

THE FARNHAMIAN.

Vol. IX., No. 1.

MARCH, 1921.

Editorial: School News.

We said in our last number that we should try to make the Magazine more interesting, and we trust we have succeeded a little already. In this number, not only have we articles, etc., by "extra-mural" friends, by Masters and Old Boys, and Present Boys, but also we have begun a Competition Page, and hope to make this a regular feature of the Magazine. In the next number we hope to print the first chapter of an exciting serial story, and to offer a prize for the best "second chapter," to follow.

This term, by the resignation of Miss Williams, we lose a member of the staff to whom present and past boys owe as much as to any other. Most boys have started their career here in Miss Williams' Form, and whatever success in the class-room, or on the field, they have achieved afterwards, has been largely due to the thoroughness and keenness in work and play, which they acquired while with her.

Miss Williams is leaving us to be married in the summer. She has the heartiest good wishes of the whole School for her future happiness and good-luck. As the Scotch say: "May a mouse ne'er lea' her girnall wi' a tear in its ee!"

We are also sorry to be saying good-bye already to Mr. Pendlebury. He has gone back to military life, having received a commission in the Regular Army. Our best wishes for him.

Valete: Bolton, Brown, Curtis, Dadson, Day, Duffy, Elkington, Heath (b), Palmer, Phillips (d), Searle (a), Sims, Stacey, Watkins (a), Watts.

A welcome to Mr. E. G. Hunt, B.A. (Oxon), who joined the staff in January. He came to us from military service, and before that he was a Master at St. Alban's School.

Our acknowledgments to the 1st Farnham Boy Scouts for a copy of their 1920 Annual, "The Camp Fire." It is well worth getting and reading! From the fascinating picture on the cover to the last page, it is "as full of meat as an egg," and it is enhanced by nearly thirty comical sketches. This manuscript publication does great credit to the Troop, and proves how enterprising it is. We were flattered to note that the Editor had borrowed our "Footer Song" from Vol. II., 3, of "The Farnhamian."

The Magazine, like the Library and the Sports, has benefited to the extent of £1 by your (daily?) visits to the School Tuck Shop. So, after getting splendid value for your pennies in the Tuck Shop, you get them back again afterwards in better games, books, and Magazine!

Like the Steeplechase, the Boxing Tournament will not have taken place before the Magazine is in print. An inter-House Boxing Competition is arranged by the Headmaster, and he hopes to have a Cup for the winning House. The fights will be of one two-minutes round between boys as evenly matched as possible. Every boy who enters the ring thereby scores a point for his House, and the winner scores two points.

We had much pleasure in receiving a grant of £25 from the Surrey Education Committee, for the provision of additional books for both the Reference and Lending Sections of the School Library. Mr. Bacon also tenders his thanks to the boys who have shown a practical interest in the Library by presenting volumes and heartily recommend the example of G. Berry, who has presented 16 very interesting volumes. Many new books on various subjects have been added to the Reference Section. These books are in the charge of the subject Masters, who will be pleased to give any senior boy access to them for reference purposes. The Lending Library has been fairly well used, but we cannot be satisfied until every boy in the School is taking advantage of it. New books have been added this term; if they are not of the kind which pleases you, then just hand into the Librarian a list of those book which do delight your heart. In the French Department there are two Magazines coming regularly—"Lectures pour Tous" and "Mon Journal."

Too many boys have not yet joined the Cadet Corps. We must not lose our pre-eminence as the largest Cadet Unit, but we are in danger of doing so. We hope that no parents think that the object of our military exercises is fighting; it is not. The object is not the end to which military exercises are the means, but the essence of the means themselves. And this essence is Discipline. Already, after the reorganisation of the Company, a lot of progress has been made, and the present smartness is simply the result of discipline and self-control in each member—Officers, N.C.O.'s, and Cadets.

Major Haig-Brown, our C.O., has paid us two visits this term, and on each occasion has expressed himself as very pleased with the keenness and smartness of the Company. On the second occasion, he spoke to the Company for half an

hour about the Regiment, running over its inspiring history since the time of Charles II. His lecture held us all listening with interest from beginning to end, and left us distinctly proud to belong to "The Queen's."

Next term will bring renewed musketry practices. As our Team in the Surrey Schools Challenge Shield Competition won the Shield last year, with the old—even ancient—rifles, we ought to get it again this summer, as Capt. Stroud has half a dozen new ones already, and hopes for more very shortly.



Old Boys' News.

We were very sorry indeed to hear of the death, early in February, of Stanley Bessant, who left School in 1915, and we tender to his relatives and friends our deep sympathy.

Bessant did very well at School, at work and at sports. He served during the war in the Hants Regiment in Palestine, and was mentioned in despatches. After being demobilised, he took his B.Sc., and became an electrical engineer with the British Thompson Houston Company. Illness due to war service, however, made it necessary for him to go to hospital again early this year, and from this relapse he was not able to recover.

Frank Hendrey, to whose facile pen and sense of humour we owe "Getting Through," in this number, accepted a post some four months ago with the Bank of British West Africa, and is going out to Morocco about Easter. We hope his Muse will go with him, so that we may have accounts of the life and experiences which are awaiting him there.

Harold Redman, who has now a most interesting, if responsible, job, is in Chitral, "a couple of hundred miles from railhead and civilisation," commanding a detachment of mountain artillery. He has promised an account of his experiences there for our next number. We owe him our very best thanks for so generously, and unasked, sending a cheque for five guineas, for special Magazine expenses.

