

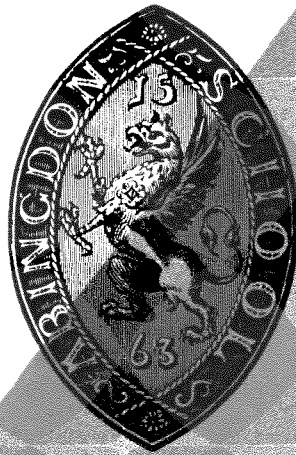
Vol. 4.

No. 12.

The Abingdonian.



Misericordias Domini



in aeternum cantabo.

CHRISTMAS ♦ NUMBER.

1908.

ONE SHILLING.

Misericordias
Domini



in aeternum
cantabo.

THE ABINGDONIAN.

No. 12. Vol. IV.

DECEMBER, 1908.

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EDITORIAL.

WE have had a glorious term. Even the weather has been beyond reproach. The School has been free from any serious illness. In the classrooms work has gone on smoothly, and calls for no comment: and about the other aspects of school life we have little to record except what is pleasant.

The football team is, according to the

generally expressed opinion, the best the School has turned out, at any rate since the days when P. L. Deacon led his forces to victory between the years 1898 and 1900. From a study of our football columns it will be seen that only once has our first XI. been defeated, when it met with ten men and one real live goal-keeper: and the 2nd XI. has come through with untarnished colours. If we have any criticism to offer, it is that our opponents have been able to reckon too surely on the final shot at goal being left to W. Leach. We heartily congratulate our captain, Holland, on the enthusiasm with which he has inspired the team: and though it is difficult to pick out individuals for special mention where all have been so good, we think Rbt. B. Leach deserves special praise for his consistent hard work at half-back, and Dyke for his almost unerring defence.

The L. S. & D. Society has enrolled several new members, and the battle of words was tremendous when the Leach brethren led forth their opposing forces for and against professionalism in football. We are glad to notice that there have been several new speakers, and that the speeches generally have been quite up to the usual level.

Only a few days ago the Editorial Committee of this magazine were going about with very long faces, and making themselves a terrible nuisance everywhere. Their idea was that no articles were forthcoming to swell the Xmas number. Their fears were belied and their faces resumed their normal rotundity. At the eleventh hour articles were peppered upon them, and the difficulty has been to make choice. May we remind our kind contributors that the earlier their articles are sent the easier is our work? If an article is sprung upon us at the last moment, we may have reluctantly to hold it over however excellent.

We are glad to be able to publish two interesting essays by boys still at the school: and the genesis of what will probably be considered one of our most interesting articles is instructive. One boy in the lower part of the school, unable himself to write anything for us this time, yet anxious to do what he could, bethought himself of a literary relative: wrote to him: and 'Grandfather's Railway Yarns' was the welcome result.

Another new contributor has sent a most learned article about Diabolo,

which we commend to our mathematical and scientific readers. In our unregenerate days we once wrote slightly in these columns about that game. We are sorry! we didn't know!

For our picture we are indebted to the skilful pencil of Mr. Wright. It represents some well known features of the school buildings, and we hope will be welcome to many.

But this is a 'neglect of the obvious' duty (see page 208) of being brief in our editorial comments when we already have a very full number. We will conclude by repeating we have had a glorious term. May the holidays be equally glorious.

SWIMMING.

In our account of the Water Sports we regret to have omitted the names of H. R. Hobday, 3rd Prize open Swimming, and Richard B. Leach, 3rd Prize Diving (under 15). Moreover in the form team racing it was A. G. Shepherd and not J. G. Shepherd whose performance was to be commended.

The following table indicates the number of Boys who have passed the Swimming test during the last three years. It will be seen that both this year's figures constitute a School Record.

	SUMMER TERM	TOTAL.
1906.		67
1907.	20	71
1908.	27	72

FOOTBALL.

A.S.F.C. 1st XI. v. ABINGDON TOWN. This match was played on the School ground on October 31st. We lost the toss and kicked towards the Lodge goal. The game from the beginning proved to be even and very exciting. The Town, however, were the first to gain a point, Weaving scoring as the result of a corner-kick. The score remained unaltered until half-time. On resuming, the Town pressed, but owing to our good defence, were unable to score, while a quarter of an hour from the end we gained a point; Leach scoring with a magnificent shot, after some good play on the left wing. The game then became very vigorous, but both sides failed to score, and thus the game ended in a draw of one goal each. Dyke played a fine game at back, and continually broke up the rushes made by the visiting forwards. Team:—(Goal) Mr. S. H. Baker; (Backs) E. V. Dyke, Mr. H. H. Gibson; (Halves) O. B. Challenor, Mr. W. Bevir, Rbt. B. Leach; (Forwards) L. W. Holland, Mr. W. A. Rudd, W. Leach, C. W. Edgington, C. C. Painter.

A.S.F.C. 1st XI. v. MANSFIELD COLLEGE. This match was played at home on November 4th. The School lost the toss and played into the Park goal. W. Leach soon gave the School the lead and not long afterwards added another point to our score. Hereafter the play became very uninteresting, but before half-time Holland added another goal, so giving us the lead by 3 to 0. During

the next half the play was just as lifeless, but we added one more point through Holland; and thus were winners by 4 to 0. Team:—(Goal) Mr. S. H. Baker; (Backs) E. V. Dyke, J. E. E. R. Chanter; (Halves) O. B. Challenor, K. G. Stevens, Rbt. B. Leach; (Forwards) J. H. Wakefield, L. W. Holland, W. Leach, C. W. Edgington, C. C. Painter.

