

## Editorial.

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**I**T seems but a day or two since we projected a School Magazine; yet here begins our third number.

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We are able to include four articles by Old Boys and we have one or two more for which there is not room this time. We thank them for these contributions and hope to receive others before our next issue. The Headmaster, who supplies our O.B. news, has expressed great gratification with the increased correspondence with Old Boys, which the Magazine has brought him. We hope that those who might not feel interested to write to "Editors," whom they have never known, will not fail to send personal news and contributions for publication to the Headmaster, for his pleasure and our profit.

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The prize offered in our last number is awarded to H. Redman for the story printed above his name. We shall be able to publish further prize contributions next term (*vide* last page); and we look for a higher standard of excellence than has been reached this time,

## The Summer Term.

**T**HIS term, naturally the pleasantest of the session, has been pleasanter than usual this year. Even the elements would seem to have conspired to please us; for we have had had long spells of warm and sunny weather, ending—just when our handful of “small-holders” were begining to find it hard to subordinate their horticultural to their sportive interests—in a day or two of welcome rain. Partly, perhaps, in consequence of such weather, the health of the school has been generally excellent. Only half-a-dozen boys were absent for any length of time, and of those, three were not themselves unwell. A touch of parotitis, almost too slight to be called mumps, deprived us for a while of the familiar figure of Giles and relegated Maidment, our Cricket Captain, to the philosophic calm of the Cottage.

In the matter of work the all-important event was, of course, the Senior, Junior and School examinations of the London University. Preparation for them kept us busy up to the half-term break; they began the day after we reassembled and finished a fortnight later. Then the Examiners fell to the work of correction and marking, and the candidates settled down with cheerful indifference to await the “Results.” These are due just before the end of term, too late for notice in this number of the Magazine.

The examinations and the fair weather combined caused a general, healthy neglect of the Library. A volume from its stock of tales was occasionally asked for on Saturdays, with a view to a warm Sunday afternoon in the field.

Sports Day was Wednesday. July 16th. Though

very dull, the day was fine, as it has been each year, since we have been on the Hill. It was not cold and there was a good muster of relatives and friends, who, we hope, thoroughly enjoyed the afternoon. The Shooting and the Swimming Sports are fixed for the end of term, just before Speech Day—after we have gone to press.

The usual exercises have been performed throughout the term in the Gymnasium, and new measurements were recently taken for comparison with those of September last.

The chief feature of this year's cricket, as of the Sports, has been the introduction of the House system. The result of this has undoubtedly been improved play by the School XI as a whole. The outstanding event is the double victory gained against our old and redoubtable opponents, the Guildford Grammar School.

Now the summer holiday is before us, with all its unlimited time for cherished projects:—bathing a hundred times a day; excursions to be made à bicyclette; daily cricket on our private pitch; select shooting parties with our new, unerring air-gun; precious stamp collections to take stock of; wireless messages to be tapped off by the hour; old bikes to overhaul and readjust; flashing propellers to affix to our handle-bars, and so on et cetera ad infinitum—not forgetting articles and thrilling stories to write for the Magazine!

For some the immediate future is a more serious affair, though not, we hope, awaited with any the less enthusiasm. The usual number of boys from the upper Forms are leaving the School, to enter upon the next stage in their career. We shall miss them, when we return, and wish them success—as they will see, when they receive our next number,

## Old Boys.

H. Mack (1896-1905), Captain for the last five years of his time here and founder of the VI Form Gazette, was ordained in Halifax Parish Church on Trinity Sunday. He is enjoying his work very much.

J. H. Kendall (1899-06), writing on June 28th from Stockholm, says that he is resigning his Exhibition at The Nobel Institute there, in order to take up an appointment as Lecturer in Columbia University, New York.

R. R. Tomlinson, writing from Chamberlain Street, Shelton, Stoke-on-Trent, tells us that he has obtained the diploma as an Associate of the Royal College of Art.

We were glad to see H. L. Wright, home on furlough from India, looking very well. Three months may seem a long holiday to us, but when six weeks of it are spent in going and returning, it is all too short. Unfortunately he went back in the Monsoons.

A. C. Hoey (1896-1900) sends us an account of his trip up Lake Rudolph (*vide pp.96-102*). He also encloses a cheque: £5 "for a prize of some sort at the Sports." After much consideration the Committee have decided to give five "Hoey prizes" for Football, Cricket, Athletics, Shooting, Swimming.

H. Heyward, writing from Thanet College, Margate, sends us a short story which we have unfortunately not been able to find room for.

C. E. Kessell (1905-1909) also sends us an interesting article on Modern Guns, part of which he read before

the Engineering Society of Sheffield University. We know he will pardon us for postponing it to a future number.

Gerald T. Burke, I.M.S., writing from Manipur, Assam, promises us an article on his part of the world. His brother P. L. (famous half-back of his time) is farming at Anerley, Sask, while H. G. is in Parr's Bank.

G. T. Nevill has left the Battersea Polytechnic and gone to Thorneycroft's in Basingstoke.

H. B. Dickson (06-11) writes from the Western Telegraph Co., Caixa 450.

"Rio is a much better place than I expected and it is very far advanced in modern ways. It is very rightly called "The Paris of Brazil."

We have one very fine street here called "The Avenida"; it is supposed to be the finest street in South America. And I have heard many say, it is the finest street in the world; this may or may not be true; but still I don't think I have seen as fine a street in England.

My hours of work are not so very long, namely only six hours a day. But it takes us about an hour to get to our work, so we have very little time to ourselves. The watches are 7 a.m. to noon, noon-6 p.m., 6 p.m.-mid, mid-7 a.m. We each have our share of the watches, and I think of all I detest: Midnight-7 a.m., because one has to sleep through the day; but still one gets used to that too.

If you are on from noon-6 p.m. you get breakfast at 9.30 a.m. and nothing (except a cup of tea brought to you while on the circuit) until 7.30 p.m. dinner.

And I can tell you we do it justice; yes, every fellow sits down with a very fine appetite, and does not leave the table till he has satisfied it. A T.C. (Telegraphic Clerk) appetite is a proverb.

We have our own tennis courts here; and our own beach

to bathe from, a reading room, a billiard room, and in short all that can be wished for. All of us belong to the Rio Cricket Club, and get some very fine games. I have played in one match so far, and scored 58. We play on matting here, and the ball plays very true, so 50's are rather common. This same club plays a lot of Football, in fact more football than Cricket.

Well, time is getting on for me to dress for duty, so I will close now.

Holderness wishes to be remembered to all.

Remember me to Mrs. Priestley and all I know at the school.

From, yours very sincerely,

ANDREW B. DICKSON."

A. V. Baker (1899-1902), writes as follows from Hastings Street, Napier, N.Z.

"I have had a varied experience and have been—survey hand, rabbit trapper, mill book-keeper and lastly in charge of the head office of my present firm. I have got a good job and I think I shall settle here. Napier is a very nice place, and one of the finest seaside places in New Zealand.

By-the-way, if you have a boy who wants to come to the colonies, I could place him in any office, in fact, boys are at a premium out here—get big wages. Labour is splendidly paid here, and a labourer can make his 10/- a day for an 8 hours day.

There are many branches of commercial life open to boys here, in fact the Banks cannot get enough to train. If you sent a boy out to one, I would see to his welfare and get him placed, if not in my own firm, at least in some firm of equal repute, where he would have a good chance of getting on."

L. V. Bearne writes as follows from Aylesbury, Saskat.

"I am at present on my cousin's farm, and shall be here until next 'fall,' about November, when I am most likely going to New Orleans, in Louisiana, in the 'States,' and shall have some position on a sugar plantation.

Canada is a wonderful country, so vast, that unless one travels in it and across it, one would never believe its size. Imagine England dropping into L. Superior.

I have had some experience on a farm, from seeding time to threshing time. Farming is worked on a larger and entirely different system than the English system. The smallest farm "out west" is a quarter-section: 160 acres. The country is divided up into sections of 640 acres each.

I have seen hail as big as plums, and when a hail-storm is raging, to hear hail on the roof, is like the heavy roar of artillery. It is a great danger to farmers, as it beats out the wheat, sometimes meaning a total loss.

Prairie fires are frequent in the spring; they just sweep over the country and burn up everything in their way, travelling at a speed of upwards of 30 miles an hour.

I should be pleased to send experiences of my time in Canada or the States at any time, when I happened to be free.

Wishing the Old School and its magazine every success.

I remain,

Yours,

LESLIE V. BEARNE."

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## **The Old Post.**

**T**HE afternoon was warm—decidedly warm, and Stubbs of Form V, sitting in his Class Room with a history imposition to write for two hours, thought that life was hardly worth living.

What a jolly time the other fellows were having, either down at the Swimming Baths or watching the Cricket Match in the School Field!

And he had to stay in and write history. It seemed hard.

"What's the good of all this stuff? I don't believe a word of it's true," said the boy.

"All true," uttered a strange voice,

Stubbs sat up and looked all round. He had no idea anyone else was in the room.

"Come out, whoever you are—none of your little games!"

"It's all true," repeated the voice.

Stubbs stared and stared—the voice seemed to come from the Old Post.

"Yes, I've seen them *make* history," said the Post. "Waller and his dragoons passed by me on their way to Alton to attack the gallant Col. Boles. I saw their nodding plumes and their shining cuirasses; and well I remember the next day, when a long line of Cavalier prisoners, many of them desperately wounded, was brought into the town

And that sad day when the poor king rode past me on his way to his execution! I remember it well. He smiled when the old schoolmaster doffed his hat and shouted, 'God bless your majesty'."