P. D. Robins is back at Aldershot pro. tem. During the war, and until a short time ago, he was flying to and from the Continent—a mail and special-passenger service; and I know, from having talked with him, that he has had plenty of very interesting experiences. I have failed, however, so far to convince him that any of them *are* interesting to the ordinary earth-bound layman and ought to come into

the Magazine. But he's got to do it sooner or later; so he may as well send us his "bit" for our next number! He is now flying for the Aircraft Disposals Board.

Mr. Stroud received an interesting letter from Arthur Mason, from 290, Cumbernauld Road, Dennistoun, Glasgow. He left the London Polytechnic last year with an Honours B.Sc. to take an appointment, as designer of concrete structures, with Sir William Arrol and Coy. He finds the work very interesting, and has had several big "solo" jobs already. He has his B.Sc., and is to be "capped" in May. This will be a memorable day for him, as the Prince of Wales will receive Honorary Degrees at the same ceremony, and be present at the Graduates' Dinner afterwards.

R. S. Park, writing to ask for the Magazine, wishes to be remembered to all at the School "who can call to mind a lanky youth with a penchant for ringing a bell, whenever the situation showed signs of becoming serious *en classe!*" Unfortunately, he does not give much news of himself in this letter. However, we shall try to get this omission remedied in our next number.

G. R. Brown ("Buster") is now at work near Dublin. A few months ago he reported himself as O.K., comfortable and happy. We have conclusive evidence, however, that a continued sojourn in rebellious Ireland has brought him from that contented state of mind to one of indignant discontent. He now hates both Sinn Feiners and the British Government—the latter for saying that murder is gripped by the throat and the reign of terror at an end, and the former for showing that they are not. But what he most of all writhes under is the *9 o'clock curfew*. We wonder why?

A letter from C. A. Conolly reminds us of an incident occurring in the last French class he attended before his departure in the middle of a term. The Master was setting homework. "Why are you not taking down the homework, Conolly?" he asked. "I shan't be present, Sir." "Oh, where are you going then to-morrow?" "I'm going to Egypt, Sir," he said. He is now in Cairo where Mr. Conolly is stationed.

Frank Follett, our "some time" official "Roll Officer," and unofficial Team Photographer, has gone to the British Thompson Houston Company, at Rugby. We should like a newsy letter from him.

Harold Joyce is all alive aboard H.M.S. Conway, at Rock Ferry, and seems to be enjoying the life and work to the full.

Football Notes.

We anticipated this season with high hopes of our chances for the S.S.S. Cup, for we were able to place in the field no less than ten of last season's team; but, unfortunately, our hopes were not realised, and out of the four games played we lost three. Yet, in reviewing these games, and comparing ourselves with our opponents, we can confidently say that we were in no wise inferior. Fortune certainly did not smile on us, for on two occasions, after out-playing our opponents, we had to acknowledge defeat by an odd goal. We were sound in all departments, and no fault could be found with the team, until they found themselves in the goal area; and then they seemed quite unable to put the ball into the net. In our first two games, this weakness in front of goal cost us the match. This fault was remedied, and nothing but sheer hard luck could account for our failure later.

In our friendly games we fared much better, and most of them were won most comfortably, goal-getting being no difficulty. Perhaps the importance of the occasion weighed too heavily in the Cup matches.

The Juniors were a little disappointing, and showed the same inability to score. We had a well balanced and clever team, but not one of the forwards could shoot with power or direction. Still, with the exception of the return game with the Technical School at Guildford, we could not complain of the general standard of their play. The return with Woking was a particularly fine game; for, though forced to include three or four reserves at the last moment, the team gave an excellent account of themselves, and with a little luck might have shared the points.

Still, taking the season as a whole, we have every cause to feel satisfied. The standard of play has been good, the keenness and general demeanour of the boys excellent, and we still entertain hopes of having both Cups in our possession once more. This can be achieved if the boys maintain their interest in the game, and play it in the true spirit.

The new institution of a games "half" for every Form in the School will help immensely in this same direction, for already the progress of the Lower School is most noticeable, and we have our eye upon several very promising young players, who should prove worthy successors to the best of those who have represented the School in the past.

Oct. 20th. v. ODIHAM G.S. Home.
 This game resulted in a draw of one goal each; but Odiham were decidedly fortunate, for only weak shooting prevented us from scoring on several occasions. Norris scored our goal.

Oct. 23rd. v. BOURNE INSTITUTE. Home.
 Another very one-sided game, which resulted in a win for us by 14 goals to 0. In spite of weak opposition, our forwards played a delightful game; but the spirit and tactics of our opponents were not always sporting. Scorers: Husted, 6; Norris, 5; Simmonds, 2; Webb, 1.

Oct. 27th. v. WOKING COUNTY SCHOOL. (S.S.S. CUP). Away.
 A good and fast game, in which we had the better share; but the old weakness in front of goal was again in evidence, and opportunities were not made use of. For the first 20 minutes of second half Woking were pinned in their own half, and during this time Norris scored; but Woking were not long in equalising. Again we attacked, but nothing came of the chances that presented themselves. Towards the end of the game Webb mis-kicked, and leaving the goal open, Woking seized the chance and scored. Following this reverse, our boys attacked hotly, and a centre by Vanner should certainly have been improved upon. In the end we lost the game by 2 goals to 1, and have only our own weak shooting to thank for it.