A.S.F.C. 1st XI. v. MAGDALEN COLLEGE SCHOOL. This match was played on the Magdalen ground, on Saturday, Nov. 7th. Soon after the start W. Leach scored for us, and after we had pressed for some time Magdalen got away, and drew up level. The play then became even for a short time, but W. Leach after a very good individual run added a second goal. A third goal quickly followed, when Holland gave W. Leach a good opening, and he scored easily. The score was not altered at half-time. On resuming, we pressed, and, after ten minutes play, W. Leach added a fourth goal for us. This proved to be the full extent of the scoring, for although we tried hard we could not get another goal; thus we won a good game by four goals to one. Holland and W. Leach, who combined well together, were by far our best forwards, while the defence as a whole was quite satisfactory.

The team was the same as that which played against Mansfield College, save that G. Wilson took Mr. Baker's place in goal.

A.S.F.C. 1st XI. v. DORCHESTER COLLEGE. This match was played away on 14th of November. The ground was

in a very slippery condition and rather smaller than most grounds, and consequently our forwards could not get together. After about a quarter of an hour's play the home team scored, but after about another 5 minutes Holland made the score even from a scrummage in front of goal. At half-time the score was 1—1. Shortly after the beginning of the second half, Dorchester again scored in consequence of one of our backs missing his kick. Then Edgington added two more points for the School. After a short interval W. Leach scored with a good long ground shot. Holland and W. Leach added two more goals, and when the whistle blew for time we were left easy winners by 6—2. School Team:—(Goal) G. Wilson; (Backs) E. V. Dyke, J. E. E. R. Chanter; (Halves) O. B. Challenor, Mr. W. Bevir, Rbt. B. Leach; (Forwards) J. H. Wakefield, L. W. Holland, W. Leach, C. W. Edgington, C. C. Painter.

A.S.F.C. 1st XI. v. DORCHESTER COLLEGE. Played on Thursday, Nov. 19th, a half-holiday being given at the request of the newly-elected Mayor.

The weather was fine but dull. At the commencement the School pressed, but the visiting goal-keeper saved well on several occasions. Half-time arrived with no score. Early in the second half W. Leach put a fast ground shot into the corner of the net, Painter added the second, a third came from Rbt. B. Leach, and just on time Holland scored number four, while Dorchester remained without any point to their credit.

The team was the same which played against Mansfield College, on Nov. 4th.

A.S.F.C. 1st XI. v. ALL SAINTS' SCHOOL, BLOXHAM 1st XI. Played at home on Saturday, November 21st. A hard struggle was expected, but Bloxham failing to show any combination fell easy victims to us.

W. Leach was unable to play owing to a chill, and F. Read filled the vacancy and may be congratulated on filling it very satisfactorily. We pressed from the start, and were not long in opening our account through the help of Read who put through twice; soon afterwards Holland added our third point and half-time arrived with the score 3—0. Bloxham showed more spirit in the second half but in spite of their efforts Holland added a fourth point for us after which our visitors scored from a mêlée in front of goal. Time then arrived with the score 4—1 in our favour. School Team:—(Goal) G. Wilson; (Backs) E. V. Dyke, F. Parker; (Halves) Rbt. B. Leach, G. H. G. Shepherd, O. B. Challenor; (Forwards) C. C. Painter, C. W. Edgington, F. Read, L. W. Holland, J. H. Wakefield.

A.S.F.C. 1st XI. v. C. J. ELLISON'S XI. Played at home on Wednesday, Dec. 2nd. In this match we experienced our first defeat of the season. No blame can be attached to the home side, as our defeat must be attributed largely to the brilliant play of the visiting goalkeeper, W. Keates, whom it seemed impossible to beat. At the start we at once pressed, and some good combination among the

forwards seemed certain to be productive, but the vigilance of Keates saved the visiting side time after time. The first and only goal of the match was scored by our opponents, Lodge netting from a centre by Hazel. Half-time arrived with the score 1—0 against us. We tried hard to get on even terms during the second half, but were unsuccessful; W. Leach had extremely hard luck, just failing to find the net on several occasions. Team: (Goal) Mr. S. H. Baker; (Backs) E. V. Dyke and Mr. H. H. Gibson; (Halves) O. B. Challenor, Mr. W. Bevir and Rbt. B. Leach; (Forwards) J. H. Wakefield, L. W. Holland, W. Leach, C. W. Edgington and C. C. Painter.

A.S.F.C. 1st. XI. v. BLOXHAM 1st. XI. This match was played at Bloxham on Dec. 5th. The ground was in a very bad condition, and the ball was difficult to control. W. Leach first opened the scoring with a good ground shot, and soon after, from some short passing Leach scored again. The ball was then kept in mid-field for some time, and the Bloxham forwards made a rush for goal, and nearly succeeded in scoring. W. Leach then got away again, and at half-time he had added three more points, the score being 5—0. The second half opened with some good play on both sides, W. Leach again scoring another point. The Bloxham forwards then got away and the inside-right scored a good goal. From the kick off W. Leach again got away and scored with a brilliant shot, Holland soon after had hard luck hitting the post, with a

good shot. W. Leach added another point, and the game ended in our favour by 8—1.

F. Read played outside-right instead of C. C. Painter, and Leach was in his best form scoring all eight goals.

School Team:—(Goal) G. Wilson; (Backs) F. Parker and E. V. Dyke; (Half Backs) O. B. Challenor, G. H. G. Shepherd, Rbt. B. Leach; (Forwards) J. H. Wakefield, L. W. Holland, W. Leach, C. W. Edgington, F. Read.

