

Editorial.

THE recollections of the Fifth of November, which we owe to the always willing and always fascinating pen of Mr. Stroud, will more than gratify the curiosity excited by the reference to the great day, which concluded the reminiscences of an Old Boy, quoted in No. 1 Vol. I this time last year. The Editors are unanimously sure that there must be more where these come from, and they hope Mr. Stroud is prepared to pay the penalty of being so interesting!

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Football enthusiasts—no! (are we not football enthusiasts, too?) *some* enthusiasts of the game may think there ought to be reports of some of the non-league matches. We are sorry to disappoint them, but the reports of the five league games and the photo of the team have taken up as much of our space as we can afford.

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The prizes offered in last term's issue are awarded to Heath for a short story, and Neave for a description of a summer holiday. Heath's story is published in this number.

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School News.

THE School news of most general interest this term is, of course, the success of the Football Team in the series of contests for the League Cup. But so much is said in another part of the Magazine on this subject, that we must not allow ourselves any further remarks here.

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An event of humbler proportions, though no less satisfactory in its way, is the enthusiastic entry into the brotherhood of the Boy Scouts of seven of the Boarders, together with one or two Day-boys. We hope to see other Boarders in soon.

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An address to the School one afternoon given by a Travelling Secretary of Dr. Barnardo's Institution has resulted in a crop of new collecting-boxes, one of which is fixed in a prominent position in each class-room. They already respond to a rap of the knuckle with tinklings brazen and silvery and we hope to hear the sound getting regularly more massy.

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We have a score of New Boys, whom we welcome this term. Their names are asterisked in the List of the School at the end of the Magazine.

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To the score of others who left us last year we wish Godspeed :—

Alderton is in the Aldershot Secondary School, where he is said to be not the least happy of eight happy boys in a class with twenty-five girls !

Atton holds a clerkship in the Patent Office. He seems to be leading a strenuous life, getting home to Woking towards 7 p.m., only to fall to two or three hours' work for further exams. He plays each week for a city football team.

No one seems to have any news of Cooke of last year's V.Ith. Why doesn't he write to us ?

Dutton is said to be "engaged in statistical work" in the Morgate Street office of the R.M.S.P. Company.

Gravenor, whose auto-wheel is still to be heard wheezing up and down, is in the drawing office of the Pilgrim's Way Motor Works.

Giles, our sometime Bellringer, is getting experience at his father's Guildford and Godalming branches.

Harris is at Cranleigh.

Lawes is at Eastbourne College.

Moore is learning "registerial" work in his father's office.

Nugent is said to be in the Chemical department at the Woolwich Arsenal.

Stroud is in Mr. Eggar's office.

Warner is in the London City and Midland Bank at Aldershot.

Of the older Old Boys we have some items of news :-

A. C. Hoey was home for a month or two at the end of July; but unfortunately he could not come to any of the interesting competitions for the five Cups he presented.

A. G. Le Clercq was home at the beginning of the Term after another five years in the Columbian Republic. He had recently been doing some difficult survey work there in connection with an Aerial Transport Service.

J. H. Kendall came over from Copenhagen on his way to New York, where he is going to take up a Lectureship in Columbia University.

Bertie Hine came to Farnham to take the waters as usual this Summer. He is now in the States as Assistant Stage Manager in Sir A. Forbes Robertson's Company.

Captain Gerald Burke has sent us a very interesting account of his journey to Manipur, which we are glad to print in this number.

Another very interesting "travel" article has come from T. W. Osgood, in which he describes a business trip into Siberia. We hope to use it next time.

CROSBY—MITCHELL: On August 2, at The Congregational Church, Farnham, by Rev. E. W. Coltman, B.D., Aubrey D. Crosby to Daisy Mitchell.

BARROW—FOX: On September 2, at Holy Trinity, Clapham, by the Headmaster, Stanley Barrow to Winifred Evelyn Fox.

LE CLERCQ—LARGE: On October 15, at St. Nicholas, Market Harboro' by the Headmaster, Alfred G. Le Clercq to Beatrice Clara Large.

It was with much regret that we heard of the death of Dick Chaundler. He had travelled to the Midlands in the early summer, and only returned home in October. To all appearance he was better and stronger for his holiday, but he caught an internal chill, and died after a very short illness.

The Headmaster, Mr. Stroud and some Old Boys, were present at the funeral on November 22nd.

Speech Day, 1913.

THE annual ceremony was held on Wednesday afternoon, July 30th, in a crowded hall. Mr. A. J. Nash, Chairman of the Governing Body, took the chair.

The Headmaster prefaced his report with a few expressions of regret for Mr. Roumieu, the late Chairman of the Governors, and references to what he had done for the school. In the report, the Headmaster said that the work of the School, as tested by the examinations, was on the whole up to the standard of previous years. The Matriculation Candidates had not done so well as usual, but the Juniors had done far better. In out-of-school matters more successful work had been done than for years past—a result which, in the case of Football and Cricket, was largely due to the new "Houses" arrangement, explained in No. 1. of *The Farnhamian*. The Headmaster concluded by reminding parents that

the endeavour of the school was to train its boys to be Christian citizens, sturdy, self-respecting and loyal.

The Rector delivered a speech in which he said the three great influences in a school were the headmaster, the parents and the boys. We must take these three factors together and promote their harmonious working. The home influence, for instance, must not be ignored: we could not have good English school life without good home life first: hens could be incubated, but not human life. Attendance at school was not so much learning as learning to learn. We should seek to find out what a boy could not do and train him in that. We had got to remember that boys should not be trained only in what they had an inclination for, but in what they were weak in.

Mrs. Crum then distributed the prizes.

The Prize-winners were:—

Form I.—Spencer ii, MacMillan.

Form II.—Gardiner, Godsland.

Form III.—Baker, Tice. Form IVB.—Lathey, Benstead, Williams ii.

Form IVA.—Mason i, Mason ii. Form V.—Sergeant, Todd, Form VIB.—Langford, Bessant.

Special Prizes:—

Carpentry (J. Johnson, Esq.): Giles ii.

Drawing (S. Barrow, Esq.): Giles ii, Mason ii.

Reading (R. Mason, Esq.): Putnam.

Elocution (E. W. Langham, Esq.): Redman.

Geography (J. Patterson, Esq.): Chennell i.

History (J. R. Nash, Esq.): Judd*, Cooke.

French (J. W. Wright, Esq.): Mansell i.

Mathematics (A. W. Chapman, Esq.) : Chennell ii.

Science (W. T. Coleman, Esq.) : Mansell i.

English (A. J. Nash, Esq.) : Judd.

Scriptures (The Lord Bishop of Winchester) :
Judd.

Head of the School (The Governors) : Mansell i.

Cricket Prizes :—

Batting Average : Maidment.

Bowling Average : Maidment, Robins i.

Fielding : Chennell i.

Shooting Prizes :—

Class "A" : Chennell i.

