

The
Alcester Grammar



M.D.C.
NOBISCUM
CHRISTUS STATE.

School Record

1927-28.

Alcester Grammar School Record.

No. 29.

MARCH, 1928.

EDITOR—MR. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE—B. WELLS, K. WILLIAMS, BAILY, SISAM.

Editorial

From time to time we have received inquiries from readers as to the binding into one volume of separate numbers of the RECORD. We wish to call attention to the announcement to be found in the present number under "Notes and News," and we hope that our arrangement will fully meet the requirements of those interested.

It was clear from the first that the binding of the numbers into yearly or even two-yearly volumes would not be satisfactory, as the cost of binding would be out of all proportion to the price of the Magazine and the size of the finished volume. We therefore arranged for cases to be prepared, capable of holding the issues of four years. A volume of very convenient size (of about two hundred and forty pages) is thus produced.

The cases are in red cloth with black lettering, these, of course, being the school colours. Any twelve numbers will be bound into one volume, to suit the varying requirements of readers, and the appropriate dates will be printed on the cover.

We hope that those who wish to have their Magazines bound will avail themselves of the arrangements we have made. But please do not send your copies for binding to the Editor. You are asked to communicate direct with the binders, at the "Alcester Chronicle" Office.

The School Register.**Valete.**

Bennett, P. M. (VA), 1923-27	Ison, I. M. (VB), 1921-27
Finnemore, E. J. (VB), 1919-27.	Morgan, F. D. P. (IVB), 1920-27.
Harris, A. P. (VB), 1923-27	Morgan, J. A. P. (1A), 1925-27

Salvete.

Oliver, B. (IIIB).

Old Scholars' Guild News.

PRESIDENT—Mrs. S. F. Smallwood.

SECRETARY—E. Bowen. TREASURER—R. Smith.

The Winter Re-union was held in the School on the evening of Saturday, December 17th. Between eighty and ninety old scholars were present. In the unavoidable absence of the President and the Secretary, the Vice-President (Mr. Wells) and the Treasurer deputised at the short business meeting which followed supper in the dining room. The balance sheet for the year 1926-27 was approved. An appeal was made to members to reply to invitations to Guild Meetings by the date specified on the invitation card. Great difficulty was experienced when those responsible for the catering had little idea as to the number of those who expected to be present. Both before and after supper the time was passed pleasantly in dancing, and the meeting concluded at midnight with "Auld Lang Syne."

Since the last Guild News was written three dances have been held in the Town Hall, under the management of the Dance Committee. All have been well patronised and thoroughly enjoyable. In arranging these dances the Committee had no wish to make a profit, and the fact that each one has paid expenses and left a few shillings over is very gratifying.

At the first of these dances—on Saturday, December 3rd—there were present just over eighty Old Scholars and friends. The Alauna Band supplied the music.

The second dance, which was arranged on more ambitious lines, was held on Tuesday, December 27th. There was a large gathering present to dance to the accompaniment of the Tally Ho! Band, of Leamington, and all voted the dance most enjoyable. Not until four o'clock in the morning did the gathering break up.

The third dance took place on Saturday, February 18th, when just over sixty were present. The dance music was supplied by the Revellers' Band.

On Thursday, April 12th, the last dance of the series will be held. This will be on the same lines as the Christmas dance, and the Tally Ho! Band has again been engaged. As there is certain to be a rush on tickets, and their number is necessarily limited, Old Scholars who intend to be there should make their arrangements at once. Tickets, price 3s. 6d., may now be obtained from members of the Committee.

Still one more Old Scholar has gone overseas. This is E. Betteridge, with whom go our hearty wishes for every success.

Birth.

On October 31st, to Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Corbett—a son.

Marriage.

On December 26th, Kathleen Mary Green to Douglas B. Collins (scholar 1912-20).

Old Scholars' Guild.

We give below a list of members, whose subscriptions have been paid for the current year 1927-28. Members whose names do not appear in this list will be reminded that their subscriptions were due in July last.

L.M. signifies life member.

B. Adkins, P. Adkins, G. Ainge, P. Alexander, W. Andrews, A. Anker, L. Anker, P. Averill.

Miss Baker, D. Balmforth, E. A. Baseley, E. Baseley, G. Baylis, M. Baylis, L. Bennett (L.M.), E. Betteridge, G. Bishop, J. Bomford, K. Bomford, E. Bowen, S. Bowen, H. Bradley, J. Brookes, M. Bullock, C. Bunting, E. Bunting, F. Bunting, V. Bunting, P. Burden.

