

Misericordias
Domini



in aeternum
cantabo.

THE ABINGDONIAN.

No. 4. Vol. V.

DECEMBER, 1912.

Price 1/-.

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to which existing circumstances will give an exceptional value and interest. Copies of the same may be purchased separately for sixpence each. We may also mention that various back numbers, pictures and indexes are still obtainable, and that the cost of a complete volume, half bound in morocco and the School colours, is fifteen shillings.

We heartily wish our readers a happy Christmas and a bright and prosperous New Year.

EDITORIAL.

IT is again our pleasant duty to express our own gratitude and that of our readers to those who have so willingly favoured our Christmas Number with their contributions. We regret that considerations of economy compel us to divest it of its usual festal apparel, but we are thus enabled, with the courteous permission of Mr. Reveley, to include an illustration

TO MY WATCH.

Spruce little time-server, with thy clear honest face and true and constant soul; with thy most regular of pulses that know not the flurry of passion nor the lassitude of despair; whose staunch heart I know, whensoever I shall have broken it, that I shall soon have mended again and beating still, somewhere in the neighbourhood of my own, in renewed reciprocity of friend-

ship—my amiable, unobtrusive helpmeet, my watch!

Oft hast thou endured to conspire with me against my sorry self, and hast agreed over-night to be, at my waking, some minutes in advance of Time's truth, that I might arise earlier than my wont and utmost need. And as readily, at dawn, hast thou consented to betray our joint deception and to let me lie snugly on, slumbrously smiling at the inefficacy of the to-thee-now-only-attributable wiles. Still has thy generously chiding tick aroused me in time, sweet pardoner of my faithlessness and taker upon thee of my iniquities.

Little thief, that hurriest away my precious minutes with fleet untraceable footsteps to the perilous caverns of the past! Nay, thief is no name of thine; for thy tread is never muffled, and always, thy work is ready to be seen, and thyself art ever at urgency to be consulted when need is there. Not such are thy larger kin, supposed perchance to be the highest types in the mechanical evolution of time-pieces, I mind me of some, thy larger kindred, in the Examination Schools at Oxford; boweless beings; mere faces; devoid of individuality; ineffable yet bland; unoriginal tellers of temporal truths, passed coldly to them all from one centralized electric heart. Thievish slaves! They state silently, and silently steal away our meagre and begrudged minutes, and like slaves being glad to seize the opportunity for administering some tittle of proper cruelty, they leer down and insultingly attest the unexpected evanishment of time, for which their own filching hands are accountable.

I love a clock with a tick honest and genial as a cricket's; that gives constant

and sympathetic warning, inexorable though it be, of Time's quick periods; that will stand sentinel beside my pillow and sleeplessly exorcise the aching spirits of the dark, or regularly beat upon the glass of close-encircling dream, till it be shivered, and myself liberated.

I love a clock that needs a moderately frequent winding. For why? it allows me both a certain share of authority over itself by being thus dependent upon my good offices, and a seeming share of control even over Time himself. Wherefore I utterly eschew all such contraptions of this latter day as a clock that with alternate self-twistings spins out the time from its conspicuous entrails for 365 mortal days with but one winding. Too terrible an independence is here—and an awful perpetuity suggested by something too stubbornly temporal, too grossly mechanical, properly to suggest anything but extreme compression. I must needs hansom and wind and even regulate a friend, and my companion must not be infallible and self-supporting—else how can I take an occasional rise out of him, which is the seasoning of companionship; or how can I give him a good turn, which is the balm of friendship?

So, my watch, hast thou become my friend. For thy voice hath a ring dry and humorous, and sympathetic withal, and my crepuscular or matutinal windings of thee afford me a sweet control both of thee and him whom thou servest. Pleasant it is to pause at these thy most vital parts, to feel that but for my care thou mightest lose thy very power and function, and, when thou art wound, to find thee so stedfastly purposed and so true in thine office as to hold me still somewhat under thy vicarious authority—but not so tyrannic but that I

can sometimes with impunity neglect thy insistence, nor so infallible that I can never snatch the grim privilege of chiding thee and thus making vent and mitigation for my self-annoyance.

But this is between thee and me. Openly now I hold thee up as a paragon, and wear thy glove unsullied in my bonnet! I eschew no challenge and admit no defeat. Nay, even Joshua's sun hath stood again in his circuit and corrected his impatience by thy impeccable revolutions!

W.W.

PROEM.

A crashing knock: with timid voice I cried
"Come in whoe'er thou art," and in there strode

An awesome shape: with editorial frown
He menaced me, as on my knees I dropped,

And pleaded, but no words of mine could touch

That iron heart. And all my blood ran chill,

As gravely he pronounced his stern behest.
"A poem write forthwith: excuse is vain."

Hence comes this childish effort: if it please,

'Tis well. If not, loose not your wrath on me,

But on that Power I dare not disobey.

POEM.

He was a knight of high degree,
She was as humble as maid can be.
(The pigeons cooed in the old elm tree).

He wooed her long, but wooed in vain,
For she was fair, and he was plain
(The pigeons echoed the lover's strain).

With broken heart he left his Hall,
One squire went with him—that was all—
(The pigeons moaned in the elm tree tall).

He hied him forth to a foreign clime,
Far from the church bells' merry chime,
(The pigeons fail to help this rhyme).

Fiercely he fought 'neath the Eastern sun,
The Paynims perished one by one.
(I shall loathe these birds ere the story's done).

Covered with honour back he came,
England rang with the hero's name.
(The pigeons were cooing just the same).

Straightway he sought that maiden humble,
Who lived in her father's cottage tumble—
Down. (Nearly the end, so please don't grumble).

But he trembled, as on her his gaze he set,
For she had become a SUFFRAGETTE.
(The pigeons have not recovered yet).

Backward he leapt and cried in fear,
"I'd better be going, that's quite clear."
(The pigeons gurgled a shrill "Hear! Hear!").

"Better, I ween, the quaint Chinee,
Than live with an awesome thing like she."
(The pigeons twittered: "We think with thee").

So back he went to that Eastern shore,
And lived contented for years galore.
(Of the fatuous birds you'll hear no more).

G.

COROMANDEL FISHERS.

The unwritten jest-book of one of our Southern hill-stations relates, that a gentleman having appeared at a costume ball there in the character (not seldom affected on such occasions) of a Neapolitan fisherman, was shocked to find his disguise misreported NEGAPATAM FISHERMAN in a Madras print. If local colour were as

much the fashion in a jest as in a novel, this one should please: for those only will favour it with understanding laughter, who know, not necessarily Negapatam (I have never been there myself), but some plot or strip at least of the long beaches that run from Bengal to Cape Comorin or Malabar, or for that matter far up, I know not how far, into the Arabian Sea. If the reader will allow me to conduct him—whether by way of the Madras bazaars, or following the course of some sandbrook over the red palm-crowned forehead of the Waltair hill—down to the great main troughs and heaps of tumbled sand that lie, fluted with tiny ripples, and looped all over with grey sea-grass, above such a beach as I have mentioned—

*Litus ut longe resonante Eoa
tunditur unda*

—where the Bengal rollers drown their own thunder in a fret of unavailing froth—if, I say, the reader will be at pains to follow me through such a puzzle of strange directions and subordinate clauses, he shall be set in a position to read the riddle; to discover, as it were, the major premise of our merry syllogism. There by the cone-shaped huts of the fishing-village, woven of palm leaves; where craft of unfamiliar shape lie moored, and uncouth nets are stacked or spread to dry in the sun: pegging out a length of twine perhaps, or asleep under a sail-shelter, he shall see the Coromandel fisherman. The fellow's figure is picturesque enough in its own way: naked and hard and lithe and black, he might be a bronze of Myron come to life; but never a fit ornament for a costume ball.