Oct. 30th. v. SALESIAN SCHOOL. Home.
 This game was of a very ding-dong character. The Salesians being faster than we were, adopted the kick and rush style, and kept our defence busy. They scored first, but before long Norris equalised from a penalty. We then had one or two chances of increasing our score, and finally Simmonds succeeded, but before half-time Salesians drew level. In second half we asserted ourselves more, and had rather better of the game, and just before time Harding put across a good centre, which was turned into the net by their centre-half, and so we won by 3 goals to 2.

Nov. 6th. v. WOKING COUNTY SCHOOL (S.S.S. CUP). Home.
 Played in the morning, and resulted in a win for us by 3 goals to 2. We certainly deserved our victory, for we held the upper hand most of the time. The old weakness in front of goal was not so evident, the shooting and general finish of our forwards being much improved. The Woking goalkeeper played a great game, and saved his side from a much heavier defeat. Both goals against us were the result of misunderstanding; the first should have been saved by Stacey running out, instead of leaving it to Russell, who in endeavouring to kick out, put through his own goal; the second resulted from another mis-kick by Webb. In second half we were at a disadvantage, owing to an injury to Simmonds.

Nov. 13th v. GUILDFORD G.S. (S.S.S. CUP). Away.
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Nov. 17th. v. ODIHAM G.S. Away.

A game in which the football was of a poor order, and which we won by 3 goals to 1. Our opponents' tactics were not at all of the kind expected in School games, tripping and making of backs being far too frequent. However, what little real football there was came from our boys, who, but for the smallness of the goals, would have won by a large margin. Scorer: Husted, 3.

Nov. 24th. v. R.A.S.C., M.T. (BOYS). Home.

This was not such a good game as the first, the A.S.C. being without their good centre-half, and so we had much more of the game, and won by 5 goals to 1. Once more their goalkeeper proved the salvation of his side, and played a great game. Scorers: Husted, 3; Norris, 2.

Dec. 4th. v. EGGAR'S G.S. Home.

A very one-sided game, which ended in a victory for us by 13 goals to 0. Scorers: Husted, 7; Vanner, 3; Simmonds, 2, Harding, 1.

Dec. 11th. OLD BOYS. Home.

The Old Boys were too heavy for us, and this upset the play of our lighter forwards. They could not get going on the slippery ground, and this left the bulk of the work to the defence. The Old Boys deserved their two goal victory, and were well served by Ball, some time outside-left for the School League XI.

“UNDER 15” S.S.S. CUP.

Jan. 26th. v. GUILDFORD TECHNICAL SCHOOL. Home.

The first half of this game was fairly even, but of a ding-dong nature. The football was poor, and there was no finish to any of the attacks. Just before the interval our play improved, and two goals were scored by Pink and Brindley (from a penalty). After the interval our play was much better, and our forwards took charge of the game, with the result that five more goals were added by Brindley, Young, and Webb, and we won by 7 goals to 0.

Jan. 29th. v. WOKING COUNTY SCHOOL. Home.

A fairly good game, which Woking won by 3 goals to 2. They just deserved their victory, but were rather fortunate, as a penalty was given against them in the last minute, and from this we scored, but the whistle having been sounded for an infringement, the kick had to be taken again, and this time Woking cleared.

Feb. 5th. v. GUILDFORD G.S. Away.

A goalless draw, which hardly represented the game, but which was due chiefly to the inability of our forwards to score when in favourable positions. On one or two occasions we had decided hard luck in not doing so. The outstanding feature of the game was the excellent display of Guildford's diminutive goalkeeper.

Feb. 12th. v. GUILDFORD TECHNICAL SCHOOL. Away.

This proved a most unsatisfactory game. Our boys quite failed to play their usual game, and were beaten by 3 goals to 0. The old weakness in front of goal was more noticeable than ever, and another disappointing feature was the failure of our eleven to last out the game. However, this feature could be put down to the long and tiring walk they were taken to reach the ground.

Feb. 15th. v. WOKING COUNTY SCHOOL. Away.

An excellent game, by far the best seen in the Competition in this area. Although illness compelled us to play three or four reserves, these instead of weakening the team seemed to infuse more life into it. Though beaten by 2 goals to 1, we were far from disgraced, and Woking were decidedly fortunate in getting both points, as their second goal had a large element of luck in it. The team was sound in every department. Brindley scored our only goal.

Feb. 26th.

v. GUILDFORD G.S.

Home.

The improvement shown in the last game was maintained in this, and we won fairly easily by 3 goals to 0. Guildford played hard, but were never really dangerous, and had our forwards been a little quicker in shooting, the score would have been greater.

FRIENDLY.

Mar. 5th.

v. OLD CRUSADERS.

Home.

To meet these old boys of Guildford G.S., the School eleven was strengthened by the inclusion of three masters. The game proved a most enjoyable one, and was very fast. On the whole a draw of one goal all was a fair result to the game, though a little better shooting by our forwards might have given us the game. Mr. Owen at centre-half played a great game, and was a great obstacle in the way of the Crusaders' attacks.

Mar. 12th.

v. SALESIANS SCHOOL.

Away.

A very fast game, the ball travelling from goal to goal very quickly. Our opponents were a trifle better with their kicking, and rather quicker on the ball than we, and on the whole deserved to win by the 4 goals to 3. Norris, Husted and Simmonds scored for us.

INTER-HOUSE CUP.

SENIORS.

