P.

Adventures of Sherlock Bones**No. 2.—"The Body."**

It was raining. Yes, there was absolutely no doubt about it; great spots splashed down into the roadway, sending up miniature showers of spray, the water ran down the gutters like streams of restaurant tea, and every now and then the

swirl of a passing car brought pointed exclamations to the lips of pedestrians. Heedless of the weather, our friends, Sheerluck Bones and Doctor Watsup, were gazing at the sleuth-like antics of their faithful hound, Fido, who was attempting, with indifferent success, to filch a half-skinned rabbit from the stall of a neighbouring greengrocer. A little further along the street a seedy-looking individual lounged elegantly half in and half out of an entry. In point of fact, the appearance of this worthy was unique, as also was the smell which issued from a foul briar adorning the growth which, in some respects, did the duty of a face. So crossed were his eyes that they seemed occasionally to squint into his ears; while, on the other hand, when he disentangled those wayward optics, he could easily look at least two ways at once.

After a time, during which Fido had met his Waterloo in the shape of a half brick and an exceedingly illuminated address, a pair of Bolshie boots, topped by an extremely charming countenance, made their way across to where the seedy-looking individual was exhaling a smell like a 600-candle-power gas attack. Instinctively Bones's hand went to his tie, and so affected was he by the bewitching apparition that, making his one and only lapse from the lofty principles of his moral code, he proceeded to overhear the conversation. At least, in the noise of the traffic, only the following fragmentary remarks reached him. In the soft voice of a girl. "Polly . . . Grey . . . shot her . . . under the hedge by Wilniff Copse . . . no one must know." Then came the unmistakably gruff tones of the man. "Orlright . . . fetch t'body t'night, ten o'clock . . . no p'lice." For a moment Sheerluck gazed at his companion in silent horror; then, turning abruptly, led the way home to his palatial residence in 1,493rd Av., Limehouse.

Here he quickly formulated his plan of campaign. "Watsup, my dear man," said he, "we have here a distinct case of murder. One, Polly Grey, has been shot in Wilniff Copse, and the body lieth hidden under a hedge near by. To-night we will sally forth and secure our acquaintance of just now as he comes to remove the body, and we will learn who is guilty of this foul deed. Who knows but that it may earn for us a C.B. or a P.T.O., or even an R.S.V.P., though I, for my part, should be content with the knowledge that I had done some service to humanity." "Quite, quite!" rejoined Watsup, while Fido left off worrying the hearthrug to express his assent in a sympathetic growl. Then, with the air of a man who has

accomplished a disagreeable task, Bones switched the "fluence" across his 40 h.p. Ultra-Violet touring set, and settled down to await the eventful hour, lulled by the strains of "Where does the Pig's Squeal go to," played by the "Amalgamated Atmospherics and Syncopated Monstrosities" Minstrel Band.

At precisely nine o'clock Bones rose from his armchair, put on his best detective expression and a check cap, and prepared for business. Dr. Watsup, too, armed himself with a miniature fire extinguisher and a couple of 1915 hand grenades, while Fido stretched every stretchable part of his anatomy and yawned audibly. Thus prepared, our friends set out for Wilniff Copse. They reached it in under half-an-hour, though, on the way, Fido had persisted in clearing up a flea-bitten grey cat, smitten badly with the grand passion, and both Watsup and Bones had come into contact with an exceedingly muddy ditch. Once hidden in a clump of trees, our heroes paused for breath. The first breath, however, convinced them that there was more in the air than chemical Philosophy ever dreamed of, for a gentle breeze wafted to them a perfume similar to that of bad eggs and brilliantine. At the second whiff Fido stuck his tail between his legs and disappeared with indescribable rapidity, while Bones and his companion lay with noses close to the ground and wished for the day.

After a time came the crunching of wheels over loose stones, then silence, followed by a hoarsely-spoken dialogue.

"'Ere 'er be. Phew, but 'er do niff. What did 'er die of?" Then a reply: "Foot 'n mouth; them interferin' p'lice kill all yer stock." Darker and darker grew the night; wetter and wetter grew the silent watchers in the undergrowth; and stronger and stronger grew the overpowering perfume of the unknown.