"This is ripping," said the boy.

"What does 'ripping' mean?" said the Old Post.

"Oh, it means good—first-rate. Do tell more. Do you remember Charles II coming back?"

"Of course," said the Post, "why, the boys wreathed me with oak leaves that day.

And I recollect, as well as if it were but yesterday, the shouting crowds going down the street to ring the Church bells for the Relief of Derry. The boys had a holiday; for their late school captain was a young officer of The Queen's, and formed one of the Relieving Force. And I remember Sir Wm. Temple bringing his guest, Peter the Great, here, to show him what an English school was



like; and the Czar's quaint remark, that he had never seen so many books in his life before.

Oh, yes, I've seen some famous people pass by here—Adm. Vernon of Portobello fame, Walpole, Wolfe, Pitt, and Wilberforce.

One delicate little chap—I think his father was killed in The Spanish Main—often leant up against me and watched the other boys at their games. I heard he wrote a hymn afterwards. I think you sing it upstairs sometimes—about a Rock of Ages.”

“And did you ever see Nelson or Wellington?” said the boy.

“No,” replied the Post, “some barbarian covered me over with plaster, and I never saw the heroes, but I heard them; yes, I heard them! and so I did Mr. Cobbett, when the townspeople carried him up West Street on their shoulders, after his release from Newgate.

And there was one man who often passed near me, but I could not see him, owing to that wretched plaster. I heard him say once to the Head: ‘Well good-bye, goodbye! I always like meeting your boys. I’ll send them a new book I’ve just written. It may interest them. Its called ‘Westward Ho!’”

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A step was heard—The History Master entered—“You still here, Stubbs? Don’t wait any longer. Whatever are you looking so happy about, boy?” “Please, Sir, I think it must be the history, Sir.”

W. S.

## Lake Rudolph.

**I**T was about the end of January when we first sighted Lake Rudolph, and a very fine sight it presented, reminding us very much of the sea. The South end of the lake lies in a volcanic basin surrounded by hills and extinct volcanoes, the most striking of all being the Teleki Volcano on the southern shore of the lake.

We then commenced our descent to the Lake, which we hardly suspected we should have in sight for a whole month, as afterwards turned out to be the case. The country we now had to traverse was the most difficult imaginable, being one mass of volcanic boulders with sharp edges, added to which a severe gale was blowing, making it almost impossible for the porters to hold on to their loads. This wind, though it did not allow us to pitch a single tent on the southern side of the Lake, was yet not unwelcome, as the heat otherwise would have been unbearable. The mean temperature as registered by our thermometers was 93, the temperature of the water varying between 82 and 84. Not a head of game or a vestige of grass was to be seen here.

On reaching the Lake everyone hurried down the tempting sandy beach and plunged into the water. This at first appeared to be quite fresh, but very shortly afterwards we felt our mouths dry up, and found the after-thirst was if anything worse than that before drinking. I have since heard that this water was analysed by Butter's Expedition in 1902 and was found to contain magnesia and some other alkaline substances.

Continuing our march along the Eastern shore we noticed that the appearance of the country improved

daily and encountered quite a number of oryx and Greby's zebra,

About 50 miles up the Lake we reached a very fine spring of fresh water flowing into the Lake. Here it was that we came on game in considerable quantities, good grass being very plentiful. We stayed here for four days to give our animals a rest and a chance to pick up, and during that time we saw oryx, Grant (Brightii) Greby's zebra, gerenuk, dik dik, &c. Bird life was also very plentiful and we were able to secure an ample supply of partridges and guinea fowl and had the best of sport with sand grouse.

Resuming our journey the next thing we saw of note were two or three small islands about three miles off the shore. Seeing that they were inhabited, we fitted up our Berthon collapsible boat and two of us sailed over to one of them. On approaching the island we saw several men coming down to meet us, each with a large bunch of grass in his hands. We had evidently surprised them. Nearly all natives hold up a bunch of grass as a sign of peace. These people, we afterwards learned, called themselves the "Elmolo," they very much resemble the Samburu in appearance, but by way of ornament wear fishbones in their ears. Their reception of us was very friendly indeed, involving much handshaking all round, after which we were taken along to their huts. These Elmolo, we learned through the medium of our Masai interpreter, subsist entirely on a fish diet, the results of which are painfully evident in their leprous appearance, rawness of lips, very white hands and the presence of some deformity or other in most of them. Poor as they seemed as a race, they were not however lacking in ingenuity, as evidenced by their cleverly made fishing

lines, manufactured from the fibre of the wild banana growing on the shore, their very fine nets and the rafts fashioned from the trunks of palm trees bound together with grass ropes. We had occasion to test the efficiency of these rafts, for the wind blew up too strong to allow of our sailing the Berthon boat back to the mainland and we were paddled back by the Elmolo on one of their rafts. Their paddles were very strongly made and were used as punting poles in shallow water.

The Elmolo seemed to live in terror of the Abyssinians, who occasionally raid down these shores of Rudolph. I understand that at one time these people collected quite a useful herd of goats and sheep together and had got so far as to leave their islands and settle on the mainland, but owing to the depredations of the Abyssinians—who, from what I could gather, used to kidnap them and impress them as guides to the Randili and Samburu kraals—they had to return to their diminutive islands (averaging only between 5 and 10 acres) and fish catching. At the best I should think these Elmolo were chiefly made up of former outcasts of the Samburu and Masai; these were the only natives we met with the whole way up the Lake.

All the grass on this shore is exceedingly brittle and sharp as needles, but our caravan, consisting of 6 mules 60 camels and 300 sheep, seemed to thrive uncommonly well on it. The whole of Lake Rudolph seems to be full of crocodile and hippo, and by way of a treat and change of diet we shot two hippo for the Elmolo.

Having heard before I struck Rudolph that there was an idea that the lions went to the lake to eat cat-fish, I questioned the Elmolo on this point. "No," they said,

"the lion does not come for the fish, but to eat the crocodiles"!! I ridiculed this idea, but they were very decided, and somewhat annoyed at my doubting them on the point, and I must confess that I afterwards found reason in what they said, for I came on at least four carcasses of crocodiles lying in bushes about 300 yards from the Lake shores. I am not sure how far "crocs" generally wander inland, but these carcasses were found in ideal lion lairs, and had evidently been dismembered by some animal, their bones being scattered about the place,

It was about here that we had some splendid fishing, always getting a really good haul every evening. The most common variety was a kind of bream, though we had one good capture in the shape of a 45-pounder, very much like a cod, but as I have no knowledge of fish I will not venture into details. This fish was speared by one of our boys. The majority of the fish we caught were of the "eel" species, with long suckers round the mouth; they averaged about 3 ft. in length by 8 inches in circumference.

We were not sorry to find, as we journeyed farther and farther northward, that the Lake appeared to get much less salt (we also noticed that it got shallower), which we attributed to such a large river as the Omo flowing into it from the North. For most of the journey we had to use a roughly contrived condenser—made from a paraffin tin—and this we kept going from the time of arrival in camp until our early morning start and this barely sufficed for our needs. Frequently we had to drink half Lake and half condensed water. Our porters, curiously enough, flourished on this water and hardly seemed to notice its brackishness, while as I think I have said, our stock throve well on it.

During the rainy season, which I should think is from June until October, the eastern side of Rudolph must be practically impossible for any transport, owing to the huge rivers which come down from the Abyssinian border. Some of these must be 200 yards wide, and, judging from the débris, carry at least ten feet of water. They appear to rise and fall very rapidly, as in every river bed were to be seen innumerable bones of fish which had been suddenly left high and dry as the waters subsided.

The whole of the eastern shores of Lake Rudolph abound with numbers of birds of brilliant and variegated plumage, and would furnish a most interesting study to any ornithologist. Numbers of these birds live on fish. I observed two or three kinds of duck, a very common type having a brown body with a white head. There were also two varieties of snipe, one very much larger than the other, besides countless guinea fowl.

It was interesting to note that on getting as far N. as Alia Bay we suddenly came on the Burchell zebra and lost the Graby's completely. Here also were enormous herds of game of all sorts, including hundreds and hundreds of topi. There were in consequence many lions about, whose roaring could be heard as late as 10 in the morning. A little to the N. of Alia Bay we came on a large patch of reeds which extended about two miles into the Lake. We saw a very fine herd of buffalo here, but could not get a shot. The elephant from the country near Lake Stephanie were reported to visit this swamp during the rains. This was about the only spot on Lake Rudolph where we were troubled with mosquitoes.

From this point onwards we traversed some very

nice looking country and the smoke of very distant grass fires gave us an idea that we should soon come on some human beings. In this we were not disappointed, for we shortly after espied traces of cattle and then fell in with some natives very much resembling the Turkana in many ways, having the little combination stool and head-rest and their hair in plaits. But they were not nearly of so fine a physique as the Turkana and Carra Moja. They wore brass ornaments in their ears and all carried spears and shields; we hardly saw a bow and arrow.

These natives proved to be the Reshiat, a tribe very rich in cattle and goats, living right on the North side of the Lake. We were evidently expected, for two Reshiat chiefs promptly appeared on the scene and salaamed to us with the most profound respect, practically kissing our boots—one of the many evident signs of how strong a discipline was maintained by the Abyssinians. Most of the people wore a kind of skull cap which I found out to be the breast of a pelican. This, in addition to being snow-white, was generally adorned with some ostrich feathers and was most picturesque.

