

The
Alcester Grammar



M.D.C.
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School Record.

1928-29.

Alcester Grammar School Record.

No. 32

MARCH, 1929.

EDITOR—MR. DRULLER.

Editorial.

January gone. February gone. The end of the term in sight once more. Once more, then, is it time for the RECORD to begin to take shape.

As the wind howls outside, blowing this way and that the earth's mantle of white, it is hard to withdraw one's thoughts from the weather. This term, indeed, weather conditions have obtruded themselves upon us rather more forcibly than usual. In place of the rainy period which we are accustomed to associate with January and, more still, with February, there have been two months almost without rain. But snow there has been, and considerable frost. It will be long before most of us forget the particularly severe frosty spell of mid-February. Though it gave us some very welcome skating, it brought in its train conditions far less welcome. Icy cold huts, where the mercury almost vanished from the thermometers, and where the only effect of roaring fires in the stoves was evident in the cracking of inkwells. Frozen pipes, and shortage, or entire absence, of water for drinking and washing. Work under these conditions was, of necessity, interrupted to some extent, and no one was sorry when the full rigour of the cold abated.

The Spring term is usually marked by a temporary thinning of our members, and this year has brought no exception. There have been many absences to record, but on the whole the attendance has been better than the average at this time of year. While all around us influenza and other ailments have been claiming their victims, we have been allowed to escape comparatively lightly.

No item of outstanding interest calls for mention this term. We are informed that a Scout concert is in preparation, to be given during the last week of term. Rehearsals appear to be in full swing.

This is a short term—only ten weeks—as Easter falls very early this year. This fact, combined with the absence of any event of special importance, naturally makes itself felt in the compiling of a school magazine. If the present number contains somewhat less news than usual, however, next term—being exceptionally long—should provide a much fuller budget.

The School Register.

Valete.

Inns, M. (Vb), 1923-28.

Field, P. G. (I), 1928.

Pope, E. (Vb), 1926-28.

Salvete.

Fisher, D. H. (I).

Old Scholars' Guild News.

President—E. BOWEN.

Secretary—S. BOWEN. Treasurer—R. SMITH.

Since we wrote our last page of Guild news for the December number of the RECORD, the annual winter reunion has come and gone. This fell on Saturday, December 22nd—nearer to Christmas than usual—and an effort was made to infuse it with something of the Christmas spirit. In addition to the dancing—the regular feature of the reunions—a number of games were introduced. About seventy-five old scholars were present, and an enjoyable evening was passed.

There is very little "business" calling for attention at a winter reunion, and such business as there was, was expeditiously dealt with. The balance sheet for the year 1927-28 was presented and approved, a hearty vote of thanks being accorded to the honorary auditors, B. Walker and N. Staff. A vacancy on the Guild Committee, caused through the departure of E. Perkins from the district, was filled by the election of J. J. Hemming.

A Grand Christmas Dance was held in the Town Hall, on Friday, December 28th. It had been decided that the proceeds of this dance should be sent to the Playing Fields' Association, which, some time since, made an appeal to the Guild. The dance did not receive quite as good support

from Old Scholars as had previous ones, and only about sixty five were present. The dance band of the Royal Artillery (Leamington) provided the music, dancing being enjoyed from eight till two.

Congratulations to N. Staff, who has passed the Intermediate Examination of the Institute of Chartered Accountants.

Three more Old Scholars at the end of 1928 joined the number of those who have left England to find a home overseas. They are P. Perks, his wife (née Ida Collins), and N. Collins, and their destination was Australia. Our best wishes for success go with them.

The attention of Old Scholars is called to a dance, which is being arranged for Friday, April 5th—the Friday in Easter Week. Tickets will be 3s. 6d. each, and dancing will be from 8 till 2. The committee hope to engage the Royal Artillery Dance Band. A special appeal is made to Old Scholars to patronise this dance and to obtain their tickets early, so that the Committee may have no anxiety on the financial side. Tickets may be obtained from members of the Guild Committee and of the Dance Committee.

