

Misericordias
Domini



in aeternum
cantabo.

THE ABINGDONIAN.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
EDITORIAL	305
ABINGDONIANA	306
THREE IN BELGIUM	307
CHARGE OF THE PREP. BRIGADE	309
CONNEMARA	310
MATRIS LALLARE	311
BELLS	312
GYMNOPAEDEIA	313
PLAY	314
CHARACTERS OF TEAM	316
FOOTBALL REPORTS	317
LITERARY DEBATES	319
OXFORD LETTER	320
CAMBRIDGE LETTER	321
SCHOOL NOTES	322
CHAPEL ACCOUNT	323
ABINGDONIAN ACCOUNT	323

EDITORIAL.

WE are on the eve of the terminal dissolution, "faint yet pursuing." The term has passed equably, without extremes. The curve which the Editor has carefully plotted from day to day, showing the average of ups and downs in the life and work, health and behaviour of the School, unfortunately cannot be published until it has been approved by the Board of Education.

The Football Team is nearing the end of a successful season; and the Captain is to be heartily congratulated on the way in which he has inspired his men. Our superiority in the School matches was most decided, and in others we have generally done ourselves credit, in the last match reported before going to press, that against the town, we drew 2 all against a representative team. In the Second Eleven the promise shown is noteworthy and encouraging. Holmden is a useful and resolute back; Neligan and Holland, among the forwards, show excellent combination and resource. Mortleman, after playing well as centre forward for the First during the earlier part of the term has lately fallen off.

A valued correspondent—we cannot ignore his inquiry—writes to ask if the meetings of the Literary, Scientific and Debating Society are correctly reported.

He thinks there must be some mistake, in view of the fact that, as the reports stand, both movers and opposers seem invariably to miss the point, and the debates end before the really vital arguments have ever been mentioned.

Some of us are in training for the Dance and the Concert, others for the Christmas boxes—of pills, so useful in the coming festive season.

This year Christmas Day is on the 25th December—but this and other useful information will be found in the *Times* or the *Daily Mail*, we forget for the moment which is which. Our own printer has run out of space, and suggests that we should wish our readers a merry Christmas—he says it is the usual thing.

ABINGDONIANA.

The Government has rejected the proposal to make Abingdon a garrison-town. The School Corps gets some fair practice once a year, and with the Park gun, which is of a more modern type than many of those now used in the Army, will be competent to deal with any invaders.

The Abingdon Joint Hospital is being enlarged. The old problem—"What to do with the cold mutton?" will now be easily solved.

The School should have a good defensive batting team next summer, to judge from the number of stone-wallers now going strong.

The L.S.D. Society (so called because

it takes care of the sense, and the sounds can take care of themselves) has condemned modern dress. We hear with some relief that trousers may still be worn.

The Rugger team have got a Rugger ball.

The Gymnasium lockers have arrived. But where are the locks? Perhaps the familiar Latin rule is being followed, and they are called *lockers*—a *non lockendo*.

Shakespeare illustrated:—"a little touch of Harry in the night" (Henry V. Act 4, prol. 47.)—this was what the Licensed Victualler thought when he saw the Park ghost.

This ghost, by the way, was successfully laid by an industrious constable, who, we understand, dressed for the part.

The coloured gentleman, who recently applied a crow-bar to the head-piece of an unoffending burgess, has undergone a term in prison. He was, it appears, a Cambridge man training for "the rag." As for his unfortunate victim it was found necessary to bind him over—to keep the piece.

The new members of the Sixth Form have had to procure tall hats of a larger size.

Custom dies hard! The latest survival is a peculiarity in the hygiene of the face, anciently practised by the priests of Baal.

THREE IN BELGIUM BY ONE OF THEM.

A brief description of our tour will be difficult. But although "the soul of wit" is an undoubted virtue, yet, strangely enough, I do not possess it. However, a periodical with the circulation of the Abingdonian, must be so over-run with contributions, that only a brief article can hope to escape the Editor's waste paper basket. I will, therefore, be as brief as possible. A trip to Brussels is, by the experience of the writer, recommended to those who wish to widen their knowledge of "them furrin' parts" at little expense. It is not necessary to live like dukes, (as, by the way, we did). The trip can be done fairly cheaply, and a great deal can be seen in the space of a week. I was there a week, and I saw a great deal—more than I bargained for.

I let Jim and the boy go over a day before myself, thus yielding to them the honour and glory of being the pioneers, and also the arrangements about rooms at the hotel. This course is recommended "by one who knows." I followed the next day. We had a rather rough passage from Dover to Ostend. I tried to get something to eat down below, but before the meal came, I changed my mind and came up on deck again. It is nicer on deck. I love gazing down at the rushing waters as they dash against the ship's side. I watched them most of the voyage. It was very cold, but I didn't dare go down-stairs again. Arriving at Ostend at about 7.30, after a hasty

meal, I caught the Brussels express. My bag was ostentatiously examined by the authorities, and confided to the care of a porter whom I decided to reward handsomely. I therefore gave him the magnificent sum of 5 centimes which I thought to be the equivalent of 6d. It is, however, worth one halfpenny, as I found out from his indignant remarks. I supplemented this with another coin, which let loose the flood-gates of his wrath, and he cursed me in French steadily. I smiled at him in sweet ignorance as to his meaning, and he presently departed.