The reader will understand that I have not brought him to the shore of the East-

ern Ocean merely to explain the point of a (not very plain) tale from the Hills. I therefore propose boldly to fling aside an excuse that, I hope, has served its turn, and to ask him to explore the place with me for such romance and curiosity as it may afford. The beams of the sun will strike fiercely upon him, the glare of the lit sand will dazzle his eyes: but if he is hardy and grateful he will find alleviation for either trouble in the salt breath and azure aspect of the sea: and ample compensation in the romance and curiosity aforesaid, in the aloofness of the fishermen's world, and its air of elemental eld.

Here is no sign of that hurry and fret which our countrymen have brought, like a plague from the West, into the very heart of India. Yet the pulse of the place moves, however slowly. See how every seeming loiterer among the huts and boats carries in his hand (or hers) a weight upon a string, like an inverted top; whereon a thread is ever twisting, twisting. They carry it with them into the bazaars, they join the apparently subconscious care of it with all manner of business and vacancy, as if they were spinning the thread of their own lives; as indeed, in a sense, they are. Or turn to those for whom the reel and Time have not as yet begun to run. Listen to the laughter of the children yonder: happy naked infants! whose school is a little bay, where the blue flashing waters of the great world roll in with tempered violence; their book a piece of board, bent over which they learn without sorrow the rudiments of that all-sufficing art, the management of the catamaran!

I had hoped that we should have arrived in time to see the catamarans go out

through the surf. It sets the blood stirring to see the little vessels tilt into the line of green monsters, and rear up on end as they meet the impending coil; while each pair of riders, like Saint Georges (but with a more workaday vigour than that golden youth displays upon the sovereign, for these are but poor copper champions) lean forward and ply the wrathful enemy with blows. Craft and riders hang poised for a moment on the ragged crest, then disappear as if engulfed; only to emerge and leap forward for a fresh encounter—I had hoped, I say, that the reader should have had an opportunity of witnessing this spectacle for himself. Since, however, Fortune, or the Muse, have not seen fit so much to favour us, we must for the moment content ourselves with this description at second hand, and take the occasion of vacant hours to inspect the craft as they lie upon the beach.

The catamaran fleet, thus disposed, resembles nothing so much as a timber-yard. The word *catamaran* (one of the few representatives of South Indian speech in the noisy Parliament of English words) means a 'tied tree;' and the Dravidian term is a very adequate and candid description of the Dravidian vessel. Two logs, each hewed into a rough semblance of the half of a canoe, or rather, perhaps, of a large boomerang, are lashed together. The result is urged through the surf with paddles in the manner already described; and when the calmer spread of sea beyond is reached, if the wind is favourable, sailed with a low, broad, ochre sail. As soon as the returning vessel makes the sand, the partnership of the logs is again dissolved, and the hulking members carried up with labour out of the racing froth in

slings of their own ligaments. I have myself been to sea in a catamaran. The experience in some respects resembles that of trick-riding in a circus, as I imagine it: in others, that of a sea-bath; which latter, indeed, in my own case it soon actually became.

Looming among the timbers of the catamarans upon the beach we may see the tall sides of other vessels, more deserving of the name: real 'hollow ships,' horned like a half-moon, and sewn together with great stitches of some fibrous rope. In the book of that venerable and very romantic author, Sir John Mandeville, there occurs what seems a reference to this type of vessel, with a curious reason for the absence of nails. "For in many places of the sea," he says, speaking of these parts, "be great rocks of stones of the *adamant*, that of his proper nature draweth iron unto him. And therefore pass no ships that have either bonds or nails of iron within them. And if there do, anon the rocks of the adamant draw the ships to them, that never they may go thence." Whether we accept this account, or prefer to follow Marco Polo, who adduces as a reason the fissile nature of the wood; or whether we suppose for ourselves simply that the designers of these vessels were unacquainted with the use of iron: still the circumstance remains, just as it was observed by the errant Frenchman and Venetian six hundred years ago.

The possession, or share, of a moon-shaped boat argues, I suppose, a position of some standing in the village: no vast capital can be represented by the ownership of the starboard or larboard beam (literally) of a catamaran. Yet there is

a sort of fishers who are too poor even (for this: whose only stock-in-trade is a rush basket and a long bell-shaped drag-net with a rope at the throat, armed with which they wander up and down the shore, picking what livelihood they may from the lips and edges of the sea. Many a time from some Waltair sandhill of a morning have I watched one of them balance himself and his net for a throw, and the next moment stretched out aslant in the attitude of the Fighting Gladiator; while the flung net hangs displayed in the air before him, for all the world like the skeleton of a leaf picked up on an English turf in January. Many a time, too, have I drawn near and scrutinized the dripping skirt with an anxiety equal to his own, and found, alas! too often nothing; or else peeped into his wallet, where perhaps some palpitating fairy creature of the sea lies on a little heap of meaner silver.

Indeed you shall see strange fish sometimes if you attend the small informal auction sales that follow the homing of the Catamarans. But if I could endow the reader with the charm which Glaucus bore, proof against sharks and snakes, and the suffocation of the element—and, as I have already brought him so far afield, conduct him into the very treasures of the tropic sea—if this could be, say, Muse, what wonders should reward him then! Fishes of colours and shapes beyond fancy, as of more than all metals and rare stuffs: living bronze and aluminium, silver and plush and satin: forms of sinuous grace and oddest flourish of ornament, faces at fatuous gape, and cynic leer, and angry grin! There should he see, a very carnival of ocean, argosies, ironclads, torpedoes, dirigible balloons in marvellous miniature:

semblance of devils, dragons, jannisaries, nuns, butlers; jesters' baubles, mad milliners' dreams. Though I threw away the art of words, and borrowed the pencil of Hokkei or Hokusai, I could not make known the half what should be seen.

My reputation as a seer may suffer by what I am about to say. Gentle reader. I confess that I am in a position to make the revelations contained in the last paragraph in virtue of no Glaucon charm, or any privilege of the Muse: my knowledge is merely the result of a visit to that little redbrick palace of wonders, the Madras Aquarium. Since the place is stocked almost entirely by the local fishermen, I make no scruple to avail myself of its tank-lore here; that you may know how it sometimes falls to the lot of our South-sea fishers to better, in the light of day, the lies of all the fishers you have known; or the dream of the fisher in Theocritus, that he netted a fish of pure gold.

In association, for our minds, with such riches of sentiment and fancy moves the life of these, perhaps the poorest people in the world. It helps their own hard lot little enough, but the charm which their life has for contemplation lies largely in its power to bring us near to the lives of so many fishers of fame and fable, from whom the labourers of the Northern seas are a folk apart. Over how many of them might be written that brief and bitter couplet of Sappho, the epitaph of the fisher Pelagon; whose father Menikos put up his net and oar upon his grave, "monument of an evil span." Just such another, again, was that old fisher of the Arabian Nights, who fished up and broached the goblin bottled formerly by King Solomon.—And here, were I

writing a sermon, and not an essay for a School Magazine, I might without irreverence prefer the example of those Galileans, who after became fishers of men; in whose nets we all were caught. I shall rather conclude, as more appropriate, with another citation from the Greek, also an epitaph; found by me lately in the Anthology, and Englished here in uncertain elegiacs. The work of Italiot Leonidas of Carentum, it might without unfitness be applied (but not, I hope, for many days yet) to that old and lonely *retiarus* of the Waltair beach, into whose basket the reader lately peeped.