Morley	5	Massingberd	0
"	3	"	0
Harding	1	Childe	1
"	1	"	1
Morley	1	Childe	0
"	2	"	1
School	1	Harding	1
"	2	"	1
School	3	Massingberd	0
"	1	"	3
Morley	7	Harding	0
"	5	"	0
Harding	4	Massingberd	1
"	0	"	0
School	1	Childe	0
"	1	"	1
Massingberd	2	Childe	0
"	3	"	1
Morley	4	School	1
"	1	"	0

JUNIORS.

Morley	0	Massingberd	4
"	1	"	2
Harding	1	Childe	0
"	3	"	1
Morley	10	Childe	0
"	4	"	0
School	0	Harding	5
"	2	"	0
School	1	Massingberd	4
"	0	"	4
Morley	1	Harding	4
"	0	"	1
Harding	1	Massingberd	5
"	0	"	2
School	1	Childe	0
"	1	"	0
Massingberd	2	Childe	0
"	5	"	0
Morley	0	School	5
"	3	"	1

HOUSE TABLE AND POINTS.**SENIORS.**

	Childe	Harding	Mas'b'rd	Morley	School	Points	P'ts Pos.
Childe	—	2	0	0	1	3	16
Harding	2	—	3	0	1	6	16
Massingberd	4	1	—	0	2	7	16
Morley	4	4	4	—	4	16	16
School	3	3	2	0	—	8	16

Winners: MORLEY.

JUNIORS.

	Childe	Harding	Mas'b'rd	Morley	School	Points	P'ts Pos.
Childe	—	0	0	0	0	0	16
Harding	4	—	0	4	2	10	16
Massingberd	4	4	—	4	4	16	16
Morley	4	0	0	—	2	6	16
School	4	2	0	2	—	8	16

Winners: MASSINGBERD.

"What's in a Name?"

When the boy running down Crooksbury Hill tumbled over the old gentleman more than half-hidden in the undergrowth, he received the shock of his life. More horrified than hurt, he got up and uttered a spasmodic apology.

"I'm awfully sorry, Sir. Hope I didn't hurt you. Didn't see you, Sir."

"And I'm also very sorry, my boy, for upsetting you. I'm not hurt, and it was entirely my fault. You see, I am hunting for a rathe primrose, and I thought I spied one under this bush, and was on my knees looking for it, when you tripped."

"A rathe primrose, Sir? What sort of a primrose is it? Never heard of it."

"A rathe primrose, my boy, is an early primrose: rathe is one of our old Saxon words for soon or early. Haven't you learnt that at your Farnham School?"

"I don't go to a Farnham School, Sir. You see, my people have just come to the district, but I may go to the Grammar School."

"Well, what have you been doing up Crooksbury?"

"Having a hunt round for the cross, or the remains of it, Sir."

"What cross do you mean?"

"The Guide-Book Cross. The book says, Crooksbury Hill is probably called so, because it had a cross on it. Hadn't it, Sir?"

" 'Probably' is a good and safe word, my son; but the book is wrong. This hill was called Crook long before crosses were known in England. In the language of the Ancient Britons Crook was the word for a hill. In Welsh to-day there is Crug, a hill; Irish, Carrick; and in Scotch Craig. Thus you have Crook, Cru~~k~~, Carrick, Craig, each meaning hill. When the Saxons came, they stuck Bury on to the old British name, and, as you may know, Bury means a hill, fortified. So Crooksbury really means Hillhill. Coming to later times, folk added Hill to explain what Crooksbury really was, and now you get as the real and full meaning of the name, Hillhill-Hill—a sort of piling Ossa on Pelion to embarrass local name hunters! No, my boy, the word Cross never entered into the composition of Crooksbury."

"Looks like it, Sir, after what you say. Can you tell me what is the origin of the word Farnham?"

"No, I'm afraid it is 'wrop in myst'ry,' like Jeames's birth. It is commonly said to mean the 'fern enclosure,' but as far as I can see, ferns are as scarce in Farnham as snakes in Iceland. Then, it is pointed out, fern means bracken. If so, why not 'Brackenham,' instead of Farnham? But it should not be forgotten that the town is in a country of alders. Now the old Celtic word for alder is Farn. In Argyllshire there is a Farnachan, meaning 'the alder wood,' and Farnoch, 'abounding in alders,' Now an alder enclosure would be a more useful adjunct to a settlement than a fern enclosure. If you know any Irish scholar, you might ask him for the meaning of Rathfarnham."

"Perhaps, Sir, if rathe primrose means early primrose, the Irish place is the early Farnham!"

"That's rather smart, my boy, but it doesn't help much."

"Do you know what Alice Holt Wood means, Sir?"

"No, I can't say I do, but I know that circulars have arrived at the mansion in the wood addressed to Mrs. Alice Holt, The Wood, near Farnham. It is also a coincidence that in Spanish the name for an alder is Aliso; but, of course, it is a far cry to Spain to explain fair Alice Holt."

"I think I must be getting back home, Sir. Thank you very much for telling me such a lot of things, after kicking into your legs. You are awfully kind."

"Hold on a moment. Did you say that you are going to the Farnham Grammar School? Who is the Headmaster there now?"

"In the prospectus at home the name is Mr. Stickland."

"Can you remember any of the names of his staff?"

"Some of them, Sir, because they are new to all of us."

"Tell me."

"Well, I remember three—Withinshaw, Ridout, Kingcome; rather queer to me."

"Not so very; they are all in the London Directory, you'll find!"

"Have these names got a meaning, like places, Sir?"

"Oh, yes; but they don't explain the men, only the nomenclature."

"What's that, Sir?"