G. Chattaway, B. Clarke, E. Clark, G. Clark, L. Clark, T. Cook, H. Corbett, T. Corbett, I. Criddle.

Miss Davies (L.M.), Miss Deans (L.M.), N. Derrick, I. Dowdeswell, Mr. Druller.

C. Edkins, P. Edkins, M. Elvins, Miss Evans (L.M.).

J. Farmer, Mrs. W. J. Feast (L.M.), K. Fenn, A. Finnemore, P. Finnemore, Miss Fletcher.

E. Gander, G. Gibbs, M. Griffiths, C. Guillaume.

Mr. Hall (L.M.), H. Hall, K. Hall, J. Harper, Mrs. G. L. Harris, P. Harris, S. Harris, J. Harwood, J. Hemming, M. M. Hemming, H. Hodgkinson, C. Holder, (L.M.), J. Horniblow, M. Horniblow, R. Howse (L.M.), H. Hunt.

O. Jackson, M. James (L.M.), A. Jeffcoat, R. Jephcott, C. S. Jones.

N. Lamb, E. Lane, H. T. Lester (L.M.).

Mrs. T. McCarthy (L.M.), D. Meatyard (L.M.), K. Moore, J. Morris.

E. Nicklin.

A. J. Partridge, E. Perkins, P. Perks (L.M.), Mrs. P. Perks (L.M.).

S. Rawlings, F. Rook.

L. Sisam, K. Sisson (L.M.), E. Skinner, Mrs. S. F. Smallwood (L.M.), K. Smith, M. Smith, R. Smith, N. Staff, I. Staff.

B. Thomas, H. Thomas, E. Thomson (L.M.).

B. Walker, M. Walker, Mr. Walker, Mrs. Walker, Miss Weatherup, Mr. Wells (L.M.), Mrs. Wells (L.M.), Miss Wells (L.M.), J. Wells (L.M.), H. Whitehouse (L.M.), S. Wright.

Following the Beagles.

“ If you have no definite plans for this afternoon, why not follow the beagles?” said my friend to me some days ago. Now I had no very clear idea of what beagles were, and as the word ‘ following ’ savoured somewhat of exertion, I inquired whether I should be letting myself in for an energetic afternoon. I was assured that that depended entirely upon myself. And so I fell in with the suggestion and “ followed the beagles.”

Not being blessed with any means of transport other than that provided by Mother Nature, I tramped the two and a half miles to the “ meet,” which had been arranged as far as possible from every railway station and ‘ bus route. I am no great lover of walking, but I was sustained by my keenness to find out exactly what beagles were and what they did. Nor was I long in getting to know. I had scarcely joined the twenty others who were waiting, when there drove up a car with a trailer attached. Upon the latter receptacle being opened there emerged some thirty small dogs—I beg their pardon—hounds. They specialised, I learned, in trying to catch hares, and they were going to engage in this sport that afternoon. Our part of the proceedings was to follow them wherever they went.

The huntsman—or whatever one calls the man who marshalls the beagles—directed his charges into a ploughed field, where they trotted about at random, we followers moving at leisure after them. I must tell you about that huntsman. He carried in his hand a toy trumpet, which, when applied from time to time to his lips, emitted a tiny, mournful note. I am convinced that he imagined himself a second Orpheus, and that he could either charm hares from their lairs (are they called lairs?) or beagles to the chase. The followers at any rate were not charmed. But I am digressing.

We had covered every inch of that ploughed land, and I was coming to the conclusion that I had done enough walking. All at once someone excitedly cried, "A scent," and started to run. Now I had not smelled anything at all unusual; but just to be sociable I went pell-mell with the rest, and was soon convinced that I was not likely to walk again for a long time. We made all speed after the dogs—hounds, I mean—to the accompaniment of that lugubrious trumpeting. Out of the plough we went, across a field of wheat, up a long stretch of uncultivated land, through a hedge, over two more ploughed fields, through a coppice, across the railway, into a grass field, and so on and on.

No consideration seemed to be given as to the ownership of the land over which we scurried. As we forced a way through hedges and trampled down the sprouting wheat, I decided that beagling was merely an excuse for organised trespass. Next time a farmer catches me taking a short cut at the gallop through his best field of hay, I shall just remark that I am following the beagles, and—he will not say another word (verdict at post mortem—death from apoplexy).

But to resume. It is no wonder that they bring those dogs (bother it—hounds) in a car, if they have to run all afternoon at that rate. By this time I was feeling thoroughly uncomfortable, short of breath, with an alarming stitch in my side, and an amazing collection of samples of soils in my shoes. All at once, however, the pace slackened, and the beagles, from running one behind the other, began to spread out. Someone, possessed of a little more breath than myself, panted "lost the scent." With something akin to joy I realised that we were now to vary the programme by a leisurely stroll while the four-legged hunters nosed around.