Circumstances now necessitated our marching to the Abyssinian post, and here we had to sit tight for some time. The Abyssinians made us practically prisoners, as we had entered Abyssinia without Menelik's permit. Eventually we marched up the banks of the Omo River—one of the finest rivers we had yet met with, having an average width of 150 yards with a great volume of water. It swarmed with crocodiles and while watering our sheep we had constantly to fire shots into the water, but even then in one day we lost eight sheep while watering. The River Omo has very steep banks, in

some places 60 feet high, from which many crocodiles can be seen fast asleep on the rocks with their mouths open! It was not easy to imagine they were asleep, but the natives went one better and said that the birds hopped into their mouths and searched for food there! The banks of the Omo were a comparative fairyland to the land we had previously travelled through. Here it was that we obtained our first plentiful supply of fresh water for many months. We also found some very fine wild dates which the porters much enjoyed and we by no means despised. Timber, too, was plentiful, and vast herds of topi were constantly in sight. Lions proved both numerous and troublesome round the camp at night.

After following the Omo for five days we struck off in a North-easterly direction for Adis Abeba, marching thence to Jiboutil, ultimately catching the French Mail to Mombasa after a most interesting six months' trip.

A. C. HOEY.

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## Life in Bombay.

**A**S I am domiciled east of Suez for a term of years, I understand that my contribution is to take the form of a more or less reliable account of the land I live in. But no one who has been in Bombay for more than a few weeks is ready to admit that he has anything "to write home about." Those who send a long screed by every mail are probably engaged to be married, and it is only reasonable to suppose that they do not confine themselves to descriptions of life and manners. But the fault is doubtless ours in some degree. We suffer from "tropical tardiness," to use a phrase imported into the



school by a lecturing missionary in the days when I was a doubtful adornment of the Fifth.

But please remember that the East does not break upon one suddenly. It is quite possible to be delighted with the first glimpse of the Orient afforded by Port Said, keenly interested in Aden, almost indifferent at the prospect of Bombay's wonderful harbour and *blasé* after a few weeks' sojourn in the city itself. A magic carpet wafting one in a breath from the Strand to the bazaars of Bombay would be a blessing indeed to the pen of the unready writer.

I do not know—but I think it is doubtful—if we accomplish more work than our fellows at home, but it is certain that we play harder. I who was never an athlete and now have an alarming tendency to become fat and scant of breath, yet indulge in golf or tennis almost daily and, clothed in khaki, think nothing of scrambling for hours over paddy bunds and through cactus hedges in the course of honourably fulfilling my obligations as an efficient member of the Gymkhana company of the Bombay Volunteer Rifle Corps. To the man who is keen on games, Bombay has much to recommend it. Hunting, polo, tennis, racquets, hockey, sailing and swimming are all obtainable in the dry weather, and cricket and football when the rains arrive. The keen shikari is not so well placed. It is true that those who know where to go are able to arrange week end shooting trips after buck, and good bags of snipe, duck and other birds are made in due season. Last Christmas-tide, too, a Bombay civilian went out by the last train one night, shot his panther and returned by the first train in the morning. But the men one meets who have bagged their tiger have done so far away. Here

let me remark that I have just been invited to go and shoot bears in East Khandesh.

It is not hard for the average man to keep fairly fit in Bombay provided his existence be well ordered and home leave taken every few years; but the climate is enervating and occasional visits to our local hill stations are advisable. At home, where Simla, Darjeeling and Ooty are household words, these are rarely heard of I imagine; but Matheran and Khandalla, though far removed from the region of eternal snows, are not to be despised, much less Mahableshwar, where the strawberries grow and where the Bombay Government migrates for the hot weather.

Holidays further afield are a tougher proposition for many an exile with home leave to provide for. Railway travelling is fairly cheap, but India is a country of long distances and it is necessary to spend days in the train if one wishes to visit a Himalayan Hill Station, the temples of South India or any of the places which are the natural objectives of the tourist. For many excellent reasons Ceylon is a favourite resort of Bombay people. Nearly three restful days at sea under ideal conditions bring one to Colombo harbour and the threshold of a complete change of scene. Ceylon's most striking appeal is in its luxuriant foliage. In the hot weather Bombay and the country round is of course scorched and dreary indeed, but I left in the monsoon, when the city is at its freshest and greenest, and yet revelled in the sight of the luxurious vegetation seen on every side, as soon as I left Colombo.

But it is impossible to do Ceylon even the scantiest Justice in the course of these fragmentary notes. I hope

to pay a visit to the Island again some day, after which I may venture to make it the subject of another contribution.

Typical up-country Anglo-Indian life is different in many ways from the Bombay social round, but we are somewhat nearer it in our little station about eleven miles up the coast, whence we come to office reluctantly every morning. We should not like to be called suburban of course, but the daily rush to the city certainly bears some sort of resemblance to the invasion of London by its army of workers from the suburbs. But Bombay has little attraction for most of us. We have our own golf-course, play tennis and badminton at the club, and dine each other and play bridge afterwards as they do in the smaller stations up country. I believe it is well-known that our staple topics at such gatherings are the incomes of our acquaintances and horseflesh, but in spite of a weekly mail service and Reuter's cables it is impossible to be *au courant* with home topics. Few people appear to have settled political opinions or at least think it worth while to air them. Reading critiques of plays one has never seen is but poor satisfaction, and it appears to me that, with few exceptions, those who have an abiding interest in books and plays and pictures seldom come to India. Hence we discuss the merits and ailments and the buying and selling of horses, or the expense incidental to going home or taking a new bungalow.

So much for Bombay. The real India I cannot attempt to write about, lest some future contribution from Wright of the Forests, or Gerald Burke, I.M.S., should reveal my ignorance of those things on the fringe of which I live.

WILFRID MILES.

## The Old Vltb. Form Magazine.

ON my return here from a holiday in St. Petersburg, I was pleased to receive a copy of the first number of "The Farnhamian." I must congratulate the school, of which I was once a member, upon the excellence of the magazine which it has now produced. I see that in a reference to me among the Old Boys, it is stated that I was the reputed editor of a hand-written magazine, popular in the Sixth Form some years ago. I think I cannot do better, now that I am asked to contribute an article to the new School Magazine, than to give here a short account of the life-history of its predecessor.

"The F. G. S. Magazine"—with its sub-title of "A Sixth Form Chronicle"—was founded in the Spring of 1904, by Harold Mack, the greatest of our heroes ten years ago, and one of the best sportsmen the school can call its own. Although I held from the first the position of sub-editor under Mack, I regret to say that I did not give him much assistance in his task, and the rest of the form supported the magazine only to the extent of reading it, when it appeared. The result was that the magazine, which should have been issued twice during each term, was several numbers in arrears when Mack left in 1905 and I became its editor. With a hard struggle, it was brought up to date, and afterwards, with the active assistance of the other members of the Sixth—notably the brothers Keable, Ashton, and Hine—things went much more smoothly. The whole Form helped in the work (how, I shall relate further on), and before I left in 1907 we had issued our twenty-first number. Ashton now took up the duties of editor, but the majority of the old stagers had gone, and as the Form consisted

mainly of new arrivals, who had little interest in the production, the magazine soon ceased to exist.

So much for its history ; now for its contents. Each number was composed of about twenty pages of closely written manuscript, the front cover being ornamented with a reproduction in colours of the School Badge. The first page belonged to the editor, and usually consisted of an urgent call for contributions. Two pages in the centre were dedicated to the Muses, and contained verse of a light order, dealing with topical affairs, such as the building of the new school, or wonderful tales related to us in class. The remainder of the magazine was filled with a complete and caustic account of the happenings of the last half-term—football or cricket matches, the sports, the steeple-chase, speech-day, arrivals to, and departures from, the School—and, more particularly, with the doings of the Sixth Form. Each number usually contained, also, a photograph of some prominent member of the school with a short descriptive article, probably more humorous than true. Lastly, there were the artistic decorations on the borders of each page.

These decorations were, in my opinion, the chief feature of the magazine in the latter part of its career, and that inclusion showed how the whole form worked together in the production of each number and had the interests of the magazine at heart. Naturally everyone could not respond to the appeal for written contributions ; many had the desire to help in this way, but not the ability. The suggestion was therefore made that all who did not write articles should decorate the borders of the pages, and so make the magazine a production of artistic as well as of literary, merit. This idea was taken up at

once, and, under the leadership of Hine, all set to work to beautify every opening of each magazine, as it circulated among the Form. During my last year at the school, the sixth Form was small in numbers, but everyone put his shoulder to the wheel for the common good, with the result that the magazine improved considerably in all respects. At first it was a private venture; afterwards it became an institution of the Form.

The Sixth Form of these years was as merry and united a body as ever I expect to see. The Form gathering at the end of the term was an evening to be remembered long afterwards. Tea at Ransom's was followed by a concert in the big Schoolroom; here also every member contributed to the success of the evening. Song followed song, and chorus, chorus; everyone sang and everyone was applauded. Each concert was voted to be better than the preceding one, till at last we attained to the production of plays, of course under the direction of Hine, who even then gave promise of his present skill. On each occasion—a small item which serves to show the thoroughness of the spirit with which we entered into the work—elaborate programmes, neatly drawn up, were prepared for all present as a memento of the evening.