Suddenly the clouds cleared away from the moon, revealing the cross-eyed acquaintance of the afternoon, with a companion, a horse and cart, and the remains of a long dead animal with two horns and a tail. Watsup opened his mouth in surprise, and, as an over-sized daddy long-legs took advantage of the opportunity, he was suddenly convulsed in a fit of coughing and spluttering. "Dash them poachers!" ejaculated one of the resurrectionists, and plunged into the thicket. Feeling sure that discretion was the better part of valour, Bones and Watsup fled with more haste than elegance, nor stopped till home was gained.

Reaching for his ear-phones Bones collapsed into a chair,

only to spring up in disgust as an importunate thorn made its presence felt. For the remainder of the evening our friends were engaged in picking thorns and thistles from their clothes, and in discussing the comparative merits of various forms of embrocation.

A. J. P.

The Trio Practice.

SCENE: The Art Room, 8.30 a.m. [*Bass and Treble are busy opening pianos as Solo Pianist enters and slams the door. Bass jumps and Treble laughs.*]

BASS: I say, you needn't be so noisy; you seem to forget that anyone has nerves.

SOLO PIANIST: I'm awfully sorry. I'm afraid your poor nerves will never stand the row we'll be making in a minute.

BASS: Don't be so horrid. It's the third time I've heard you—

SOLO PIANIST: Oh! do be quiet; we shall never get started at this rate. Are you ready?

TREBLE: You must count, or I shall come in wrong.

BASS: Right oh! We're ready now.

SOLO PIANIST [*loudly*]: One, two, three; one, two, three; now we're off. [*Continues for a few bars, then looks at second piano.*] Oh, you silly; you should have started when I did. I suppose we must begin again. One, two, three; one, two, three. Ah, now you've got it.

TREBLE [*very flurried*]: I say, where do I come in? Do shout out at 25.

SOLO PIANIST: Bar 25. [*Stops on hearing dissonance at second piano.*] What's the matter now?

TREBLE: Awfully sorry; I started wrong. Bar 25 again, please.

SOLO PIANIST [*hopelessly*]: One, two, three; one, two, three—now! [*They play correctly for a few bars; then someone goes wrong, and the effect is terrible.*]

BASS [*yells*]: Bar 90.

SOLO PIANIST [*stopping suddenly*]: Good gracious! you must have cut some out. I'm at 75.

TREBLE [*giggling*]: I'm at bar 80 . . . I thought it sounded rather funny; but I'm sure I never went wrong.

SOLO PIANIST [*exasperatedly*]: Of course you didn't; nobody did. It's the beastly trio's fault, or the heat. Do open the door. That's better—now, one, two, three . . . [*They go on for awhile very loudly till she shouts at the top*]

of her voice.] Do shut up over there! I can't hear myself playing; and it ought to be "p."

BASS [*grumpily*]: You'd want to thump for variety if you had to play the same notes for twenty bars on end.

SOLO PIANIST [*still playing*]: It's no use talking; you're making too much noise for me to hear.

BASS [*to T.*]: I'm sure you're wrong, somehow.

TREBLE [*stopping*]: It sounds rather like it.

SOLO PIANIST: I always said you two went wrong at bar 60, didn't I?

TREBLE: That shows you're wrong; we're both at 65.

SOLO PIANIST [*ignoring the remark*]: Come on—bar 70. [*They continue.*] Mind that turn over. [*T. drops her copy in attempting to turn over quickly.*] Oh, I knew you would; come on—bar 105. [*They go to end.*] Thank goodness!

BASS: We ought to do it once more. There's just time. Come on. [*They play it right through with several muddles, but all end together with a bang.*]

SOLO PIANIST: That was really fine.

TREBLE: It sounded splendid.

BASS: Let's have the last page again.

[*A small child looks round the door.*]

SMALL CHILD: Please, Miss — says may we have the door shut?

[*Pause.*]

SOLO PIANIST [*annoyed*]: I suppose so.

TREBLE AND BASS [*as small child retires*]: Well!

SOLO PIANIST: Come along! Let's go!

B. W.

Olla Podrida.

"A rampart," says C.C., "is a place where you keep rams."

M. E. calls our attention to a new piece of scientific apparatus. It consists of a bunsen burner and a tripod with gorse on top.