A.S.F.C. 1st. XI. v. OXFORD HIGH SCHOOL. Played at Oxford on December 10th. It was evident from the first that the game would be a tame one, and so it proved throughout. After some time Holland opened the scoring, and just before half-time W. Leach scored again, leaving us leading at the interval by 2—0. On resuming, we again took up the offensive and soon got our third goal through Leach, who gained two more points, which was the extent of the scoring. Thus we won an uninteresting game by 5 goals to 0.

The School team was the same as that against Bloxham, save that Painter came in to inside-right again.

A.S.F.C. 2nd XI. v. MAGDALEN COLLEGE SCHOOL 2nd XI. This match was played at home on Saturday, November 7th. The weather was all that could be desired. We won the toss and played into the Lodge goal. Though our combination was superior to that of our opponents we had failed to score when half-time arrived; Shepherd

having hard luck in striking the cross-bar with a stinging shot from a penalty. On changing ends our forwards quickly got to work, and S. Leach scored with quite a good shot. We appeared to have the game well in hand until the ball was put through our goal with a simple shot, which, however, gave Edwards no chance. About 15 minutes remained for play, in which both sets of forwards worked hard and keenly to gain the lead. Read at outside-right put in some very good work. No score however, resulted, and the whistle sounded with the score one all. School Team:—(Goal) L. L. Edwards; (Backs) G. A. Willis, F. Parker; (Halves) Richd. B. Leach, G. H. G. Shepherd (capt.), H. T. Habgood; (Forwards) L. O. Burge, S. Leach, E. G. Tame, E. F. Harvey, F. Read.

A.S.F.C. 2nd XI. v. BLOXHAM SCHOOL 2nd XI. This match was played at Abingdon on Saturday, Dec. 5th. We lost the toss and kicked towards the Lodge. Play at first was fairly even, but from a centre from Tame Harvey scored first for us. Following this, Tame scored, and at half-time we were leading by 2 goals to 0. On resuming we increased our lead by 4, 3 coming from Harvey and 1 from Tame. Harvey was the pick of the forwards, while the halves also did very good work.

School Team:—(Goal) L. L. Edwards; (Backs) G. A. Willis, J. E. E. R. Chanter; (Halves) Richd. B. Leach, K. G. Stevens, (capt.) H. T. Habgood; (Forwards) L. O. Burge, S. Leach, E. G. Tame, E. F. Harvey, H. V. Campbell.

A.S.F.C. 2nd XI. v. OXFORD HIGH SCHOOL 2nd XI. This match was played at Abingdon, on Dec. 9th, with the ground in a bad condition. We won the toss and kicked into the Lodge goal. Play was very one-sided, and Chanter scored soon after the start. Read then added another point, and Tame quickly put on two more. Before half-time 5 more goals were added, by Stevens (1) and Read (4). The second half proved more uninteresting than the first and although we scored 4 more goals, through Harvey (2), Read (1) and Stevens (1), chance after chance was missed. The game thus ended in an easy victory for the School by 13 goals to nil.

School Team:—(Goal) L. L. Edwards; (Backs) J. E. E. R. Chanter, G. A. Willis; (Halves) Richd. B. Leach, K. G. Stevens (capt.) H. T. Habgood; (Forwards) L. O. Burge, E. G. Tame, F. Read, E. F. Harvey, H. V. Campbell.

A.S.F.C. (under 15) v. NEW COLLEGE SCHOOL. This match was played at Oxford on Wednesday, November 25th, and resulted in a victory for us by 5 goals to 2. Play was even till half-time, when we were leading by 2 goals to 1. In the second half we had more of the play, and added three more goals to our opponents' one. Tame (3), Campbell (1) and S. Leach (1) scored for us. Team: (Goal) E. H. Mann; (Backs) A. G. Shepherd and L. F. W. Robinson; (Halves) W. N. E. Bruce, H. A. L. Donkin and B. J. Bury; (Forwards) R. Haywood, S. Leach, E. G. Tame, F. W. Lupton and H. V. Campbell.

FOOTBALL CHARACTERS.

G. Wilson—(goal). Took Johnston's place at half-term and has done quite satisfactorily. Saves well but should use more judgment when rushing out of goal.

E. V. Dyke—(left back) colours 1907-8. Has made an excellent and reliable back. His kicking is good, and his tackling is still better.

F. Parker—(right back). Was unfortunately not tried till the latter part of the season, but evidently has the making of a good back. Is a strong kick but is still rather slow.

O. B. Challenor—(left half) colours 1907-8. Plays a hard game but is apt to leave his man too much. Should learn to feed his wing better.

G. H. G. Shepherd—(centre half). A hard-working player but needs more experience. Tackles well but is too prone to wander.

Rbt. B. Leach—(right half) colours 1907-1908. The most consistent player in the team. Tackles and feeds his forwards well, and backs up with splendid judgment.

J. H. Wakefield—(outside left). Is unfortunately too slow for an outside forward. Should use more judgment in timing the ball. Centres quite well at times.

L. W. Holland—(inside left) Captain: colours 1906-7-8. Is very clever with his feet, but is too apt to forget there are other forwards. Shoots straight but without power. Has made an excellent captain.

W. Leach—(centre) colours 1905-6-7-8. Makes an excellent centre-forward. Dribbles very well and makes good use of his head. A splendid shot, but is at times too selfish.