And all this corporate life of the Form was reported upon in its magazine; for much of it, I have no doubt, the magazine was responsible. The original idea of Mack, in founding the magazine, had been to bind the Form together, by giving it a common interest. Some years were necessary to effect this object, but when it was once completed the feeling of unity in the Form soon manifested itself in other and new directions. The

Sixth became a corporate whole, and not a mere assembly of certain boys. The magazine had suggested to us that things should be done for the commonwealth, and not for the individual, the fruit of that suggestion was to be seen in everything the Form did. Here, indeed, is where the real benefit of a school magazine will be observed. It is something in which all the boys, young and old, have a common share, and the new magazine will, I hope, be successful in its proper task of strengthening the interest of every boy in the work and welfare of the school.

After the Sixth Form Magazine was discontinued, the separate hand-written copies were returned to the editors who had produced them. I have now in my possession a bound volume, consisting of fourteen numbers of the magazine. It is to me a very precious book, for every page is full of recollections. When I read in it, I can bring back to myself, as if it were but yesterday, the very happy life lived in the old school.

JAMES KENDALL.

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## **The Train Boys Twelve Years Ago.**

**FIRST** day at a new school! What a host of questions rise one after another; What will the other boys be like? What sort of a school is it? Shall I be good enough to play footer for the school XI? What Form shall I be in, and with what fellows? and that dread question: What will the Masters be like? These and many other questions cause the first day to be looked forward to with some anxiety.

To a train boy the ordeal is perhaps not quite so formidable as to a boarder. He probably knows some of

those already there, and they have told him something of what the school is like and the terrors of the various Masters (usually exaggerated).

One thing, however, he does not know much about, and that is what is in store for him on his various journeys to and from school in the train. If he thinks they go to school quietly and sedately, he receives a rude shock. Perhaps a glimpse of how things went on amongst the train boys will be interesting to those who never belonged to that select and envied band twelve years ago.

The train was due to leave Camberley at 9.9 a.m. and about 9 the boys began to arrive singly or in small groups.

On nearing North Camp youthful heads would be thrust out of the windows, and there was rejoicing if the signal was against us, as we had to wait for the London train to go by.

Farnham was reached after about half-an-hour's journey, and we prepared to walk off to school, unless some unfortunate boy had not quite finished his homework; in which case he was usually granted a few minutes grace to do a little more in the waiting room. Present day boys are probably deprived of this pleasure, for, doubtless the arrival of the train can be seen from the new school and it is only a few minutes' walk before that is reached.

A few words might be said of the carriages in those days—our magnificent SECOND CLASS compartments! The railway company, it would seem, had put them on for our special benefit, in the kindness of their hearts; yet, with characteristic rudeness we designated them "Cattle Trucks." We had a mat on the floor and what



more could we wish for in a second-class compartment? Indeed it was no good wishing for more, for we never got it, except for a week during Ascot Races.

Often the journey was quite quiet, when the senior boys were gravely talking over the prospects of the 1st. XI in a hard match that was to take place in the afternoon, against Guildford or Churcher's and we youngsters would listen in awe, and wonder if we should ever be of that noble company, the 1st. XI.

At that time the School Cup was played for by Forms, but it was always a foregone conclusion that either the Sixth or Remove would win it; but the next season, the school divided into Districts, of which "the Train" was one. Then there was great excitement, for almost every boy on the train was pressed into service. We had hardly enough to make an eleven, but we had plenty of practice and in most unlikely places!

For a day or two before the game there would be plenty of discussion whilst the captain, with a senior boy or two, chose the eleven. Then one was told: "young so and so, you're to play left half and mark — and look out if you let him beat you and score!" Maybe a cry of protest was raised, "can't I play forward? I shall only make a hash of half-back;" which was answered by "You'll play where you are placed, and if you do make a hash of it, there'll be trouble." However we usually won and the guilty persons were let off lightly and we would wend our way home, battered, bruised, and sore, but eager for the next fight.

That year we won the cup with only one defeat, and that when we had two fellows away. The next year we had to fight indeed, but at the finish we tied with another district and then easily won.

Successive teams of train boys have kept up the reputation of the Train, who can point to far more victories than any other district. Now, however, that happy band is broken up.

At about the same time every day we arrived at school, just in time to miss certain lessons, and for this we were envied by other boys who had to put in the full school time. But our failure to learn these lessons at home was our undoing. In the examinations we were generally at the bottom of our various forms. One day on arriving at school, great was our dismay to find that printed question papers had been obtained for our benefit, and for us to answer for homework.

Of the happy days at school, what can one say? With just a few reminiscences I must close.

As we filed into school to get our books from our various desks in different rooms the usual morning greeting was exchanged with the Master of the room; but occasionally the greeting was overlooked and then in one room a cheery voice would remark "Nasty morn-ing, isn't it?" and we would blush at our lack of manners. That cheery voice is still to be heard in the new school.

One amusing incident occurs to the writer. We were gathered round the large schoolroom in the old school for geography, the subject being the Isle of Wight. To one familiar figure the question was put: "What is Cowes noted for," and without hesitation the answer came "Milk." How splendidly the Master turned the joke off with his face wreathed in smiles, while the rest of us roared with laughter.

Only three of the Masters of my time are now at the school, and it was the writer's privilege, a short time

ago, to go over and assist the old boys to gain a victory at "footer" over the present school, and all three were looking on at the game. Their cheery voices cheered as in our own time and gave inspiring messages to budding "internationals" of the present school.

Now the present school stands out nobly in its own grounds, with playing fields attached; but in my time the old school fronted very modestly on to the main street, an though the exterior was not very striking or beautiful to behold, yet many precious memories remain of the interior and of the happy time spent there.

One thing, however, the new school does not seem to possess, and that is a certain spacious orchard in which we sometimes were told to go and help ourselves to the apples that had fallen!

R. L. WEEDON.

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### *Mary.*

**T**HE sun was setting beneath the western sky with all the glory of an Australian sunset. The scene at Waratah, a little estate on one of the furthestmost borders of New South Wales, was indeed a quiet one, undisturbed by noise of any sort, save the bleating of sheep. The occupants of the house were a sick man and a girl of seventeen. The man was the district agent for a wealthy landowner who had sent him to buy sheep. Just at this time all the money for this purpose had come and it was waiting to be paid over, when Mr. Baines, the agent, fell ill. He was a delicate man, and the strenuous work of riding over miles and miles of dreary waste, under a scorching sun, had proved too

much for him. Mary, his daughter, was fully occupied in attending her sick father.

Night had nearly set in when a sharp knock was heard at the door.

"Go and see who it is, dear."

Mary cautiously opened the door, and at once a pleased exclamation escaped from her lips. It was a "boy," whom Mary had been kind to some time before, and who now adored "Missie Mary."

"Hullo Jim! come along in at once—but what is the matter?"

The last exclamation was caused by the anxious look she saw on his face.

"Oh Missie, as I come through de bush, I see six men all wid guns. Dey no see me, so I lie flat down. I hear dem say dey come here to-night, at midnight, to take all of 'Massa Baines' money. Dey know 'Massa Baines' is sick, and dere was no one 'cept you." This speech was gasped out by the excited, panting negro as fast as he could say it.

Mary, cool and collected, at once determined not to let her father know of the danger they ran, and asked Jim not to tell 'Massa Baines' anything about it for fear he might want to defend himself, and so make himself much worse.

Hastily, while tending her father, she formed a plan of action. There was, just near the house, a cave, which was probably unknown to the bushrangers, for such they appeared to be.

She determined, with the help of Jim, to carry her father to the cave with the money, under the excuse that she considered it dangerous to keep such a large

sum in a lonely house, and that someone must guard it. She would make him as comfortable as possible, leaving food and water by his bedside. She would then send Jim on Mr. Baines' horse for help from the nearest station.

The first part of her plan succeeded even better than she had hoped, for Mr. Baines, who had himself been worrying a lot about the money, agreed instantly to the suggestion that it should be moved with him to the cave.

Jim, however, did not at all like the idea of leaving his "Missie" in danger, but he was at last prevailed upon to do so.

By this time it was about eleven o'clock, so Mary, having settled her father comfortably for the night, extinguished the light in the house, as though she were going to bed as usual. She then secured her father's two revolvers, secreted herself under a dark bush just outside the house, by which the bushrangers must pass to come to it, and commenced her anxious watch. Every minute seemed an hour as she waited. She had begun to wonder if Jim's warning would turn out to be a false alarm, when she heard the faint beat of horses' hoofs on the sand.

Nearer and nearer they came, with the girl on the alert all the time.

Suddenly they came into view, gliding along like grim spectres of the night, as they drew nearer and nearer.

Her position was, indeed, no better than that of a forlorn hope, for the bushrangers were, of course, all armed. If they were to pass her, it was quite possible they would find the cave, take the money, and kill her father.

They slowed down to a walk, when about a hundred yards away, for fear of arousing the inmates and warning them of their approach.

Suddenly they came level with her, and just as she was going to challenge, a man who appeared to be the leader, gave a short, sharp command. They halted and dismounted, and the leader began to tell them their respective stations, in case someone should try to escape with the money. Naturally they argued, everyone wanting to enter the house with the leader for the money.