„ "B" : Bessant.

„ "C" : Robins i, Podkin.

General Elles Challenge Cup : Putnam.

Donegal Badge : Chennell i.

Hoey Prizes :

Shooting : Chennell i.

Athletics : Pollard.

Swimming : Bide.

Cricket : Maidment,

Football : Maidment.

The vote of thanks to the Rector and Mrs. Crum was proposed by Mr. Nash and seconded in a witty speech by Mr. Kendall. A couple of French recitations by Redman and Curtis, and some English recitations by Judd, Langford, Compton, Gravenor, Pollard, Putnam and Redman, concluded this part of the proceedings. Released from the hall, most of the visitors crowded into the Art Room, where drawings and woodwork by the boys were on show.

"The Fifth."

ONCE upon a time, as the story books say, if you had asked a Farnham Grammar School boy what was the most important day in the whole year, he would have replied without the slightest hesitation, and perhaps with an amused smile at your ignorance, "Why, the Fifth, of course."

Weeks before "The Fifth" came round we had begun to prepare for its festivities; for directly the hop-bine was stripped from the poles, and lay in great, dark-brown, dry heaps in the hop gardens, parties of boys, armed with pitchforks, and carrying ropes, would sally forth after four o'clock, and drag the bine down to the School playground, where it was stacked round the walls.

We always went in parties of twenty or thirty; for, though we had permission from the growers to take the bine, the town boys always looked upon it as their perquisite, and would make desperate attacks on us, and try and prevent us taking the stuff away. In one of these fights, the house-master, while defending himself against two men, was felled with a hop-pole wielded by a third man, who came up behind. For some time he lay unconscious. Most of us sustained wounds in this encounter, for we were hopelessly out-numbered. The Governors of the School took up the case, and prosecuted the assailants, who were heavily fined, and they left the court determined to take their revenge when "The Fifth" came round.

Very often one of the farmers in the district would send us a load of hedge-trimmings. These would be

shot down in the street outside the School door, and then a master would find his class torn away from the delights of Algebra or Euclid to assist in getting these trimmings into the playground. Long before the happy day materials for the bonfire had so accumulated that it was impossible to play any games in the playground, or even to move about freely.

We made our own fireworks—at least the day-boys did—for the Head would not allow any gunpowder to be kept in the School, so the boarders made the squib cases, and the day-boys filled them. Some of the old School tables still show the marks where the boarders after Prep. used to "choke" the cases. It wasn't every boy who could make a squib. I remember one of the day-boys, a new-comer to the town, and rather a conceited chap—who fancied he knew all about the business. He made half a gross for "The Fifth"—and put the "bang" in the wrong end, with dire results! I fear these technical terms are rather beyond the present-day boy.

Of course, we didn't make full-sized squibs, as the men did; a Farnham squib was as long as one's arm, and almost as thick. When one exploded under your feet—well—you felt you had "got a rise in the world."

And didn't they "run"! (another technicality). How we prayed for a dry night that our squibs might "run."

The little boys had "golden rains," "crackers," "catherine-wheels," etc.; but if you wanted to be thought a *boy*, then squibs and squibs only for you.

We had a half-holiday of course on "The Fifth." There was the bonfire to build in the centre of the play-

ground. The Masters and biggest boys met in serious consultation to consider the building—how many faggots—how much straw—what amount of tar—where to place the draught passage so as to suit the wind, etc., etc. There was a tradition amongst us that all new boys had to creep through the draught hole, but I must confess that I never saw a boy made to go through, though the new boys generally “scooted” from the playground, as the bonfire neared completion.

Meanwhile, out in the streets you would have fancied the people were getting ready to stand a seige. Carpenters were busy protecting the windows with boards and shutters, and covering the cellar gratings with mud and matting. No shop in the town then had window-panes bigger than those in our class-rooms—it would have been decidedly risky if they had. Darkness came all too soon. We lit our fire punctually at 7 o'clock, the Masters taking it in turn to feed the flames—a very hot job, and one needing some care. Once we had used too much tar. The fire soared up far above the house-tops—the heat driving us out of the playground, and making the Schoolroom windows so hot that we could not touch them. The fire had got right out of hand. All the neighbours came rushing in, ordering us to put out the flames. It was very well to talk. We could do nothing. At last the fire died down, and we ventured back. Two fine horse-chestnuts stood then on the east side of the playground. The southern one never recovered from the scorching it got that night.

Had our House Master, who had been so foully attacked while getting in the bine a few weeks before, been with us that night, the fire would have had proper

managing, but, armed with the biggest squibs that could be obtained, he marched about the streets all the evening to give his opponents a chance to meet him in fair fight.

Though barely five feet in height, he was a man of enormous strength and great resolution. The enemy shouted after him, but there their courage ended.

Our bonfire had generally burnt itself out by 8 o'clock, and then the big boys went out into the streets to watch the doings there, while the little chaps stayed behind and roasted huge potatoes in the embers—and weren't they good too!

The fun in the town began with a procession round the chief streets. It was headed by a brass band, which I remember invariably played "Bonnie Dundee." Behind the band came the car, on which were the "guys"—the Pope, Guy Fawkes, and any notorious criminal of the day, such as Müller, who murdered Mr. Biggs in the railway carriage, and Frank Baker, who cut in pieces the little child at Alton. At times there was another guy—some local man, who had annoyed his fellow-townsmen. I never could understand why they burnt the Pope. His Holiness had no more to do with the Gunpowder Plot than the poor egg-pelted ladies in Castle Street had with the Militant nonsense. But I suppose we were ignorant also in those days. Around the car were crowds of disguised revellers, throwing squibs about in all directions. Some of the costumes were very quaint. I recollect one man dressed like his Satanic majesty, all in black, with a long forked tail. The boys, of course, must have a pull at the tail—but, alas, it was stuck full of pins!

After visiting the principal streets the procession

returned to the bottom of Castle Street, where the guys were committed to the flames of a huge bonfire, amidst tremendous cheering.

The rioting went on far into the night, but gradually the bonfires up and down the streets died out for want of more bine.

No horses went out on "The Fifth." They could not have passed through the streets.

Of course, accidents often occurred. One lad had his squibs in his belt. One squib caught fire, and set all the rest alight. He ran as fast as he could to Longbridge, and plunged headlong into the river, but he was badly burned.

The squibs were never held in the hand, but were fixed in a stout stick banded with iron, and cleft at one end.

At the Grammar School we had no guys, for on one occasion an effigy of an unpopular master had been prepared, and news of this having reached the Head, he had a talk with the Captain, and guys were henceforth forbidden. The "Bonfire Boys," as the town enthusiasts called themselves, would come round to the houses on the 6th of November, and repair any damage done on the previous day.