Mediocris cura, according to J. F., implies "under the doctor's care."

C.A. informs us that baking powder is used for curing toothache.

A novel Roman magistracy has been discovered by J. F. This is the "Cunctatorship."

Animos militum incitant = they urge on the soldiers' animals.

Is the "shingle" doomed? M.S., in the course of her Latin studies, has invented a new style, which she characterises as "long-eared hair".

The four letters required for the solution of the "puzzler" in the December RECORD are E, I, L, V, the five missing words being vile, evil, veil, Levi, and live.

The Obstinate Motor Engine.

(Being an account of how Penman James, motor mechanic, and myself brought home an old dilapidated motor lorry.)

In the foreground stands an ancient motor lorry, which has evidently at some period in the dim and distant past been painted red, but which is now of a peculiar brown colour. On the right is a Dutch barn, with a corrugated iron roof. There is about half-an-inch of snow on the ground, and it is freezing hard. The time is about nine o'clock in the morning. Enter Penman James and myself; the former is carrying a small bag of tools in one hand and a tin of Mobiloil in the other, whilst I am encumbered with a two-gallon tin of "Shell."

Myself: "So this is the beauty, is it? Lumme! This petrol tin isn't half hot!"

Penman: "That's the joker; and I'll bet it takes some swinging this morning. What are you prancing about for?"

Myself: "Practising ballet dancing, I expect. It looks to me as if we shall have some fun before we get a kick out of the old beggar; some idiot's mixed these H.T. leads up fairish."

Penman: "It's those wretched kids. It wouldn't do to leave her here much longer, or there'd be nothing left to take away. Unscrew those plugs, and we'll soon have the timing all right again. What are you carrying on about now? Anybody would think something was up."

Myself: "These plugs are any size but the right one. There isn't a spanner that'll fit, and we haven't got a big shifter with us."

Now ensues a minute or so during which the silence is broken only by the clink of tools and a few subdued mutterings when we fetch lumps of skin off our hands. I am busy unscrewing the plugs with a badly-fitting spanner, while Penman is taking the timing-cover off the magneto.

Penman: " Haven't you got those plugs out yet? "

Myself: " I should like to see you got them out any faster; but this is the last. "

Penman: " Turn her over till I tell you to stop. What's the matter? Can't you turn her with all four plugs out? "

Myself: " If you reckon she turns so mighty easily, come and have a go yourself! "

Penman: " Whoa! That's far enough. Which cylinder's on compression? Number one, isn't it? "

Myself: " Yes. "

Penman: " Clean those plugs, and we shan't be long before we see if she's having any. I'd put a new Lodge in place of that nasty-looking thing you took out of number four. "

Myself (about five minutes later): " They're all clean. Shall I dope her? "

Penman: " You'd better. Steady, man! You'll blow the cylinder heads off. . . . Are you all right there? "

Myself: " Yes. Churn away! What's the matter? Can't you swing her? I thought you said she went quite easily. "

Penman (puffing like a grampus, and somewhat red in the face): " The miserable thing hasn't been moved since Noah said ' Ark '. Come and have a go. "

Myself: " No, thanks. I wouldn't like to be selfish and deprive you of all the pleasure. Carry on, sergeant! "

Penman (after another ten minutes of futile swinging): " This is too much like hard work. I'm not going to turn the old thing any more. She was sparking off all the plugs before you screwed 'em in, wasn't she? "

Myself: " More or less. Put your fingers on them and try while I turn. "

Penman: " What d'you take me for? Out with 'em, and let's test 'em again. . . . How are they? "

Myself: " No good. I expect it's a short in the mag. "

Penman: " That's about it. Give me that eight spanner. We'll have it off. "

Having removed the magneto we repair to the Dutch barn, and Penman proceeds to take it to bits, while I stamp about, trying to keep warm. . . . Penman has by now reduced the magneto to its constituent parts.

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Myself: " Found anything? "

Penman: " No! It must be a short. We'll go home to dinner now, and bring a Blick this afternoon and see what that does."

Hereupon we proceed homewards—but without the lorry.

SCENE II.

(Time—two o'clock. Lorry and barn still occupy the same positions. Penman is busy fitting the Blick.)