C. W. Edgington—(inside right) colours 1908. A very neat player and combines well with his wing man. Must learn to go straight for goal and not wander backwards and forwards.

C. C. Painter—(outside right) colours 1908. Quite a clever wing. Makes good use of his pace and centres well.

 GRANDFATHER'S RAILWAY
YARNS.

It was on the last day of the year and the last night of the century, that around a cheerful fireside sat a family group: the oldest member was a fine venerable old English gentleman, long past the allotted three-score years and ten, for he was born when England rang with the news of Nelson's great victory in Trafalgar's Bay: and the youngest, a future Abingdonian, sat at the old man's feet playing with his toy train. "When I was a boy we had no trains either as toys or in reality," the old man said. "In our little Devonshire Town every man who had been to London was looked upon as a wonder and now—Ah me what changes I remember!"—At this, those sitting round, both old and young, clamoured for stories of bygone days when railway trains first ran: and many and many a tale he told one or two of which I will relate to you.

"The great day, long looked for, had come when the Great Western Railway was to open its extension from Bath to Bristol; and I was chosen to declare the line in correct order for travelling. I had to leave Bristol very early, to walk the whole 12 miles, and upon my arrival the train was to start; but I very nearly lost my life, and that almost at the commencement of my journey. As I left Bristol everything seemed quiet and strange after the busy scenes of the past; all had gone and I alone was there; by-and-by I came to the Tunnel which the men had first called the Death Trap because of the many serious accidents which occurred in the making, and afterwards the Ghost's Grave on account of a gruesome find we made in it. We had cut about half way through, when a man shouted that his pick had struck some metal. 'Impossible' say his mates; for we were deep down under fields. However they crowded round and bit by bit they chipped away the earth from something strange and uncanny, and presently, to our horror, we found the skeleton of a man, standing upright in the soil. How it came there so deep in the earth, and so far from village or town, who can tell? and we wondered if some awful tragedy had been concealed here, perhaps for a hundred years and more; but all was speculation on our parts; we took that silent form, so wonderfully preserved and buried it with reverence. From that day the men began to hear strange sounds, and whenever an accident occurred they declared they could hear the Ghost dig-

ging the grave; nobody would go alone through the tunnel, and I have seen strong men come out into daylight quaking with fear. Well! I thought of this as I walked alone that morning. I saw the spots in the roof from whence had fallen those immense boulders which now stand close to the platforms at St. Anne's Park Station, and which, then called the Ghost's marbles, were afterwards known as the Apple and Pear,—and as I came to the middle I distinctly heard the sound of tap, tap, tap! I can tell you even strong man as I was I felt myself tremble in the gloom! However I mastered my desire to turn round and fly, and I went forward longing for the daylight. As the end of the tunnel came in sight my fears soon gave way to laughter at my folly, for there sat a mason calmly chipping away at a bit of projecting rock. I wasn't going to let him see my agitation, so I put out my lamp and waited a few seconds to cool down a bit, then I walked on: and now comes the change from comedy almost to tragedy. I saw the man cease his blows and turn his head towards me as though listening; I forgot that he could not see me; presently I saw him start as if with fear, and as I emerged from the darkness, he rushed at me with his heavy hammer and struck a terrific blow at my head. I jumped on one side and called him by name. At last he realised it was not a Ghost. 'Lor Sur,' he said, 'When I seed e cum out of the dark yer looked like a gurt giant, and as I'd bin afeard all mornin,' I thought the Ghost had cum for I. No offence, Sur, I opes.' So,

without telling him of my own fears, I bade him good morning; and went on, scarcely realising then how great had been my escape. I reached Bath in due course, and went back in the train, waving my hand in passing to that man, from whose face the effect of that shock had not yet passed away."

"But speaking of escapes"—here the old gentleman calmly knocked the ashes out of his churchwarden, and having refilled he placidly smoked as he recounted to us a wonderful escape from death. In those days, he said, cutting tunnels was not the easy matter it is to-day. "We had none of the splendid boring machines, no electricity, no vacuum pumps or such things. It was all hand work, a hole driven by hand, a charge of powder and slow match, a rush to get away, and then, after the smoke had gone, only a little bit of rock broken. Why! in Box Tunnel men were often up to their waists in water; sometimes they were almost choked; it was worse than coal mining, and yet the strong lads loved the work, and each side of the tunnel strove to be the first to cut down the seam between them, and to pass the centre in doing so. They were well paid for the work, and often after the gang had left, one or two men would stay to finish some bit of work, or come earlier than their mates so that no time should be lost. It was this fact which brought me into danger, and gave me the nearest shave of death I ever experienced. Very early one morning, being somewhat anxious over some work in one of the headings, I wended my way to the tunnel,

intending to make a careful examination whilst it was clear, as we had no fans to drive away the smoke. I remember how beautiful everything looked outside the entrance, and I found myself wishing for another journey over the top instead of facing the darkness; however work comes before sentiment, and lighting my lamp I went forward. Some distance from the heading, but I do not remember exactly after all these years how far from the entrance, I found one of these early birds as we called them, driving a hole ready for a blast, and in passing I noticed his bar was driven nearly to the bottom. Half jokingly I said as I went by, 'Don't forget old fellow that I am up the heading and fire that shot, or I shall come out more quickly than I go in!'—'Right you are Sir,' he replied, 'I'll remember': and without another thought on the matter I went on. Reaching the farthest point of the heading I commenced my investigation, and was just preparing to leave when suddenly there came such a tornado and crash that it dins in my ears even now. The whole place rocked, huge stones flew about like marbles, the heat was intense, my lamp went out, and in the darkness I felt that I was being suffocated. In vain I tried to move: on every side I seemed hemmed in with stones and débris. I did not know whether I was injured or not, all I felt was a longing for the sunlight I had so recently left. In a few moments, for all this happened like a flash, I was trying to collect my scattered nerves and wishing I could get at that man whose