Why isn't "The Fifth" kept now? Well—because people didn't "play the game." First the Bonfire Boys refused to make good the damage done, and secondly, spiteful people took the opportunity to pay off old grudges. One "Fifth" a doctor in the town had every window in his house smashed by someone whom he

had annoyed. But matters came to a crisis when a young fellow living at Hale was "squibbed" home by his enemies, and so severely burnt that he died in Guildford Hospital.

This roused angry feelings. Everybody cried out the thing must be put down. But no one could be got to "bell the cat."

At last Mr. J. F. Bateman, a magistrate living at Moor Park, took matters in his hands, and, having informed the police that such goings on were illegal in the public streets, ordered them to put a stop to the rioting. On the following Fifth great numbers of police were drafted into the town, for serious rows were feared. Disturbances did occur, but the bonfires were stopped. Next Bench Day several persons, many of them of good standing, were heavily fined for encouraging the riots.

We at the School kept up "The Fifth" for another year, for we held our bonfire on private ground, and could not be interfered with; but the Magistrates pointed out to the boys that this was rather rough on the town lads, who could no longer enjoy themselves thus, and that the Grammar School boys should set an example to the rest. The School held a great meeting, and though of course there were grumblers, the majority of the boys—good fellows as they always are—gave way, and resolved to drop "The Fifth."

Boys often say to me, "Would you like to see The Fifth revived?" Certainly not.

It was an awful waste of time, and certainly of money. What we burnt away in smoke! I remember

seeing some poor people gladly picking up the sticks which we had left lying about round our bonfire. And it led to bad feeling among the boys of the town—a state of things that has now died away.

Besides our House Matches are far better fun, and as for Scouting, well! “The Fifth” isn’t in it with Scouting.

No, I never want to see “The Fifth” revived.

W.S.

On the Road to Manipur.

THE State of Manipur is on the far eastern border of Assam, adjoining Burma. It is reached by a cart-road 134 miles long from the railway to the capital Imphal.

About 14 months ago I was ordered to take over the medical charge of the Indian Infantry Regiment stationed here, and had to start in four days, with a wife and a baby of four months too!

There was first four days by rail and steamer, for I was stationed at Dinapore, near Patna. The steamer was a pleasant change, if only for the bathroom with a long bath, for one gets very dirty in the train, and thanks to a sand bank in the Brahmaputra we were 30 hours on the boat. Then came the road journey. There were no pony traps or ponies available, so we had to stick to the country bullock-cart, and plenty of straw and some bedding made one of these passable for riding, while I and the servants walked. We had with us two men-

servants and the baby's Gurkha Ayah and her husband, a pensioned soldier. The road is divided into 12 stages, of from 9 to 15 miles each. "Not very long stages" you say! Well, quite long enough when you have to stay with bullock carts which travel from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{3}{4}$ miles an hour, for the road is very hilly, going up to 5,760 feet over the Naga Hills. At each stage is a well-built bungalow, or rest house, and here, after a tub and feed, we would rest the afternoon and evening, for we always started before 7 in the morning, and got in some time between 12 and 3 o'clock.

Rinderpest was very prevalent amongst the cattle, and we had some trouble with ours, the bullocks of two of our five carts becoming too ill to travel, in consequence of which they had to be changed and come on later.

The Nagas throughout the hills evinced the keenest interest in us, and especially in the white baby—most of them had never seen one before. They are mostly jovial, albeit villainous-looking people, the men with a minimum of clothes and a brightly coloured blanket, the women with a single piece of coloured and striped cloth wound several times round the body and reaching down to the knees.

The ear lobes of the men are pierced, and the holes distended as much as possible so as to take an empty cartridge case, a large brass ring, or a quill of twisted paper or wool. You can tell them from afar by the mingled smell of dirt and 'yu' (native beer). They carry this favourite drink of theirs in huge flasks made of hollowed-out gourds.

There are various styles of hair-dressing amongst the men, as many as there are different clans—some shave both sides of the head and leave a broad comb of hair down the middle; some affect the fringe beloved of 'Arriet; other clans again display a bun of hair behind; others wear their bun on the front of the head; while, lastly, one lot have simply a touzled mop of hair. Dialects, indeed languages, are almost as numerous as villages, the 'lingua franca' being Manipuri as you get nearer this way.

The scenery, as may be imagined, was grand; up narrow gorges with trees overhanging above, and down on the other hand a narrow stream which becomes swollen with rain to a torrent. These people are very skilled in "terrace cultivation," and you will see the narrow rivulets of water, which have been taken off from the stream much higher up, running along the hill-side, with step upon step of ground below them laid out in narrow terraces, varying in width according to the steepness of the slope, and flooded for rice cultivation.

At places they take these rivulets across small chasms in hollowed-out tree trunks, or split bamboos. Kohima is the fifth march out from the railway, and here is the headquarters of the Naga Hills, with a Gurkha police battalion and a detachment of the regiment from Manipur. Here one can get almost any tinned stores, but with this exception nothing but chicken, eggs, and milk can be obtained on the road, and these only with uncertainty.

An occasional jungle fowl, or pheasant or partridge, and as one gets into the valley possibly quail or snipe may help out the larder.

From the border of the State at Mao, the highest point on the road, one drops rapidly down into the plain, and the last 29 miles in are more or less level.

The plain of Manipur is situated at about 2,600 feet above sea level, and surrounded as it is by hills, more or less near, there are nearly always breezes which keep it from heating up like the plains of India.

Last year our hottest shade temperature was 87°. Very glad we were to get in, to find a hospitable welcome and a temporary home awaiting us at the Residency until such time as we could get our own house furnished.

The first thing that strikes one about the Manipuris is the whiteness of the clothes they wear—more especially marked after the filthiness of most of the Nagas we had passed: more is the wonder after one sees the water they wash them in.

Up to the present the only water has been that in the numerous small tanks and ponds scattered all over the valley, some of which in Imphal are specially kept for drinking, but the new waterworks are just on the point of opening, and we hope soon to have fresh spring water, filtered and brought in from the hills 14 miles off. Life here is not unpleasant, though we are a small community. I am the only medical man here, the nearest being the the Civil Surgeon at Kohima. To add interest to my work I have the civil medical charge of the State in addition to my military work. I will write more of our life up here, our work and pursuits, and the habits and customs of the people if your Editor thinks it would be sufficiently interesting.

GERALD T. BURKE (Capt. I.M.S.)

From Valparaiso to Buenos Aires by Train.

IN early November of 1911, a friend and I started on a journey from Valparaiso, over the Andes Cordillera, to Buenos-Aires.

We left the city station in the afternoon, and at about 8 o'clock arrived at Los Andes, the starting point for the Transandine Railway.

This wonderful railway has proved to be perhaps one of the most ingenious engineering constructions of the world. It's highest point above sea-level is something like 10,000 ft. (at a place named La Cumbra on the Chilian side). The railway has only been in completion for three years. Before it was finished, travellers had to go partly by train and partly by mules, the latter being the more dangerous. Hardly ever was a journey undertaken but some unfortunate creature and his mule managed to fall over a precipice, or was robbed, or perhaps murdered.