When they were in the middle of this heated discussion, which was, however, carried on in a low tone, Mary, with revolvers already cocked, suddenly burst in on them, and shouted, in a voice trembling with excitement, yet clear and authoritative, "Hands up!"

The argument instantly ceased. Before anyone could speak or do anything, Mary had said "The first one to move, except to put up his hands, is a dead man."

Slowly and sullenly they obeyed her, seeing it was useless to resist this determined girl.

Suddenly, a man at the back hastily thrust down his hand and seized his revolver, but before he could use it, Mary had shot him through the head, killing him on the spot.

The shot had the desired effect among the bush-rangers, for they instantly became submissive. Suddenly however, a gruff voice behind her said, "Hands up, my gal! I have you covered."

Although Mary had heard him, she instinctively pretended she had not. As she expected, she detected a stealthy footstep behind her.

It was one of the bushrangers who had separated from the gang before they reached the house to act as sentinel in case the inmates should have received knowledge of their approach and sent for help.

When he could almost touch her, Mary stepped quickly aside, and said, "Hands up!", covering him with one revolver and his fellows with the other weapon.

The last comer, however, was less prudent than the others had been. He took a hasty aim and fired, but Mary was too quick for him. Divining his intention she jumped aside and fired at him, wounding and disabling him.

Just then she heard the welcome sound of horses' hoofs and directly afterwards found herself relieved of her prisoners by a party of rescuers, for such they proved to be.

And so ended an adventure which might well have had very distressing results, had it not been for the courage and presence of mind of Mary.

H. REDMAN  
(*"Remove."*)

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### MUMPSY MUSINGS IN THE COTTAGE.

(*with shamefaced apologies to lovers of S.T.C.*)

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Well, there they are, and here I must remain,  
This mumpsy hole my prison! I have lost  
Pages of knowledge, such as would have been  
Most useful to remember, even when time  
Had ended these my schooldays! They, meanwhile,  
Friends whom I were full fain to meet again  
In quiet class and at the busy nets,

Follow in gladness, in "the realms of gold,"  
No idle, aimless, undirected course,  
But led by patient, professorial guide  
Into ripe fields of learning, filling each  
The garner of his mind with precious grain  
of [erudition !

Now my friends emerge,  
In flannels all, wind down pavilionwards,  
And there prepare upon the grassy pitch  
To guard th' athletic honour of the School  
With bat and ball and wicket.

A delight  
Comes sudden on my heart, and I am glad  
As I were playing! Ready for the ball,  
Hurl'd by th' opponents' bowler, stands my friend,  
Begloved, bepadded, confident. alert—  
My supple-wristed friend! His body bends  
To drive—I hear a clean, percussive thwack—  
An eager "Yes, come on!" and clapping hands!  
Such music has a charm for me, for whom  
No sound is dissonant, which tells of Sport.

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### Cricket.

**I**N spite of fears to the contrary our team this year turned out to be a fairly strong one and the cricket, on the whole, was good. The season, therefore, has proved a successful one. We have played 13 matches, winning 7, losing 5 and drawing 1. In no instance have we been badly beaten; but on three occasions, with a little more luck, we might have turned defeat into victory, for we lost by very few runs. And, we have the consolation of knowing that the class of cricket played,



even in our defeats, was good, although, perhaps not suited to the peculiar conditions of the moment. For instance, it would have paid us in at least two games to have attempted more "hitting out"; for "ground drives" brought no runs, owing to long grass.

During the season we have had the pleasure of defeating our old opponents Guildford Grammar School in two matches; but on the other hand, we have had to bow the knee to our old friends from Odiham.

The mainstay of the batting has been Maidment and Chennell i. Robins and Langford have also done good work; but they have not been so consistent as the former pair, who have been most reliable on all occasions.

Robins, Maidment and Warner have borne the brunt of the bowling during the season. Robins in particular has been worked hard and has bowled very well all through. He uses his head and consequently has proved a great success.

Mention must be made of our "find," Chennell i, who, as a wicket-keeper, has been of immense service to his side. His work in this department has been excellent and has earned for him golden opinions from all sides. As a recognition of his ability in this position, he has been chosen to assist the "Town XI." in one of their games during the holidays.

Although we have had every cause to be satisfied with the batting and bowling, the fielding has caused much anxiety. It started very badly. Many boys seemed to have no idea of judging a catch or as to where a ball was likely to be hit. Many catches were dropped and at least one game lost in consequence. A great want of judgment was also evident in the running between the wickets, for during the first three or four

games many boys were run out in most foolish fashion. However, it is pleasing to note that the fielding has improved immensely during the term.

It was often found difficult to make up the team, owing to the varied claims of several boys for the last two or three positions to be filled. Certainly the new practice-wicket has been a boon to us this season, and to it may be attributed in a large measure the improved cricket shown by many boys.

In the House matches the same keenness has been shewn as in Football; but the short time at their disposal has prevented many games from being finished. Morley in revenge for their position in Football have come out on top in Cricket, and we congratulate them on their achievement.

H.K.

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F.G.S. v. ODIHAM G.S. Played at home on May 17th, 1913.

1st Innings of O.G.S.

Kirkley, c Warner, b Robins, 2; Baker, c Browning, b Warner, 4; Ford, c Curtis, b Warner, 6; Hancock, run out, 2; Barker, b Robins, 2; Maffey, b Maidment, 2; Clayton, b Robins, 1; Thorne, b Robins, 4; Thompson, c Langford, b Maidment, 0; Terry, c Browning, b Robins, 0; Potter, not out, 0; byes, 1. Total, 24.

2nd Innings of O.G.S.

Kirkley, b Robins, 0; Baker, b Robins, 0; Ford, c Browning, b Maidment, 2; Hancock, c Curtis, b Robins, 1; Barker, c Browning, b Robins, 1; Maffey, not out, 1; Clayton, c Chennell, b Robins, 0; Thorne, b Robins, 0; Thompson, b Maidment, 0; Terry, st Folkard, b Robins, 0; Potter, b Maidment, 0; extras, 3. Total, 8.

1st Innings of F.G.S.

Robins, run out, 38; Langford, run out, 1; Curtis, run out, 0; Chennell 1, b Clayton, 8; Maidment, b Baker, 7; Warner, c and b Barker, 0; Bessant, c Thompson, b Barker, 0; Folkard, not out, 6; Redman, c Baker, b Barker, 0; Browning, b Kirkley, 16; Steadman, b Baker, 1; extras, 5. Total, 82.

## F. G. S. v. FARNHAM RAMBLERS.

Played at home on May 21st, 1913.

## 1st Innings of F.G.S.

Robins, run out, 1; Langford, b Burningham, 11; Chennell I, c Tomlin, b Hanks, 6; Mr. Kingcome, run out, 5; Maidment, b Monk, 1; Mr. Ridout, run out, 3; Folkard, b Monk, 3; Browning, lbw, b Burningham, 3; Warner, b Monk, 1; Curtis, not out, 0; Chennell II, b Monk, 0; extras, 8. Total, 42.

## 2nd Innings of F.G.S.

Robins, c Burningham, b Monk, 3; Langford, b Burningham, 0; Chennell I, b Burningham, 2; Mr. Kingcome, c and b Monk, 0; Maidment, b Burningham, 0; Mr. Ridout, b Monk, 2; Folkard, b Burningham, 0; Browning, c Palmer, b Monk, 4; Warner, b Monk, 3; Curtis, b Burningham, 0; Chennell II, not out, 0; extras, 1. Total, 15.

## 1st Innings of F. Ramblers.

Davis, L. F., c Langford, b Robins, 1; Burningham, b Mr. Kingcome, 7; Clarke, b Mr. Kingcome, 0; Monk, b Mr. Kingcome, 0; Hanks, run out, 3; Giles, b Robins, 1; Palmer, c Warner, b Robins, 1; Buckingham, b Robins, 1; Tomlin, b Robins, 0; Davis, E. W., b Mr. Kingcome, 3; James, not out, 0; extras, 10. Total, 27.

## 2nd Innings of F. Ramblers.

Davis, L. F., c Mr. Ridout, b Mr. Kingcome, 6; Clarke, b Mr. Kingcome, 10; Monk, b Robins, 2; Hanks, c and b Robins, 6; Giles, c Folkard, b Robins, 3; Palmer, not out, 2; Tomlin, b Mr. Kingcome, 1; Davis, E. W., c Robins, b Mr. Kingcome, 1. Total, 31.

In the 2nd Innings of Farnham Ramblers stumps were drawn at the fall of 7 wickets.

## F. G. S. v. FARNHAM RAMBLERS.

Played at home on May 24th, 1913.

## 1st Innings of F. Ramblers.

Mitchell, b Mr. Kingcome, 5; Leach, b Mr. Kingcome, 0; A. Reed, c Robins, b Browning, 58; Robins, b Mr. Kingcome, 0; Oakshott, b Maidment, 12; Davies, c Mr. Kingcome, b Maidment, 6; R. Reed, run out, 19; Kerley, c Warner, b Mr. Kingcome, 4; Tomlin, not out, 2; Davies, b Mr. Kingcome, 2; Giles, not out, 9; extras, 16. Total (9 wickets, declared), 133.

## 1st Innings of F.G.S.

Robins, b Reed, 3; Langford, b Davis, 6; Chennell I, b Reed, 1; Maidment, not out, 27; Mr. Page, b Reed, 5; Mr. Kingcome, c Davis II, b Davis I, 25; Mr. Ridout, not out, 1; extras, 6. Total (6 wickets), 74.