"I beg your pardon, boy, I mean the names themselves. Now, let me see: Stickland—that's from Stirkland, generally called Strikland or Strickland. Stirkland means land for pasturing cattle under two years of age. Withinshaw, or Withenshaw, is willow wood, as Oakenshaw means oakwood and Birkenshaw birch wood. In the days before England was drained woods of willows or osiers were quite common. Ridout—one of the cavaliers who followed Prince Rupert. St. Patrick may have been an early representative, for by him, according to tradition, snakes were 'rid out' of Ireland. Kingcome, I imagine, is a provincial way of pronouncing Kingham. In Scotland, the name Cunningham is exactly the same as Kingham, because Cuning is Koenig, the Saxon for King. In Ayrshire, Cunningham is pronounced Kinnicome, so I deduce that Kingcome is Kingham, of Royal habitation. As the Cockney would say, 'Have you "any-think," to suggest as a better explanation of the name?' "

"Now, my boy, good-bye. I hope we shall meet again. You are a good listener, and I hope you will go on inquiring into things. Good luck to you!"

"Same to you, Sir, and many thanks."



Pause.

"Can't you hear me speak—HULLO!—can't you—WILL you listen to —."

"Yes, Sir."

"I can't make out what in blazes you're doing—as soon as I begin to speak you go away—are you getting the Staff Captain?"

"Staff Captain, Sir—Yes, I will, Sir."

"But are you getting him?"

"No, Sir. I didn't know you wanted him—I——."

"Very, well, Sir, I'll get him at—*cheezle—cheezle—cheezle—bong!!*"

"Oh! in heaven's name what's up with this blazing 'phone—HULLO!—Can you hear me?"

"*Chunkle—chunkle—chunkle—chick—chick—chick!!*"

"I'm not a chick, and don't feel in the least like a chick—are you getting the Staff Captain or are you NOT?!!"

"*Chunkle—chunkle—gzzpfloppit!—Sir I am getting—pinkle—pinkle—flop!!*"

Enter Signal Sergeant (looking rather nervous).

"Excuse me, Sir, the operator can't hear you very well. May I look at your 'phone, please, Sir?"

"Heavens! Taylor, look at what you like—I've been trying to get Brigade for ten minutes, and that ghastly instrument does nothing but sneeze at me."

Signal Sergeant disconnects 'phone, and proceeds to tinker with the transmitter. Adjutant toys with the bare ends of the wire absent-mindedly, suddenly drops them, and leaps up with a yell.

"——! ——! Some fool's given me a shock—can you signallers never learn to do anything without mixing up inoffensive people in your beastly machines?"

Signal Sergeant, having completely recovered his sangfroid: "I expect he's ringing you for your call, Sir. I'll put the 'phone on again, and try it.

"*Brrrrrrrring!!*"

"Hullo, Harvey, is that you? Can you hear me O.K.?—Good—Yes, I can hear you—did you ring us just now—Yes—the Adjutant thought that ——"

"Don't tell him what the Adjutant thought, or you'll fuse the wire, and make things worse—if possible. Has he got my call through or not?"

"Hullo!—Yes—Yes—Yes—Yes—Yes."

Adjutant (*fortissimo*):

"HAS HE GOT MY CALL THROUGH OR NOT?!!"

"Yes, Sir, he has—Hullo!"

"Brigade Signals? Yes—Staff Captain for our Adjutant, please—Yes—he's on?"

Hands 'phone receiver to Adjutant.

"They're putting the Staff Captain on now, Sir."

"About time, too—I've wasted twenty minutes footling here—Hullo?—That you, Mumford? WHO?"

"Nicht Fertig. Nein! Nein! NEIN!"

"Get off my line, you swine. I'm trying to talk. Taylor, how in the name of the seventeen blind frogs have you got a Hun on the line? Operator at Opladen? Do we have to get Brigade through the Hun Exchange? Good lord! No wonder it's a job! HULLO! Is that Mumford? It IS? My stars, Mumford, it's taken me five hours to get you! Wasn't out of bed five hours ago? Wasn't I! I bet you weren't—I—Hullo!—Hullo!—HULLO!—Taylor, I'm not through—I never was through—I never shall be through—for goodness sake take your eleven 'phones, twenty-nine signallers, limber and kit, and drown 'em—d'you hear me?—drown 'em!!"

"Evans."

"Sir?"

"Send an orderly to the transport lines to fetch my horses at once, and tell the C.O. I've gone to Brigade, and shall be back as soon as possible—probably before six tonight. I *must* go—it's about 18 kilos, isn't it? Can't be helped. I *must* speak to the Staff Captain!!"

Exit Adjutant, knocking over a table, three chairs, and the paper basket.

Snakes: India.

One arrives in India with the belief that snakes will be an ever present menace during one's sojourn in the land. This belief has no doubt been confirmed by the hair-raising yarns of some old Anglo-Indian on board, or by a perusal of statistics, which show that the deaths in India from snake bite are numbered in thousands every year. Yet the only snake seen by the average European is the harmless, but still malignant looking, cobra, produced by the snake charmer.

The cause of this is simple. The European wears boots. The snake is a very timid creature, his attitude to man being "live and let live." When he hears the tread of shoe leather afar off, he does not dispute possession of the

ground. He makes off at his best speed—and his best is an amazingly good one.