N.B.—Learn your coinage before leaving Albion.

After a 2 or 3 hour journey in a luxurious 2nd class carriage, I arrived at Brussels where I found Jim and the Boy awaiting me. Jim compelled me to take a conveyance to the hotel (5 minutes walk) for appearances' sake. That's the worst of Jim, why, I found that I had to eschew a pipe and smoke beastly weird cigars all the time I was there. This it was which really accelerated my departure.

Brussels by day is glorious—by night it is more glorious still. The sight of the soft lights, the hum of conversation in the brilliantly illuminated cafés, the ringing of bells which comes from the pretty tramcars (you should see those trams; there is nothing like them to my knowledge in England), the people sitting out in the Boulevards or drinking whatever it is they drink out there in the cafés, while the string band discourses classical music,

above all, the air of good comradeship and gaiety, all this is enough to make one wonder why on earth one has never been abroad before. We went to the café adjoining the Hotel, (The Grand) almost every evening. It was delightful.

There are plenty of English in Brussels, and it is easy to make oneself understood. There is always an English speaking man in every restaurant or big shop into which you go. It was as well for us that it was so. I cannot speak French over fluently. Jim is admittedly worse than I. We can both ask eloquently for pens, ink, and paper, and discourse on the ailments of our aunts, mothers, &c. But these subjects did not seem to crop up, although we did our best to force them to the front. They are very poor conversationalists, these foreigners. But the worst part of all was that even before we spoke at all, a cry went up for the English waiter, and people used to look hard at us. We gathered that the reason was, that we are clean shaven (at least I am; Jim is, sometimes), whereas every man there wears a respectable beard and moustache. Query, where do they hide in the period of waiting, before the beard is respectable? Perhaps the explanation is that in Brussels they sprouts rather quickly. (Please don't suppress that; it is original). However I digress. The next day was devoted to sight seeing in Belgium's capital. There are some very fine buildings, notably the Cathedral, the Palais de Justice, the Musée Wiertz, the King's Palace, and the Town Hall.

We saw them all, but I have not the space to describe them.

On the next day we went to Waterloo, but much to our chagrin the battle was over. We here saw the farm of Mont St. Jean (used as a hospital during the battle), La Belle Alliance where Blucher and Wellington (alphabetical order) met afterwards, La Haie Sainte, and the farm of Hougoumont where the English garrison withstood the desperate attacks of 12,000 French all day. (Read *Les Misérables*). Had they taken the chateau, as it was then, we were authoritatively told, we should have lost the battle. The old Chapel still exists with the Crucifix, at the foot of which the fire stopped. The ceiling and walls are black with the names of English tourists who have not been content with the visitors' book. The name of the immortal Jones stands out in bold relief. He hails from Manchester, or is it Glasgow? No, I forget; Glasgow was the birth-place of Smith of equally illustrious fame. Why will these people write their names about? I call it disgraceful. (I did not do it on this occasion). Scattered about the battlefield are various monuments, the best of which is the French "Dying Eagle," "*Aux derniers combattants de la Grande Armée.*" On the flag which the wounded Eagle is defending, are the names of Austerlitz, and other Napoleonic victories. It is impossible to omit mention of the Lion on its immense pyramid, a land-mark for the country round. You have all heard of it and seen it in pictures, so I will not enlarge upon it.

On the next day, we went to Antwerp, the future rival of London as a seaport. There is plenty to see here also. The Cathedral is fine. There is a glorious picture representing and entitled, "The Descent from the Cross." The Dock-yards are superb. We went there on Sunday. Sunday abroad is like an ordinary day, only more so.

On Monday we went by train to Namur; thence we took the steam tram through lovely scenery to Profondeville. A glorious panorama opened out before our eyes on the journey, which was bettered at the end of it. We walked along the road by the river Meuse through the prettiest scenery I have yet beheld. We had intended reaching Dinant, but the prolongation of the luncheon hour, and a missed train at Yvors made this impossible.

I must here cut short this record of our splendid little holiday. The relation of our other visits, the adventures through which we passed at Brussels itself (there is one romantic little episode which will remain in my mind till I go under; Jim knows it, but may I perish if I write it here), our visit to Ostend, all these I must leave out through lack of space. Ostend itself is a splendid summer resort. *Flentibus hinc Varius discedit maestus amico*; poor Varius ran short of cash, and was obliged to return. The others followed a few days later.

P.L.D.

THE CHARGE OF THE PREP. BRIGADE.

At Prep. in the Corridor,
Old Study-Corridor,
All in the Studies of Gloom
Sat some ten pupils:
Sixth formers, Fifth and Shell,
Long had they sat and well
From Tea till Chapel Bell,
Poor wretched pupils.

Pianos to right of them,
Pianos to left of them,
Pianos aloft of them
Volly'd and Thunder'd:
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to wonder why,
Their's but to sit and—sigh,
Tenth of a hundred.

Crescendo! Fortissimo!
(No Pianissimo?)
O how too well they knew
Someone had blundered!
Storm'd at so long they tire,
Patience gives way to ire,
Dull eyes are lit with fire,
And into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Vowing all vengeance, charge
Tenth of a hundred.

Flash'd all their pen-knives bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sabring the players there,
Nobody wonder'd:
Herz and Bertini
Reel'd from the pen-knife stroke
Tatter'd and sunder'd:
Then they march'd proudly back,
Tenth of a hundred.