Births.

On November 27th, to Mr. and Mrs. K. Hall—a daughter.

On February 21st, to Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pretty (née Gertrude Franklin)—a son.

Marriages.

On February 9th, at Alcester, John Higson to Florence Millicent Andrews (scholar 1913-21).

On February 21st, at Rugby, John W. P. Ridsdale (scholar 1912-14) to Florence Millicent Shuttleworth.

Human Landmarks.

His Majesty's letter of thanks—Old Kate's enquiry concerning the health of the royal invalid—such were the headlines which attracted the popular gaze, when a few weeks ago a Cockney programme seller, and well known figure of the racecourse, became a national character.

Every large city has its "Kates," its flower-girl, its sandwich man, or its cabby, and with due respect they are honoured. But what of the country? Is it because journalists see no quaint or attractive personalities amongst the dreamy population of this snug little rural town, that Alcester has no such civic property? Unfortunately the loitering street gossip, as he lounges idly at the busy cross-roads, as he critically watches the manœuvres of distracted chauffeurs, can supply necessary information concerning interesting people. Thus the romance which surrounds that unknown flower-girl is taken away and no such beautiful Fanny graces the streets of Alcester. Nevertheless there are in the country, simple folk, in whom we may be interested, although they may be as ships that pass in the night. Day after day, year after year, we pass the same aged landmarks on our way to school. Incidentally we notice fellow travellers or toilers by the road. It is no rude curiosity which causes us to give that second glance, to notice the grime on the face of an old acquaintance, or the texture of his new coat. No, it is merely friendly interest. Imagination supplies all that is necessary, and the stranger becomes a friend. Three terms in a year—three years of a school life—a three mile journey, and the pleasure of a morning ride increases as each human landmark is passed.

"And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school."

Shakespeare's description of the reluctant scholar is not representative of all Warwickshire school-boys. One little fellow carries no bag, his face, ruddy and glowing, is often a stranger to the wash basin, and, rain or sunshine, walking to him is a lost art. With large check cap pulled "rakishly" over an eye, with Khaki woollen scarf knotted loosely about his throat, with long tweed coat, fitted with ample pockets, into which a pair of grimy hands are thrust, he hails a passing acquaintance in a broad Warwickshire accent. Evidently his path lies through dusty or marshy lanes, for mud besmears his strong leather boots, and bespatters his long coarse worsted stockings. But his face is the most attractive spectacle. With large blue eyes, sparkling with premediated mischief, the roundest, rosiest of cheeks, he is a thorough bred country child, buoyant and happy. Never yet have I seen this little chap wearing a frown of discontent; only once have I seen him with a companion. He is the first of my little human landmarks.

Half-past eight is breakfast time—at least it is for the jolly individual whom I am next about to describe. Sitting in an upturned handcart, serving as armchair and wind-screen combined, with a hunch of bread and a piece of cheese as the menu, and a large evil-looking pen-knife as the sole table requisite, this jovial roadman enjoys his open-air lunch irrespective of wind, sleet or rain. With stout, shiny black leggings, a large cap, and greenish-grey overcoat, he weathers the storm without the least sign of discomfort or irritability. He, like the school boy, is always ready to smile. Sometimes this conscientious workman has packed up the remains of his frugal meal, and contentedly puffs away at his early morning pipe. It is then, with this expression of supreme satisfaction upon his face, that he reminds one of the figure from a Dutch masterpiece. Wrinkled forehead, yellowy complexion, he would, I am sure, have attracted Frans Hals, or our English Hogarth.