Penman: " That's that. Now we'll see if she'll go this time." (Swings the engine—no result.) " Tickle the carb. and then choke her."

He swings again, and the engine starts, with a roar and a rattle, firing on three cylinders. I pour the Mobiloil into the sump and adjust the accelerator. Immediately vast clouds of smoke belch forth from the exhaust pipes, which have two huge holes blown in them. Meanwhile, flames two feet long rasp out from the expansion box, which is soon red hot. The lorry cannot be seen for smoke.

Myself: " Jump up and try the gears."

Penman climbs into the cab, and drops into what he thinks is number one. Nothing happens.

Penman: " Clutch is slipping."

Myself: " Brake's jammed. . . . 'Try her now.'"

The back wheels commence to spin gaily, without, however, moving the lorry. We fetch ropes to tie round the wheels, and after a few attempts reach the road. By now the water is boiling in the radiator, owing to a broken pump, and since the overflow is stopped up jets of water are forced out of the leaky radiator on to the fan, which is driven by a harness strap joined with string. This throws the water into the cab, and, since we do not possess a windscreen, we are subjected to a rather warm shower bath. However, filling up with some more water, we proceed on our way, and at long last the lorry deposits us at home.

L. E.

School in 2619 A.D.!

At 8.30 a.m. Smith Junior's feet are tickled by a feather set in motion by the vibrations of Big Ben. He awakes at once, and turns to press a button near the bed; a cup of tea instantly appears! Pressing again, he is out of bed and

dressed, and a wash is completed by the simple process of immersing the head in a box of scented vapour. He descends on a moving staircase, and partakes of a slight but satisfying breakfast consisting of a food quickly eaten and easily digested. Then he uncovers his autoplane, and glides to school in a few seconds at a height of about fifty feet.

He enters the now majestic edifice of marble—the usual form of the modern school—and joins his friends. At a signal all jump on to a moving carpet and are transported to the hall. Prayers over, Smith Junior changes on to “another line,” and arrives at his form room. In addition to this, each individual has a private cabinet containing an automatic calculating machine and also one for translating any foreign language into English, and *vice versa*!

Morning school consists of talks and lectures given by unseen instructors through the medium of wireless. There are few “teachers” in school, and these only act as advisers. All instruction is given in this way; there are no “lessons”. We learn the geography and political history of America by taking a trip there. Instead of learning strings of geographical names and descriptions of climate, vegetation, animals or population, all this is acquired by practical experience. The class takes a trip in one of the school aeroplanes, and finds out all these things for itself.

Afternoons are always free. Some go to the flying class, others to take lessons in swimming and diving in the School baths; still others play hockey, football, golf, cricket, or tennis in the extensive playing fields adjoining the School. For those for whom “music hath charms” a room is provided with chairs luxuriously upholstered, where they may listen to the best music broadcast from the Central Station; or for those who prefer to make their own music a piano is provided in their private cabinet, where they may play at will. A huge library, containing all kinds of books, magazines, newspapers, etc., and upholstered settees and armchairs, is the retreat of those who like reading. Some, too, are to be found in a fully-equipped laboratory, where almost any experiment may be performed, and where (if possible) they try to find out new wonders for the betterment of their school or home.

Afternoon school over, Smith Junior returns home on his auto-plane—not to do home work, but to take a hasty trip to visit a relative in India and be back again in time for supper!

L. S.

We are Six.

Now Va's masculine members
Are a very mixed lot, we all know,
So I'll tell of their faults and their failings
In the few words which follow below.
In order of stature we'll mention
These great "intellectuals" upstairs;
And first, with sweet smiling and chuckles.
Comes "Nip" from the Cherny-Lab's glares.
Next, one with the true Latin carriage,
Who translates his dry Livy with ease,
And sometimes accompanied by "Jackie,"
Whose assistance does not always please.
With "haw-haw's" and "he-he's" so emphatic
That no one can make a mistake,
Trips in "Feet" with his "Tubby" companion,
Who's as light as the smallest snowflake!
To wind up there's "Johnny" the prefect,
With hair nicely parted not curled;
If there's ever an unwelcome duty,
He's the best-natured chap in the world.
The enlightened boys of this form—
Thus of late widely rumour has flown—
Do not like to be told and corrected,
But know all there is to be known.