On the next morning (Sunday) we started for Mendoza, the first change. It was a perfect morning, the mountain-snow gleamed beneath a brilliant sun, the stately poplars quivered in the cool, peaceful air, and the quaint little town, surrounded on all sides by huge snow-capped heights, with their deep green foliage far below, lay snug and calm, except for the occasional sound of one of the many farm occupants, and the incessant chiming of Church bells for the 7 o'clock mass.

At Los Andes the narrow gauge starts and continues until you are well out of the mountainous regions on the Argentina side.

The scenery was beautiful,—it could not have been more enchanting.

When we arrived at Rio Blanco, the first stop, the rack railway began and the incline from here averaged as much as 1 in 8.

The rack engine used on the Chilian border of this railway really comprises three engines. In front there are ordinary cylinders driving eight coupled wheels, and above these there are others driving one set of rack pinions or cog-wheels. Then at the rear there are two cylinders driving four coupled wheels, which also actuate another cog-wheel.

We left Rio Blanco and commenced the gradual ascent, winding for the most part across precipitous mountains. Soon we attained a height of about 8,000 feet, and the snow lay thickly on the railway banks.

Towards 10 o'clock we reached the village of Juncal, which consists of three or four houses and half a dozen tin sheds, scattered in the deep and narrow valley made by the high, steep mountains. Owing to the single line, we had to wait quite half-an-hour to let a goods train by.

At last we started to crawl up a very steep mountain : the gradient must have been quite 1 in 5 or 6 here. It was exceedingly slow travelling, but rather exciting to think that if the engine-driver had not perfect control over his engine we should fly backwards, and down, down down, with a final " Adieu " to this world.

From this great height which we had gained we could easily perceive the zig-zag route by which the mules had latterly travelled, and also the station which we had not long ago left. The people looked like specks in the valley below,

Two hours had elapsed before we arrived at Portello, the prettiest mountain village I think I have ever seen. Although vegetation did not exist, the quaint nature of the place offered a lovely spectacle. There were the huge snow-covered mountains, and on one side where they formed a valley, a large expanse of deep blue icy water brightened the monotonous vista. Then on the other side the picturesque village lay cosy and compact on the right bank of the cold lake. The Chilians, in their ponchos (a quaint and picturesque cloak, but sometimes rather highly coloured, worn by nearly all Chilians and most native South Americans), talked and gossiped on the railway line (there was no platform, only a tin shed which answered the purpose of a station). The complete view was one of exquisite beauty, a fine type of Swiss mountain scenery.

In 10 minutes we reached La Cumbra, then soon after at Caracoles, the last station on the Chilian border. Here we entered the longest tunnel of the railway, it was $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, and as we had already got to the highest point, we flew through and emerged out of the other entrance in $7\frac{1}{2}$ minutes.

In another 10 minutes Las Cuevas was reached, where a dining-car was attached, later on I had some dinner. We were now in the Argentina, and going down hill most of the way at a good speed. The country gradually changed from snow-covered mountains to rocky and sandy heights. We passed through many deep and narrow valleys, and at about 4 o'clock we rushed past the rapid river Mendoza, crossing it several times with frequent bends and turns. We stopped at

Las Cuevas to take in water, then again at Puente Inca, where engines were changed. Towards 6 o'clock we passed Uspallata, noted for its precipitous passes. Here we again waited for a train to pass by.

Before long we saw the last of the mountains, vegetation came into view, and when it was dark the lights of Mendoza town appeared. In about half-an-hour we ran into the busy station. As it was quite dark, the noted beauty of this place was hid from our view. Here we changed into one of the comfortable trains of the Central Argentine Railway (they are nearly all of British manufacture). The next morning we were disappointed in the country, as it was quite uninteresting. The whole day we had to gaze on a huge expanse of perfectly flat ground, now and again interrupted by a few farms and here and there a station. All the land was cultivated, and we passed by farms of every description, chiefly dairy, cattle, sheep, poultry, and a few ostrich. Most of this time we were travelling at a speed of nearly 68 miles per hour, but we frequently stopped at stations for 15 or 20 minutes.

From Mendoza to Buenos Aires, a distance of about 650 miles, we did not pass through one tunnel. Owing to the rate which we travelled at, the dust accumulated was frightful. Every minute you had to be wiping it off your chair or table.

At 7 o'clock we steamed past the suburban towns of Buenos Aires. A curious fact is that some of these suburbs have English names, doubtless due to the English Companies who constructed a good many of the Argentine railways. For instance, one is called Open Door, others Queen Victoria, Campdown House, etc.

On reaching one of the city stations we disembarked. All around us were the never-failing porters, with their Spanish equivalents for "Ca bag, sir"? "Wan cab, sir?" "Wot hotel, sir?" and other porter-like interjections. Having shown our tickets and gathered together our luggage which was left in a parcels office for a minute inspection, we made for one of the hotels, which proved to be pretty comfortable.

The next morning, having been to the station to endure much abuse, and to have most of our luggage thrown about in a reckless manner, we were allowed to take it away.

Buenos Aires is a magnificent city, situated on the Rio de la Plata. Its only drawback really is the fearful heat which prevails most of the year: but otherwise it is a comfortable, clean and an exceedingly up-to-date place.

R. E. CURTIS

(*"Remove."*)

The Squire's Repentance.

FAR away, nestled in the quiet seclusion of Devon, is the little village of Benton. It is a small place, a mere hamlet, but in the eyes of Mr. Rawlins it was more precious than gold.

Mr. Rawlins was the squire of the village, and so were his predecessors as far back as could be traced. The present squire, a widower, had but one child, a son Jack, and he was all the world to him.

Now Mr. Rawlins wished very naturally that Jack should on his death, become the squire, and so keep the position in the family. It was therefore much to his surprise and chagrin that he discovered, that his son was determined not to follow out his wish.

His suspicions on this point being aroused he watched him, and after a time he could see by Jack's restless and fitful manner, that the young man was not content to live in Benton.

Therefore while they were sitting together one night the Squire carefully broached the subject to him.

They were playing draughts when Mr. Rawlins casually remarked: "How will you like being squire when I am gone, eh! Jack?"

The young man was just making a move when the question was asked. He dropped his piece, looked his father full in the face, and calmly replied, "I do not intend to be squire at all, on the contrary I had decided to ask your permission to join the army. I hear war is declared between the Boers and the English" he added grimly.

"What" roared the old man "join the army! and is not the position of squire suitable to your tastes?"

"If you think I am going to while away my life in this dead and alive place you are very much mistaken. I have no wish to go against your will, but this I cannot do."

"Is that your final answer?"

"It is."

Then the squire's rage knew no bounds and without thinking of the consequences, he replied angrily,

"Then, you may join the army for all I care. Go where you will, but never come back here again."

"But, Father," pleaded the relenting youth—

"Don't but me! here are ten pounds; take them and go."