A large saloon car whirls past, leaving the Autumn leaves to dance helter skelter in its wake. The car, Daimler or Rolls-Royce, I know not which, is luxuriously upholstered within, and with a prim chauffeur at the wheel, dressed in dark green livery, the picture is almost complete. On the back seat of the car, propped up by cushions, spectacles on nose, rests the central figure. He is an elderly man, wearing a grey trilby hat, and before him is spread his morning paper. Somehow I cannot believe that the benevolent-looking old gentleman is interested in the political problems of the week, but seem to feel that the page at which his paper is opened deals with the fluctuations in the stock exchange. Just one glimpse, and then the interesting figure is gone. Sometimes he is accompanied by an elderly lady, presumably his wife, who also enjoys the morning news, but usually he is alone. A large hamper, bearing the large letter L, is strapped behind, but before this can be seen, the fascinating old gentleman is lost from sight until his next journey to Birmingham.

There are many more interesting people whom I pass, the wistful ladylike tramp, the energetic paper-girl, the old road sweeper, who reminds me of a Bolshevik, with his little round fur cap, and the sprightly young damsel with her shopping basket. Then the country has its personalities, its figures of interest, but the task is left to the individual to find them out. If the civic authorities of Alcester will not produce its "old Kate," we must create our own. Sociology is, we learn, the study of man, and if Physics or

Chemistry does not appeal we may imbibe slowly the first principles of this interesting science as the mile stones pass by, the wind whirls past our ears, and our bicycle wheels slowly revolve. Three terms in a year—three years of a school life—a three mile ride—thus we have our opportunity, as our human landmarks are passed, to study human nature, and create for ourselves characters of interest. And who knows? Perhaps we, too, are someone else's human landmarks.

B. H.

Notes and News.

On Thursday, December 20th, at the end of last term, a Carol Concert was organised in the hall. A collection, in aid of the Distressed Miners' Relief Fund, was taken, and realised £6 2s. 2d.

The annual Speech Day ceremony is arranged to take place in Alcester Picture House on Thursday, March 14th. The Director of Education for the county has kindly consented to present the certificates.

The Arts League of Service gave a matinee performance in the Great Alne Village Hall on Friday, February 8th. A party of scholars from Form IVB and upward attended with Mr. Wells and Miss Deans.

This term, the Games' Subscription amounted to £5 19s. 9d.

A visit of inspection was paid on Monday, February 11th. by the VA Economics Class to the Eclipse Cabinet Works, by kind permission of Messrs. Ison.

Half-term was Monday, February 25th.

On Friday, January 18th, an Inter-Varsity Debate was broadcasted from Manchester. Among the speakers was A. J. Partridge, representing Sheffield University.

Miss A. B. Brown has very kindly presented two volumes to the Reference Library. These are "British Drama," by Allardyce Nicoll, and "Lawrence and the Arabs," by Robert Graves.

An exhibition of lantern slides of British birds was given to school members of the R.S.P.C.A. on Thursday, March 7th, in the Physics Laboratory. Fifty-eight were present.

We are interested to learn that the Walter Hines Page Travelling Scholarship of the English Speaking Union to enable a British woman to visit the United States of America, has been awarded to Miss A. B. Brown, a former member of the staff.

Quien Sabe ?

- There has, recently, been much discussion as to who is that mysterious individual who endeavours to hide his identity in the obscurity of the cryptic "nom-de-plume" XNOQ. Can it be that his reason for secrecy is sinister in its origin? Or is it merely that this author wishes to be the object of discussion? Will he eventually reveal his identity to all and sundry?

Few have yet unravelled the mystery. There have been wild, impossible surmises; cautious theories have been brought forward, while some have definitely set themselves the task of deducing the name of the author from the style and subject matter of his compositions. Back numbers of the School "Record" have been diligently searched and in some cases, at any rate, hopeful results have been obtained, but, nevertheless, it has been rumoured, though, indeed, there seems little foundation for such a rumour, that XNOQ are the real initials of this author and poet? Is it suggested that he boasts such a name as Xenophon Nicodemus Octavius Quien-sabe? Are these the initial letters of words describing his person? Is he Xanthomelanous? Is his skull Neandethaloid? Is he of Orthodox mind, of Quixotic temperament? Is the author an X-ray specialist, a Nabob, a member of the Omtah or a Quidnunc? This is left for the reason (or imagination) to decide.