The treble-agéed THERIS, that out of the silvery meshes
Gleaned his living, and swam neater than bird o' the rocks;
Pool-despoiler, lord of the drag-net, looter of grottoes
(For small truck Theris had with a mariner's blade):
Him not the rough-haired Wind Star slew, nor shattering tempest
Shore at a blast the ripe tens of his clustering years;
Nay, he died in his little reed-cabin, ev'n as a candle
That of her own consent languisheth after a time.
This tomb neither children of his, nor bedfellow builded,
But his toiling mates of the longshore, fishermen all.

O.J.C.

FRATREM ADDE.

Pour ton âme vous cherchez frère :
Qu'il Soit brave et debonair.

(Montesquieu.)

"Few people realise what an important factor in a girl's education a brother is."

(Daily Press.)

I.

It really is a pity,
O thrice unhappy maid,
You may be fair or witty—
No use I am afraid.
No maiden robed in coarse hues,
Whose bosom grim remorse hews,
Would like to be in your shoes;
No, not if she were paid!

II.

Not from consideration
Of their capacious size,
Nor from his expectation
Of corns or otherwise—
Because no brother graces
The maid who ties the laces
That keep them in their places,
She will those shoes deride.

III.

But yet I see no sadness
Or tear drop in your eye,
Ah! soon will fade your gladness:
Your happiness shall die.
Your smile will be more dubious:
Your looks will be lugubrious:
Your state far more salubrious,
And you will want to cry!

IV.

A brother is a blessing,
Of that delightful sort,
(At least to girls possessing
The type of mind they ought),
Who interrupts the wayward
(But often harmless) gay word
With talk of Hirst and Hayward
And all the world of sport.

V.

Whose rudeness is—fraternal,
(Enough and more to spare)
Whose lectures are diurnal,
Delivered anywhere;
Who all reposeful seated,
Will tell her she's conceited,
And, if her answer's heated,
Will never turn a hair.

VI.

This paragon of virtue
 Would thus improve your mind:
 And that would *never* hurt you,
 Most fair of woman-kind—
 You'll wish he were with Charon,
 But he will simply stare on,
 Or bid you keep your hair on,
 As he may be inclined.

VII.

So go and get a brother,
 Or else your case is sad,
 A really lively brother,
 (If one is to be had).
 Now you are a 'pis aller'
 (A word they use at Calais)
 Which means "That is her bally
 Well best—and ain't it bad?"

VIII.

"Poor child"—they say—"a
 pity!"
 (Those whom you cannot gull)
 "She's really rather pretty,
 And not so *very* dull—
 She wants no friends to please her
 But brothers who will tease her."
 Yours (signed)

TIGLATH PILEGAR

(abbreviated—PUL.)

PHILIPPUS PHILADELPHUS.

AN EPISODE.

The traveller got off his bike and pushed it up the four hundred yards of steepish road that climbed somewhat abruptly an out-lying spur of the Cotswolds, to the little market-town where he intended to spend the night. The late afternoon sun was still hot, the road was dusty, and the traveller was rather hungry and very

thirsty. He fell to cursing—mildly and mentally—the inventor of bicycles, the doctor who had ordered him vigorous exercise and change of air, and the economic irrationality of a state of society which compelled him to achieve these in so inexpensive a manner. "Cursed be the social wants . . .," he muttered to himself, quite aware that the poet's words could only by a stretch of imagination be adapted to his own case.

He pushed wearily on, grunting and grumbling to himself, emitting in jerks little gobbets of poesy—for he was one of that strange class of creatures (mainly composed of pedagogues, penny-a-line journalists, and sentimental maiden-ladies) who like to realise their passing mood or momentary thought in words with the aid of quotation, and whose conversation bristles with inverted commas. By now he had entered the main street of the town (there was only one other), and where it debouched on a kind of square (it was really a triangle) he fetched up in front of a respectable-looking inn. "——'s Entire" he read in gilt letters above the door; "Bass' Pale Ale in Bottle" adorned the window on the left; "Allsopp's Bottled Stout" was writ large over that on the right. 'Ah!' the traveller sighed his relief: "Names that should be on every infant's tongue!" he murmured with a reminiscent grin. He committed his bicycle to the somewhat contemptuous care of an individual lounging near the doorway, who seemed to combine within himself the functions of ostler, boots and commissionaire, and entered the bar-parlour. "Two pints of bitter in two tankards, please miss," he demanded. The superior-looking young lady thus addressed glanced with

some surprise towards the door. 'Oh, I've no-one with me,' said the traveller. 'One's to wash down the dust, the other's to be enjoyed.' He drained the first at a single pull, and then set himself to a more meditative appreciation of the second.

'Good beer, this,' he remarked pleasantly.

'Yes, sir,' assented the young lady.

"It is the quintessence of malt;

And they that drink it want no salt,"

he quoted abstractedly.

'Beg pardon?' said the young lady.

'Oh! nothing,' said the traveller, 'you'd understand what Tom Nabbe meant if this town was called Wick.'

The young lady looked offended: if the traveller could not talk sense, he must not expect her to trouble to make conversation.

'May I have some tea?' he asked, as he finished the second tankard with a relish. 'I'd like some meat with it.'

'Yes, sir. What would you like?'

'What have you got?'

'Ham and eggs—and cold beef!

'Then I'll have ham and eggs—and cold beef—

"When mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food,
It ennobled our hearts, it enriched our blood,"

he hummed in a pleasant, if timorous, tenor. 'You don't get asked for the ragouts of effeminate France much, I suppose?' he inquired.

'Beg pardon?'

'Ah! I thought as much. That proves it. I've always felt Fielding's lament was less sincere than his eulogy—"merely corroborative detail, intended to give artistic verisimilitude,"' he added meditatively.

'You'd better have it in the coffee-room—just opposite, on the other side of the

passage,' said the superior young lady in a superior tone.

The traveller, still humming, made his way to the coffee-room, blissfully unconscious that he ought to feel snubbed. As he crossed the passage, a rather nervous voice from the street-entrance greeted him: 'Will you take one of these, please?' A paper was hurriedly thrust into his hands, and the owner of the voice, a girl of lady-like appearance with a bundle of hand-bills under her arm, departed looking a little ashamed of herself. The traveller, his train of thought slightly upset by this interruption, entered the coffee-room and sat down in the window-seat to read his hand-bill. "VOTES FOR WOMEN" it was headed, and it went on to announce that an open-air meeting would be held in the Square that evening, at 6.30, to advance the cause of Woman Suffrage.

'So she give you one o' them bills,' said the comfortable-looking landlady, who had come in to lay the table for his repast. 'She asked me to put one up in the bar, but I told her I would'nt—not though she is the Rector's daughter.'

'Oh, she's the Rector's daughter, is she?'

'Yes—and she's bin an' took up wi' them Sufferin' women. What her father's about, lettin' her carry on so silly, I dunno, an' that's a fact.' And the good woman thumped down the remains of a sirloin, and bustled out full of righteous indignation, to return in a minute with a smoking dish of ham and eggs.

The traveller fell to with a will.

"Now to the banquet we press,"

he carolled between the mouthfuls,

"Now for the eggs, the ham,
Now for the mustard and cress,
Now for the . . ."

What a pity Gilbert had not met a militant Suffragette before he wrote *Princess Ida*, he went on, with a transition of thought not so abrupt as at first sight appears. 'It would have been even funnier than it is. I think I'll have a look at this meeting. I've not had the pleasure of hearing these good ladies rant, so far.'