Peace to the right of them,
 Peace to the left of them,
 Peace up aloft of them,
 All the air slumber'd.
 Now can some work be done,
 No need all prep. to shun,
 Triumphant they homeward come
 Back from the jaws of Death,
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 They that have fought and won,
 Tenth of a hundred.

When can their glory fade?
 O the wild charge they made,
 Lacking all scruples!
 Honour the charge they made!
 Honour the Prep. Brigade,
 Heroic ten pupils!

V.C.

A RIDE IN CONNEMARA.

It was a beautifully fine morning when we started on our expedition. We left Galway by an early train to break the worst part of the ride. By doing this we passed up along the river Corrib and some of Lake Corrib.

We went through some very varied scenery. Some parts were wooded, and some lake country, and some bleak moorland covered with magnificent gorse. The line passed up through Recess and Glendalough, leaving the Turk mountains and The Twelve Pins. These latter are all on an average two thousand feet high and are sharply pointed. The upper ridges, for the most part, are simply a mass of bare rock. This makes them all the more stately. Leaving these on the right, the train

makes its way through a network of small lakes which contain excellent fishing, especially for salmon and trout.

At Clifden we began our ride. We went out of our way at first in order to get the view from the cliffs at Clifden. So we climbed up to the cliffs and got a magnificent view of coast in front of us. It is composed of numerous small bays, and we could see for twenty miles. In the distance was the low lying rocky promontory of Slyne Head. Then on turning we saw the Twelve Pins rising up behind the picturesque little town of Clifden situated on Clifden Bay.

When we got the wind with us we had reached the highest point of our ride; and got a glorious view of the Pins and Diamond Mountain in front of us. To our left lay the Atlantic and in the distance the cliffs of Achill, partly hidden from our view by the Letter Mountain which stands out very conspicuously. We also could see the highest mountain in Connemara, which is about two thousand six hundred feet high, sloping sheer down to the Atlantic on one side and to Killery Bay on another. All this we saw as we ate our lunch. The day was gloriously fine, and we could make out Croagh Patrick Mountain in the far distance, from which St. Patrick is said to have driven the reptiles from Ireland. Starting again we had a grand spin down through Ballinakill, skirting the side of the sea. After about two miles we came to Letterfrack, which stands at the foot of Diamond Mountain, and is quite a prettily situated village, with mountains

on two sides, the sea behind and moorland in front. The scarcity of houses and habitations lends to the loveliness of the scenery.

Then down to Kylemore. From Letterfrack to Kylemore, a distance of a couple of miles, the road is lined with wild fuchsias, and when these are in bloom the effect is almost tropical. We then rode through Kylemore domain, the property of the Duke of Manchester. This is about the only place in Connemara where there are any trees.

We then rode on to what one might call the back of nowhere—the top of some high moorland, and all round hardly a house or person could be seen.

On one side was the Killery bay, far below on another the Twelve Pins, on another Kylemore Pass and Mountain. It is not often one gets such a bleak bit of scenery. On we rode, and got our only shower, which was quite slight. After about five miles easy riding along the side of the Killery Bay we reached Leevane. Just before this we had a view of the valley of Delphi and Donghough.

At the end of the Harbour rises a mountain named the Devil's Mother, which stands higher than the rest. This we left on our left. The Killery Bay itself is one of the deepest pieces of water in the West of Ireland. A great part of the Fleet can come right into it.

The scenery is bleak and grand; the mountains are bare and rocky; the whole place is perhaps the most deserted in Ireland.

We had now ridden about twenty-six miles, and had fourteen more of heavy riding to do in limited time to catch our train. We rode up the Maam Valley leaving the Killery behind us, and reached Maam Village, still in the desert.

At Maam we crossed one end of Lake Corrib and after riding two more miles of uphill left Connemara proper behind. Two miles of easy riding reached the train.

We saw some of the finest and certainly the wildest scenery that Great Britain can boast. We escaped punctures and, what was more wonderful, the rain.

HIBERNUS.

MATRIS LALLARE.

I.

Turgidus, ecce, teres sed homunculus
atque rotundus :

Nescis sane ovum dixeris anne virum :
Arduus in muro sedet : excidit : advolat
omnis,

Nec mora, vis hominum regia, regis
equi,

Succursum. Quid enim? Frustra succur-
ritur. Ovum est.

Viscera rupta ovi quis reparare queat?

II.

Parvula pascit oves. Heus tu, cave,
segnis; aberrant :

Nil animo sensus, qua pecus erret,
habes.

Quid facias? Errare sines secura; re-
dibunt

Nempe trahens caudam quaeque in
ovile suam.

III.

Dico oriente die, necnon redeuntibus
astris

Machina voce horas dico ego docta
loqui.

Mus caput ausus adit; sed et hunc ego
protinus hora

Occupo atrox dicta; mus et ab ore
cadit.

IV.

Heus! didicisse juvabit et haec: noc-
turnus in agro

Cum cithara felem et cum cyatho
pateram

Vidi ego bacchantem, risu titubante
catello,

Lunae dum pernix bos super ora salit.

R-B.

BELLS AND CHANGE-RINGING.