My exultation was short-lived, for away once more they darted, in the very direction from which we had recently come. And after them we dashed, the mournful note of that little trumpet ever urging us on. In this manner we covered every foot of ground we had previously crossed, and a great deal more. For variety we plunged through a succession of muddy ditches and a bramble plantation; but always the pace was maintained, and always the trumpet sounded. When the next pause came, I decided that I had reached the limit of my endurance. I had been running for over an hour, and had not as much as seen a hare. Away, then, I stole to an inviting stile, to follow from that point of vantage the remainder of the chase.

Time and again the hounds—there I have it this time!—passed and re-passed me, with the followers (minus me) in full cry after them. But I was not to be lured from my throne. As I sat there, two hares—exactly two more than hounds or followers (minus me) saw that afternoon—scuttled past me. When dusk heralded the approach of darkness, and there seemed no end to the hunt, I descended from the friendly stile and dragged my weary feet along the never-ending two miles and a half. The last of the chase for me was the braying of that little trumpet, which I have ever since heard in my dreams.

Before I again follow the beagles, I will present that huntsman, if he really must make noises to spur on the dogs—hounds—with a brand new Klaxon horn. And when next I am persuaded to follow the chase, I shall attend the “meet” in a one-man tank.

Notes and News.

Last term closed with a week of real Arctic weather. After a temporary lull, wintry conditions again set in during Christmas week, and there were very heavy snowfalls in some districts. Alcester fortunately escaped the full violence of the snowstorms, and there were no blocked roads, as in many parts of the country, to keep us indoors during the holidays.

School examinations were held as usual in December.

Work in the Geography room was carried on under difficulties during the first week of term, owing to the deafening noises made by the workmen engaged upon repairs.

Half-term fell on Monday, February 27th.

A bound volume of the "Alcester Grammar School Record" 1923-27, has been presented to the "Reference Library," by the Magazine Committee.

Congratulations to R. H. Mander, who has obtained the London University Teachers' Diploma.

The Games Subscription this term amounted to £6 11s. 10d.

On Tuesday, February 14th, a party of girls from Forms VI. VA. and VB. visited Warwick to hear a recital of his own poems by Mr. Alfred Noyes.

Miss Deans gave a display of lantern slides to the Middle School on Monday, February 20th, in the Physics Laboratory.

The Magazine Committee has made arrangements with the printers whereby any twelve numbers of the "Record" will be bound in the School colours (red and black) at a cost of five shillings. Copies for binding should be sent to the "Alcester Chronicle" Office.

On Wednesday, March 7th, Miss Evans took members of her economics classes to Bournville to pay a visit to the works of Messrs. Cadbury.

Two matches with teams of Old Scholars took place on the last Saturday of the Winter Term. In the football match, played on the School field, the School XI. was defeated by five goals to one. In the hockey match, which was played in Ragley Park, the Old Scholars' team was also successful, winning by seven goals to one.

Speech Day is arranged for Thursday, March 22nd, and will be over by the time that these notes are read. The address will be given by Miss Stuart Millar, of Birmingham.

From a Sympathizer.

We wish thus publicly to extend our sympathy to those of our fellows who parted company with us some months ago, deserting the bright atmosphere of the classics to become enveloped in the mists of science. Outward appearance has misled them into adopting what they thought to be the easier path. The easier path! But have they found it so? Do they, as they wade laboriously through their pages of notes, as they learn like parrots to repeat an endless string of terror-striking equations, experience any happiness at all to be compared with ours? Can any delight vie with that which we find every evening in the few hours given to the perusal and the diligent endeavours to translate the speeches of Cicero and Virgil's blank(?) verse? We think not.

To account, moreover, for the pleasure that our misguided fellows appear to find in investigating the properties of such and such an element in an atmosphere not far below boiling, and certainly above suffocating point is, and we are not ashamed to own it, utterly beyond us. Our sympathy we are unable to withhold, as we see our dejected companions, all pale and worn, emerge from their laboratory, reeking as it always does with what they are pleased to term H_2S . How gladly would they forsake their acids, their test tubes, and their 'whiffs,' could they but change places with us.

We for our part, true to the classics, sit in unbroken comfort, and content are we while sweet fresh air is wafted through the open windows. Ideal indeed are the conditions under which we work, free from these choking odours, free from the monotonous hum of bunsens, free from the paralysing voice that so suddenly follows unforeseen mishaps. We, in a word, are contented.