As he got up to cut himself a slice of beef, he glanced out of window, into the three-sided square. Behold, a farm-wagon decorated with green, white and violet bunting. He went to the window for a better view, and saw his timid bill-distributor with two other ladies mounting the wagon with the aid of a chair, which they hauled up after them. 'Not a bad-looking girl, the Rector's daughter,' he mused. 'By Jove! that one's a stunner, though.' The object of this unpoetic appreciation had just turned and faced the inn. She was a slim little brunette, with masses of dark-brown hair, a round baby-like face, a nose the slightest bit retroussé ("tip-tilted like the petal of a flower," murmured the traveller), and a general appearance of innocence, which a ridiculously stern mouth and humorous chin entirely failed to dissipate. The third propagandist was a tall vigorous-looking woman with an intellectual face, clothes of a rather severe cut, and generally of a rather keep-yourself-at-a-distance aspect.

Their audience consisted, so far, of three or four loungers of the carry-your-bag-sir type, a woman with a perambulator and an expression of intense scorn which said 'Why don't you get husbands, like me,' plainer than mere words could, and half-a-dozen urchins ready for any sport which the novelty of a "Sufferin'" meeting had to offer.

The traveller returned to his interrupted meal, and soon forgot all about the meeting in the satisfaction of his appetite and the soothing influence of a post-prandial pipe. Indeed it was not until a mild boozing from the Square broke in on his reflections that he was recalled to his former intention of attending the meeting. He hastened out to find that the severe-looking lady had just sat down on the side of the wagon, after a speech which had apparently not produced a very favourable impression on the crowd, which now numbered some thirty or forty listeners, mostly male. What arguments the lady in question had put forward, the comments that met the traveller's ears as he hovered on the outskirts of the throng gave him no inkling. They consisted solely of the heavily facetious type of remark which the average male thinks quite sufficient to refute any attempt on the part of a woman to put forward in public views that dare to conflict with his superior masculine convictions.

The Rector's daughter was meanwhile doing a rather poor trade in copies of *Votes for Women* among the audience. The traveller had apparently come too late for the speeches: but the little brunette got up and demanded to know whether any lady or gentleman present would like to ask any questions. She was sure she or her companions would be able to answer them satisfactorily. Such an impudent challenge rather took away the breath of the crowd. The quiet Cotswold town had had no previous experience of suffragists. A silence of nearly a minute's duration fell upon them. At last 'Won't no-one marry you, dearie?' enquired a burly labourer.

This brilliant sally provoked several

guffaws of laughter, and encouraged a pasty-faced youth near the front to ask, 'Does your mother know you're out?' The pleasant-voiced and mild-mannered virago was in no way embarrassed. Perhaps she had become hardened to this style of witticism.

'Wouldn't any *intelligent* member of the audience like to ask a question?' she enquired sweetly. The suggestion was not too subtle for the understanding of her hearers, and the laugh was turned against the two seekers after knowledge.

But the component members of the assemblage were evidently nervous about the sound of their own voices. To put a serious question was obviously absurd; while a facetious enquiry might, it appeared, raise a laugh against its proponent. The crowd gradually melted away, thinking of the brilliant things it might have said, had they only occurred to the mind earlier. The Suffragettes also departed, and the traveller returned to his inn, wondering whether, if he had heard the speeches, his views on these "ranting women" might not have suffered change. They were so unlike what his complacent fancy had pictured. Logical consistency, he ruminated rather gloomily, was after all in favour of their doctrine rather than opposed to it. If, as he felt obliged in honesty to admit, the futile platitudes about Woman's duty being in the home had nothing at all to do with the question of her having a vote, was it not possible that . . .

'But this means that I'm arguing in favour of Woman Suffrage,' he said aloud, as he got into bed. 'Horrible thought!

"Oh, now for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind! Farewell content!
Farewell . . ."

Bah! what rot I'm talking! H.H.

JEANNE D'ARC

"La pitié qu'il y avait au royaume de
France."

Forsaken by the monarch she had saved,
Abandoned to the cruel taunt and jeer
Of soldiers rude, and priests' more bitter
sneer,
No boon from Heaven for herself she
craved.

Steadfast, alone, amid the throng who
raved,
She prayed for France. God freed her
soul from fear,
And if she wept, 'twas but an angel's tear,
Wherewith her country's bleeding wounds
she laved.

She perished; and it seemed that on her
pyre
All virtue was consumed, that from the
earth
Justice and mercy were for ever banned.

Yet from her ashes sprang a living fire,
That has throughout the ages given birth
To faith and truth and love of Fatherland.

G.

A POSY OF PROVERBS FOR DILATORY DEBATERS.

We hear that members of the L.S.D. Society cannot coin cunning phrases of Literary lore, Scientific Subtlety and Debating Declamation! We hear complaints that those who are believed to have literary ability, lisp uncertainly; the Scientists indulge in Subterfuge, and Debaters are dumb; and the accused excuse themselves, saying that the House is cold, and they cannot warm to a subject amidst a chilly silence;—or ever they have distilled a fluent phrase, a hot retort bubbles up and overwhelms them; and, ponder

they how to expand trite aphorisms into a new and cunning truth,—alas! all their carefully laid schemes, and arguments, and anticipations of opposition plans, vanish like oysters at a feast.

We therefore provide a few fragments,—old friends in a new dress,—hoping that the hints thereby provided as to the expanding of a phrase, be it never so humble, if but persisted in, may lead to some new and brilliant idea, which, likewise expanded, must inevitably in the end lead the Speaker to some idea, which, even in the opinion of other members, may have some actual bearing on the subject under discussion. Moreover the method has this advantage, that, seeing that the fragments provided are *Proverbs*, the speaker can never be ruled out of order; for, proverbs are admittedly of universal application, and no cavilling Chairman could possibly rule that proverbs must only be expressed in a certain dull stereotyped phraseology. Thus then the Speaker begins with the usual apologies—

[N.B.—The Mover, Opposer, and Sec-
 onder have *got* to make speeches, so
 these hints do not, of course, apply
 to them.]

SIR,—Overwhelmed by the talent arrayed before me, I fear my humble remarks must indeed seem common-place. I fear also, lest all the arguments I present, will already have been weighed in the minds of my hearers, and let the kindly fates forbid that, before such an august assembly, I should descend to mere verbiage. What indeed saith the Proverb:—

*“A Hollow vat
 Doth answer, pat,
 When you but kick agin it;
 So doth the pot,
 All piping hot,
 Seethe most, when least is in it.”*

(CUE.—*Seething pot suggests cooking*).

Then again, I need not remind you of the saying:—

*“An should there be a Bowl of foaming Stew,
 A-seething and a-bubbling on the Hob,
 (A Savoury odour rising in the air)
 And if of Cooks around, there be a few,
 (A few too many, and a few to spare)
 Then may it be, if each doth take a sup,
 And add a pinch of salt, and taste again,
 (All unbeknownst betwixt them)
 Then that Stew!—May taste e'en worse
 Than Mud and mingled Rain!
 And if at Festal Board it then be placed,
 Then Host, and Cooks, and Stew, be all disgraced!”*

(CUE.—*Stew—Broth—Chicken Broth—Fowls*).

Thus I therefore feel that, after the weighty remarks of the Mover, (or *opposer ad. lib.*) I must beware lest I spoil the pronounced effect that his words obviously had upon the House. The Opposer (or *again,—Mover, Secorder, ad lib.*) on the contrary, seemed hopelessly at sea, helplessly beating about the bush;* in fact his remarks seemed intangible, vapoury, and very much in the air; whereas, gentlemen, I have one firm solid fact that I feel it my duty to bring forward, and which I know must convince the House, for indeed is it not a truism—

*“That if of feathered Fowl thou hast but One
 And that one safe enclasped in the hand,
 It far prevaleth over two that roam,
 And chirp and twitter in the Hedgerow!”*

* Sea-holly?—(Ed.)