Jack went the next day.

Across the African veldt, under the torrid heat of the midday sun a little column of English soldiers was struggling to join its main body at Durban. They had been marching since four in the morning, and when they were just thinking about stopping for a little food, from behind a hillock a puff of smoke burst forth. Then followed a volley of bullets. The weary soldiers were for a moment startled, and began to run, but the voice of their officer rallied them.

"Charge" he shouted.

Then with a loud cheer they rushed up the hill in the very face of a spitting maxim with its hail of shot.

Bayonet in hand they dashed upon the enemy, but only to be outnumbered on all sides, and driven backwards, still fighting bravely, down the slope.

The officer however was cut off from his men, and was in great danger of being killed. He fought bravely. Then with a cry, he fell shot through the thigh, but as the enemy rushed up to capture him, a young man rushed out of the retreating ranks to his rescue.

It was Jack Rawlins.

Up the hill he ran to his officer's side, and standing over him, waited revolver in hand for his assailants to charge. His comrades were getting the upper hand now, and if he could keep the enemy off for a space, help might come.

Crack! Crack! went his revolver, and down went a Boer shot through the heart. Again he fired, and another fell, then as his assailants closed in upon him, he emptied his revolver into the middle of them and drew his sword.

Only for a moment did he keep them off, then he felt a keen stabbing pain in his side, and fell unconscious to the ground. His comrades who had now rallied drove off the enemy, and Jack and the officer were taken care of. For many weeks they lay in the military hospital at Durban, but eventually both recovered.

Squire Rawlins, who seemed to have aged ten years since his son's departure, sat at breakfast one morning reading the daily paper.

He had long ago repented his rash action, but his pride would not let him undo what he had done.

Suddenly he gave a start, and then in a low tense voice he read the following passage from the journal.

"Private Jack Rawlins of the Black Watch is to receive the V.C. for conspicuous bravery in a skirmish near Durban."

Then a little lower down in the list of promotions he read,

"From Oct. 1st., Private Jack Rawlins to be Lieutenant."

With a cry he dropped the paper, and sank back in his chair.

Then he jumped up, and said savagely, "Well, what if he did win the V.C., it makes no difference to me. He acted in direct opposition to my wishes, and I put him out of my thoughts for ever."

This seemed to relieve his feelings, for he set about the remains of his breakfast with a good appetite.

Later in the day, however, he received a telegram from Durban. Directly he saw the postmark, he was going to put the message on the fire, but on second thoughts he opened it and scanned the missive.

It read:- "Dad, can I come now?" Jack.

He put it on the table, and went out.

His expression looked softer than it had been for some time for that one word "Dad" had touched a chord in his heart, which brought back memories of years ago.

Memories of when Jack, as a little boy, had called him "Daddy." Then, after his wife's death, he had been the one solace of his life. Now that life was like a broken harp string, with all its music gone.

He walked on for some time, and it was evident that some struggle was being waged within his mind.

Then suddenly a little smile settled upon his lips, and his expression softened still more as he entered the

little post office. Taking up a telegram form he wrote with a hand shaking with emotion.

“Sonny, come at once; Dad.”

Pride was conquered by repentance.

Two months later, while the old squire was seated in front of the fire longing for his son's return, the garden gate clicked. Then a firm manly step was heard coming up the path. The squire rushed to the window.

It was his son.

With tears in his eyes he hurried to the door, and threw it open.

Then for a minute they looked at each other, until Jack said falteringly, “Father do you forgive me?”

“Sonny” murmured the old man, as he gazed at the stalwart figure before him, “I was in the wrong. There is nothing to forgive.”

Football.

WE have achieved this term the success for which we have striven for so many seasons—that of winning our way in the Final of the “Chapman Cup.” Of the four games played we have won three and drawn the fourth, thus gaining seven out of a possible eight points, with a goal average of fourteen against seven. We have beaten both Guildford and Reigate away, and Reigate at home; but Guildford managed to draw with us on our own ground.

We have been fortunate in being able to play the same team in all league matches excepting the first, and this has contributed not a little to our success. It has been no easy thing to pick out the best XI, and much time and deliberation have been devoted to the selection. All the Masters have given help in this matter, and four of the staff have played in almost every practice game arranged.

Of course, there have been weaknesses ; but these have to a certain extent been strengthened by assiduous practice and training. When it became likely that we should win the Southern Division of the League, the team was put through a course of training, which they pursued with earnestness.

Although we have been specially interested in the League, the interest in the other games did not suffer, especially as they helped to guide us in our selection of the best team. Our policy of "resting" players caused us to lose 2 or 3 games, but has proved to be a wise one.

We have played 17 games, Won 11, Lost 4, Drawn 2. Goals for, 72 ; against 30.

The chief strength of the team has been at half, where Maidment has been a tower of strength ; he has been ably and untiringly helped by Saunders and Dudley. The backs, Warren and Chennell ii, have been uncertain at times, and liable to miskick under pressure ; but lately there has been a marked improvement in their play. Browning, in goal, although he started a little shakily, has proved as safe as ever.

The forwards have caused the most anxiety. It was difficult to fill the inside left position ; the one player

whose claims were strongest being considered too small for the rough and tumble of most games. Finally Langford was selected to fill the position; yet it is, even now, by no means as strong as we should have liked it. We had some difficulty in choosing a centre forward. After one or two trials, Hutton was found to fill that position the best. Folkard at inside right has hardly played with that dash for which he was so noticeable at one time; nevertheless, in partnership with Faulkner i, he has done some good work. Faulkner, our new outside right, has "come on" finely; his rushes along the line are well nigh irresistible, and were he only able to centre quicker and with more certainty, he would be an excellent player. The other wing, Chennell i, is our best forward; he has become very quick on the ball—a quality the other forwards lack.

Well as many of these players have done, it must be admitted that most of our success must be attributed to the splendid work of Maidment, our Captain, who has proved himself the brains of the team. On many occasions he has found it necessary to show the forwards the way to score, and most of their success in the same direction has come from his well-judged passing and from the openings he has made.

It would be unfair to conclude these "notes" without some reference to Robins i, who has trained hard and worked well as a reserve defender. Had an opportunity arisen for him to prove his ability as a league player, the team would not have suffered by his presence in it.

H.C.K.

FOOTBALL RESULTS.