To prevent any misunderstanding of our intentions, we must state that we have no desire to disparage budding scientists—nothing is farther from our minds. But we do wish to sympathise profoundly with those, who have either been led on through natural inclination, or tempted by other reasons to turn towards the labs. You have chosen your way and there is no looking back. But while you choke amid your curling vapours, and tremble under the blow of that reverberating voice, you may yet have this one small consolation. You are ever in our thoughts, and from time to time on your behalf we shed a tiny tear.

H. S.

Frost.

The Frost King has been in the night,
Shrouding all the fields with white,
Shedding around his jewels so bright
On the wayside.

Sparkles Nature's frosty gown,
Sparkles the tree-top's hoary crown,
For the golden sun is shining down
On the wayside.

From ghost-like trees and hedges nigh,
Myriads of little diamonds fly,
Twinkling, sparkling, and flashing by
To the wayside.

But the frosty jewels gay,
Do not twinkle all the day,
For the golden sunbeams steal them away
From the wayside.

M. A. B.

The Complaint of an Old Satchel.

Here I lie, uncared for and discarded, cast into the darkness of a damp, stuffy cupboard, superseded by another! And with what great sadness does the thought of this fill me!

I look around me, and think of the amazing variety of loads which it has been my lot—my pleasure, rather, I should say—to carry in days gone by. The very thought of them revives sweet memories of the past. What have I done that I should be thus put aside and neglected? Is it that I am old and well worn, or that I am less pleasing in appearance than those of the present day? Countless are the times when I have served you, to my unspeakable delight. Just think of the many secrets that have been ours—just yours and mine alone! Were there not occasions when you would have blushed for shame if I had revealed my contents to the eyes of all? And have I not been oftentimes the receptacle of your secret purchases? Why, many a time I have hidden even your ill-gotten gains!

Have I not been ready to serve you joyfully even when carrying only dull lesson books? And how many times have you roughly thrown me on the cloakroom seat, and banged me on the floor, as a reward for my long and faithful service!

In moments of haste you have strapped me too tightly on your bicycle, and forced my straps to fasten when it was almost impossible to do so because you had pushed so many books into me, and then you dare to put on me the blame for being so badly worn.

O, what tremors run through my whole frame as a recall the discomforts I have experienced for you. Soaked with rain, bespattered with mud, frozen one day, scorched the next, bumped and shaken until my whole body has felt like dropping to pieces.

Have you no feeling, that you can spurn me in my old age, and leave me lying desolate and useless? I wish to be used and cared for, even though I am not sufficiently presentable to accompany you to school. May I not still retain a little of that good feeling that you once held towards me, or am I to remain an outcast for ever?

When I gaze upon my resplendent successor, oh what feelings of regret overpower me! What would I not give to be once more held high in your esteem, and restored to my favoured position. But, alas, I have lived my day, I suppose! Now I must be content to pass into oblivion.

A. L.

Gloops.

"I wanna be happy," chirped the butler as the bosun hit him full in the eye with the tin of ripe tomatoes he happened to be dropping just at the moment, and over the rim of the distant hills the cold grey light of dawn stole silently. The great dejective gripped the arms of his chair as the body slid slippily from view, and in the outer world beyond the fringe of trees which marked the spot where the pavement ended, naught was heard but the mournful pæon of the dying cuttlefish, and the sound of the lesser screwback yodelling to its mate in the still morning air.

So the day broke, and when the chairman had called for order, the President of the Royal Society for the Propagation of Blindworms rose to his feet amid applause and the curtain fell. Stealthily the audience left the hall, as if they feared to wake the echoes that rang from crag to crag and mingled with the dancing sparkling torrent as the barman washed out last night's empties before the counter attack which he knew was sure to come. When it came, the din of battle and the scream of the shells, and the splash of the rain on the roof of 5XX woke aunt Maria with such violence that she fell down

a steep place into the sea. In a moment the coastguard had flung out a rocket; but it was a dud, and there went up a muffled "Ah!" from the assembled multitude as the axe fell. Wearily they bore him home and laid him to rest with his fathers-in-law, and his wives and his children, and his wives' children mourned for him saying: "Alas! if only we had known he had not signed his 'Daily Mail' insurance policy."