**F. G. S. v. FARNHAM WHITE STAR.**

Played at home on May 28th, 1913.

**1st Innings of F.G.S.**

Maidment, b Blunden, 24; Langford, c Keep, b Mason, 25; Chennell I, c Healey, b Mason, 0; Robins, c Healy, b Mason, 1; Mr. Kingcome, lbw, b Mason, 6; Mr. Ridout, lbw, b Blunden, 1; Gravenor, b Blunden, 0; Folkard, b Mason, 0; Browning, lbw, Plumridge, 6; Bessant, c Spencer, b Plumridge, 12; Warner, not out, 5; extras, 7. Total, 87.

**1st Innings of F.W.S.**

Cable, b Robins, 1; Mallam, c Robins, b Mr. Kingcome, 0; Spencer, b Robins, 0; Mason, b Mr. Kingcome, 9; Blunden, c Robins, b Mr. Kingcome, 1; Edds, c and b Mr. Kingcome, 13; Heely, b Robins, 0; Plumridge, c Warner, b Robins, 1; Keep, b Mr. Kingcome, 2; Bryant, b Mr. Kingcome, 4; Arnold, not out, 3; extras, 3. Total, 37.

**2nd Innings of F.W.S.**

Cable, b Maidment, 0; Mallam, run out, 9; Spencer, c Warner, b Robins, 10; Mason, c Folkard, b Robins, 0; Blunden, b Maidment, 0; Edds, c Robins, b Maidment, 4; Plumridge, c Maidment, b Robins, 0; Keep, b Maidment, 2; Bryant, c Maidment, b Robins, 8; extras, 4. Total, 37.

In 2nd Innings Maidment performed the "Hat Trick."

**F. G. S. v. MR. HOLLAND'S XI.**

Played at home on 31st May, 1913.

**1st Innings of Mr. Holland's XI.**

Smith, T. W., run out, 4; Elkins, c Folkard, b Mr. Kingcome, 1; Wiltshire, b Mr. Cole, 0; Mason, b Mr. Cole, 2; Canon Cunningham, c Chennell I, b Mr. Kingcome, 0; P. Smith, c Mr. Ridout, b Mr. Kingcome, 0; Holland, b Mr. Cole, 4; Gotelee, run out, 4; Green, c Chennell I, b Mr. Kingcome, 0; Joyce, not out, 2; Hitchcock, b Mr. Cole, 0; extras, 2. Total, 19.

**2nd Innings of Mr. Holland's XI.**

Canon Cunningham, not out, 1; P. Smith, c Mr. Kingcome, b Mr. Cole, 3; Holland, b Mr. Cole, 7; Gotelee, b Mr. Cole, 7; Green, b Mr. Kingcome, 0; Joyce, lbw, b Mr. Kingcome, 9; Hitchcock, b Mr. Cole, 1. extras, 1. Total (6 wickets) 29.

**1st Innings of F.G.S.**

Maidment, lbw, b Gotelee 23; Langford, b Gotelee, 24; Mr. Cole, b Green, 0; Chennell I, b P. Smith, 29; Mr. Kingcome, b P. Smith, 30;

Mr. Ridout, b P. Smith, 7; Robins, b P. Smith, 13; Mr. Raffin, b P. Smith, 2; Browning, c Mason, b Elkins, 19; Folkard, b P. Smith, 1; Warner, not out, 0; extras, 28. Total, 176.

#### F.G.S. v MR. GILES' XI.

Played at home on June, 4th. 1st Innings of Mr. Giles' XI.

A. Holland, b Mr. Kingcome, 23; Blackledge, b Maidment, 3; F. Tomlin, b Mr. Kingcome, 0; C. Monk, c Langford, b Maidment, 8; F. Warner, b Mr. Kingcome, 4; F. Blackledge, c Langford, b Maidment, 1; E. Giles, b Maidment, 8; E. Davies, c Mr. Ridout, b Maidment, 1; A. Gunn, b Robins, 4; E. Speed, not out, 8; C. Steadman, c Mr. Kingcome, b Robins, 0; Extras, 6, Total, 66.

#### 1st Innings of F.G.S.

Maidment, b Blackledge, 14; Langford, b Blackledge, 2; Chennell I, b Blackledge, 9; Robins, run out, 2; Mr. Kingcome, not out 30; Mr. Ridout, b Monk, 1; Bessant, b Blackledge, 0; Browning, c Mr. Warren, b Blackledge, 0; Folkard, lbw b Monk, 0; Warner, b Monk, 8; Chennell, II, run out, 2, Extras, 18. Total, 86.

#### F.G.S. v WOKING MELROSE.

Played at home on June 7th. 1st Innings of Woking Melrose.

Wooldridge b Mr. Kingcome, 6; Long, b Mr. Cole, 2; Aldridge, run out, 9; Wirmig, run out, 8; Lutley, c Warner, b Mr. Kingcome, 9; Cook, b Mr. Cole, 20; Flowerday b Mr. Cole, 8; W. Clinton, c Langford b Mr. Cole, 2; G. Clinton, not out, 0. Extras, 4. Total, 68.

#### 1st Innings of F.G.S.

Langford, b Aldridge, 1; Maidment, c Aldridge, b Lutley, 16; Chennell I c Wirmig, b Aldridge, 15; Mr. Cole, c Wirmig, b Lutley, 11; Mr. Kingcome, b Aldridge, 4; Robins, c Wooldridge, b Aldridge, 0; Mr. Ridout, b Lutley, 2; Folkard, not out, 6; Warner, b Lutley, 0; Chennell, II, c Long, b Aldridge, 3; Curtis, b Aldridge, 0. Extras, 3. Total 60.

#### F.G.S. v GUILDFORD G.S.

Played at Guildford, on June, 11th, 1913. 1st Innings of G.G.S.

Skeet, c Chennell I, b Robins, 2; Waters, c Robins, b Maidment, 0; Evans, b Maidment, 0; Goodall c Maidment, b Robins, 2; Wood, b Robins, 0; Mills, b Maidment, 0; Chapman, c Chennell I b Maidment, 12; Draper, b Robins, 0; White, b Robins, 0; Hawkins, not out, 0; Martin, c Langford, b Robins, 0. Extras, 1. Total, 17.

## 1st Innings of F.G.S.

Langford, b Goodall, 7; Maidment, b Skeet, 0; Chennell I, c Skeet, b Goodall, 4; Robins, c Martin, b Evans, 20; Bessant, b Goodall, 4; Folkard, b Evans, 18; Gravenor, b Evans, 0; Chennell II, not out 3; Warner, b Evans, 0; Steadman, c Wood, b Evans, 4; Ball, b Evans, 3. Extras, 5. Total, 68.

## F.G.S. v ODIHAM G.S.

Played at Odiham, on June 14th. 1st Innings of O.G.S.

Kirkby, c Maidment, b Robins, 29; Hancock, c Bessant, b Robins, 0; Barker, c Curtis, b Robins, 20; Chipchase, c Langford, b Robins, 1; Baker, not out, 11; Edward I, b Maidment, 0; Thorne, c Chennell, 1 b Maidment, 0; Clayton, c Langford, b Robins, 1; Marshall, c Warner, b Robins, 6; Hartnett, b Robins, 2; Terry, b Maidment, 0. Total, 70.

## 1st Innings of F.G.S.

Langford, b Thorne, 10; Chennell I, c Baker, b Clayton, 17; Maidment, c Edwards, b Thorne, 0; Robins, b Thorne, 1; Folkard, b Thorne, 0; Bessant, c and b Clayton, 0; Chennell II, c Clayton, b Thorne, 3; Warner, b Thorne, 0; Stroud, c Hancock, b Clayton, 4; Ball, b Clayton, 0; Curtis, not out, 0; extras, 5. Total, 40.

## F. G. S. v. FARNHAM WHITE STAR.

Played at Farnham Park on June 18th. 1st Innings of F.W.S.

Cable, b Mr. Kingcome, 0; Blunden, c Chennell I, b Robins, 4; Mason, b Mr. Kingcome, 0; Plumridge, b Robins, 20; Mallam, b Mr. Kingcome, 4; Edds, b Mr. Kingcome, 8; Heely, b Robins, 4; Doulton, b Mr. Kingcome, 1; Ford, run out, 3; Jamison, c and b Robins, 0; Foot, not out, 1; extras, 7. Total, 52.

## 1st Innings of F.G.S.

Langford, b Mallam, 5; Chennell I, c Doulton, b Blunden, 5; Chennell II, b Mallam, 0; Mr. Kingcome, c Plumridge, b Mallam, 8; Robins, lbw, b Mason, 1; Mr. Ridout, not out, 11; Mr. Withinshaw, s Edds, b Mallam, 0; Bessant, b Mason, 0; Stroud, b Mason, 0; Warner, b Mason, 3; Folkard, c and b Mason, 0. Total, 33.

## F.G.S. v. WOKING MELROSE.

Played at Woking on June 28th. 1st Innings of Woking Melrose.

Hodges, c and b Robins, 9; Long, A. W. run out, 7; Heaton, b Robins, 10; Wooldridge, c and b Robins, 4; Smith, c and b Robins, 12; Aldridge, c Mr. Kingcome, b Robins, 17; C. Long, lbw, b Warner, 0; Wright, not out, 0; E. Hawkins, c Redman, b Warner, 0; Lutley, b Robins, 4; E. Cook, b Warner, 0; extras, 8. Total, 71.