Change-ringing exists nowhere in the world except in the British Isles, and some of the British Colonies. In England, as a former contributor has explained, bells are *rung up*; but in all other countries the bell is struck with a hand hammer, or some mechanical contrivance is used, such as the *carillon*, which is a sort of key-board in connection with the bells, and the operator strikes the keys with a mallet.

The largest bell in the world is the Great Bell of Moscow, which was cast in 1653. It weighs 198 tons, but has never been hung, because a piece of metal seven feet long was broken out of it in the founding; the bell now stands on a pedestal in the Kremlin. The largest bell, rung on the swing, is

"Great Paul" of St. Paul's Cathedral. Other great English bells are:—Big Ben (15 tons), Great Peter, York (10½ tons) and bells in Canterbury Cathedral and Christ Church, Oxford.

Scientific change-ringing started in England a long time ago; in 1668 the first book on the subject was written by Fabian Steadman who gives his name to one or two famous "methods." In the 18th century change-ringing was taken up by the "Leeds Youths," the first society of change-bellringers ever formed. Their exploits have been recorded. Between the years 1755 and 1760 they rang many remarkable peals, and on several occasions tried to ring 40,320 changes on eight bells. Once after ringing 24,800 changes, a clapper broke; on another occasion they had rung 17,000 when one of the bells was thrown over. In these peals there were two or more men to each bell, one went on when the other was tired. At the present time in ringing peals there is one man only to each bell, because it is very difficult for a new comer to take a bell in the middle of a peal.

Nowadays, the rule is, one man, one bell, to constitute what is technically a peal.

Formerly bells were not founded at the founder's workshops, but the founder and his men journeyed to the Parish Churchyard, where they set up a temporary furnace, and melted the metal. At such times the parishioners used to throw gold and silver into the molten metal, thinking thereby to improve the tone of the bell, but in reality rather

spoiling its note. When the bell was finished, it was turned mouth upwards, and filled with beer; the parishioners then danced round the bell and sang; helping themselves liberally at intervals to the beer; and consequently went home in a very merry mood. But now-a-days these games are no more.

Scientific bell-ringing is by no means a simple matter, nor can it be done by the light of nature. For "ringing" in the true sense of the word the bell has to be "rung up"; to do this the ringer swings the bell higher and higher, until she reaches an upright position, the mouth of the bell being uppermost, she is then said to be on the "balance," and can be "set" so that she remains in an upright position, and may be pulled off at leisure. When rung she is pulled off first "at hand stroke," and then "at back stroke" in the opposite direction, swinging round at each pull and describing almost a full circle, till she comes back to the upright position. At each revolution the bell does the greater part of the swing, the ringer's part being a pull just hard enough to bring the bell to the upright position, ready to be "pulled off" again.

When a peal of (say) eight bells is rung from the highest note, or "treble," to the lowest, the "tenor," 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, the bells are said to be rung in "rounds." Variations of this order are called "changes," and "change-ringing" is the production of changes by particular methods. The number of changes possible may be easily found out by multiplying the numbers of the

bells together, e.g., on 6 bells the total number of changes is $1 \times 2 \times 3 \times 4 \times 5 \times 6 = 720$ and so on.

The names of the different numbers or sets of changes produced on bells are:—

Singles (4 bells)	Doubles (5)
Minor (6)	Triples (7)
Major (8)	Caters (9)
Royal (10)	Cinques (11)
Maximus (12)	

To ring all these changes, the ringers must know certain rules, by putting which into practice, the changes produced are all different; but after a certain number of changes have been rung they begin to recur; for this a "conductor" is chosen, who knows another set of rules, and he directs when a variation is to be made. Thus any number of changes can be rung, no two being alike.

The world's record of over a thousand peals is held by the veteran ringer, the Rev. F. E. Robinson, Vicar of Drayton, Abingdon.

AN ENTHUSIAST.

GYMNOPAEDEIA.

At last the long-sought gym has come,
The gym for which we prayed,
With ladders, horse, ropes, rings and
bars,
Efficiently arrayed.

Amidst a scene so well equipped,
The weak should soon be strong;
Our brethren who are short and thin,
Should soon be fat and long.

But here's the rub—when most we wish
 To strengthen these poor frames—
 The door is shut: a voice within
 Is calling choir-boys names.

At eve a grave professor comes
 To teach the giddy dance;
 And on the floor, to athletes barred,
 Young men and maidens prance.

But Miles and Sandow both declare,
 That, if we want physique,
 Gymnastics must be practised more
 Than one short hour a week.

O ye who order this our school,
 Ponder our humble plea;
 And open twice a week at least
 The gym where we would be!

G. U. M.

OF PLAY.

A Chicago Scientist who has been investigating the bases of organic existence, tells an astonished world that he looks forward to the time when he will be able "to take life and play with it."

No one, I suppose, would object to his taking an organic Italian structure to-day and playing with it, most people would prefer this instrument to a trumpet, but when it comes to taking life, somebody, the hangman for choice, will inevitably draw the line.

The English boy—what a pity it is they spoil him by sending him to school,—holds quite rightly, that "the play's the thing." His one rule of life is to play the game, and it would be hard to find a better. But he is too conscientious

when he applies it to the so-called work which is done at school.