So died the greatest patriot that ever threw mud at Mr. A. J. Cook, and the tide washed out his footmarks in the sands of time. But by chance there passed a horse and cart that way, and the Bishop said to the Miller, "Where are you going to my pretty maid?" "— I'm going to Lambeth sir," she said, curtsying neatly. "But did you say your bacon was burned this morning, Milord?" "Yes," replied the dustman, and threw a handful of gravel full in the face of the visiting monarch. In an instant the whole land was in an uproar, and Mrs. Smith could not get any sausages anywhere. Consequently the Labour Party went into power with a strong majority, and the cry of "No popery" rang back through the centuries, immediately awaking to kill all the hopes and fears which ten years spent in a lodging house amid the pungent odours of dead rats, garlic and eau de cologne had completely failed to crush. Otherwise the situation remained the same and the starving miners marched in single file to the Metropolis, where they were received by the Lord Mayor, who presented them with an aeroplane from a foreign Government; and after that three hundred and eighty people sat down to a repast kindly provided by the Master (Mr. I. Tenerant); after which, the Benediction was sung and the giant vessel launched down the dipways to the tune of "Go, wash an elephant" in C minor.

The bride wore a pink bathing costume, and by the way the wind whistled through Seigfried's cross garters there must have been three feet of snow on the hills at least. Nothing daunted, Mussolini drove his dagger full tilt into the Austrian's eye. There was a sickening thud and the huge elephant rolled over lifeless, carrying with it houses, trees, motor cars, and a great number of natives. Still the storm howled outside and the flashes of lightning revealed the horrible drama that was being enacted within. He caught her by the throat and pressed his burning lips to her fervid brow. Immediately there was a crash, and the wireless pole fell clean through the roof of the greenhouse, snapping off two of the best verbenas in the conservatory.

My uncle was wild. However, the only thing to do was to get rid of the incriminating packet. So, reaching for his gaiters the Bishop threw the ball back into the scrum, let in the clutch and tapped three times on the back of Winston Churchill's right eyelid. The result was instantaneous. The huge gap in the wall was suddenly filled with a sticky substance and the birds dropped all round them. After a time the air grew still again, the barmaid left the bottles for Mr. Pollidor to examine, and went into the vestry. Above, in the attic, the wedding bells began to peal, outside the snow and rain fell ceaselessly, and a little Pekinese dog that was sleeping in 356, Poretote Street, whined lustily as the alarm clock went off on the running board beside him. Outside an Segwazzle screamed, a steam roller turned over on its side with a dying moan, and all around night deepened the shadows of the hills. (About time too I should say).

A. J. P.

Porters of Two Nations.

Scene 1. Victoria Station, London.

The Taxi arrives at Victoria Station and, before I have time to descend, one of the crowd of Porters precipitates himself towards the door, opens it, and, in less time than it takes to write of it I find my bags taken out, a trolley procured, and this most obliging man inquiring where I am for. With as much interest as if he were going by train himself he finds me a corner seat, puts my bags on the rack and, with a grateful "thank you" as he pockets my tip, wishes me "good-night."

Scene 2. Gare St. Lazare, Paris.

Having safely negotiated the dangers of the Paris streets, my Taxi rolls in at the massive gateway of St. Lazare.

To my dismay, it is impossible to draw up within twenty yards of the pavement, owing to the block of cars and traffic already there. I struggle with the door and, finally, getting it open, stagger with one of my bags to the pavement, where I succeed in persuading a nonchalant porter to give up a very interesting discussion with his friend on dogs, to take care of my bags. He fetches them from the taxi, and slinging them over his shoulders as if they were toys, and grasping the other two, one in each hand, he demands in a surly voice, "Where for?" Having ascertained my destination, he marches off, up two long flights of stairs, across the huge booking hall, through the waiting rooms, and so on to the actual platform itself. Though we have found the right platform we see that the gate is not yet open. With a snort

of disgust my man drops the bags at his feet, and, lighting a cigarette, fixes one eye on the clock, the hands of which point to 7.55 (the platform is supposed to open at 7.45). Five minutes pass, the Porter suddenly stoops down, removes his strap from the bags, points to the clock, and says, "Here, take your bags, I'm going. It's supper time." I protest volubly, but with no avail; he coldly shoulders off all my remarks and marches disdainfully away. Knowing that it is impossible to get a porter without going to the entrance of the station, and knowing it to be equally impossible to carry the bags myself, I dash after him, and grasping him by the arm, implore him not to leave me stranded there. But it is only on promise of a huge tip that he eventually condescends to tell another man on his way out to come up to my assistance.

The deputy arrives, and I finally find myself on the train, hot and flustered, only too pleased to be once more en route for the obliging porters of our own country about whom we grumble so much..

Moral: "A prophet is without honour in his own country."

C. G.

Musings on Winter.