(CUE.—*‘Fowls’ suggest ‘more cooking’*) [Our
 Chicken seem always only HALF boiled].

‘Well gentlemen, as I said, having got what I believe to be an indisputable and incontrovertible argument, in contrast to what the opposition have been pleased to foist upon you—for as I suggested, it is essential that a speaker should first grasp his own arguments himself before dishing them in a guise that could gull nobody,—for who is so ignorant as not to know—’

*“If our good Mary Ann would make some jug—
 Some juggéd Hare, of flavour quite pronounced,
 The Jelly and the Stuffing nought avail,
 Nor many rinsings in the Washing Pail
 Of Veg’tables and Dishes, Spoons and Forks,—
 Nor e’en the donning of an Apron clean!
 First should good Mary Ann (the Cook, I ween)
 Forth to the meadows for a Trial-Spin,
 To see if any Hare may lurk therein,
 And if so be, well! Kill it, eke she must!
 Then on a dish of Silver, most untarnished,
 Caught! Cooked! Delicious! (If discreetly
 garnished.)”*

(CUE.—*‘Untarnished Silver.’*)

- (a) under the present political circumstances
- or (b) in these days of social upheaval
- „ (c) when thinking of all these domestic problems
- „ (d) in all times of National danger
- „ (e) whatever hobby each might practice in his leisure time
- (f) — — — — —
- (g)* — — — — —

(Any phrase a-z being inserted according to the nature of the debate).

* Note by Ed.—Lack of space prevents the insertion of the rest of the Alphabet. In our opinion the ‘confusion’ spoken of, arose through a puerile failing—viz. :—Ignorance of the a, b, c.

Ought they not, then to remember, each and all, (—and regretting that this sublime thought had caused such a temporary confusion of tongues—) ought they not all—High and Low, Rich and Poor—every one of them to bear in mind that their path is one of comparative *Freedom*? They themselves indeed might sleep on a Bed of Roses, (figuratively speaking,) but was it not necessary, and he would say, patriotically necessary, for them to remember that old English saying, that he had quoted only just now, and which would bear repetition—

*“ Happy indeed without a Penny,
All in the sweet fresh air,
The gallant bold Bushranger!
Who knows no single care!
With nothing in his pocket
He blithely sings this strain :—
Right through the King’s domain!
Ah Happy Place to be!
Hey Life! So gay and free!
Pity the Monarch in his bed
With prickly Crown upon his Head! ”*

- CUES.—X1. ‘Penny’—Take care of the pence, etc.**
- X2. ‘Guide and Friend’—Multitude of Counsellors—**
- X3. ‘Prickly’—Rose—No rose without, etc.**
- X4. —————****

** X 4, etc., to z is omitted; lack of space.—(Ed.)
—following up either of these, it may be, that by this time the Speaker will have thought of something of less general application,—something that may indeed have a definite bearing upon the special subject of discussion; but, if not, the speaker,

following the first of the above x cues,
..... †
SPRINGBROKE II.

† A note, apparently by our Sporting Editor, is here glued over the Manuscript. It reads as follows :—“ Yes, there are merits about a cue well followed through!—For a penny-a-liner a cute idea!—But this time, kindly *Ex-cues* ! ”

WINTER.

O hale old year,
With steps age-slow but fearless
Treading alone thy long white wintry way,
Nor lingering here,
Though thy dark goal be starless
And thou dost love the happy light of day—

O brave old year,
White as the way thou treadest,
Thy locks are winter, but thy face is spring ;
Still strong to bear
The full world’s load, thou threadest
The gates that lead beyond imagining.

W.W.

FOOTBALL.

A.S.F.C. v. BLOXHAM SCHOOL.—The School visited Bloxham on Saturday, Nov. 16th. There was every prospect of a good game, since the School had only won the former match by the odd goal in five, but from the very start they were too much for the home team. Crook scored for the School in the first minute, and in ten minutes two more goals were added. During the first half the defence was not troubled much, and at half-time the score was 5—0. After the interval the home team pressed more closely, and there were several anxious moments, but only one

goal was scored against the School, while they added five more, thus winning the match by 10—1. Williams, Reynolds, Crook, with three each, and Warwick, secured the goals for the School. The two backs played a very sound game, especially Read. Williams combined well with Pratt on the right wing, and it was from that quarter that most of the attack came. Reynolds shewed improvement in the centre, but must learn to pass more accurately, while Crook played with his usual skill until he was injured.

School team :—F. W. Lupton (goal); C. M. Read, A. Eason (backs); F. E. Spokes, H. A. L. Donkin, H. W. B. Burkett (halves); V. C. Warwick, E. E. Crook, R. W. B. Reynolds, W. C. Williams, A. F. Pratt (forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. OXFORD HIGH SCHOOL—This match was decided at home on Wednesday, Nov. 20th. As a team, the School played their best game this season, being superior to their opponents in every department. At times the visitors pressed, but, except on one or two occasions in the second half, never looked like scoring. The School obtained four goals in each half, through Reynolds (3), Crook (2), Williams (2), and Donkin. The two backs played a sound game, and the halves showed improvement. Williams, Pratt, and Crook played well in the forward line, but Reynolds was disappointing. The team was the same as against Bloxham, except that A. E. Chivers played outside left.

A.S.F.C. v. EXETER COLLEGE CAPOTTERS.—The School journeyed to Oxford, on Saturday, November 23rd. They were unfortunately without Pratt, who had been injured against Oxford High School. The

game was a remarkably even one, but the team did not quite play up to their true form, with the exception, perhaps, of Williams, but he had no one to work with him. Exeter scored the only goal in the first half, but soon after the interval Williams equalised. Exeter obtained the next point, but Reynolds brought the School level again. Towards the end the School pressed, but failed to secure the victory, and the game ended in a draw (2—2).

The backs were slower, and not so sound as usual, but it was in the forward line that the difference was most noticeable. Reynolds and Crook were evidently taking a day off, both missing what seemed to be easy chances. Mr. Gibson played left half, and T. T. G. Race outside right. Otherwise the team was the same as against Oxford High School.

A.S.F.C. v. PEMBROKE COLLEGE.—This match was played on Monday, Nov. 25th, on the occasion of the Mayor's half holiday. The game was played in the rain and for the first ten minutes there was a terrific storm of hail and sleet, with the wind driving across the ground. The ground was an absolute quagmire, and it was impossible to stand firm or turn round. Pembroke scored the only point in the first half, and added another in the second, while Williams headed through for the School from a corner, thus leaving Pembroke winners by 2—1. This was the second defeat sustained by the School this season. The backs were very much off colour, both finding it difficult to judge the ball and to run. Williams was the only one of the team to play anything like a good game, but he delights in a wet ground. Reynolds seemed completely lost, and was

very slow, both he and Crook missing chances towards the end of the game. Pratt played very pluckily, though it was obvious his leg still hurt him. Except that he and Spokes had returned to the team, it was the same as on the previous Saturday.

A.S.F.C. v. DORCHESTER COLLEGE.—The School visited Dorchester on Wednesday, Nov. 27th, and after a poor game, defeated the College by 4-0. Crook scored in the first half, and in the second he obtained another point, and Williams two. None of the team played well, but it was nearly impossible to do so because of the roughness of the ground and the strange antics in which the ball indulged. The Dorchester goalkeeper was again very much "on the spot," both in saving shots and in providing amusement for the players. The team was the same as on the Monday.