However, in the smaller hill stations, snakes do sometimes become a nuisance. The chokra will come running in with the information that there is an enormous deadly snake in master's bathroom (all snakes are deadly to a native). Thereupon master picks up a long cane, advances warily into the bathroom, and sees a long green thing making ineffectual attempts to scale a smooth wall. By this time all the servants have gathered round to see master deal death and destruction to the monster. Master (with one eye on the quickest way for a retreat) creeps cautiously within striking distance, and then, with a sudden swish, hits the unwelcome reptile a tremendous blow behind the ear (or where its ear would be if it had one). The snake, its back broken, lies, writhing, but harmless.

The chokra, with a grin as long as the snake, carries the latter away on a stick, and although he is assured that it is a harmless grass snake, he is not content until he has pounded its head to pulp with a large stone. The natives take no chances.

The method of catching a wild creature usually depends upon some peculiarity of form or habit. With a cobra, as with other species of snakes, it must be remembered that it is helpless when its head is on the ground. To bite, it must raise its head and "strike." It may be got to strike at a stick, and then, as it lies helpless, it may be caught behind the jaws with a forked stick. If a snake is to be caught by a trap, one must arrange for it to be held by the jaws, this being the widest part of its body. The bait (probably a chicken, if a large snake is wanted) is then placed in an outer compartment of a long box, shut in on both sides by wire gauze. Between it and the other end of the box is a partition with a circular hole, and on the inside of this are placed two steel needles, pointing inwards. As the snake enters, it pushes aside the points of the needles, but finds, when it tries to get out, that its jaws are caught. It must, perforce, lie there until it is captured, meanwhile doubtless ruminating on the unutterable meanness of the snake collector, in giving unassailable protection to the chicken.



Impressions of Dublin.

Entering Dublin by the mail boat is a real pleasure (when weather conditions permit any pleasure at all), for it is a most beautiful bay. But the town of Dublin is a contrast indeed; it is very squalid, and in itself uninteresting.

However, political events have given rise to much that is interesting to an outsider, for from the first it is evident that the city is held by military force. Motor lorries, containing army supplies, always contain three or four soldiers also, with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets. Armoured cars, with machine guns peeping out, run up and down the main streets. When these have passed, one always feels slightly relieved. At times they form the centre of unpleasant rows, in which the innocent suffer as well as the guilty.

The various gates of Dublin Castle call to mind the Middle Ages, when each prince or potentate was guarded by an army.

Four armed sentries, a few policeman, and a strong body in the guard-room watch these always-closed gates. At night the Castle is like a beleaguered fortress.

It was at one of these gates that the first fatality occurred in the Easter Week rebellion. A policeman on guard was shot, and a bomb was thrown into the guard-room. Fortunately, the missile failed to explode.

I went into Dublin recently to buy a hockey-stick, but I was not shot. I passed the City Hall, where courts-martial are in progress. The pavement and terrace in front of it are covered by barbed wire entanglements; all windows and doors and passages are hidden from view by canvas screens or sand-bags. They do not invite visitors to enter there.

Talking of the rebellion, there is much to be noticed in Dublin concerning it, for it has left its mark deeply in many places, especially in Sackville Street, or, as the Irish super-patriots call it, O'Connell Street. The street was a fine one. At one end is a statue of O'Connell, and in the middle is a pillar, closely resembling Nelson's Column, and dedicated to that great man.

However, many buildings are still in ruins, while others are under repair, and the once magnificent G.P.O. is a gutted wreck. The rebels tried to destroy the Nelson Pillar, but, as the report goes, they only succeeded in blowing up themselves.

At the end of the street flows the Liffey, from which a gunboat thundered at the Sinn Feiners with great effect; and to this day many houses by the river-side are still de-

stroyed. One is tempted to wish all those river-side hovels were cleared from the face of the land, for while those awful Dublin slums remain, there will never be peace in Ireland. Never does a night pass without some row in this part, and all the bad disturbances take place in this quarter.

It is from this hotbed that the rebels rushed on that Easter Monday, and it is in this hotbed that most of the rebels lurk to-day.

On Monday, October 25th, I ventured to Dublin at about 11 o'clock, and found the place packed with troops. Soldiers in tin hats and with fixed bayonets were everywhere, while lorry-loads and armoured car-loads of armed men ran up and down the streets.

Moved by this somewhat unusual behaviour, even for Dublin, I bought a paper, and discovered that the Lord Mayor of Cork had died; then I knew the reason. The authorities were taking no risks, but were raiding and patrolling almost everywhere.

I took care to leave Dublin before nightfall, for feeling was pretty strong. However, the forces of law were so much in readiness, that things passed off fairly quietly.

From these remarks people may be tempted to think Ireland is unsafe. If one dressed in red, white, and blue, and sang "God save the King" in the main streets, it would be decidedly unsafe, but if one merely behaves like an ordinary mortal, keeps out of the slums, and gets indoors before curfew, one comes to no harm. Ireland and the Irish are delightful to those who do not dabble in politics.

Though the Sinn Feiners make almost daily raids for arms, they are scrupulously polite if they are unresisted. They have been known to desist from a raid because there was an invalid in the house. In one case they commandeered a country gentleman's sporting guns, but allowed him to have them for game shooting, on condition that the weapons were returned, at the conclusion of the sport, to an agreed hiding-place.

Such is a very imperfect impression of Ireland, as gained after a stay of only a few months. Let us hope that a more favourable one will be gathered by future visitors to the Land of Contradictions.



Toynbee Hall.