After the "rather damp" summer we had last year, everyone not only hoped for a nice winter but really expected one. Of course, different people regard this season with different feelings. Some look forward to the winter sports, others to the winter sales, whilst just a few, simply to be original, look forward to the wet weather. Most of us, it seems, prefer that in the summer.

While these are the pleasures that winter brings in its train, we must not forget his gloomy companions. Where is the man who, on the arrival of his income tax demand note and his rheumatism, exclaims in glee, "When shall we three meet again?" And where shall we find one who will greet the doctor's bill with similar joy?

Most of us now are, I think, more or less accustomed to the weather; in fact, we expect nothing but rain, and are consequently not disappointed. A wet morning causes us no surprise or disappointment. The sun is a thing of the past, and 2LO has ceased to make us gloomy with its further outlook, or even to raise our spirits with its promise of anti-cyclones. If it rains on games day—well, what else could one expect?

We troop back to our classroom, perhaps a trifle depressed, and begin to work to the sound of rain beating against the windows. We look up—a rare occurrence—from our work, and find ourselves secretly hoping that those shares in that "Rubber and Umbrella Company" will rise during the week, and so make our spirits soar to some degree with them.

Let us not grumble. Let us rather follow the example of the optimist. This man, when informed that his dog had stolen a joint of mutton from the family butcher, calmly enquired if it were English or foreign. Upon the angry butcher replying, "English, of course," he contentedly remarked, "Oh, well, it can't hurt him!" Like the butcher enraged about his English meat, we are often in a similar frame of mind concerning our English climate. But I am afraid that no one but our American friends would wish to steal it from us.

However, hope is not yet quite gone. Those who have been most affected by the excessive wet weather have still a remedy. Let them fight the temptation to be permanently bad-tempered by glorious anticipations of a bright spring and a scorching summer.

And may their hopes be gratified!

M. P.

Ducking.

How thrilling are the joys of ducking, my dear reader! Oh, no! Do not make any mistake! I am not by nature a bully. I do not take a wicked delight in immersing the head of a struggling junior in a bowl of icy cold water. No! not even if he has taken my shirt, or still worse, caught me doing something which I prefer not to be spoken of.

Well, I have told you what I do not mean by ducking. I will now proceed to explain what I do mean. You go ducking after dark. Yes, after dark! It loses all its thrill, if you go out before dark. Twilight, in fact, is the most romantic time for ducking; so do remember that when I have told you all about it. I am sure you will enjoy it just as much as I do when you know. If only you knew!

I went ducking last night. Indeed, I go almost every night. But it never loses its charm, for what dreams of the future I can revel in! Yes, I shall save up all my cash and buy a motor-bike. I shall go long rides, far from the haunting melodies of home, far from the complaints and punishments of school, far from the droning noises of the street; miles away from everywhere, just to enjoy the thrill of rushing through the air.

Let me return once more to my subject. We go ducking under the arms of our beloved science master, when some famous law has been forgotten. We duck our heads to miss something which might otherwise befall us—something unpleasant with which, dear reader, you are no doubt acquainted. Or, is that a pleasure yet in store for you? We duck our heads in shame as we are casually reminded that, as members of an exalted form in the School, we must resist the temptation to keep our pockets warm.

As we return to the pavilion sad and tired, we see our duck sitting on the board, while the crowd watching us are still laughing at the way the middle stump was so effectively knocked out of the ground. "Yes, I knocked a duck," we tell them. "Oh," say they, "hard luck, but, quack, quack, never mind."

By the way, do you know our form mascot? It is Ducker. He possesses a charm of manner, in addition to great eloquence and some ability. And what is more, he bears fruit each year. Yes, fruit! I do not refer to apples or pears or plums, but beautiful berries, which it pleases one to look upon.

Yes, but what have berries to do with ducking? Oh, a great deal. A very great deal. In fact, ducking is so—Oh, it is nearly dark. I really must go and shut up my ducks.

H. S.

Olla Podrida.

On what grounds has E.W. come to the conclusion that one member of the Staff is almost a centenarian?

Our latest formula. $\text{Lime} + \text{water} = \text{lime juice}.$

We are pleased to see that the habit of self-criticism is growing. E.I. writes, *pono, ponere, ponui, puntum = disgraceful.* We agree!

Did B.H. discover in time how long the two minutes' silence on Armistice Day would last?

"Cæsar sent a laughtenant," says D.G.J. Cheerful soul!

It is interesting to learn that Nitrogen Peroxide has, among other properties, a brown smell.

A certain small boy arrived late on a snowy morning this month. Teacher: Why are you late, —? Small Boy: I was waiting for the weather to stop, sir.

Football.

CAPTAIN—Sisam. SECRETARY—Partridge.