## 1st Innings of F.G.S.

Chennell I b Wright, 15; Langford, b Lutley, 6; Mr. Kingcome, c Aldridge, b Heaton, 22; Robins, b Heaton, 0; Mr. Ridout, c Hawkins, b Lutley, 10; Browning, b Aldridge, 4; Bessant, b Lutley, 3; Smith, b Lutley, 1; Warner, b Heaton, 1; Chennell II, b Heaton, 0; Redman, not out, 4. Extras, 14. Total, 80.

## F.G.S. v GUILDFORD G.S.

Played at home, on July 5th. 1st Innings of G.G.S.

Skeet, c Langford, b Robins, 33; Waters, b Warner, 0; Goodall, lbw b Warner, 0; Wood, c Redman, b Robins, 2; Evans, c & b Robins, 12; Rolfe, c Chennell I, b Browning, 7; Chapman, b Robins, 0; Hawkins, lbw b Warner, 0; Watson, b Robins, 0; Mills, c Curtis, b Robins, 5; Martin, not out, 1. Extras, 3. Total, 63.

## 1st Innings of F.G.S.

Langford b Skeet, 1; Chennell I b Skeet, 12; Robins, b Skeet, 14; Bessant, b Waters, 2; Folkard, b Skeet, 0; Warner, b Walters, 5; Browning, b Skeet, 1; Chennell II, b Rolfe, 10; Smith, c Skeet, b Rolfe, 5; Redman, not out, 4; Curtis, run out, 0; Extras, 16. Total, 70.

## F.G.S. v FARNHAM RAMBLERS.

Played at home, on July 9th. 1st Innings of F. Ramblers.

J. F. Davies, b Mr. Kingcome, 16; Oakshott, b Robins, 6; Reed, c Mr. Withinshaw, b Mr. Ridout, 38; Burningham, c Bessant, b Robins, 3; Giles, b Robins, 2; Lock, b Robins, 0; Palmer, b Mr. Kingcome, 1; Shaw, b Mr. Kingcome, 0; Leach, c Browning, b Mr. Kingcome, 0; E. Davies, not out 4; Buckingham, c Robins, b Mr. Kingcome, 1; Extras, 8. Total, 79.

## 1st Innings of F.G.S.

Langford, c Oakshott, b Reed, 0; Chennell I c Davies, b Davies, 20; Robins b Reed, 1; Mr. Withinshaw, lbw b Davies, 6; Mr. Kingcome lbw b Davies, 19; Mr. Ridout, b Davies, 0; Bessant, b Reed, 5; Browning, c & b Davies, 1; Warner, b Reed, 7; Redman, lbw b Palmer, 12; Chennell II, not out, 2. Extras, 14. Total, 77.

## F.G.S. v OLD BOYS.

Played at home, on July 19th, 1913. 1st Innings of Old Boys.

Adams b Maidment, 9; Cole, b Robins, 0; Franks, b Robins, 0; Stedman, c Redman b Maldment, 5; Page, b Maidment, 6; Neville c & b Robins, 1; Raffin, c Chennell b Robins, 0; Gunn, c & b Maidment, 0; Wilkinson, b Robins, 0; Bradford, b Maidment, 4; Loe, not out, 7; Folkard, b Maidment, 2; Extras, 1. Total 35.

In their 2nd Innings the Old Boys made 51 for 6 wickets.

1st Innings of F.G.S.

Langford, b Loe, 2; Chennell I not out, 51; Maidment, b Cole, 17; Warner, b Raffin, 8; Browning, b Cole, 8; Bessant, not out, 10. Extras, 24. Total (for 4 wickets) 120. (Smith, Redman, Curtis, Chennell I Robins and Stroud did not bat.)

### SECOND XI MATCHES.

Second XI v Alton G.S. at Alton. Lost by 12 runs.

Browning performed the "Hat Trick."

Second XI v Alton G.S. at home. Lost by 6 runs.

Smith batted well for 21. Redman took 5 wickets for 16 runs.

### HOUSE MATCH RESULTS.

Harding	Result	Childe	Result	Massingberd.	Result
v Childe	Won	v Harding	Lost	v Harding	Lost
v Morley	Lost	v Morley	Lost	v Morley	Drawn
v Massingberd	Won	v Massingberd	Drawn	v Childe	Drawn
v Childe	Drawn	v Harding	Drawn	v Harding	Won
v Morley	Drawn	v Morley	Lost	v Morley	Lost
v Massingberd	Lost	v Massingberd	Drawn	v Childe	Drawn

Morley	Result	TABLE OF RESULTS					
		House	Played	Won	Lost	Dn	Points
v Childe	Won						
v Harding	Won						
v Massingberd	Drawn	1 Morley	6	4	0	2	10
v Childe	Won	2 Harding	6	2	2	2	6
v Harding	Drawn	3 Massingberd	6	1	3	2	5
v Massingberd	Won	4 Childe	6	0	3	3	3

### The Rifle Club.

THE usual keenness for shooting has manifested itself this season, and the Club is a more numerous company than it was last year. Unfortunately however the scoring in the upper classes has not been so good. Chennell, Putnam and Atton are the only ones who have



made anything like good scores. It must not be forgotten that we had some exceptionally good shots last year. Frank Hendrey, Tomlin, Wells, and Heaps. for instance New members have made good progress under the tuition of Mr. Hendrey and Mr. Witkinshaw. Amongst them Bodkin, Warner and Robins are noticeably steady shots. The Competition for the Donegal Badge took place on July 1st and 4th. There was plenty of keenness, but the shooting was not so good as it should have been: too many failed to reach 50. Classes A. and B. shot on the Tuesday. Chennel i headed the list with 62. On the following Friday Class C. shot and Robins and Bodkin, made a great effort to beat Chennell's 62. The top score however, was Robins' 56. All members are looking forward to th Rifle Club Meeting on July 28th—a whole holiday for shooters. Last year's meeting—the first—was a great success. This year we have an extra prize to compete for, one of five £1 prizes kindly offered by A. C. Hoey—keenest of shots in his time here.

We missed Mr. Hendrey at our weekly shoots earlier in this month, during the time when he was unfortunately forced to be away. The club owes him a debt of gratitude for the active interest he takes in it.

S. A. W.

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## Swimming:

**T**HE coming of Summer this year brought the usual numbers to the Baths during the earlier part of the term, when the weather was warmer. As it became cooler later on, however, the attendance has not been quite so large. Moreover some of last year's most

enthusiastic swimmers have left—veterans like C. Wells and H. Spencer etc.

The baths as usual began to leak, and the water was too low to permit any diving, except off the edge. Another fault is that the spring-board has been bolted down too far back from the water; as you dive, you are apt to knock your shins against the edge of the bath.

The game of “scalping” is still kept up by Warren i and company. Warren is generally found trying to scalp “Bertie,” but this wily victim very often turns the tables on his would-be scalpers, and never fails to give them a good ducking. Thomas in particular knows this by bitter experience.

Judging by his assiduous practice in length swimming, “Ginger” may be suspected of aspiring to swim the channel some day. If Mitchell goes on practising as he has been doing, he will become a serious rival.

The sports will take place on the last Tuesday of the term—after the appearance of the Mag. We all hope they will go off as successfull as ever.

But Mr. Williamson has been very much missed by the swimmers, He was a keen watersportsmen and indefatigable in working for the Swimming Club, and he communicated his own keenness to all the members, several of whom he first taught to swim.

R. F. H.

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## Sports Day.

**T**HE School Sports took place on July 16, and as usual were a great success. Bad weather threatened, but, as one boy said, “*It never* has rained on our Sports Day since we have been on the Hill, therefore it won’t to-day.”

*Of course*, he was right. In fact the absence of a hot sun was much appreciated by both spectators and competitors.

The most satisfactory feature of the Sports is, that the level of the athletic performances still continues rising, every year more and more boys "exceeding the limit"—a result no doubt owing to the steady daily work in the Gym.

On the other hand, there were far too many shirkers.

The competition for the medals proved exceedingly close, both amongst the Seniors and the Juniors, a slight slip or a single error of judgment destroying a boy's chance—witness Moseley in the 100 yds.

Where so much was excellent, it is hard to find fault, but we have yet to learn how to run a mile race, and how to take our parts correctly in a team race.

After being dropped for many years, the Tug of War was revived. There was intense enthusiasm in the pulling, but very little science. However with a little coaching from Serg. Green we shall do better next year.

One must not forget to mention how Mosely equalled Thorp's record in the 220 yds. (under 14), and how Maidment, by running the 220 yds. (open) in  $25\frac{3}{5}$  secs. excelled all the School times for that distance.

One would have liked to have seen more Old Boys turn out for their race, but I suppose it was a case of, "feeble of foot and rheumatic of shoulder." It was a fine contest between the three who did run.

To the boys, the Band Race was a disappointment. They had looked forward to seeing the bandsmen run with their instruments, and no doubt hoped to see the Big Drummer trip, and go head-first through the big

drum—Alas, the Band Master had fears for his beloved instruments and forbade the venture.

An Egg and Spoon Race for Mothers brought out a number of competitors. Their methods at any rate, were "ingenius."

The Starter found the Sisters, in their race, so eager to be off, that he had to depute an assistant to hold one young lady back by her muslin skirt, till the word "Go" was given.