Reader, when on the road from Aldersgate to Bow, passing by Whitechapel, did'st thou ever observe a melancholy-looking red brick house, standing out from the others, and looking quite homely, as if suited for Oxford graduates? I dare say you have often admired the quaint old archway leading into the reception-room, with the ivy twining about it, as if it could never leave, for fear of spoiling its beauty; and the old wooden-backed seats, placed in front of the large bay windows, on which many a tired and weary graduate has reposed himself in the twilight of the evening, after his hard day's work in the city!

This quaint old-fashioned house was founded in 1884, by the good old Canon Barnett and others, in view of social improvement in East London. It contains rooms for about twenty residents, chiefly Oxford and Cambridge graduates, disposed to share the life of the East End poor.

In the reception-room the comfortable armchairs and the large open fire-place give an atmosphere of restfulness that strikes every visitor. In one corner stands a quaint old statue of some bygone beauty, and a large ornamental gas bracket is suspended from the centre of the ceiling. There is also the kitchen, with its large fire-place, with enough room between the wall and the grate for a person to stand, which gives it a kind of ancient look that makes one remember the old days gone by.

Such is Toynbee Hall, or was at least in the first few years after it was built. Situated with large rows of houses all around it, there is a charm in its quiet, peaceful look. Its very namesake (and founder) gives you an impression of wonder and charm.

Arnold Toynbee was a social-economist, who lived in the eighties, and worked enthusiastically to improve the social conditions of the East End. He worked with Canon Barnett, and these two wrote pamphlets on the conditions of the poorer classes, which stirred many people's hearts. Toynbee died through overstrain in 1883, and in his memory the newly proposed building in Whitechapel was named.

Canon Barnett also carried on magnificent work in the slums, and, with his brave band of tireless workers, will long be remembered.

Some Superstitions.

Old Davy, in "The Maid of Sker," says: "There are things beyond our knowledge or right of explanation. And to see the White Horse on the night of the new moon is the surest sign of all sure signs of death within the twelve-month." He mentions, too, the "Flying Dutchman," whom he himself had seen with his own eyes twice, and whom no man may see a third time and live beyond a year after!

Nowadays we are less and less influenced by the superstitious beliefs that used to awe our forefathers. But people have still many such beliefs, though they grow less serious in each generation; they linger on, especially among country-folk and uneducated people.

For instance, walking under a ladder is said to provoke bad luck. And, in a street, it is quite noticeable how passers-by prefer to go round a ladder rather than under it.

It is believed by many country people that some ill will happen to them if they venture to wear a new article of clothing on a Saturday. An old man I know says that a person of his acquaintance once wore new boots on a Saturday. On Monday he broke his arm, and the old fellow profoundly believed that the new boots had caused the accident.

Another common belief of the country farmer and workmen is that toads can spit fire. Of course, they can do no such thing. I believe toads make a spitting noise, sometimes, when interfered with. Perhaps this, and the flash from their beautiful eyes, out of a dark hole, gave rise to the fire-spitting idea. A superstition is entertained by some folks that complete cures may be effected by toads.

The seamen in the good old days were very superstitious people. They thought, for instance, that when a black cat was driven from a ship or killed on it, they and the ship were doomed.

Coleridge made a wonderful poem, called "The Ancient Mariner." It tells how the shooting of an albatross brought disaster on the ship and crew. Seamen, too, used to believe in "Jonahs," as they called them. And a sailor who had seen a "Jonah" became absolutely despondent, and cared not what happened to him; for he thought his end was near.

A belief somewhat like that of the sailors is that entertained by some landmen, that bad luck will be the result of turning a black cat away from the door; it should be fed and

kept. Such beliefs come, I suppose, from the feeling that it is wrong, and therefore unlucky, to hurt a dumb creature.

Many old country dames think that when children are always crying and troublesome in bed, a mouse should be baked hard and then pounded into a powder, and when this is administered, the children will become quiet. And, it is no wonder if they do, after such a medicine !

Another superstition, an instance of which appeared lately in several daily papers, is that if a loaf of bread is filled with mercury, and floated down a stream in which a person has been drowned, it will stop over the place where the body is lying, and spin round. The foundation for this belief is that the eddies which took down the floating body will stop the loaf there also.

Our soldiers in the war had many little beliefs of a superstitious kind. The commonest was that of the third man to light a cigarette by the same match ; this was thought to provoke bad luck.

A north country belief is that if a dark person enters your house first on New Year's Day, he symbols good luck, and if a fair-haired person enters first, he symbols bad luck.

Another superstition, hailing from the same district as the last, is that if young girls gaze into a pool on the night of Hallowe'en they will see, each of them, the face of a future husband.

There are many little superstitions entertained by nearly everybody, such as that the breaking of a mirror means bad luck for seven years. At the present price of mirrors, it would !

Many people have little superstitions they would never admit ; they are superstitious all the same. Besides these, I have written down, there are many others, far too many, in fact, to tell about here.



Schoolboy Verse.

THE CLOCK.

(R. C. Matthews, Dover College).*

He rules
Our lives
With rod
Of iron,

Nor knows
Our joys
Nor heeds
Our fears.

The sent
Of God
Is strong,
And stern,

And moved
By time
And not
By tears.

Beneath
The hand
Of this
Our King

I too
Have bent
The back
In woe,

To go
The way
Of ev'
rything,

The way
The sands
Of time
Must go.

But here
I pause
And may
Afford

A space
To bow
The knee
To some :

The Pen
Is might-
ier than
The Sword,

Less might-
y than
The Pen-
dulum !

1920 : KEEP TO THE LEFT.