Our football eleven has this season been disturbed by frequent experiments to find our best left wing, and these have reacted unfavourably upon its career. The drastic changes which have been made from week to week have prevented it from settling down and playing with consistent success. The defence, as usual, has proved throughout the strongest part of our team, but considerable improvement, as a whole, is shown by the results. Out of eight matches, four have been won and four lost, with a total of 33 goals for and 34 against.

The following boys have played in the team this season:—Brewer; Sutton, Sherwood i., Sherwood ii., Bourne, Andrews, Bailey, Ison i., Duxbury, Parker, Scriven, Sisam, Summers, Plevin, Sheppard.

RESULTS.*Autumn Term (Supplementary List).*

- A.G.S. v. Cheltenham G.S. (away), lost 0—9.
- v. Chipping Campden G.S. (home), won 12—1.
- v. Bromsgrove S.S. (away), lost 1—8.
- v. Old Scholars' XI. (home), lost 1—5.

Spring Term.

- A.G.S. v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), won 7—4.
- v. Birmingham University 3rd XI. (away), won 7—2.
- v. Cheltenham G.S. (home), lost 0—2.
- v. Chipping Campden G.S. (away), won 5—3.
- v. Waverley Road S.S. (home), draw 5—5.

W. A. P.

Hockey.

CAPTAIN—B. Wells. SECRETARY—B. Bomford.

Weather conditions have done much to hamper our games this term, and up to half term no matches were played. This lack of practice has been distinctly detrimental to the first eleven, but we hope that before the season ends there may be a marked improvement. The first match of the term, against Warwick High School, after a most enjoyable though muddy game, resulted in a defeat. Though some were disappointed in the result, we cannot help feeling that such defeats are very valuable in making the team ambitious to reach a higher standard.

The following girls have represented the School during the season:—R. Bunting; E. Wood, O. Lane, J. Finnemore; M. Thomas, A. Lloyd, M. Bomford; E. Holder, K. Williams, M. Chambers, M. Lane, B. Bomford, B. Wells.

RESULTS.

Autumn Term (Supplementary List).

- A.G.S. v. Redditch S.S. (away), won 6—3.
v. Old Scholars' XI. (away), lost 1—7.

Spring Term.

- v. Warwick High School (home), lost 3—5.
v. Studley College (home), lost 0—2.

B. W. W.

Lapsus Calami.—The 10—1 hockey victory recorded last term was at the expense of Evesham Ladies 2nd XI., not of Redditch S.S.—[ED.]

Postage Stamp Club.

SECRETARIES (Senior Section)—R. Jackson.
(Junior Section)—M. Ewins.

SENIOR SECTION.—Meetings have been held in the Geography Room on alternate Thursdays. At the opening meeting this term Bailey gave an interesting talk on "Plate Numbers," illustrating the subject by a number of specimens of the Great Britain Penny Red. The next meeting was devoted to the consideration of perforations; we ascertained the perforations of a number of stamps of the United States. At the third meeting we inspected a mint set of the Cyprus (1928) Jubilee issue. A description was given of the various subjects shown in this pictorial series. The fourth meeting of the term was taken up with a display of the new Newfoundland pictorial issue, the workmanship of which we compared with that of the Cyprus stamps. The exchange of duplicates has proceeded at most of the meetings.

JUNIOR SECTION.—Good attendance at the meetings of the Junior Section has shown the keenness of members in this part of the School. Advantage has been taken of the opportunity presented for exchange, and most members find their collections steadily growing. Talks have been given on various topics connected with stamps, and displays have been arranged. At one meeting IVA members brought their albums for the rest of the Section to see. Sets of stamps of Morocco and of Cyprus have been shown and described.

Neither Section of the Club will meet during the summer, as it is then almost impossible to find a time when all can attend. But meetings will recommence in the Autumn Term.

Dramatic Reading Society.

SECRETARY—B. Wells. LIBRARIAN—Sisam.

Towards the end of last term a meeting was held to consider the formation of a Dramatic Reading Society for those of VB and upwards. Considerable keenness was displayed, and the Society held its first meeting before the end of term. Plays were read from the first series of "One Act Plays of To-day," and this book has provided material for the subsequent meetings.

Meanwhile, the question of obtaining further plays has been much discussed, and the Society eventually decided to join the British Drama League, through which, by payment of a small annual subscription, books can be borrowed for the Society's meetings. By this means the variety of plays obtainable will be much increased, and we hope to obtain many great works which would otherwise be beyond our means. The Society wants to read good plays, and these demand good reading. We hope that the standard of reading will improve as we proceed, so that our renderings may not be unworthy of great works.