Musical Society.

SECRETARY—M. Sherwood.

At the first meeting of the term, on February 2nd, a most interesting lecture was given by Mr. Lionel Field, of Redditch, on "Romance in Music," as exemplified in a sonata by Chopin. He emphasised the significance of colour and contrast and the value of the element of expectancy in arousing and maintaining interest. Mr. Field's fine playing gave great pleasure, and made the points of his lecture very clear.

The second meeting was held on February 23rd. The programme was contributed by members of the staff and Society. There can be no doubt that "our own" performances are always popular. The committee hope that the younger members of the Society will note this, and prepare to take their turn.

On or about Thursday, March 25th, we are promised a visit from the Birmingham University String Quartette, assisted by Miss S. Johnson. We are looking forward to a very delightful evening.

Football.

CAPTAIN—Partridge i. SECRETARY—Hodgkinson i.

So far this term the team has been handicapped by the absence of several members on account of illness. However, at the outset we enjoyed a win over Bromsgrove 4—3., this proving our only success so far. In a match with the Old Scholars we were severely beaten by a superior side, weight and bulk combining to bring about this defeat. Our appearance in the semi-final of the Abbey Cup saw us deprived of our hopes of that trophy to the tune of 10—5. Nevertheless, we were somewhat cheered by a 5—5 draw with Bromsgrove, when we had only seven of the regular team playing. As several promising fixtures have been scratched, our hopes are rather diminished; but although it is now too late to make a successful season we are optimists, and hope to regain some of the lost ashes.

The results to date are as follows:—

FIRST XI.

- v. Bromsgrove S.S. (home), won 4—3.
- v. Old Scholars' XI. (home), lost 5—10.
- v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), lost 5—10.
- v. Bromsgrove S.S. (away), draw 5—5.
- v. Redditch S.S. (home), lost 0—6.

R. H. H.

Hockey.

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

As yet two matches only have been played this term, the third, v. Redditch, being scratched on account of the weather. In spite of the condition of the ground, we managed to defeat Evesham Ladies' second eleven by six goals to nil. The return match, v. Evesham Grammar School, was played at Ragley, and after, a strenuous game, resulted in a victory for the School by three goals to nil. This we felt to be extremely satisfactory, considering that our centre-half was unable to play.

The results are as follows:—

FIRST XI.

- v. Evesham Ladies' 2nd XI. (away), won 6—0.
- v. Evesham Grammar School (home), won 3—0.

M.S.

For the Juniors.

The Silver Elf.

Once upon a time a little elf lived in a big castle, with a lot of companions, and he was very happy.

One day this little Silver Elf was in the top story of the castle, where the aeroplanes were kept, when he heard a noise. He looked out of the window to see what was happening, and saw a big animal, called a snail, climbing up the wall. He was very startled, and quickly jumped into an aeroplane, and flew away over the sea.

He flew for two days and two nights, then the aeroplane broke down, and he fell into the water.

At first the little Silver Elf thought he would be drowned, but just as he was sinking he saw a Mermaid (whose name was Pearl), and she came up to him. She had long golden hair and a string of beads round her neck, and a long, shining, silvery tail. She said to Silver, "Would you like to come and see the wonders of the sea?" So Silver went with Pearl, and saw wonderful fishes and pretty seaweed and lovely pink and white coral caves.

Then Silver rose to the top of the water and saw an elf ship. He hastily said "Good-bye" to Pearl, who gave him a pretty mother-of-pearl shell for remembrance. He climbed on board and told his adventures. The story spread all over Elf land, and many elves have tried to find the Mermaid; but she has never been found.

JOYCE JACKSON (AGE 8).

The Spring Fairy.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! I shall be frozen to death if nobody comes to help me!" cried a wee dormouse.

It was early spring, and there was still a slight frost on the ground. The dormouse had been to get something to eat, and the North Wind had blown him on to some hard stones, where he had nearly killed himself. So it happened that the Spring Fairy flew by, and when she saw what had happened to the dormouse she made him better by putting some magic ointment on him. And in return he gave her a wand that would not only send Jack Frost away but call the flowers up. The dormouse scuttled home, and soon returned with a silvery green wand. The fairy thanked the dormouse, and flew away. Soon a great change came over