				GOALS	
				For	Agst.
Sept. 24.	Junior Army and Navy Stores.	H.	7	2	
„ 27.	Aircraft Factory 2nd XI ...	H.	8	1	
Oct. 1.	Farnham Congregational Y.M.	H.	1	3	
„ 4.	Guildford G.S. (S.S.S.L.) ...	A.	3	2	
„ 8.	Camberley Church Lads ...	H.	0	5	
„ 15.	Farnham Butchers United ...	H.	3	1	
„ 18.	Aldershot Secondary School	H.	2	1	
„ 22.	Farnham Congregational Y.M.	H.	2	2	
„ 29.	Alton Wednesday 2nd. XI	H.	7	0	
Nov. 5.	Reigate G.S. (S.S.S.L.) ...	A.	3	2	
„ 8.	Guildford G.S. (S.S.S.L.) ...	H.	2	2	
„ 12.	Alton Wednesday 2nd XI ...	A.	3	0	
„ 15.	Aircraft Factory 2nd XI ...	H.	5	0	
„ 19.	Camberley Church Lads ...	A.	0	3	
„ 22.	Gordon Boys' Home ...	H.	2	4	
„ 26.	Odiham G.S. ...	H.	18	1	
„ 29.	Reigate G.S. (S.S.S.L.) ...	H.	6	1	
Dec. 13.	Tiffin School (Final S.S.S.L.)	Woking	8	0	

S.S.S. LEAGUE.

Farnham Grammar School v. Guildford Grammar School.

October 4th. Away. F.G.S. 3: G.G.S. 2.

The game opened in favour of Guildford, who soon had Farnham on the defensive. Presently however, Farnham woke up, and a nice run by Chennell transferred play to the other end. Then followed some good work in which all the forwards took a share, ending in Faulkner shooting just wide. Another good run and centre by Chennell, who was playing a splendid game, were

lost, for no one was up. Just afterwards, Robins almost scored from another of Chennell's passes.

Hutton now took the ball along and centred to Folkard, who sent to Faulkner, only to see the latter shoot over. Again Farnham attacked and Hutton just missed. Guildford made several attacks on our goal; but the good defensive work of the halves and backs kept them at bay. However Guildford forced a corner for the second time, and their centre headed into goal with Browning out. Farnham were soon on the attack again, and Chennell accepting a splendidly placed pass from Maidment and beating the opposing back, scored with a good shot. Half-time came with a score of 2 - 1 in Guildford's favour.

After half-time Farnham took up the attack again and kept Guildford on the defensive. Their persistent efforts were soon rewarded. Hutton (who was now playing in the centre) passed out to Faulkner who headed to Folkard; the latter took the ball through and centred back to Hutton, and he at once turned the ball into the net, thus making matters even. Farnham played better than ever now, and on several occasions came within an ace of scoring. A shot by Chennell from a corner, beating the goalie struck the upright and rebounded into play. Folkard and Faulkner who were combining well, were several times in evidence in taking the ball up the wing. Guildford however, were not beaten yet, and rallied well. Browning brought off a magnificent save, falling full length to do so, and Saunders was winded in helping to clear. Folkard had hard luck in not scoring on three or four occasions. Chennell made some brilliant runs, but somehow or other his centres

were not improved upon. About seven minutes from time, a Guildford half handled in the penalty area; but to our surprise only a "free" was awarded. Maidment took the kick and shot over. Farnham continued to attack and Maidment receiving the ball tricked several opponents and scored with a lovely shot from twenty yards out.

Farnham Grammar School v. Reigate Grammar School.

November 5th. Away F.G.S. 3 : R.G.S. 2.

From the kick-off we attacked and should have scored on two occasions from good centres from each wing. From a corner well taken by Chennell, Folkard just headed over. The Reigate forwards were too well held by our halves, and particularly by Maidment, to get too close to our goal. During this portion of the game our forwards were slow in getting away and time after time made very little use of the good opportunities presented to them by the good work of their halves. Chennell, however, on the left centred and a Reigate back, trying to clear, put the ball into his own net. Then our forwards brightened up, and from a break-away Folkard went through and scored. After this the game became more even and Reigate's right wing looked dangerous several times. However, our halves and backs forced them to shoot from a distance and Browning was always at hand to save. At the other end Chennell and Faulkner made several good attempts to get through, but without success. Just before half-time it looked as if Reigate must score; but Browning brought off two magnificent saves in quick succession, and we crossed over with a lead of two goals.

The second half opened evenly; but gradually it was seen that Reigate were getting the better of the exchanges, and during one of their attacks Chennell i miskicked, which let their centre through, and he scored. Following this, they made strenuous but unavailing efforts to get on even terms with us. Then we began to transfer the play to the other end and at length forced a corner which was beautifully placed by Faulkner. Chennell, almost scoring, hit the bar and from the rebound Langford scored our 3rd. Both sides now increased their efforts to score and both goalkeepers were kept busy. Finally Browning in saving a hot shot failed to gather the ball, which rebounded from his legs to a Reigate forward, who scored. From now to the end, F.G.S. had most of the game. They seemed to "stay" better and during the last ten minutes kept up an almost continuous attack on their opponents' goal. Folkard got through on three or four occasions; but just failed to score. Chennell i, too, made many excellent runs along the line.

Farnham Grammar School v. Guildford Grammar School.

November 8th. Home. F.G.S. 2: G.G.S. 2.

Guildford, with wind and sun at their backs, had most of the game to begin with. The clearing of our backs and the goal-kicking of Browning was spoiled by the fairly high wind, and so the ball was kept in our half. From one of the visitors' attacks Browning failed to clear well and one of their halves scored with a good shot. After a short stretch of more even play, Guildford again attacked, and our halves, failing to hold their centre, Walters, he ran through and scored No. 2. Our Boys now pulled themselves together and began to get

more of the game ; but their shooting was weak. Following a good run by Chennell the ball was put across to Faulkner, who centred from close to the line, Langford putting the ball into the net ; but to our surprise and disappointment he was given 'offside.' Half-time arrived with Guildford leading 2—0.

From the kick-off, our boys went right away, and in a few minutes Faulkner scored with a magnificent shot which gave the goalie no chance. Very soon after Chennell put us on even terms, by scoring from a mêlée in front of goal. From now to the end it was Farnham's game ; we were attacking persistently, and only our own poor shooting and the splendid display of the visiting goalkeeper, prevented our increasing the score. Nevertheless, the ball was once more put into the net—Folkard rushing the goalkeeper as he was getting rid of the ball ; but again we were surprised to hear the whistle blow, a foul being given against Folkard.

The visiting goalie gave an excellent display, particularly during the last 10 minutes, when he was called upon to save really brilliant shots from Hutton and Chennell i. The latter, by the way, played a splendid game and did all in his power to get that odd goal. Maidment did, too ; but Guildford, remembering his success at Guildford, paid him most marked attention and successfully foiled him in his attempts to score.

Farnham Grammar School v. Reigate Grammar School.

November 29th. Home. F.G.S. 6 : R.G.S. 1.

This return game in connection with the League was of exceptional interest owing to the fact that, although we were the leaders of the Southern Division

up to that day, it was possible for Reigate, by defeating us by 1—0, or by two clear goals, to equal us on points and win on goal average. It was an ideal day for football and there was nothing in the climatic conditions to help or hinder either side.