A Freak Race this year took the place of the Animals' Race. It was most amusing. One boy thought it the *most useful* event on the programme, because, as he said, "It teaches you to get up quickly in the mornings."

Of course the Sack Race as usual caused great merriment—the smile on the face of the winner as he approached the tape being quite of record breadth and picturesqueness.

We are indebted to Mr. Wood for many new features in the Obstacle Races, with the result that these events have never been more closely contested.

The School owes the greatest thanks to those who worked so hard to make and carry out the arrangements, to the donors of prizes, to those who kindly lent flags, and not least to Mrs. Walter Johnson, from whom the successful boys had the happiness of receiving their prizes.

## SPORTS RESULTS.

### CONSOLATION

(open) Judd. (under 14) Redman. (under 12) Stagg.

### OLD BOYS' 220

1. Adams 2. Franks  $27 \frac{2}{5}$

## ONE MILE.

1. Folkard 2. Hutton (*No prize, time exceeded*)

 $\frac{1}{2}$  MILE (Handicap)

1. Folkard 2. Bastow 3. Hutton

## TUG OF WAR.

1. Hardings { Folkard, Cooke, Dudley, Harris,  
Bessant, Hutton, Judd, Curtis

## TEAM RACE.

1. Hardings { Maidment, Hutton, Judd, Bessant.  
Folkard, Dudley, Cooke, Dann.

## 100 YARDS.

1. Maidment 2. Pollard 11  $\frac{4}{5}$  secs.

## 220 YARDS.

1. Maidment 2. Pollard 25  $\frac{3}{5}$  secs.

 $\frac{1}{4}$  MILE

1. Folkard 2. Pollard 59  $\frac{3}{5}$  secs.

## LONG JUMP

1. Faulkner i 16ft. 7in.

## HIGH JUMP.

1. Warren 4ft. 7in.

## OBSTACLE.

- (Seniors) 1. Folkard 2. Dudley

- (Juniors) 1. Smither 2. Clark

## THROWING.

- (Seniors) 1. Browning 86 yds.

- (Juniors) 1. Smither 59 yds.

## 220 YARDS (under 14)

1. Moseley 2. Dann 30 secs.

## 220 YARDS (under 12)

1. Bastow 2. Knotts ii. 30  $\frac{4}{5}$  secs.

## 220 YARDS (Preparatory).

1. Stone 2. Marshallsay

## 100 YARDS (under 14)

1. Dann 2 Lawes 14 secs.

## 100 YARDS (under 12)

1. Bastow 2. Knotts ii 13  $\frac{4}{5}$  secs.

## LONG JUMP (under 14)

1. Moseley 14 ft. 6 in.

## HIGH JUMP (under 14)

1. Benstead 3 ft. 11 in.

## SACK RACE (Seniors)

1. Stroud i. 2. Dulle

„ (Juniors)

1. Bolt 2. Pitt i.

## FREAK RACE

1. Saunders i.

## SISTERS' RACE.

1. Miss Bastow 2. Miss Bide 3. Miss Ball.

## MOTHERS' RACE.

1. Mrs. Aldridge.

## BICYCLE TORTOISE RACE.

1. Lawes

SENIOR MEDAL R. Pollard.

JUNIOR MEDAL { D. Dann,  
H. Smither.

BEST HOUSE:— Harding's

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 VIth,

*"If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly . . ."*

"And so said all of us" with regard to the Examination, or we should have done, but for the fact that after the Exam. come the results.

Why did not somebody buy a Suffragette flag and burn or blow up the examination strong-box with its fearful contents?

But the 26th will soon be here, and with it we are

expecting to know our fate. We should like to congratulate all the successful candidates, and those boys who manage to win prizes at the Speech Day and the various Sports Days.

The strain preceding the Exams had the usual effects. Even "Polly" (the least perturbable amongst us) felt it; sent to fetch a file of bills he returned with "Selections from Wordsworth."

History is all very well, but replacing some of our Latin Classes by History Lessons has already had its results. "Et tu Brute!" was once again rendered as it usually is by Smith minor.

Giles i came to School one day with more jaw than usual, and soon afterwards developed mumps, thus conveniently missing the French Oral. He was back in time for the rest of the Junior Examination. But Maidment soon developed the symptoms and was transferred from the "Workhouse" to the "Infirmary." He thus escaped the examinations.

But still we must sympathize with them. Maidment was especially missed in cricket—but, fortunately, he was back in time to take part in the Sports.

Our best wishes to Dutton, who left us the moment the Exams were over. Warner has been elected to carry on his invaluable work for the Form on the Magazine Committee.

"Ikey," otherwise Watkins, who is now on the high seas, is greatly missed. We remember the humorous lightning sketches with which he surreptitiously enlivened our classes.

The Sixth Form Concert is being greatly looked forward to, and there are hopes of a full form muster of

the "great men" to render high-class recitations and songs.

But with the end of the term many from amongst us will be leaving, and we take this opportunity of wishing each "Good Luck" for the future.

Although we may sing "Forty Years on" at Speech Day, yet we hope that those who will soon be "afar and asunder" will not fail to keep in touch with the Old School. May the Levites turn Scribes.

We trust that those who are remaining will not find it too hard a task to keep the newcomers in hand, and to maintain the reputation of the Form. We are afraid we have not spent as much time in "sitting on" the "will-be Sixth-formers" as would have been good for them.

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### "Remove."

**WE** were all very industrious up to the end of June, thanks to the London Junior. We were quite pleased with the papers, and none of us apparently awaited the results with much trepidation.

Atton left us as soon as the Junior was over. Best wishes to him.

THE OBLONG BOX IN NO. 6.

A gruesome box! Well may you ask

In timid tones,

"What skeleton do its white walls mask?

Whose blanchèd bones?

Or must it be some Dunce's doom,

To find a temporary tomb

Therein?"—Cheer up! expel your gloom!



Of learning French, the heavy task,  
Has lighter been,  
Since we have seen  
We've got a coffin  
To put the Prof. in!

We regret to say that about half-term, there was an epidemic of pun-making amongst us. Even in the exams one fellow suggested a man escaping from the press-gang as an illustration of the phrase, "A Bolt from the Blue." Not even the Baths can damp this ardour. One of our least light-headed members was understood to remark that we go into the bath for *divers* reasons and we come out for *sundry* purposes.

The Remove, like other forms, got its touch of the fever of photography during the long spell of sunny weather. One amateur in our Form has expressed the intention, when he goes to Germany, of obtaining some good photos of "Zeppelins", Let him beware; he may end by figuring "in camera" himself.

Why have'nt we been challenged by the VIth to a cricket match this term? Probably they have not cared to give battle without their "Major."

The Remove is great on swimming, some having the energy to go to the baths before breakfast. Even "Johnny" made a heroic effort one morning to do this. He actually got to the Baths, only to find that he had not time enough for the dip, He intends to try again some day.

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## Form V.

Perhaps the chief feature of the summer term for most of the School, and especially for us, was the daily

visit to the baths. Harris was our Captain and Chennell ii Vice-Captain. Faulkner has developed a new overarm stroke, which sweeps all opponents out of his path—literally. Chennell ii is also Captain for Cricket—a *wicked* game—and for Football.

One of our Form was heard to say that the School water was insipid. We (Editorial!) are reminded of a certain farmer. The well-water used in his house having been condemned, town water was laid on, greatly to the gratification of his family. But the Inspector, paying them a visit a few weeks later, was astonished to find them using the well-water again, and hardly less astonished to learn that “they cud’na stand that there town water; there was no taste in it.”

Is Thomas suffering from the opposite of aphasia, or does he spend his leisure time in memorising dictionaries? At any rate he has suffered for some time from attacks of long words, which have increased in severity as they have become more frequent. For example, in describing an experiment in his science note-book he wrote “we did not get the result, but we ‘spectated’ it.” He, by the way, is our form “politician.” You should hear him sometimes, during dinner, airing his views on the Insurance Act, which, he thinks, “encourages tramps and gypsies, don’t you know.”

We are sorry the Remove do not take better care of their pets, but they need not worry, we have transferred their mascot to a warm home deserted by a long-tailed tit in the museum. It seems much more comfortable now than before, when it hung from a nail, as from a gibbet.

The “Quo Vadis?” film aroused great enthusiasm for Roman customs amongst us. A miniature Nero, with

his court and gladiators, has been established. Two boys were made Augustins for exceptional bravery in defending His Imperial Person, but on "Caesar's" finding out that these titles were civilian, they were altered, one to Triumvir and the other to Tribune. Another boy has received honours, becoming "Imperial Scrivener" for a piece of (plagiarised) poetry in praise of Nero. We are as satisfied, so far, with our "Nero" as he appears to be with himself. He has already the outstanding quality of the ancient Roman—tyrannical cruelty. We are confidently looking for symptoms of the other Neroic traits, particularly the mania for singing his own verse and fiddling his own airs.

### Competition.

THE Committee are able to offer two prizes to be given next term, one for a Short Story, the other for a description of "An Ideal Summer Holiday." The length in each case is not to exceed 1,500 words. Competitors must be members of the school next term, and their contributions must be in our hands *before* Half-term.

### Editorial Committee.

		Mr. Withinshaw.		
C. W. Judd	} VI	A. Heath	}	Remove
D. Warner		A. W. Putman		
		R. F. Harris	} V	
		W. S. Todd		

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