A. S. F. C. v. MAGDALEN COLLEGE SCHOOL.—This match was played at home on Saturday, December 7th. The first half of the game was very even, and neither side scored, though perhaps the School put in more shots. In the second half, the School showed themselves to be the superior team. Within ten minutes they had three goals, and except for one or two rushes on the part of the visitors, in one of which a goal was scored, the School pressed all through, though we missed several rather easy chances. The School eventually won by 6-1. The goals were scored by Williams (3), Pratt (2), and Crook. The forward line had been rearranged, and the change was quite effectual, except that Pratt found his place at first rather strange. Race played quite

a good game. School team:—F. W. Lupton (goal); C. M. Read, A. Eason (backs); F. E. Spokes, H. A. L. Donkin, H. W. B. Burkett (halves); R. W. B. Reynolds, E. E. Crook, W. C. Williams, A. F. Pratt, T. T. G. Race (forwards).

A.S.F.C. 2nd XI. v. MAGDALEN COLLEGE SCHOOL 2nd XI.—This match was played at Oxford, on Wednesday, Nov. 13th. The School won the toss and played with the wind. They attacked during most of the first half, and the forwards showed a little more dash than usual. The score at half-time was 4-0 in favour of the School, the goals being scored by Graham, Alder, Edwards, and Edgington. During the second half Magdalen perhaps did most of the attacking, scoring two goals, but the School retired winners by 4-2. All the defence played a good game, Graham and Davenport especially putting in some good work, but the forwards were still very slow.

School team:—D. Cullen (goal); F. V. Enoch, A. Davenport, Capt., (backs); L. H. C. Creswell, R. M. Graham, J. Knowles (halves); V. C. Warwick, A. Alder, C. G. Parr, H. J. Edgington, C. B. Edwards (forwards).

A.S.F.C. 2nd XI. v. BLOXHAM SCHOOL 2nd XI.—The 2nd XI. received Bloxham at home on Saturday, November 16th, but were no more successful than they had been in the first match. The forwards were again weak, and the back division had hard luck in losing, because they kept the visitors out well, except for two goals, while the forwards missed several chances of scoring. Enoch and Davenport both played well, but Alder, Parr and Edwards were very feeble, and seemed to prefer

falling over the ball to kicking it. They must learn that they cannot get goals by allowing the opposing backs to clear the ball every time. The team was the same as against Magdalen, except that W. H. Wood played outside left.

A.S.F.C. 2nd XI. v. OXFORD HIGH SCHOOL 2nd XI.—This match was played at Oxford on Wednesday, November 20th. After the weak display of the forwards on Saturday, it was decided to change the line, but at the last moment Edgington was unable to play, so Cullen was brought out of goal to play centre-forward. The line was certainly improved, but was yet far from good. The home team played with the wind the first half, and scored five goals, to which the School replied with two in the second half. Team: G. J. H. Ingold (goal); F.V.Enoch, A. Davenport, G. Woods (halves); V. C. Warwick, C. (backs); L. H. C. Creswell, J. Knowles, G. Parr, D. Cullen, C. B. Edwards, V. S. Northam (forwards).

A.S.F.C. 2nd XI. v. NEW COLLEGE SCHOOL.—This match was played at home on Saturday, November 23rd. The visitors were much too strong for the School team and ran out winners by 7-0. The defence felt the absence of Graham, for Knowles was not up to form at centre-half. The forwards were absolutely beaten by the opposing defence, but if they had had a little more dash, they might have obtained at least one point. The team was the same as against Oxford High School.

A.S.F.C. 2nd XI. v. NEW COLLEGE SCHOOL.—This match was played at Oxford on Wednesday, November 27th. The game was considerably more even than

one would suppose from the score, and Cullen should have saved at least two of the goals. The forwards were very slow, Northam in the first half, and Race in the second, being by far the best. The halves and backs played well and worked hard, but it is very disappointing to have all the passes to the forwards handed on to the opponents to kick back at their leisure. New College scored once in the first half, and twice in the second, but the School failed to score at all.

The School team:—D. Cullen (goal); F. V. Enoch, A. Davenport (backs); J. Knowles, H. W. B. Burkett, R. M. Graham (halves); V. C. Warwick, C. G. Parr, T. T. G. Race, C. B. Edwards, V. S. Northam (forwards).

LIST OF MATCHES.

1st XI.

DATE.	OPPONENTS.	GOALS.		
		For.	Agst.	
Sept. 25	E. R. Winship's XI..	H.	2 7	L.
Oct. 2	Oxford High School..	A.	4 2	W.
" 5	Magdalen College Sch.	A.	7 1	W.
" 12	Bloxham School ..	H.	3 2	W.
" 19	Leighton Park School	A.	6 0	W.
" 23	Exeter Coll. Capotters	H.	3 0	W.
" 26	Dorchester College ..	H.	8 1	W.
Nov. 9	Pembroke College ..	H.	1 0	W.
" 13	Mansfield College ..	H.	8 1	W.
" 16	Bloxham School ..	A.	10 1	W.
" 20	Oxford High School..	H.	8 0	W.
" 23	Exeter Coll. Capotters	A.	2 2	D.
" 25	Pembroke College ..	A.	1 2	L.
" 27	Dorchester College ..	A.	4 0	W.
Dec. 7	Magdalen College Sch.	H.	6 1	W.
" 14	Old Abingdonians ..	H.	6 0	W.

2nd XI.

Oct. 2	Oxford High Street ..	H.	3 7	L.
" 5	Magdalen College Sch.	H.	3 0	W.
" 12	Bloxham School ..	A.	0 3	L.
" 19	Leighton Park School	H.	5 0	W.
Nov. 13	Magdalen College Sch.	A.	4 2	W.
" 16	Bloxham School ..	H.	0 2	L.
" 20	Oxford High School..	A.	2 5	L.
" 23	New College School..	H.	0 8	L.
" 27	New College School..	A.	0 3	L.

FOOTBALL CHARACTERS.

F. W. LUPTON (goal). Colours 1912. Has vastly improved and is now one of the best goal-keepers the School has had. Possesses a safe pair of hands, and has often saved the team at critical moments. Shows excellent judgment in running out, and has a long kick.

C. M. READ (left back) Colours 1912. Has much improved since the beginning of the season and now combines well with Eason. Tackles and kicks well with either foot, but must learn to judge the ball more exactly. Heads well, but at times is apt to use his head when there is no need.

A. EASON (right back) Colours 1912. Plays a steady game and makes an admirable partner for Read. Tackles sturdily. Does not kick hard, but is sure.

F. E. SPOKES (left half). Has improved and played a consistent game through the season. Has a good idea of tackling, but must learn to pass along the ground. Could dribble more often.

H. A. L. DONKIN (centre-half) Capt. Colours 1910-11-12. Has played a really magnificent game at centre-half throughout the term. Is very quick on the ball and tackles finely. His dribbling is never overdone and consequently he makes some splendid openings for his forwards. If he has a fault, it is a tendency to balloon too often. Has led his team with marked judgment.

H. W. B. BURKETT (right half). Tries hard, but has no pace and is rather clumsy. Has not much idea of tackling and must learn to mark his man more closely. Does not feed his forwards with enough accuracy and is erratic. At times does some good things, centres well, and has put in some good shots.

R. W. B. REYNOLDS (outside left). Has improved since the beginning of the season and has played some good games, especially against Leighton Park School. Combines well with his inside, but must learn to centre sooner. Was tried in the centre, but fails to pass accurately enough and is too slow. A good shot with his left foot.