B. W. W.

Musical Society.

The last meeting of the autumn term was held on December 19th, when a programme of Christmas music, vocal and instrumental, was carried out by the members.

On January 24th, Miss Wells gave a sketch of the life and work of Sir Arthur Sullivan, illustrated by solos and choruses. We enjoyed the contributions of three former members of the Society, D. Sisam, E. Bunting, and S. Bowen, and choruses and two items were also given by the present members.

A "sides" evening was arranged for February 21st, and to the programme the Brownies, Tomtits, and Jackals each contributed a share of twenty minutes. It was a most enjoyable occasion, and revealed a considerable amount of latent talent.

We hope to hold our last meeting of the session on March 27th. The subject of the meeting will be "Shakespeare, and Music." A paper will be read by B. Hughes, and there will be numerous musical items.

D. S. B.

The Scouts.

So far this term our out-of-door activities have been greatly restricted owing to weather conditions, but full use has been made of the few occasions upon which we were able to venture outside. Owing to the number of young Scouts now in the troop, the majority of the time spent indoors has been devoted to the revision of scouting signs, stave drill, knots, signalling in Morse and Semaphore, etc., the results of these instructions being tried out of doors when the weather permitted.

The lighter side of scouting has not been neglected, and several attempts at impromptu concert work have been made, but in the opinion of our S.M. there is still room for improvement.

The usual system of marks has been retained, and the marks up to the present are as follows:—Kangaroos, 241; Peacocks, 315; Foxes, 196; Wood Pigeons, 351; Owls, 273; Peewits, 288.

P. L. (Wood Pigeons).

The Reference Library.

The following books have been added to the Reference Library this term:—

English Section.—Journal of the Plague (Defoe); Greek Legends (Hamilton); Essays of Elia (Lamb); Select Poems (Goldsmith); The Coming of Arthur (Tennyson); Pilgrim's Progress (Bunyan); The Princess (Tennyson); English Idylls, etc. (Tennyson); The Lady of Shalot (Tennyson); The Deserted Village (Goldsmith); The Traveller (Goldsmith); The Ancient Mariner (Coleridge); Adonais (Shelley); The Tempest (Shakespeare); Henry V. (Shakespeare); Selections (Shelley); Essay on Chatham (Macaulay); Tales from Shakespeare (Lamb); Essay on Milton (Macaulay); Literature and Labour (ed. Wilson); Dramatic Works (Sheridan); Dramatic Poesy (Dryden); An Apology for Poetry (Sidney); Lays (Macaulay).

Scripture Section.—Old Testament History, vol. iv. (Hardwicke and Crostley White).

History Section.—Histoire Moderne (Malet); English History, chap. iii. (Macaulay); Europe, 1815-1914 (Morris); History of Greece (Myers).

Music Section.—Country Dance Tunes (C. Sharp).

W. A. P.

For The Juniors.

The Fairies of the Spring.

One morning the Queen of Fairyland woke up early because Spring was coming. She called all the other fairies, and said, "Spring is coming, and it is time you set to work." Then she said, "Fairy Snowdrop, I want you to take your magic wand and wake up all the snowdrops on the Earth. Fairy Crocus, I want you to go as soon as Fairy Snowdrop comes back, and then Fairy Primrose, then Fairy Narcissus, then Fairy Daffodil, then Fairy Violet, and, last of all, Fairy Daisy."

Now when Fairy Snowdrop set out she had an Adventure. As she was flying down to Earth she met Jack Frost. She did not know who he was, and she said to herself, "I wonder who this misty creature is!" She was wondering what she should do when Jack Frost said, "I know why you have come to Earth; you have come to spoil my work." As he said this he vanished, and, very surprised, Fairy Snowdrop went on her way. She went to all the gardens on the Earth and woke up all the Snowdrops. Then she returned home.

Next, Fairy Crocus started out, and she, too, had an Adventure. She met the North Wind. This gentleman thought that Fairy Crocus was nothing but a pile of cobwebs, and put out his hand to pick her up. Then Fairy Crocus worked a magic spell on him, and turned him into a mouse. She, too, then went to all the gardens on the Earth, calling the crocuses up to greet the sunshine. Then she returned home.

Fairy Primrose had no Adventure, but was rather a long time on the Earth, as there were lots and lots of primroses to be wakened.

All the other fairies went in turn to Earth, and at their call flowers bloomed everywhere.

Their work being done, the Flower Fairies lived quietly in Fairyland, telling each other stories of their journey to Earth.

DIANA HUNT (AGED 7 YEARS).