Our Higher Education—rightly so-called, for it is the work of a hireling, not the shepherd—is the essence of all the obsolete, useless, and soul-destroying stuff that could be collected by a mole-eyed classical archæologist with the help of a creature half monkey and half mathematician, and of a polyglot immigrant waiter. People talk about the lost tribes of Israel, I wish a few of the Philistine hosts would disappear. It is to them we owe this education, both old and new and its crowning absurdity the Board of Education. The teaching in our schools was already with a vengeance the education of the bored; I am thankful that I am not invited to join it. But I wish our boys showed more active resistance and would assert themselves in a more imperative mood.

English boys are the salt of the earth, why do we spoil their savour?

But this is an age of adulteration, truly an evil and adulterous age; even those substances on which our lives often depend, the drugs and medicines of the healing art, are tampered with. This is what is meant by the degeneration of the national physique.

This grocer-like principle is carried to even grosser lengths; we actually adulterate life, that is, we inoculate our children with diseases, in order to keep them down—another instance of the senile fear of competition. It is a pitious sight to see young children going about with the indelible marks of adult

tyranny upon them, the purples of erysipelas, the blotches of eczema, and the horrible indentations of small pox. Inoculation is indeed a pock-making discovery in the truest sense of that much abused term.

Brimstone and treacle was the basis of Squeers' method of repression. The principle was slightly different from that of the modern system. The boy was then regarded, I suppose, as a sort of wild savage, and the object was to make him at least a tamer Indian.

Returning to play, we will still invite the judgment of our young friend, the sanest I know, before it is spoilt. Very rightly he refuses to regard matters like Bridge, as games. He never views it, either by moonlight or in the day-season, with whistful eyes. He would class it with Euclid, as a scientific study, and see no difference between it and the other Asses' Bridge.

He will have nothing of such recreations of the aged as verse-writing, for instance; which in the case of minor poets is a real re-creation, (art of course being imitation), and in the case of the old woman and young children, who are now creating amongst us, is veritably child's play. Nor will he read this kind of thing. Even if Shakespeare, from his embattled towers in the Isle of Man—(it is curious that some people will adhere to the superstition that he was an Elizabethan!)—were to pour forth upon the world his long-promised volumes of sound poetry, "he would not hear."

Nor does he regard the creation of romance as a pastime. Even "the English girl, divine, demure," as depicted by our Corellis and Austins, with her "engaging" smile, and disobedient curls, does not attract him half so much as do the red cheeks of a cricket ball, and its curls so obedient to the bowler's will.

A maiden by the river's brim,

A maiden over is to him,

And it is nothing more.

He does not lack humour, but he refuses to count as real play those pastimes of the wit and the thinker, the play "po" words, as Browning puts it, and the play of thought. The analogies traced by these gentry are, of course, intellectual rhymes; and, as such, are akin to verse-making. But the boy sees neither reason in rhyme, nor rhyme in reason; and in most specimens it is, indeed, difficult to see anything of the kind.

At the risk of offending his taste, I venture to point out a curious analogy which his games suggest. Nearly all games, certainly the best, have for their centre, the sphere. Cricket, football, tennis, rackets, fives, golf, baseball, hockey, and less important sports, are played with a ball. In all of these the ball is, as it were, the palpitating centre of romance. "Keep your eye on the ball" is the golden rule in each, neglect of which may lead to a ball on the eye. Even to girls a ball is the ultimate symbol of joy.

There are, indeed, forms of play which seem to be exceptional, such as skating. But the exception proves the rule; the curves made by the figure-skater are parts of the circumference of a circle. It is on these two-dimensional forms of the sphere that the soul of the skater is fixed, not as might be supposed, on his skates. The latter, of course, are fixed to the soles of his boots.

In one distressing case, which I personally witnessed, we may see a curious reversal of this, or rather a carrying of it out to the bitter end. It was the skater's fault for using the old-fashioned wooden skates; anyhow the hired skate-fastener used his gimlet with such vigour and spontaneity, that the iron entered his sole. For a few delirious moments he was a howling specimen of a sole in pain.

Now the sphere is not only the basis of our play, it is also the ultimate basis of the universe. It is the earliest form taken by matter, and also the highest. The infinitely small, and the infinitely large, the atom and the star, are alike spheres. The fact indicates that to play games is, more than culture, more than philosophy, the true aim of the perfect life.

In Latin, it is true, play rhymes with work, *laborare est orare*, but the Latins were Philistines. In the language of the children of light, in English, play rhymes with play. A rhyme more perfect is not to be found, no, not in Walker.

CHARACTERS OF THE TEAM.

P. J. Aldridge (goal). A fair goal-keeper, but rather sleepy. He should not kick into touch so much when clearing.

G. B. Cooksey (left back). A very reliable back, who has been one of the mainstays of the team. Tackles well, and kicks neatly with either foot. He also, should learn to clear without kicking into touch.

E. F. Berry (right back). A very hard-working back, but he has not improved much. He tackles very well, but is too apt to get among the forwards. A very weak kick.

M. G. Brinsmead (left half). A very good half-back. He is inclined to lie too far back at times. Kicks well and feeds his forwards well. A clever tackler, and makes good use of his head.

N. Duncan (centre-half), Captain. Has played really well the whole season, and at times brilliantly. Backs up his forwards admirably and shoots low and hard. Might make use of his shooting powers a little oftener. Has worked indefatigably as captain, and is to be congratulated on the success of the team.