E. E. CROOK (inside left). Quite a clever young player. Feeds his man excellently, but at times hangs back too much and has not much pace. Might to advantage be a little more selfish; often, when unmarked, passing to the centre who is marked. Must learn not to shoot straight at the goal-keeper.

W. C. WILLIAMS (centre-forward) Colours 1911-12. Filled the centre position quite successfully at the beginning of the season, but afterwards fell off. Is, unfortunately, not made for a centre. Has played some excellent games at inside-right and combined well with Pratt. Dribbles well and with a little more pace would make an excellent forward. Has shot a good many goals and fully deserves his success.

A. F. PRATT (inside-right) Colours 1911-12. Played outside until quite recently and centred with excellent judgment. Unfortunately at the beginning of the season he had a weak inside man, but later combined well with Williams. Passes neatly and is a hard shot. Has put in some excellent corners.

T. T. G. RACE (outside-right). Has improved a great deal since the beginning of the season. Must learn to keep out on his wing and to centre more accurately. Plays a hard game and worries his man.

LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

We regret to say that the meetings this year have not been at all successful. The new members have scarcely ever ventured to address the House more than once, so that the burden of oratorical effort has almost entirely fallen upon a few veterans. After the excellent meetings we had last session, our failure this term is peculiarly disappointing.

The Society met in the Pembroke Room on Friday, November 15th, with the Vice-President in the chair.

After the usual private business, L. A. Weaving was called upon to propose "that in the opinion of this House Cinematographs are useless, and their early disappearance would be eagerly welcomed." J. Knowles seconded, and W. C. Williams opposed the motion. The following also spoke.—*Pro.*: Mr. H. H. Gibson and A. Eason. *Con.*: A. G. Bartlett, W. H. Wood, G. Woods, H. A. L. Donkin, T. G. Michelmore, W. R. T. Skinner, F. L. M. Harris, C. M. Read, R. M. Graham, H. W. B. Burkett.

The motion was lost by 18 votes to 3.

The Society met in the Pembroke Room on Friday, November 22nd, with the Vice-President in the chair.

The minutes were read and handed back to the Hon. Sec. for alterations.

H. W. B. Burkett was then called upon to propose "that this House considers Home Rule for Ireland an unnecessary and undesirable piece of Legislation." A. Davenport seconded, and G. Woods opposed the motion. The following also spoke. *Pro.*: T. Michelmore, H. A. L. Donkin. *Con.*: F. W. Lupton, W. C. Williams. The motion was carried by 17 votes to 3.

The Society met in the Pembroke Room on Friday, November 29th, with the Vice-President in the chair.

The minutes were read and passed.

W. C. Williams was called upon to propose "that in the opinion of this House the rapid progress of Aviation is detrimental to the future welfare of the world at large." W. H. Wood seconded, and H. A. L. Donkin opposed the motion. The following also spoke.—*Con.*: R. M. Graham, A. G. Bartlett. *Pro.*: Rev. W. B. Box. The motion was lost by 12—3.

The Society met in the Pembroke Room at 4.15 p.m., on Friday, December 6th, with the Vice-President in the chair.

The minutes were read and passed.

Mr. S. H. Baker proposed "that in the opinion of this House Abingdon-on-Sea would be preferable to Abingdon-on-Thames." Mr. W. Bevir seconded, and the Rev. W. B. Box opposed the motion. Mr. H. H. Gibson spoke against the motion. H. W. B. Burkett proposed the amendment "that Abingdon-under-Sea would be preferable to either Abingdon-on-Sea or Abingdon-on-Thames." H. A. L. Donkin seconded the amendment, and Mr. W. Bevir and Mr. S. H. Baker spoke against it. Mr. S. H. Baker proposed as a corollary to the amendment "that Abingdon-under-Sea with its inhabitants would be preferable to either Abingdon-on-Sea with its inhabitants or Abingdon-on-Thames with its inhabitants." No member came forward to second the corollary, so it was dropped. On being put to the vote the amendment was lost by 18 votes to 7.

The original motion was lost by 12 votes to 11.

VER NON SEMPER VIRET.

Years with flying feet go by,

Join the ghosts that throng the past !

Though ye pass, ye shall not die,

Ye are ours unto the last !

Memory, through the shadow cast

On our lives while sorrows reign,

Floods our lives with radiance vast—

We are young, and young remain !

Can crows' feet or hoary head

Rob the heart of pulsing blood ?

Can the fear of passion dead

Spoil the thought that once we woo'd?

Is it but imagined good

That within our souls hath lain ?

Be Time's tyranny withstood !

We are young, and young remain !

Though the cheek that once was smooth,

Wrinkled now like parchment shows,

Need we more our hearts to soothe

Than to know that Beauty grows ?

Here is Truth, and here Repose,

Light, that Dark can never stain ;

And while this my true heart knows

Young am I, and young remain !

W.H.P.

OXFORD LETTER.

Dear Mr. Editor,

We must begin our letter by expressing our deepest regret at the news of the resignation of the esteemed Headmaster, under whom we pursued our youthful studies. The loss will be not only to the School, but to the generations of Old Abingdonians who have always looked forward to his hearty welcome on the occasion of their visits to Abingdon.

We were delighted to welcome C. E. Cook on his coming into residence this term. He has already distinguished him-

self on the River, and in the Soccer team. He also shines as an orator in the College Debating Society. Let us quote to him the old adage "Carpe diem."

E. H. Thomas is through "Divers." He is also a regular attendant at the Casuals' Hockey Club. His work seems to be going strong.

T. M. Layng has decided to enter the Army. We hear that he was anticipating an easy conquest of Pass Mods., but the Army Authorities have thought otherwise. He is now embarked on the Honours Course.

G. H. G. Shepherd has continued his successes on the track. He was collared low by a wild Irishman at the end of a Strangers' Race lately and ploughed up the track for several yards with his back, but is now convalescing. He has also played Soccer with some regularity.

We would close, dear Mr. Editor, by wishing you and all readers of "The Abingdonian" a very Merry Christmas.

Yours truly,
O.A.

MY DESTINY.

(From the German).

To Thee my Path of Life has e'er been leading !—

Sweet ! Fixed ! Unchanging !—As o'er woodland free,

The Dove, though prison'd long, on swift wings speeding,

Flies to the Home, where she would long to be !

And when I think of struggles, storm, and striving,

Youth's changeful Fortune, wanderings wild and free,

Still comes the thought—The Life I have been living,

Was e'er a true unswerving Path,—to Thee !

S.H.B.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Mr. E. J. Harris's term of office on the Governing Body of the School expired in November. We remember with gratitude the deep interest which he took for many years in all that concerned our welfare; and we much regret the illness which causes him to retire from work in which his help was so greatly valued. He is succeeded as Governor by his brother-in-law, T. Skurray, Esq., C.C.

Mr. H. H. Gibson has been appointed to the position of Senior Modern Languages' Master at Rossall School and will be leaving Abingdon at the end of the present term. He joined the Staff in September, 1903, and has taken a very responsible part in the teaching of Classics and of French and German in the upper Forms. As Chairman of the Boating Committee and Vice-President of the Literary and Debating Society he will be greatly missed, and his departure will leave a gap in the social life of the School which will not be readily filled.

The Right Reverend C. J. Corfe, formerly Lord Bishop of Corea, held, on behalf of the Lord Bishop of Oxford, a Confirmation Service at St. Helen's Church on the afternoon of Sunday, Dec. 8th. The following members of the School were confirmed:—

School House.—T. H. Buswell, T. G. Michelmore, C. M. Read, H. P. Taylor, V. C. Warwick.