It is our intention to open a competition for the first-opened correct solution of the following problem:—

PROBLEM:

$$XNOQ = A.$$

X is an unknown quantity.

N is Nitrogen.

O is Oxygen.

$$Q = \frac{XN}{O} (N-O) [(A + X) \{XNOA\} + \overline{X+N+O}] + 92$$

(AX-NO)

A is the name of the author.

Find A. (Use the Remainder Theorem and the Law of Averages).

RULES OF THE COMPETITION.

1. The judges' decision is final.
2. No "Guinea-pigs and Tadpoles" in Form IIIA may enter for this competition.
3. All entrants from VI. should sign their names and addresses in Greek, Esperanto or Sanskrit.
4. All solutions must be received on or before April 1st, 1976.
(for overseas readers September 31st, 1926).
5. All solutions, which should be on postcards only, should be addressed to:

Sherlock Holmes, Esq.,

Baker Street,

London, P.Q.152.

N.B.—No prizes will be awarded [By order].

ZYXWV.

The Hoboboglied.

Far away on the Golden Hills
Lived the Hobobogobs and the Hobobogills;
But they had the most quarrelsome wives, they had,
And when they were angry they squabbled like mad—

For Mrs. Tip said Mrs. Toes
Put powdery stuff on the end of her nose ;
And Mrs. Toes said Mrs. Tip
Had a most unnatural upper lip.

Now, there was a man named Doctor Nin,
Who grew white whiskers around his chin,
And every day made physic and pills,
And tablets and ointment to cure the ills
Of the Hobobogobs and the Hobobogills ;
And Doctor Nin had a wonderful coat,
Made out of the skin of a white nanny-goat,
And it reached from the tip of his shiny nose
To the tips of his shiny patent toes.

But there are no Hobobogobs now, because
They fought such a lot of silly wars,
And the Hobobogills could always win,
So they soon ran off with Doctor Nin,
And jumped on his stomach and banged his head
Till the poor old Doctor felt very dead ;
But the greedy fellows kept all to themselves
The things they found on the Doctor's shelves—
The physic and ointment and tablets and pills
For the Hobobogobs and the Hobobogills.

So now the Hobobogills, too, are gone,
For enough for two is too much for one.

A. J. P.

Olla Podrida.

We are told by R.H. that " the reason why, when a thermometer is plunged into hot water, the mercury instead of rising falls, is that the heat comes rather like a shock to it."

What member of the Staff wrote, " If this curve is a straight line . . . ? "

A.P. has discovered a new tract of land. He calls it the Indo-Gigantic Plain.

Monsoons, says L.W., are winds formed by a place taking in heat either in a clockwise or anti-clockwise direction.

A.B. and E.H. have found some new types of vegetation. These include expensive perfumes, furs, frozen meat, wooden and tin toys, poultry and eggs!

What member of VA is interested in the *faces* of the moon?

If, says E.H., the ocean floor is muddy, it will be dirty and wet.

In ulteriorem Galliam = into the more useful Gaul.

The earth, writes R.B., has a lot of moons which go round it; the sun also does the same.

Venus is a planet not seen very often, as it is the first star out in the evening and the last star out in the morning. (On the authority of B.A.).

The earth, G.A. informs us, goes round very quickly, and that is why the days and nights are only twenty-four.

H.C. remarks that dairy produce and animal produce are grown round the Plate river.

Who is the master who prefers Bacon to Lamb?

The growth of railways has been very rapid because South America is very hard.

Aeneas per noctem plurima volvens = Aeneas revolving many times through the night (says J.M.).

Correspondence.

Hole-in-the-Ice,

Warwickshire.

February 19th, 1929.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I suddenly remembered this morning that I had promised to let you have an article for the Spring term, and realised with a shock that the last day for receiving articles must be very close. It is most difficult to select a suitable topic on the spur of the moment; but it did occur to me that something connected with what the placards designate "the great frost" might not be inappropriate. A few minutes' consideration, and—yes, I had it; I would learn to skate, and record my impressions as a contribution to the Magazine.