foolishness had buried me in this way. After a time which seemed long hours, I felt the smoke and dust begin to clear away, and by dint of struggling I managed to free my arm and oh! joyful and full of hope I felt when I found a match; carefully by its dim light I looked around, only to find myself shut in a sort of cell walled nearly to the roof, and in trying to turn round I came across my lamp which I lighted. I now commenced to drag down the stones, and in a short time I had made a hole large enough to crawl through, and the rest was easy; for though the floor of the tunnel was covered with rough stones, yet I clambered over these, and at length bleeding, torn, and begrimed I rushed out vowing vengeance on the wretch who had done this. But how quickly was my wrath turned! for, horrible sight! the first thing I saw was his head torn from his body, which lay battered and crushed some distance away. Horrified I gazed, and then there came before my vision his bar still standing in the hole, which had not been charged or fired! What then had caused the explosion? Soon I understood. As I had come towards him, this fellow, who had been smoking contrary to regulations, had taken his pipe out of his mouth so that I should not see it and placed it behind him, heedless of the fact that he had put it upon the powder magazine. I suppose the tobacco smouldered and in some way ignited the contents of the keg, bringing about that awful moment which I shall never forget."

We all sat very still as the old man

finished this story until a small voice said, "What was on the top of the tunnel?" "Why, trees and fields," said the old gentleman: "and ah! yes, I remember one thing more"; at the remembrance of which he chuckled and so did we.

"Just over the entrance," he said "was a narrow field, across which ran a pathway with a good stile on either side, a favourite spot for us, the staff officials, in our moments of leisure. Now, it chanced that the farmer, who owned the field, also owned a young bull, and turned him into this place to graze. He was a beautiful creature, quite docile and very curious as to what we were doing. One bright young spark took it into his head to pop over a stile, wave a flag at the bull, and then jump back again as he rushed up to see what it was. Next we had two flags, one either side, and amused ourselves in making the beast rush madly from side to side, and in a few days we goaded him into a regular furious fighter. Of course it made no difference to us that the passers by suffered, old women would run from one stile to the other, and lovers never loitered there twice. But we forgot that, as we grew bolder, the bull grew more cunning and stronger; so it came about that one day, after several narrow squeaks, we marched into the middle of the field waving our flags. Down charged the bull, and as usual we ran one to each stile. Charging towards my side he suddenly turned to my companion. This unexpected attack proved successful, for the next moment there was a

splash and my friend lay in a pond of stagnant water kicking and spluttering. I was so tickled that I simply stood and roared at his plight, but alas ! I forgot the enemy, and in one second I was flying through space and landed on my back in a heap of manure. Oh dear me ! what a state we were in. I can even now see a couple of dirty dripping fools making their way to the nearest brook amid the ironical jeers of the men who had come from their work to see the final triumph of the bull baiters. One thing is certain we never approached that bull again."

But midnight drew near and so the old gentleman ended his stories as the New Year came in, but with a promise to continue them later on : and when the opportunity occurs I will relate more of his tales to you.

LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Society opened the session by a meeting in the Pembroke Room, on Friday, November 6th, with the Vice-President in the chair. L. W. Holland and G. H. G. Shepherd were elected to fill the vacant posts of Secretary and Treasurer.

G. H. G. Shepherd was then called upon to propose : "That in the opinion of this House, Conscription is necessary for the welfare of the Nation."

L. W. Holland opposed the motion, while the seconder, R. E. Greatbatch was unfortunately unable to be present.

The following members also spoke :

Pro.—K. G. Stevens and E. H. Thomas.

Con.—Mr. H. H. Gibson, Rev. R. F. Ashwin, J. McG. Mitchell, Richard B. Leach and H. W. B. Burkett.

The votes were evenly divided (10 to 10), and the Vice-President had, for the first time within his experience, to give his casting vote, which he recorded against the motion.

The Society met in the Pembroke Room, on Friday, November 13th, with the Vice-President in the chair.

Richard B. Leach was then called upon to propose : "That in the opinion of this House, Professional Football is injurious to true sport, and therefore to the Nation."

K. G. Stevens seconded and Rbt. B. Leach opposed the motion.

The following members also spoke :

Pro.—G. H. G. Shepherd and H. W. B.

Burkett. *Con.*—G. A. Willis, G. F. S.

Mann, Mr. H. H. Gibson, O. B. Challenor,

L. L. Edwards, L. W. Holland and J.

E. E. R. Chanter.

The motion was lost by 6 votes to 9.

The Society met in the Pembroke Room on Friday, November 20th, with the Vice-President in the chair.

J. A. Cobb was then called upon to propose : "That in the opinion of this House, an Imperial System of Naval Defence is advisable."

G. Wilson seconded and J. McG. Mitchell opposed the motion.

The following members also spoke :
Pro.—G. F. S. Mann, G. H. G. Shepherd
 and M. W. S. Bruce. *Con.*—L. L.
 Edwards, K. G. Stevens and Richard B.
 Leach.

The motion was carried by 8 votes to 4.