Tesdale House.—A. S. Dove.

Day Boys.—J. L. Betteridge, G. E. C. Dacey, A. Davenport, A. Ellis, A. F. Pratt.

The Rev. J. H. Kirkby, Vicar of Shippon, preached to us at St. Nicolas'

Church on Sunday, Oct. 20th, and Canon Oldfield of Culham on Sunday, Nov. 23rd.

On Nov. 15th, Mr. W. S. Rowntree, B.Sc., gave a very interesting lecture in the Gymnasium upon Extinct Animals and their modern representatives.

The annual half-holiday in honour of the in-coming Mayor was given on Monday, Nov. 25th. The first eleven utilised the occasion to go to Oxford and play the return match with Pembroke College.

F. W. Lupton, C. M. Read and A. Eason have been awarded their Football Colours.

Some of us have attended the following lectures in connection with the Town Debating Society:

Nov. 18. The need for a spiritual back-ground to life.—by Mr. Baillie Weaver.

December 2nd. Astronomy—by Mrs. Freeman.

December 9th. Poetry—by Mr. Stringer Bateman. A debate followed, in which the following took part:—H. W. B. Burkett, H. A. L. Donkin, W. C. Williams, G. Woods.

News reaches us of J. E. T. Philipps from Hatfield Hall, Durham. He has been Editor of "The Sphinx" and "The University Magazine," and was President of "The Union" last Spring, when the Society celebrated the seventieth anniversary of its foundation. He was nominated by the Vice-Chancellor as the Undergraduate representative of Durham University at the Universities of the Empire Congress in London.

H. A. N. Medd was awarded the prize offered to first-year students at the School of the Architectural Association.

L. W. Holland sailed for Singapore on December 13th, to take up rubber-planting.

H. Hughes has resigned his Mastership, at Hereford Cathedral School, and has held a temporary appointment this term at Clifton College.

G. F. Moor has become an Associate of the Institute of Chartered Accountants.

G. F. S. Mann has joined McGill University, Montreal.

W. Leach represented the A.A.A. in the Long Jump at their meeting with Cambridge University.

We have to thank Mr. Bromley Challenor, Senr., for copies of The Royal Geographical Society's Journal, which will be placed in the School Library.

MARRIAGE.

TOWNSEND—MOYES. On October 31st, at Mount Hermon, California, Robert

Rowley, second son of Thomas Townsend, of Park road, Abingdon, to Janet Moyes, both of Santa Cruz.

DEATH.

HAYWARD.—On Saturday, December 7th, at Pine Grange, Bournemouth, the Venerable Henry Rudge Hayward, M.A., Canon-Residentiary of Gloucester, aged 81.

[The late Archdeacon Hayward joined the School on August 4th, 1840. He won the School Scholarship at Pembroke College in 1849, took his degree (4 Cl. Litt. Hum.) in 1853 and was elected in the same year a Fellow of the College. A fellowship followed in due course upon the scholarship in those days. In 1864 he was appointed by the College to the living of Lydiard-Millicent, and in 1881 Bishop Ellicott collated him to the charge of Cirencester. In this parish the most important work of his life was done. The fine old church was restored, and much vigour was infused into parochial life. He was appointed Proctor in Convocation, Archdeacon of Cirencester, and in 1898 Canon-Residentiary of Gloucester. In 1908 he resigned his position as Archdeacon. He was a generous contributor to the fund for building the School Chapel, and his coat of arms, as representing the Old Boys, appears on the corbel nearest the Tesdale stall. He distributed the prizes on Founder's Day, 1904, and his speech is remembered for its many interesting anecdotes of life in the old School buildings.]

ABINGDONIAN ACCOUNTS.

Vol. V. No. 2 (July, 1912).

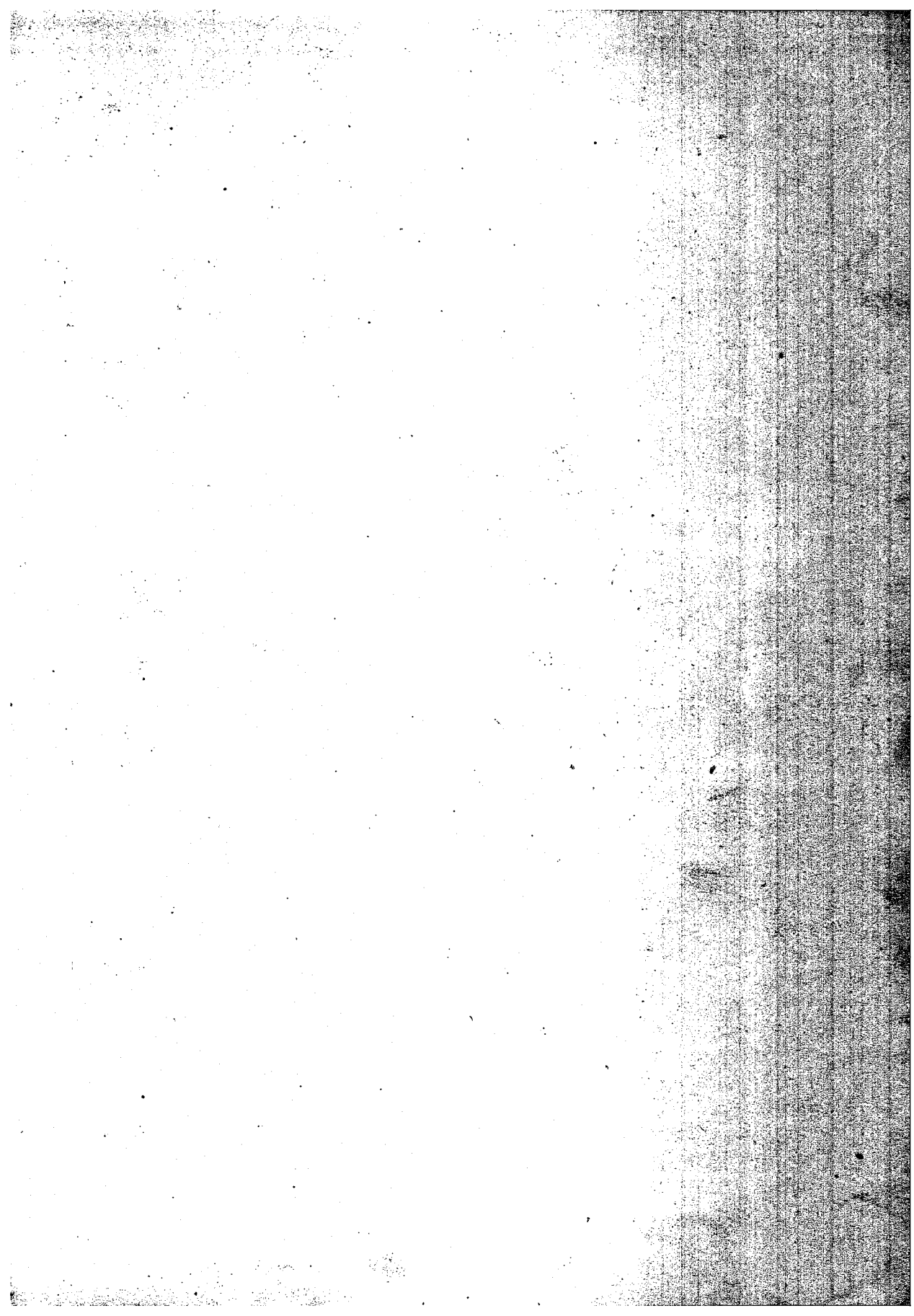
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