You, sir, will realise the courage I displayed in making this resolution. So lamentably have I always failed in every branch of outdoor sport that I have taken up, that it would not be unnatural if I made no further ventures. But away to the butcher's—no, the ironmonger's—I went, and purchased a pair of skates. Skeletons I fancy he called them. The name seemed to me a little gruesome at the time; but unless someone comes this way within the next hour I quite realise that the addition of an apostrophe will make that name a most fitting one.

However, armed with my skates and with a pencil and notebook (with which to record my adventures as they happened) I set out. I chose a stretch of river right away from the throng; for, being a very sensitive person, I could not bear my early struggles to be witnessed by others. If I were alone, thought I, I could concentrate on my skating, without feeling that the eyes of all and sundry were observing with amusement a novice's efforts. Oh! that I had been wise, and gone where others go! Or, still wiser, and not gone at all.

Sitting down on the bank I adjusted my skates—a simple matter. I felt quite cheered that it was so simple. And now to make a start. After a few contortions I succeeded in getting on to my feet, when, click!—yes, I was on my feet, for both my skates were off. It was apparently not so simple after all. Still, if I have one virtue, it is perseverance, and I promptly sat me down and readjusted those

skates, making sure that this time they were really secure. A few more contortions—probably very undignified—and I was erect once again. I was just congratulating myself on my early success when the ice began to treat me abominably. It rose up in one solid mass and dealt me a resounding smack on the back of my head, both my elbows, and all the way down my back. I made a mental note of one fact for my article—ice is very hard!

When my feet had had their fill of gazing on a cloudless sky, and consented to come down to earth, I struggled once more into an upright position. I would not be deterred by such insignificant mishaps. I confess that I felt very unstable, but could one expect to feel otherwise when one's only support was two narrow blades of steel? But standing is not skating; one must get on the move. A push, and I was off. Now, I am convinced that these skates of mine were not friends; they must have had a serious quarrel quite recently. I had gone just six inches from the bank when one decided to proceed up stream and the other towards the ocean. As my sympathies were divided, and, in addition, I did not much mind which way I went, I tried to humour them both, and to go both ways. The only way the greater part of me did go was vertically downwards, adding one more bump to each of the spots previously afflicted.

But I struggled on, and after a couple of hours I was able to travel several yards without taking unwished-for rests. My courage, which had in the early stages ebbed considerably, was gradually returning, and, with stern resolution, I was able to reconcile those unsociable blades for increasing periods. Now, said I to myself, now is the time to fare farther afield—to skim lightly o'er the glassy plain. I push myself off from the bank, and, finding myself able to maintain some degree of equilibrium, howbeit with numerous frantic beatings of the air with my arms, I propel myself, as I had seen others do, with alternate feet. With a thrill I realise that I have at last mastered something of the art of skating, and I decide that nothing but a fall shall check my career. Vain resolve! Comes an ominous crack, my support gives way, and—I arrive at my present address. I have been here for a full hour; all my efforts to scramble out have merely resulted in enlarging my abode, and not a soul has come near me.

Still, you must have your article, mustn't you, Mr. Editor? As I had my pencil and my notebook with me, I

have occupied the greater part of my sojourn here in writing this letter to you. Should no one turn up to rescue me, I intend to fling my notebook as far as possible towards the bank, where it may perhaps be found in time to reach you for your March number.

One thing only, sir, is worrying me. I know so little of the inhabitants of our Warwickshire rivers, and I should so hate to be eaten by a shark.

I am, sir,

Yours faithfully, though numbed,

XNOQ.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—Readers will be pleased to learn that our correspondent was rescued almost as soon as he completed his letter. The after-effects of his immersion, however, prevented him from incorporating his experiences in an article. The Editor, therefore, has persuaded him to allow the above letter to be printed instead.]

Winter.

When winter winds are howling,
And in the chimney roar;
When cloudy skies are scowling,
Snow-covered lies the floor.