G. F. Moore (right-half). Lags behind too much, partly through want of pace. Defends well, but he should try to feed his wing more often.

R. R. Parker (outside left). Plays very well on his day, but has his "off-day" like most of us. He centres very well, but occasionally too high.

R. V. Weaving (inside left). Rather disappointing as a forward. He should not pass to his partner on the outside when near goal. Rather slow. He put in some very fine goals from centres by Smith in one match.

W. Leach (centre-forward). A very tricky player, and an excellent shot. Quick on the ball, and very neat with both feet and head.

E.H. Harvey (inside right). Combines beautifully with Smith, and is a very useful player. Does not shoot often enough when in front of goal. Rather slow.

F. D. Smith (outside right). Very much improved since last year, and is now probably the best forward in the team. He is fast; centres exceedingly well, and has scored some fine goals.

FOOTBALL.

A.S.F.C. v. Pembroke College. This match was played on the School ground, on Saturday, November 18th. The School lost the toss as usual, but nevertheless we played first into the Park end goal, our favourite way. About twenty minutes after the start, Pembroke got a very good goal, which was shot by their inside right. At half-time the score was 1-0. The School attacked hotly on resuming, but the Pembroke goal keeper played very well, and saved all the shots he got. Two more goals were shot for Pembroke, and this was the extent of the scoring. School team:—(goal) P. J. Aldridge; (backs) G. B. Cooksey and E. F. Berry; (halves)

M. G. Brinsmead, N. Duncan, and G. F. Moore; (forwards) R. R. Parker, W. Leach, W. A. Rudd, Esq., E. H. Harvey and F. D. Smith.

A.S.F.C. v. Jesus College. This match was played at Oxford, on Wednesday, November 22nd. Mr. Rudd and Mr. Gibson could not play for us, owing to injuries. The ground was very slippery, and we had hard work in keeping on our feet. We were a goal behind at half-time, the result of a good shot by the Jesus College centre forward. After half-time we got worse and our opponents added two more goals. We sadly missed Smith at outside right. Had he been playing, the result might have been different. School team:—(goal) P. J. Aldridge; (backs) G. B. Cooksey and E. F. Berry; (halves) M. G. Brinsmead, N. Duncan, and G. F. Moore; (forwards) R. R. Parker, W. Leach, W. R. Mortleman, E. H. Harvey, and R. V. Weaving.

A.S.F.C. v. Bloxham School. This match was played on our ground on Saturday, November 25th. We had matters all our own way throughout the game. About ten minutes from the start, Smith got a goal for us. Then Leach got two and Weaving one. At half-time the score stood at 4-0. Leach got a goal for us soon after re-starting, then Weaving put in two very good centres from Smith. We got two more goals after this. Weaving (1), Smith (1). This was the extent of the scoring and we won a rather one-sided game by 10 goals to 0. If the left wing had been smarter, the score might have

been much larger. School team:—(goal) P. J. Aldridge; (backs) G. B. Cooksey and E. F. Berry; (halves) M. G. Brinsmead, N. Duncan and G. F. Moore; (forwards) R. R. Parker, R. V. Weaving, W. Leach, E. H. Harvey, and F. D. Smith.

A.S.F.C. v. Mansfield College. This match was played on our ground, on Wednesday, November 29th. We scored soon after the start. Then Cooksey and Stevens collided, and the latter had to retire. Mr. Rudd got another goal for us a few minutes later. Stevens came back just before half-time, but had to go off again, not to reappear. After half-time we got one more goal, while Mansfield had hard lines several times in not scoring. In the end we won by 3 goals to 0.

Mansfield had a team much weaker than the one which beat us by 8 goals to 1 on November the 1st.

School team (goal) P. J. Aldridge; (backs) G. B. Cooksey, and E. F. Berry; (halves) M. G. Brinsmead, N. Duncan, and G. F. Moore; (forwards) R. R. Parker, W. Leach, W. A. Rudd, Esq., E. H. Harvey, and F. D. Smith.

2ND XI. MATCHES.

Abingdon School 2nd. XI. v. New College School. This Match was played at Oxford, on Wednesday, November 15th. We kicked off with a strong wind in our favour, but in spite of the fact that play was mostly round our opponents' goal, we failed to score while New College registered 2 goals before half-time. Immediately after resuming they scored again. A heavy

sleet now began to blow in the face of the visitors, but they were able to score 2 goals, and thus just lost a very good game. School team:—Parker (goal); Holmden and Johnston (backs); Shepherd, Butler, Rice ii. (half-backs); Neligan, Holland, Leach, Rice iii., and Habgood (forwards).

Abingdon School 2nd XI. v. Bloxham School 2nd XI. This match was played at Bloxham, on Saturday, November 25th, and resulted in a win for us by 3 goals to nil. The first half was played without any scoring chiefly owing to the slippery ground in front of our opponents' goal, which caused a great deal of erratic shooting. Shortly after the interval, Mortleman scored and a few minutes later Neligan. Just before time a good goal was scored by Mortleman from a fine centre by Bridgwater.

School team:—Parker(goal): Holmden, Johnston (backs); Butler ii., Butler i., Rice ii., (half-backs); Neligan, Holland, Mortleman, Long, Bridgwater, (forwards).