(D. J. Moran, Tonbridge School).*

Keep to the left, and tread your hobnailed lightest ;
There's someone underneath—No ! not alive—
He's only one of those who broke their necks,
Thought it was fine—or otherwise—and fell,
Shuddered, lay still, sown in the ready soil !
The bursting shells had ploughed it up all ready ;
. . . . Just one of those who melted in the smoke,
He cried "That does me ! ugh ! " then plunged and sank
Into a sloppy crater, and aroused
The musty things that curdled on the bottom
Till choking bubbles giggled to the surface,
Smiled there and spat in fragments. So his life,
Smiling, had shattered into shards uncounted,
To scud in darkness on the gale of time,
Unknown, unseen, forgotten. . . Mind the hole !

* From "Public School Verse, 1919-20" (a collection of poems written by boys at school last year), quoted by the kind permission of the Editors.



Competitions.

CONDITIONS.

1. All Competitors must have been members of the School on March 1st last.
2. Competitions are open.
3. No solutions will be accepted, of course, from anyone who did not subscribe to the Magazine.
4. Solutions must be in the Editor's hands by May 1st next.
5. All solutions sent in must be the result of the Competitor's *own* and *unaided* work, and each Competitor must sign and send in with each solution, the following declaration: "In this Competition I have received no help or suggestions whatever."

A. ACROSTICS.

Each of the numbered couplets gives a clue to a word. When the words represented by the couplets have been guessed and written down in order in a column, the initial letters of these words, reading down the left-hand side, will spell one of the "wholes," and the final letters, reading down the right-hand side, will spell the other "whole." The introductory lines give clues to these "wholes."

Competitors must send in the list of words, numbered according to the couplets from which they are guessed, and must write underneath the two "wholes" made by the initial and the final letters of those words.

I.

Two names we hear in school each day,
Connected also with our play.

- (1) To please ; but no, don't take alarm—
Behead me and you'll come to harm.
- (2) They know me, who their Shakespeare read,
Of a weekly paper I'm the head.
- (3) I'm not in English, you'll agree ;
Therefore I am in a foreign tongue : see?
- (4) I'm sometimes stuck ; I'm sometimes tied ;
I generally refer to what's inside.
- (5) Dreadful am I, and, when beheaded,
To anger and wrath am nearly wedded.
- (6) It is I, if you'll but give it an E ;
If this is clear you're bound to see.

II.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven : each a simple letter,
Spelling out something than which no schoolboy knows a
better !

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven : each a simple letter—
Something else than which there is no bigger and no wetter !

1. Who runs in a sack race, I bring him in first :
And I'm very useful for quenching men's thirst.
2. I'm full of fine words—very musical too ;
You listen to me from a seat, not a pew.
3. As white as pure milk, or a violet-blue,
From Persia they brought me to settle chez vous.
4. I'm a one-letter word : just say what you see
In your mirror to-night—you'll recognise me.
5. A wise man will never try talking to me,
Because it is perfectly useless, you see.
6. Said Sam Weller's father, re Pickwick and me :
"It's reg'larly flummoxed without it he'll be."
7. When one understands not at all, then my head
Should be asked ; when one does, my tail should be said.

B. FRENCH CONUNDRUMS.

I.

L N E Ne O P Y.

The solution is a French sentence.

II.

Willie Winkle, just back from a visit to France, was crossing Trafalgar Square, when he saw a French boy and his father, whom he had met on the boat on the journey home. Willie waved his hand, whereupon the French boy greeted him in what he took to be French. Afterwards Willie (who had an excellent memory for sounds) wrote down as follows what the French boy had seemed to say:—

Huilé et l'eau adieux doux pas qu'aime hier tout si
arrose chaud ta tasse au long mais oui partout mite à gaine
pas d'elle yeux Rhône que nous.

But the French boy was speaking in his best English! What did he say?

III.

On me voit sur un Acte de Parl'ment ;
Me trouve aussi à la bouche d'un puits
Je suis même le nom de cet enfant
Qui ne devine pas ce que je suis.

The solution is three French words, each spelt differently, but all pronounced alike.

C. DESIGN FOR TESSELATED PAVEMENT.

Draw a square on a side two (2) inches.

Divide this square into sixty-four (64) equal squares.

Shade one half of every one of these sixty-four squares or "tiles."

An example of one pattern obtainable in this way is shown on the School Notice-Board.

A prize will be given for the best design.

D. CHESS PROBLEMS.

The board is read from left to right, beginning with the top rank. White pieces are in capitals, and figures denote empty squares.

Problem 1. 8; 7B; 6R1; 5Kt2; P3k3; 1K1Kt4; 2R5;
8.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Problem 2. 4Q3; 4p3; 2p1P1p1; 2Kt1k1Kt1; 2kt3kt1;
2P3P1; 4P3; 4K3.

White to play and mate in three moves.

Problem 3. 8; 1Q6; 2p1Kt3; 3kt4; 8; Kkt1k1r1q1;
PP1p4; 3B4.

White to play and mate in four moves, with this condition, that White must give check each move and compel Black to do likewise.

Ten marks will be given for each key-move, and one mark for each move which Black compels White to make in order to gain checkmate.



Subscriptions and Donations.

The Editor acknowledges, with thanks, the following subscriptions and donations to "The Farnhamian," received since September, 1920:

	£	s.	d.
Mr. S. J. Brown (sub.)	...	5	0
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* Don Robins sal. left School to join up 1915. Now
 Maj-Gen. at W.O. - Director of Military
 Training.

(1949)