What care we for the whirling
Of winter's icy blasts?
Or when the snow comes hurling
From dim expanses cast?

For, while from hazy spaces
The cutting hailstones ride;
We sit in cosy places,
The flaming fire beside.

We read of gentle breezes
And sunny foreign lands;
Although outside it freezes,
And numbs both feet and hands.

We read of gallant sailors,
Of princes, queens, and kings,
Of both success and failures
Which wild adventure brings.

We revel in the glories
Of battlefields of yore,
And many thrilling stories,
While cosy fires do roar.

What care we for the whirling
Of winter's icy blasts,
With cosy fires up-curling,
As long as winter lasts?

Or for the helter-skelter
Of winter's wild outburst?
While we have cosy shelter,
Let winter do its worst!

M.A.B.

Scouts.

In view of the low state of the Scout Funds, as a result of a much enjoyed outing to Dovedale last year, a concert has been arranged to take place at the end of the term. Consequently, much of our time has been taken up with rehearsals. A few afternoons, however, at the beginning of the term were devoted to Scout activities. Proficiency and Tenderfoot Badges, and Service Stars were distributed on one occasion on the result of last term's work, while on another a double trail was arranged.

The results of inter-patrol competitions to date are as follows:—Woodpigeons 210, Peewits 180, Foxes 175, Owls 160, Peacocks 145, Kangaroos 120.

P. L. PEACOCK.

Musical Society.

At a meeting of the Musical Society, held on Friday, January 25th, the members and several of our friends from outside, had the pleasure of hearing a lecture and song recital given by Mr. Leslie Bennett (baritone), of Birmingham, who had very kindly offered to come over and entertain us in this way. In an interesting manner, Mr. Bennett pointed out the close connexion between music and poetry,

emphasising and illustrating his points by short piano solos (given by Mr. Ball) as well as by a series of songs. All the songs on the programme were selected to show the effect of good music in bringing out the meaning and atmosphere of a poem. We appreciated the tragic monotony of "The Hurdy-Gurdy Man" (Schubert), the rollicking humour of "Yarmouth Fair" and "The Jolly Carter," the descriptive nature of the "Watermill," and the elflike delicacy of "The Fairy Piper"—all heightened by the accompaniments, which were admirably played.

The programme was as follows:—

"The Hurdy-Gurdy Man"	-	-	-	Schubert
"My Home"	-	-	-	Schubert
"When I am Dead"	-	-	-	Ireland
"The Fairy Piper"	-	-	-	Peterkin
"Yarmouth Fair"	-	-	-	Wanlock
"The Watermill"	-	-	-	Vaughan Williams
"The Jolly Carter"	-	-	-	Mocran
"Ring Out, Wild Bells"	-	-	-	Bainton
The Elephant				
(From Pillicock Hill)	-	-	-	Alec Rowley
The Hairy Dog				

We were very privileged in making the acquaintance of Mr. Clifford Ball, who kindly came down as accompanist to Mr. Bennett. Mr. Ball is known to a widespread audience of "listeners-in" by his performances on the Bourneville Carillon, and we hope that he will visit us again to tell us about his own special subject—"The Music of the Bells."

Another meeting has been arranged to be held later in the term, when French music and songs will be given.

Postage Stamp Club.

Secretary—(Senior Section) R. JACKSON.

(Junior Section) BAYLIS I.

Senior Section.

We have again to report a successful term's activity. Although there has been a falling off in the attendance of some of the younger members of this section, the faithful followers of the Club have enjoyed some very interesting meetings.

At the last two meetings of the Christmas term, prepared maps of the West Indies were brought by the members. Attention was called, first, to the British stamp-issuing possessions in the West Indies, and later to the other stamp-issuing countries and states. The very large number of different States in this small area which issue stamps was remarked upon.

At the first meeting this term, Partridge spoke on the subject of "Columbus and the Postage Stamp," illustrating an interesting address by ten of the well-known series of U.S. stamps of 1893. A brief survey of the biography of Columbus was given, and the exact historical connection with the stamps brought out. In a discussion which followed, attention was drawn to the fact that Columbus was a popular subject for stamps in the New World, being depicted on stamps of Chili and St. Kitts Nevis, among others.