Abingdon School 2nd XI. v. Leighton Park School 2nd XI. This match was played on the home ground, on December 2nd, and resulted in an easy win for the school by 6 goals to nil. The whole School team played well, Holmden especially doing good work at back, while Holland was quite the pick of the forwards, Neligan and he played very well together. Mortleman was responsible for 4 goals, the remaining 2 being scored by Bridgwater and Holland. The team was the same as that which played against Bloxham.

LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Society met on the 16th of November, the Vice-President in the Chair. D. M. Johnston introduced the motion—"That modern leaders have ceased to lead." He argued that the poorer classes were pampered by parliamentary candidates; that the privilege of a vote ought not to be granted to those whose education was deficient; and that the chief aim of statesmen should be the promotion of physical culture among the people.

R. J. Weaving, the opposer, showed that Johnston's speech wandered from the point and had nothing to do with the motion. As good types of modern leaders who did not belie their title, he instanced the King, Mr. Gladstone, and General Booth.

H. L. Neligan seconded the motion. The following also spoke:—for the motion, E. H. Harvey, and H. H. Gibson, Esq., against, R. V. Weaving.

The motion was carried by 9 to 4.

The fifth meeting of the Society this term took place on the 23rd of November, the Vice-President in the chair.

The motion before the house was "That theatres should be municipally endowed," proposed by E. B. Chappelow. He said it was difficult for a lover of good plays to procure material for his appetite, the plays of the present day being of a distinctly inferior type. He went on to show that if theatres were municipalised the plays would improve, while interest in the old dramatists

would be revived, and the whole movement would give an important stimulus to the education and culture of the nation.

G. F. Moore opposed the motion. He pointed out that the taxation necessary to endow the theatre would fall on persons who took no interest in the drama. He also argued that there was no reason to suppose that the quality of modern plays would improve if theatres were endowed.

N. Duncan seconded the motion. He argued that if the theatre were nationally or municipally endowed, less money would be spent on scenery, and more attention could be therefore paid to actual drama. This would be a return to the methods of Shakespeare's time, and would be the making of the English stage.

The following also spoke;—for the motion, H. H. Gibson, Esq., B. M. Challenor; against, the Rev. T. Layng, E. A. Martell, Esq., D. M. Johnston, and H. L. Neligan.

The motion was lost by 7 to 20.

The Society met on November 30th, the Vice-President in the chair.

C. J. Butler was called upon to propose that in the opinion of this house, "The recent re-arrangement of troops in India is impolitic." He began by explaining that although it seemed presumptuous on his part to question measures taken by a great general, nevertheless he was resolved to stand by his views. He said that when Russia was powerful the organization would have been more sensible. He

went on to say that the removal of troops from the plains encouraged a second rising.

M. A. Butler opposed the motion. He contradicted the proposer's statement that the Indians would rise again. He maintained that the removal to the hills was conducive to the good health of the troops, and that the Sepoys, together with the good sense of the natives, would prevent any riots or risings in the plains.

R. V. Weaving seconded the proposer; Weaving dwelt at length on the defeat of Russia and consequently the removal of all fear for India. He also said that a great deal of money and trouble accompanied the removal of troops. The following also spoke; for the motion:—H. H. Gibson, Esq., H. L. Neligan; against, T. S. Wilding, Esq., M. G. Weaving.

The motion was lost by 19 votes to 5.

The Society met in the Pembroke Room, on the 7th of December, and the Vice-President took the chair. As W. H. Richardson, Esq., was not able to read his paper, a debate was arranged and R. R. Parker was called upon to propose, that in the opinion of this house, "Machinery does not diminish labour." Parker argued that the years since machinery has been invented have seen a great increase in population and that to this fact we owe much of the misery of the unemployed. That, as with machinery more goods can be made, and more cheaply, a greater demand is the result, and hence more labour. D. M. Johnston opposed

Parker. Johnston maintained that, were it not for machinery more men would be employed in any work. As examples for the proof of this statement he cited the unloading and loading of cargo which is now done with cranes, and the work in arsenals and factories.

R. V. Weaving seconded the proposer; he argued on the same lines as Parker. Taking the case of bicycles as an instance he showed how owing to machinery millions of these were turned out comparatively quite cheaply, and owing to the demand for them the labour required was enormous.

The following also spoke. For the motion:—E. F. Berry, M. G. Brinsmead, H. H. Gibson, Esq., and H. L. Neligan. Against:—R. J. Weaving and N. Duncan. The motion was carried by 16 votes to 8.

OXFORD LETTER.

December, 1905.

Dear Sir,

It was with great pleasure that we began this annual function, but we have finished it with greater displeasure. We were pleased that we had been asked to undertake it, we are displeased because we feel that though we had wished and intended to tell you so much, we have told you so little.

The number of Abingdonians, at present at the 'Varsity, is unusually large. Three new members have been sent by the School this year, H. W. Weaving, holding the School Scholarship at Pembroke, and T. S. Wilding, and W.

O. Betts, who have gone to Lincoln and St. Edmund's Hall respectively. O. J. Couldrey went down at the end of last term, and came up in November to take his degree.

In the Schools, O. J. Couldrey, obtained a third in "Greats" and H. Hughes a third in "Mods." We hear that C. P. B. Montgomery has been tackling groups with success.