The Society met in the Pembroke
 Room on Friday, November 27th, with
 the Vice-President in the chair.

C. W. Edgington was then called
 upon to propose : "That this House is
 not in favour of the Licensing Bill in its
 present form."

G. F. S. Mann seconded and O. B.
 Challenor opposed the motion.

The following members also spoke :
Pro.—C. M. Nowill, G. H. G. Shepherd
 G. A. Willis and Rbt. B. Leach. *Con.*—
 Rev. R. F. Ashwin, J. McG. Mitchell,
 L. W. Holland, L. L. Edwards, G. H.
 Ashwin, E. H. Thomas, A. C. Vivian,
 H. W. B. Burkett, and Rchd. B. Leach.

The motion was lost by 8 votes to 11.

THE SCIENCE OF DIABOLO.

Strange to say, as a pastime diabolos
 is now almost entirely forgotten. For
 this reason it may be thought hardly a
propos to consider it again ; neither
 should we do so, if we had ever seen
 published an explanation of its prin-
 ciples, merely as a diabolos. Moreover
 it is our intention to speak of diabolos,
 not as a neck-straining pastime, but as
 an effective illustration of a very im-
 portant branch of dynamical science,

the science of rotary motion. Many
 people are not a little surprised when
 they are told that there is more science
 connected with the diabolos than with
 any other pastime of a like nature. Un-
 doubtedly the ordinary top does not
 come far behind, but this is, from a
 scientific point of view, very nearly the
 same thing, and illustrates some identical
 principles. Many people are not aware
 of the interesting fact that the diabolos,
 a top, a gyroscope, the common hoop, a
 bowl, (in the game of bowls), a coin
 rolling along the floor, the earth, the
 moon, rifle bullets, quoits, and other
 rotating bodies, all afford illustrations
 of the same principle. The power of
 adjusting the axis of a diabolos to the
 horizontal while on the string, the slow
 circular motion of a top upon a smooth
 floor, the apparently magical properties
 of a gyroscope, the power of directing a
 hoop by the pressure of a stick near to
 its topmost point, the deviation of a
 bowl or rolling coin from a strait path,
 the precession of the earth's axis, and
 the alteration of position of the moon's
 orbit, are all governed by those same
 dynamical laws, which tell of the effect
 produced by disturbing forces, upon a
 rotating body. These laws are really
 only more complicated expressions of
 Newton's laws of motion, applied to the
 particular case of bodies in rotation.
 The cases of the rifle bullet, the quoit,
 and the diabolos in mid air, are those in
 which the disturbing forces are zero, so
 that there is no characteristic preces-
 sional motion such as makes its appearance
 in all the preceding cases ; and the laws

now state that the bodies shall preserve the direction of their axis. This, as readily will be seen, is necessary for the safe catching of the diabolo on the string, increases the chance of a quoit reaching its hoped for destination, and ensures that the rifle bullet shall be retarded by air friction as little as possible. The faster the body rotates, the more securely is its axis directed, so that greater forces (in proportion to its rate of rotation) are required to alter the direction of its axis at a given rate.

Let us now consider the general case of a rotating body. No single force acting through its centre of gravity can produce any other motion than that of mere translation. It has no power to alter the direction of its axis. Any other force or system of forces is equivalent to such a single force together with a single couple. A couple is composed of two equal and opposite parallel forces, and its action is to tend to turn the body upon which it acts about an axis perpendicular to the directions of its components. The motions of translation and rotation of a rigid body being independent, we need only consider the action of the couples. Let now a couple act upon a rotating body, tending to alter the direction of its axis. It is quite true that this direction will change as a result of such an action, but, (and in this fact lies the important difference between a body that is in moderately quick rotation and one that is not rotating), the change will not take place about the axis round which the couple tends to produce change, as it would do

were the body not in rotation, but about an axis which is both perpendicular to this, the axis of the couple, and to the axis of the spinning body itself. Moreover, there is a simple rule, which is applicable to all cases, namely that "Whenever a couple acts upon a spinning body, tending to alter the direction of its axis, the spinning axis will move in such a direction as to come into nearer coincidence with the axis of the couple." By coincidence is here meant equality of sense (of couple and spin) as well as equality of direction of axes. This pig-headedness of a rotating body in moving its axis in a different direction from that in which the acting couple tends to move it, is the reason of those uncanny sensations that are felt in twisting to and fro in the hand, the frame of a spinning gyroscope. There is no mystery in this property of a rotating body, the acting couple is always producing angular momentum in its own sense of direction, although this only becomes apparent as a motion of the spinning axis in another sense at right angles.

Now let us apply these principles to the diabolo, since it illustrates them so admirably. First suppose we have a perfect diabolo spinning on our string, and that while we perform the operation of keeping it spinning at a uniform speed, we keep both strings in a plane perpendicular to its axis, the axis being supported horizontally. The average couple about its axis is manifestly zero for uniform rotation, and there are no other couples acting upon it. Hence its axis will keep its original direction.

Now suppose that we hold the right hand forward and the left hand towards our body and continue the impulses. In this position there is a tendency to turn the diabolo about a vertical axis. But does it so turn? No, it turns about a horizontal axis running right and left, so that assuming that we are spinning the diabolo right-handedly, as is usual, the end nearer to us rises and the further end falls. We can now again bring the axis horizontal by interchanging the distances of our hands from our body and continuing the impulses. In this, then, lies the secret of our being able to adjust the axis to the horizontal, which adjustment is necessary for a good throw and catch, for however we send the diabolo up so it comes down. The faster it spins, the longer the adjustment takes, but the axis is more secure when adjusted.