At the second meeting, Ruth Jackson read a paper on "The Postage Stamps of India," illustrated by a fairly comprehensive collection of these stamps. In the course of a historical survey of the issues, she drew attention to the paucity of bicoloured stamps and varieties of watermark, and to the absence of triangular issues and chalk-surfaced papers.

Further papers are to be read by Sisam, Gwynne-Jones and R. Walker.

A continued interest is kept in "Gibbons' Stamp Monthly," which circulates regularly among members.

Junior Section.

Despite some irregularity in attendance, successful meetings have been held. Members are reminded that they cannot enjoy the full benefits of the Club unless they make an effort to attend every meeting. Irregularity in attendance also makes the work of those who arrange meetings more difficult.

The regular programmes have been carried through.

Dramatic Reading Society.

Only one meeting of the Dramatic Society has yet been held this term, when Galsworthy's "Strife" was read. As the theme of this drama is the conflict between capital and labour the reading was appropriate, considering that the industrial world is at present in such a state of chaos. The reading was thoroughly enjoyed.

A "Sheridan Evening" has been arranged for March 1st, when papers will be read and scenes produced from "The Rivals," "The Critic," and the "School for Scandal." The committee has decided to hold a competition, for which members of the Society are asked to dramatise a scene from literature. The four best scenes submitted will be read at the last meeting of the term.

Each month the British Drama League publishes a magazine, entitled "Drama," which contains many interesting articles. In future these magazines will be kept in the library, together with several other books of dramatic interest, and members are invited to use this literature during the Friday dinner-hour.

Enthusiasm continues, and we hope that our meetings in the future will be even more interesting and instructive than they have been in the past.

A. M. S.

Football.

Captain: SISAM.

Secretary: PARTRIDGE.

Although last term our football XI. enjoyed anything but continued success, and finished the term with an adverse balance of thirty goals, the constant changing which prevented its settling down has been justified by its success since. Of the five matches fixed to date, two have been won, each by a considerable margin, and one lost. The two

others had unfortunately to be scratched, one on account of the prevalence of influenza among members of the visiting team, and the other on account of the treacherous state of the ground. So far two sides matches have been played, resulting in the defeat of the Brownies, by the Tomtits, by eight goals to four, and by the Jackals by six goals to nil. One practice game also had to be scratched owing to severe frost.

The boys who have represented the School this season are as follows:—Sisam, Harper, Hodgkinson i., Plevin, Sherwood i., Wigley, Sherwood ii., Duxbury, Bailey, Sheppard, Parker, Masters, Summers, Horton, Savage ii., Pinfield, Ison, Baylis ii.

The results to date are as follow:—

A.G.S. v. Evesham P.H.G.S. ...	(home)	won 6—2
„ v. Bromsgrove S.S. ...	(home)	scratched
„ v. N.F.U. XI. ...	(home)	won 6—1
„ v. Waverley Road S.S. ...	(away)	lost 4—8
„ v. Redditch S.S. ...	(home)	scratched

F. H. S.

W. A. P.

Hockey.

Captain—A. LLOYD. Secretary—K. WILLIAMS.

The weather and the influenza epidemic have both contributed to impede our progress in hockey this term. As yet, three matches have been played, resulting in one victory and two defeats; the latter may probably be due to our not being able to field a complete team.

Owing to their quick tackling and energetic efforts, the combination of the halves and backs has been most noticeable this season. Unfortunately, their efforts have not met with corresponding success, because the forward line has been comparatively slow. The goalkeeper has been a great asset to the defence.

So far, the second eleven have not played any matches, but there are two fixtures. We hope they will maintain the standard gained by former second elevens.