In remarking upon 'Varsity news in general, it seems natural to give "the river" the first place, not only because it is the predominant interest in 'Varsity Athletics, but also because the School is in many ways connected with Pembroke, whose prowess on the river has ever outbalanced its size, and whose every effort is devoted to the maintenance of its traditional fame. In the Trial Eights, which were rowed over the Moulsoford course, Pembroke was represented by two members in the winning crew. One of them has been tried since for the 'Varsity boat. The Coxwainless Fours were won by Magdalen.

In the "Footer" field, both the Rugger and Soccer team have shown some brilliant play, though they have been a little inconsistent. The Inter-Collegiate Association Cup was won by Oriel.

The 'Varsity carried back the victory from the Sports between it and the London Athletic Club. In them the winner of the broad jump was a Pembroke man.

In Pembroke Athletics, H. Hughes rowed in the Eight, H. F. Shepherd, as usual, played consistently in the cricket team, and has also been playing Soccer, while H. W. Weaving has been steering one of the Robinson Fours—into other unfortunate craft.

Of the other Abingdonians, H. W. Bate-Preston rowed in the B.N.C. Fours, and H. S. Mathias and W. O. Betts in the Teddy Hall Fours. H. S. Mathias has been playing Soccer for his College, and T. S. Wilding has been keeping goal for the Lincoln Soccer team.

In conclusion we wish every success to those who are and those who have been at the Old School.

I am, Sir,

Yours truly,
O.A.

CAMBRIDGE LETTER.

To the Editor of "The Abingdonian."

Dear Sir,

I have several things to record of Cambridge this term. Firstly, the fine display of the Varsity XV. against the New Zealanders, coupled with the disastrous "rag" in the evening; and it is now rumoured that new squares and top-hats are required by the Proctors, and Bulldogs respectively. The Varsity trials have been decided, and P. J. Lewis' crew gained a hollow victory contrary to expectations. The Colquhoun Sculls were won by R. V. Powell, after a hard race with D. R. Stewart, the latter being unfavoured by fort-

une. Many notable events have happened on the "track," especially R. P. Crabbe's record half at Fenner's; F. M. Edwards did the three miles in the very fine time of 14min. 46secs., being within 4 seconds of H. W. Evson's record. To-day, Cambridge were victorious over Oxford in the Cross-Country, A. H. Pearson creating a record. With regard to our own representatives, A. A. Brown has been playing goal for Caius 1st XI. and was in the winning Scratch Four of his College. T. F. Bowman has been playing both "Soccer" and "Rugger" for St. Catherines, and was 2nd in the weight in his College Sports. The only scholastic success at present is that of H. H. Davy, who was first in first class of 2nd part of Classical Special. Hoping for a speedy reinforcement of Abingdonians at Cambridge.

I remain, Mr. Editor,
Yours obediently,
Cambridge, O.A.

SCHOOL NOTES.

We offer our thanks to Mr. B. Challenor, O.A., for his gift to the Library of a copy of Dr. Thomas Godwyn's work on Roman History, and on the Mosaic Law, which was published early in the Seventeenth century, for the use of Abingdon School, when the author was Head Master.

We record with much regret the death of Mr. L. A. Strange, son of our former Head Master, which took place

very suddenly on November, 14th, at Clarence House, Abingdon. Mr. Strange had recently retired from work and taken up his residence in his native town. He was 61 years of age.

Lieutenant R. A. Sparkes, has been gazetted to the Wiltshire Regiment.

E. W. Johnson, O.A., a former Scholar of Pembroke College, Oxford, has been incorporated M.A., of Cambridge University.

End of term fixtures :—

School Concert	...	Dec. 16th.
„ Dance	...	Dec. 18th.
Past v. Present Match		Dec. 20th.

We congratulate J.R. Hewer on being Gold Medallist in the Final Examination of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons.

The following have been awarded their Football Colours: G. F. Moore, E. H. Harvey, R. R. Parker, G. B. Cooksey, W. Leach.

The Mayor of Abingdon, Mr. Councillor Brewer, has made the time-honoured request that entry upon the Mayoral Office may be marked by a half-holiday at the School.

A photographic portrait of Mr. Ross-Barker has been hung in the Pembroke Room.

A Sketching Club has been started under Mr. Wright's auspices. We wish it every success.

ABINGDONIAN ACCOUNTS.

Vol III. No. 18. (July, 1905).

RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.
Balance in hand	1	10	0
School House	1	3	6
Tesdale House	0	5	0
O.A.C.	3	1	10½
Other purchasers	0	6	0
Sale of a back No.	0	0	3
	£6	6	7½

EXPENDITURE.

	£	s.	d.
Baylis & Co., printing 300 copies ..	4	0	0
Postage	0	5	6
300 Envelopes	0	8	6
Balance	1	12	7½
	£6	6	7½

CHAPEL FUND, 1905.

	£	s.	d.
Balance from 1904	3	3	8
COLLECTIONS:—			
First Sunday Lent Term	1	18	7
First Sunday Summer Term	1	19	7½
First Sunday Michaelmas Term	1	4	6½
DONATIONS:—			
H. R. B.	1	1	0
T. Townsend, Esq., O.A.	1	1	0
	£10	8	5½

	£	s.	d.
Balance in hand	10	8	5½
	£10	8	5½

Signed—THOMAS LAYNG,

N. DUNCAN, Senior Prefect.

Dec. 1905.

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