Reigate won the toss and compelled us to face the sun. The opening exchanges were of an even character, both ends being visited without result. Our halves were playing well and successfully held the visiting forwards, but our forwards were slow and missed opportunities. Gradually, however, we began to get the upper hand and attacked with more frequency, but weak shooting spoiled almost every good movement, and it was left to Maidment—a half—to open the score with a fine long shot. Our boys now played with increased dash and, if they could have been more effective in front of goal, might have added to the score considerably. All this time, however, Reigate had not been idle, and although getting on the whole the worst of the exchanges, they gave Browning many good shots to deal with. Their shooting had much more sting in it than ours; but they were generally too well held by our halves. Just before half-time Faulkner got through on the right and passed to Folkard, who centred. A moment later Chennell put the ball through with a good shot, and so at the interval we led by 2—0.

On resuming, Reigate for a time worried our defence. Once they came very near to scoring; for in saving a shot Browning fumbled and the ball slipped through his hands and legs. However, he made a brilliant recovery and threw it out with the whole of their forwards on him. The game was more even now, with attacks on both goals. Again it fell to the lot of Maidment to inspire

his side. Dribbling through the visitors defence, he made the result fairly secure with a hot long shot which completely beat the Reigate goalkeeper. In trying to repeat the performance he left the Reigate forwards unmarked, and they, getting the ball, made a rush on our goal. Their centre got clear; Browning came out to meet him, and partly cleared, but the ball rebounded to their inside right, who had no difficulty in putting it into an open goal. But our forwards were soon attacking again. Chennell i got clear and sent in a shot which was only partly cleared, and Hutton being on the spot scored No. 4. During this latter part of the game, we increased the pace, which had been fast throughout, and during the last quarter of an hour made an almost continuous attack on the Reigate goal. Both our wing men were playing well, though our centring was not good. Folkard got through on several occasions; but failing to pass at the right moment, he lost the fruit of his efforts. At last, however, he did centre and Langford promptly scored. In the closing stages of the game Chennell again broke away, and, drawing out the goalkeeper, scored the sixth goal. At the end we found ourselves winners of the game by 6 goals to 1, and winners in the Southern Division of the League.

S.S.S.L. FINAL. Played at Woking, December 13th.
Farnham Grammar School v. Tiffin School, Kingston.

F.G.S. : 8 T.S. : 0.

This game between Tiffin, the winners of the Northern Division, and ourselves, the winners of the Southern Division, was played on the Woking Town Ground on Saturday, December 13th and ended in a decisive win for us by eight goals to nil.

Shortly after 2 o'clock the teams lined up in charge of Mr. Williams of Woking. From the kick-off our boys took up the running and immediately commenced an attack upon the Tiffin goal. However, their defence was equal to the occasion and cleared; but the ball was soon brought back and about five minutes from the start Hutton opened the scoring with a shot which struck one of the opposing backs and entered the net. After this Tiffin endeavoured to equalise, but were too well held by our halves and backs to get near the goal. They tried one or two long shots which were easily cleared by Browning. We were getting by far the better of the game; both wings were playing well, and continually took the ball down. Chennell i was well looked after by his half and the right back, but he kept them busy. By persistent efforts he took the ball along the left; being tackled, he placed the ball ahead and racing after it centred from the line and Folkard, being just on the spot, put the ball at once into the net. The game was now played at a great pace, but, try as they would, Tiffin could not get through. On one occasion their inside left got away; and being challenged by Warren he shot; it was a splendid effort, which just failed, the ball going outside. Then at the other end a good run by Folkard and Faulkner resulted in the latter striking the upper part of the bar with a good shot; for a while it looked as if the ball would be put into the net, but eventually Tiffin cleared and half-time came with the score 2 - 0 in our favour.

On resuming our boys took up the attack at once, the forwards playing a splendid game, and being ably backed up by their halves, who were placing their passes

admirably, Maidment, in particular, sending his wings away with well-judged kicks. But for some time our attacks led to nothing, until Maidment, getting possession, went through and scored with one of his characteristic shots. After this Tiffin again made strenuous efforts to get through and reduce the lead, but without avail; for our halves and backs, having taken their measure, held them effectively, forcing them to take shots from a distance, which gave Browning no difficulty. Once or twice, though, they got to closer quarters and put in shots with more sting, one, especially, would have given Browning a handful, but it just went over. On another occasion Dudley headed away with a crowd of forwards on him. Before long, however, our boys were on the go again and thereafter they completely held the upper hand. Maidment getting possession put in a long high shot which struck the bar and returned into play; Tiffin failed to clear and the ball came out to Langford who scored number 4. Very shortly after this Folkard ran right through and scored the 5th. Chennell i now became prominent and following some good and vigorous tussles with the half and back looking after him, worked his way through, but in endeavouring to avoid the goalie, he shot just outside. Soon after he went through again and from his centre Folkard scored with a rather soft shot. Our boys were almost continuously attacking; their accurate passing was splendid and had the Tiffin defence in difficulties on many occasions. The few bursts by Tiffin were beautifully checked by Chennell ii, who was playing a magnificent game. He judged the ball splendidly and kicked an excellent length. Warren, too, was doing his share well. Now was seen perhaps the finest bit of play of the afternoon. Maid-

ment gave the ball to Faulkner, who passed to Folkard, the latter passed to Hutton who scored No. 7. Almost immediately after, Faulkner went away on the right and sent in a shot which a Tiffin back, in attempting to clear, helped into the net. The end came soon after, leaving us winners of the game by eight goals to none and so winners of the Cup.

COMMENTS.

It was a splendid game, fought out in fine spirit. All our boys played splendidly and it would be difficult to pass criticism on any member of the team. The forwards played better than ever before; all their old failings were absent, and they nearly always did the correct thing at the right time. Hutton was splendid in the centre. Folkard made a gratifying return to his best form and as a result scored three times. Chennell i, although with very little to show on paper for it, did a great amount of good work—three of the goals came from his centres. The halves played as well as ever. The backs kicked and tackled with a certainty that was most pleasing to watch. Chennell ii's play was remarkable. His rushes were beautifully timed and his fellow-members of the team showed their appreciation of his magnificent work, by cheering him as he left the field. Warren, too, played better than ever before and Browning was never in difficulties.

The results before and after training speak for themselves as to the value of serious training for boys. Before training: Guildford 3-2, Reigate 3-2. After training: Reigate 6-1, Tiffin 8-0. In the last two games the majority of goals were scored in the last $\frac{1}{4}$ hour. After the game the Cup was presented to the

winners by Dr. Goodman (Chairman of the Tiffin School Governors), who remarked that although they (Tiffin) had lost, they acknowledged that they had been beaten by a "rattling good team." He also presented the medals to both teams.

Form Notes.

FORM VI.

The new and the old members of the VI are now working together in a way which bids fair to keep up the coveted reputation of the Form.

We would again wish good luck to those members who left us last year. We shall long remember the feast at Ransom's and the talented concert which followed. Some of these new "old boys" might like to hear the master's voice anew :—

English. "I'll see the work."