The results are as follow:—

A.G.S. v. Evesham P.H.G.S.	...	(home)	won 5—1
.. v. Studley College	...	(away)	lost 1—7
.. v. Evesham Ladies II. XI.	...	(home)	lost 0—2

A. L.,

K. W.

The Reference Library.

The following books were added to the Reference Library last term:—

“ The Idea of Great Poetry ” (Abercrombie), “ Browning ” (Stopford Broke), “ Tennyson ” (Stopford Broke), “ Introduction to Dramatic Theory ” (Nicoll), “ Browning ” (Chesterton), “ Poetry and Prose ” (Borrow), “ Selections ” (De Quincey), “ Wordsworth ” (Raleigh), “ Anthony Trollope ” (Hugh Walpole), “ British Drama ” (Allardyce Nicoll), “ Lord Jim ” (Conrad), “ Nineteenth Century Life ” (Kathleen Tracey), “ Shakespeare—the Man and His Stage ” (Lamborn and Harrison), “ English Literature ” (Compton Rickett), “ Selections ” (Ruskin), “ Selections ” (Chaucer and Spenser), “ Charles the Great ” (Hodgkin), “ The Beginning of the Middle Ages ” (Church), “ The Central Period of the Middle Ages ” (Lees), “ England under the Tudors ” (Innes), “ A History of the English Church in the Sixteenth Century ” (Gairdner), “ Bismarck ” (Grant Robertson), “ Tillage, Trade and Invention ” (Warner), “ Economic History ” (Lipson), “ The English Borough in the Twelfth Century ” (Ballard), “ Speeches of Abraham Lincoln,” “ Conquest of Mexico ” (two volumes) (Prescott), “ Conquest of Peru ” (Prescott), “ St. Francis of Assisi ” (Wilmot-Buxton), “ A Book of Knights ” (D'Oyley), “ Heroes of Modern Europe ” (Birkhead), “ The Northmen ” (Wilmot-Buxton), “ Heroes of the Middle Ages ” (Tappan), “ Spain ” (Martin-Hume), “ The Story of the Crusaders ” (Wilmot-Buxton), “ In Feudal Times ” (Tappan), “ Heroes of European Nations ” (Moncrieff), “ Stories from Greek Tragedy,” “ George Washington ” (Russell), “ The Renaissance ” (Edith Sickell), “ Historic Costume ” (Kelly and Schwabe), “ The Story of Architecture ” (Waterhouse), “ St. Paul the

Traveller" (William Ramsay), "Old Testament History" (G. W. Wade); "New Testament History" (Wade), "St. Mark" (C. Knapp), "St. Luke" (C. Knapp), "Shakespeare—His Music and Song" (Sime), "Writing, Illuminating and Lettering" (Edward Johnston), "Ancient and Mediaeval Art" (Margaret Bully), "A Book of Architecture" (G. H. Reed), "A Book of Lettering" (J. K. Robertson and Albert Field).

"British Drama" (Allardyce Nicoll) and "Lawrence and the Arabs" (Robert Graves) were presented by Miss A. B. Brown.

A. M. S.

For the Juniors.

How the Fairies Killed the Ogre.

Once upon a time there was a cave where an ogre and a witch lived. It was in the middle of a big forest, where some fairies lived, too. One day the ogre got in a rage; but luckily the fairies did not live right in the wood, but in a hollow tree near the edge. The ogre was angry because a mischievous little fairy had dropped grass seeds into his soup, and, as it was magic soup, the seeds grew immediately into huge, tall grasses.

The ogre was furious, and shouted, "I am not a donkey; I don't eat grass." Then he said to his wife, "I am going out to smash down nearly all the forest with my own soup spoon, and if I catch any of those mischievous fairies I'll kill them."

Now the fairies had been very clever, and had made a trap—a big hole, covered over with a trap door. When the ogre had very nearly finished smashing down all the trees, he slipped into the trap, and a fairy rushed up and killed him.

In the meantime the witch was pulling the grass out of the soup, and, as witches like grass, she ate it up. It was poisonous, and killed her.

Then the fairies lived happily ever after.

R. HILLER.