Again, let us suppose that our diabolo, although quite symmetrical about its axis of figure, is slightly one-sided. There will be no tendency to wobble, since it is dynamically balanced about its spinning axis, but its centre of mass will not be exactly in the plane of the strings. Consequently the action of gravity will be to produce a couple tending to tilt the axis. But this couple will not tilt the axis, its effect will be to turn the axis round in the horizontal plane. The gradual creep due to this cause will have been noticed, since it takes place in practically all diabolos. We have little power to prevent it, and must therefore gradually turn our body round so that the diabolo points always

towards and away from us. Even if the diabolo be perfect, when its axis is tilted out of the horizontal its centre of mass is out of the plane of the strings, and this effect takes place. Hence the explanation of the fact that the narrower the neck of the diabolo, the easier it is to spin.

The diabolo is essentially a "uniaxial" body; that is to say, if we take three mutually perpendicular axes passing through its geometrical centre, one of which is its spinning axis, its moments of inertia about the two axes other than the spinning axis are equal to one another, and different from its moment of inertia about the spinning axis. The moment of inertia of a body about any axis is a measure of the impulse necessary to set it rotating at a certain rate about that axis. A uniaxial body always prefers to spin about its axis of unequal moment of inertia, so that if spun about any other axis, it endeavours to wriggle back to rotation about that axis. A boiled egg illustrates this point admirably. Suppose now that we make a diabolo in which these three moments of inertia are equal, it is then a mathematical fact that the moments of inertia about any axis whatever passing through its centre of mass are equal. Consequently there will be no special tendency for this diabolo to rotate about its geometrical axis rather than about any other axis, and the result will be a diabolo which, though quite innocent in appearance, cannot be spun in the usual fashion. The more difference there is between the two moments

of inertia of a diablo, the more stable it is when spinning. This explains in a great measure why some diabolos are much better behaved than others; probably the point was not understood by the majority of diablo makers.

There is one other point we should like to mention in connection with rotating bodies, although it does not apply to the diablo. It is, that in consequence of the earth's rotation, the direction of the axis of any body revolving in bearings fixed to the earth's surface are constantly changing. As a result of this, the revolving bodies exert upon their bearing a couple which tends to set their axes in the direction of the earth's axis, so that these directions could no longer change. If a rotating body has its axis free to turn in the plane of the meridian only, it will set that axis towards the pole star, so that it rotates in the same direction as the earth. This fact suggests an analogy between a compass needle, which always takes up a position pointing towards the magnetic north pole, and a rotating body. It is already known with almost absolute certainty that there is a real dynamical connection between these two phenomena. It would seem that there is something in rotation connected with each molecule of a magnetic body. Ampère says it is an electric current, and electric currents are known to possess inertia. We cannot enter into this more fully, but should like to point out that, in connection with this relation of magnetism to rotating bodies, there is a splendid field for research. B. Sc.

THE TEUTON'S LAMENT.

The Festal light's were gleaming
In all the homes around,
And Christmas bells were pealing,
Hark! to the merry sound!

The stars, with brightness sparkling
Shone clear, that gladsome night;
The frosted trees stood glistening,
Bathed in the pale moon's light.

Along the street came weeping
A man, in woeful wise;
No gayness in his features!
No gladness in his eyes!

Before him rose a mansion
Its windows all alive,
With sparkling lights out-shining
Across the carriage drive.

He paused, then slowly entered;
His shadow stalked behind,
His shadow, black and gloomy,
As gloomy as his mind!

A hundred lights were blazing
From out a window near;
And, at that window gazing
He sadly shed a tear.

For through its crystal clearness
A Christmas tree shone bright,
Bespeaking joy, and gladness.
Yet sobbed this woeful wight!

Within were gay glad voices,
Of gladsome folk a score,
In pairs each came a-trooping,
Yet halted at the door!

Above it hung a-trembling
A beauteous bunch of green,

And glistening pearly berries
Between its leaves were seen.

Beneath it coyly glancing
Two pairs of bashful eyes,
Two ruby lips were trembling
Two breasts heaved heart-drawn sighs !

And so, in glad procession,
They entered through the door,
Each couple true performing
The custom, as of yore !

And now the guests are seated,
Good cheer begins to flow !
When suddenly a fearful shriek
Of Horror and of Woe !

A fair one clutched me tightly,
Cried "There !—See 'tis again !"
And pointed to a cold blue nose
Pressed 'gainst the window pane.

"Oh calm yourself my sweet one !"
I whispered in her ear,
And bade the guests be cheerful,
"No cause was there for fear !"

"No doubt some shiv'ring beggar
Who trembled with the cold
Had come to see our feasting,
'Twas hunger made him bold !"

I went into the garden,
And hailed the poor old man,
And marvelled at the tear drops
A-down his cheeks that ran.

"Pray come within and warm thee,
And put aside thy grief !
We've Turkey, Tongue and Chicken,
Plum Pudding, Goose, and Beef !"

His tear drops only quickened
He shook his head "Nay, Nay,
In truth on Christmas Evening
I never could be gay !"

"For ten and twenty Summers
A German true, was I,
Now ten and twenty Winters
Have seen me ever sigh."

"A Happy Land is England,
But sadness is my lot :
And now to see my Fatherland
I do not care a jot !"

"'Tis ever now my custom
When Christmas comes again
To sob with deep emotion
Behind a window-pane !"