History (Thursday afternoon). "Take down these questions."

Latin (Monday morning). "Underline the following words."

Geography. "It's a long paragraph, Warren" (cruel hint!)

French. "Fermez les livres, et prenez une feuille de papier."

Chennell i. must be congratulated on securing the best batting average for Farnham Cricket Club last summer.

"Pat" promises to be the future Poet Laureate. The following verse concluded a spirited account of the Reigate match:—

(5 minutes after time).

Then out spake gallant "major,"
The centre-half supreme,
"It doesn't matter now boys,
We've licked bold Reigate clean.
And we shall do still better,
On the great Final day;
For when we meet famed "Tiffin"
We'll show 'em how to play!"

"Johnny" proves a worthy successor to Giles. We only wish he was somewhat more susceptible to intimidation. It is rumoured that he intends to "Ring out the old, ring in the New" with the School "chime" on New Year's Eve.

The nut we cannot crack: How did Johnny get the Merit?

One notable member of the VI writes extremely voluminous history essays. We hope to see future generations using "J's Essays in English History."

We have several budding classical scholars, one of whom hit on the happy rendering "all the girls" for "omnis Gallia," and at least one already famous anatomist who has discovered a mind in the lower jaw, the owner of which "thinks under his breath."

Surely "Henry VIII" *has* been set to music—the English Master thought it had not.

.

The dinner-hour football matches this term have been welcomed; for then instead of getting "offside," we get "off Latin."

.

Has anyone counted the number of corners in the circles on the Upper A blackboard.

— — — — —

"REMOVE."

We all wish Lacey, Harris, French and Todd good luck in their new occupations. Todd having been our comedian, we have now to put up with "dry" jokes from Whetman. (!)

.

An advertisement that did not appear in the "Farnham Herald":—A swift and certain cure for the epidemic of sneezing, liable to attack whole classes.—Apply Box 990, F.G.S.

.

A few things we should like to know:—

The voltage of Electric Snuff.

.

When is Johnny Wells going to get a better watch?

.

The "gruesome box" has vanished from our room, but not yet the "Prof."

.

Why doesn't someone patch up the puncture in the cycle shed roof? Its present condition is such that we are reminded of the saying: "There are books in running brooks."

.

Nero's court has gone, and a menagerie has taken its place. We won't mention names.

.

Omnibus praestamus in the absence of B's from our mark-lists.

.

May he who has robbed us of our "mascot" perish miserably! Having been removed to a high position in the ceiling, where it attracted potshots with chalk, carpentry aprons, etc., it soon disappeared. D—— has prepared a beautiful form of torture for the thief when discovered.

.

Hysterical giggling was heard in No. 6 one morning. It proceeded from the "Black One," who appeared to be enjoying the effect on T—— of a large expanse of coloured "shirt" front. "You bet me 5s.," he was heard to sputter forth, "that I wouldn't come to school in my pyjamas. Well, I have!" Will T—— pay up? (we *don't* think).

.

Our "strong men" have lately taken to the highwayman's trade, waylaying "small fry" on the way to the tuck-shop and only releasing them on the promise of a ransom of "suckers."

FORM V.

Here is a nut for other Forms to crack: If heat makes air expand, why are there so many more burst tyres on winter mornings, between 8 and 9 a.m., than on summer mornings?

Can warm beds have anything to do with the matter?

.

We have had some rare "faux pas" this term in class. Here are a few. The Master was explaining how people got their surnames by occupations. "Now M—what do you think was the business of Mr. Tanner in old times?"

"Please sir, he made sixpences."

"Lady Day is so called because ladies pay their bills on that day."

"..." "No sir, it's because Ladysmith was relieved by Buller on that day."

Dean Swift wrote a book called "Three men in a tub."

Old people, S—— told us one day, "require XX spectacles." He must have meant "Convex." Was his mind running on Bass No. 1?

.

Some of these hardly come up to "howlers" of the Old Fifth.

"Don't run about with an open knife, boy, or you'll fall on it, as Saul did."

"Saul, sir? Was he at school with Mack?"

"Part of the brain is called the *Surrey bellum*" (cerebellum).

"William I's horse stumbled and threw him on the pommel of his saddle and injured him in his feudal system."

Bacchus was one of the Apostles.

Name a Jew in the "*Merchant of Venice*?"

Answer: "Tarry, a little Jew."

"Boy, why does your *mother* always write these excuses?"

Please sir, father's no good at making excuses.

A consoling thought in their "sore" trouble for one or two of us: "A stick in time saves nine."

The Boarders.

THE number of boarders has considerably increased since last year. Six new boys came to replace Todd and Mallard, who left us last term.

We have been exceptionally gay this term owing to the entertainments invented during the winter evenings. This and the Easter term we attend monthly lectures in the Town Hall. They are generally exceedingly interesting. The first one in October was on "*The South Pole*" illustrated by a magic lantern and a series of cinematograph films, given by Mr. Wild, a member of the Scott, Shackleton and Mawson expeditions. In November we heard a lecture on "*Bulwer Lytton and his times.*"

Again the boarders have divided themselves into three dramatic parties, each of which acts a play, the best receiving a prize. At the Boarders' Concert we generally perform something unitedly.

"Cards" has been the craze this term. Owing to the rush for a game after "Prep.", this form of recreation has been limited to two nights a week. Chess and draughts would seem to be passing out of fashion: the boards and pieces even have got lost. What about the tournament once supposed to be played off in the Xmas term?

We are certainly getting very musical: we have two fiddlers, eight piano-thumpers, one or two clog-dancers and an expert "squeeler."

Some of us attended a concert in the Corn Exchange on December 2nd. The performance was in two parts: "Lauda Zion" and "The Last Judgment." The singing was very fine, as well as the accompaniment of musical instruments.

On Friday afternoons, after school, the more athletic ones amongst us have several times arranged the "Big Hall" for boxing and wrestling tournaments, and once we all used that hour before tea for a paper-chase.

During the past few weeks our attention has been held by the behaviour of certain of our number, whom we have seen poring intently over a book and then proceeding to perform complicated evolutions with pieces of string. On half-holidays two, whom we used to regard as respectable members of the community, have issued forth in a strange garb. The air has resounded

with weird words and sounds, as sheepshank and clove hitch, billicans and tracking-irons, and even the dreaded hiss of the cobra. However, we console ourselves with the thought that we may perhaps sleep the more peacefully in our beds, now that the Boy Scouts have come among us.

R.E.C.

Members of the School, 1913-14.

Headmaster : REV. S. PRIESTLEY, M.A.

Second Master : MR. WILLIAM STROUD.

Science Master : Dr. G. BROWN.

VI. THE HEADMASTER.

S. J. Bessant,	J. P. O'Donnell,
G. Chennell (i),	A. C. Palmer,
A. Heath,	R. S. Park,
E. H. Hutton,	A. W. Putman,
C. W. Judd,	H. Redman,
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