"And all my life is weary,
And all my life is woe,
I never shall return there,
They have no Mistletoe !"

B.

CHINESE TOYS AND AMUSEMENTS.

Seeing how universally the game of "Diabolo" has been adopted lately, and how many different surmises have been made as to its origin, it may prove of interest to many readers, and even surprise them, to learn that its origin is Chinese. Anyone who has lived for a time in Peking, the capital of that wonderful and still little known Empire of China, would at once recognise the so-called 'Diavolo' as the Chinese 'k'ung chung,' or 'empty bell.' It is

to be seen of course in other parts of China, but Pekin is the great centre for this and the other toys mentioned below. Some chance sailor, or perhaps a Jesuit, may have taken away with him a specimen of the toy, in the early days of intercourse with China, to introduce it into his own country; but, judging from the specimens usually sold in shops, it would appear that he tried to reproduce it from a none too faithful memory, as its true Chinese shape is much more like a dumb-bell than an hour glass, and there is nothing rubber-coated or celluloid about it. These are Parisian improvements, the original Chinese toy being made of wood only, with hollow ends pierced through with small holes. A single turn of the cord is taken round the shaft of the 'k'ung chung,' and as it is made to revolve by working the sticks up and down, the air rushes in at the holes making a humming noise. This can be greatly increased by the rapidity of the toy's revolving, till with a large specimen in the hands of an expert a tremendous noise can be produced. Chinese adepts amuse themselves by reducing the turn of the cord with a skilful jerk of the hands, thus flinging the toy high in the air, which they catch in its descent on the string again or on one of the sticks; a pastime which has doubtless suggested to Europeans the idea of flinging the 'diabolo' to one to another and so making it a regular match game.

Beyond the fact that gunpowder and the mariner's compass were known in China in the times of the ancient

Britons, little is known or believed as to the many toys and amusements that have gradually found their way from that ingenious land of China. What a surprise an Englishman would get if he were suddenly to come face to face with a Punch and Judy Show in a street of Pekin! Yet he may do so. And such a one as resembles our own well-known shows very closely in construction and idea. Some of the early Dutch or Spanish traders to China must have had sufficient sense of humour to appreciate the fun of the show, and bring it home to Europe, whence it found its way to England, though supposed to be of Italian origin. The same can be said of Marionettes, which also came from China.

The originals of many musical toys introduced into England, and of others still unknown to English childhood, may be seen at a fair held at regular intervals at a temple in Pekin. Among these are such toys as the musical ball, which tinkles when rolled along the floor or thrown up in the air; the brewer's dray loaded with sacks of malt—the Chinese original being a mule-cart loaded with bags of grain,—which tinkles as it is drawn along, and other familiar examples.

Then again we borrow the art of kite-flying from China. There, both old and young alike have amused themselves for ages past by flying kites of all imaginable shapes, though the primitive triangular one, in common use with English boys is almost if not quite unknown. Their kites, which require

no tails—such is Chinese ingenuity in balancing!—are fashioned in the shape of human beings, birds, beasts, fishes, insects, and monsters of unknown species. The writer has seen a ‘dragon’ kite, which was made simply of paper, thin bamboo sticks and string, and opened out in sections to a length of 80 feet, its ingenious construction causing it to writhe about in the air like a great worm, while a whistle attached to it made a loud humming noise. It is a common sight in China to see elderly men flying their kites on any high ground outside the village or the city, vying with one another, and resorting to such tricks as gluing ground glass on parts of their string, with which they manage to cut the string of a rival’s kite, and so cause him to lose it.

The Chinese origin of fireworks is a matter of fairly common knowledge. The Chinese cracker, made in long strings, which are usually tied to the end of a bamboo pole, is used for serious as well as sportive purposes. Its explosions are supposed to scare away evil spirits of all kinds, and it is in universal request, whether at the grave of a departed relative, at a birth or marriage festival, when speeding the parting official, or starting a junk on a voyage, or welcoming in the New Year. In fact any and every action beyond the daily routine is seized upon as an excuse for crackers, the constant and irritating din being a matter of sublime indifference to a people practically destitute of ‘nerves’ as we understand them.

With the above-mentioned exceptions of gunpowder and the mariner’s compass, the marvellous ingenuity of the Chinese appears to have spent itself chiefly on toys and amusements, as with all their cleverness they have never risen to the discovery of steam or any of the other useful inventions of western Europe.

X.Y.Z.

DRIBBLE.

Billie! Billie! Little Star!
How we wonder what you are!
You never put the ball so high
That in the goal it does not fly.
Billie! Billie! Little Star!
Can you tell us what you are,
With that twinkle in your eye,
And the usual strat-e-gy?

One two, three, four, five,
Who “caught” a fish alive,
And from the wicket made him go,
Because he hurt his finger so?
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
Now the dutchman’s in again
The pill it buzzes like a bee
To make an average thirty three.

How doth the little habbie three,
Delight to draw and write,
And do such clever things all day
And dream of them at night?
How doth the little habbie three,
Improve the cor-ri-dor,
With pictures hung in grand array,
“We hear they want some more.”

Little robin redcheeks
 Sat upon a tree.
 Up went naughty robin two,
 And chased down robin three.
 Quickly down flew robin two,
 Away came robin one :
 Then said this robin redcheeks,
 " By Jove, you'll have to run."

There was a little mann,
 And he had a " range " gun,
 And his bullets were made of
 lead, lead, lead.
 He did not shoot a " duck,"
 For being in his luck,
 Shot magpies, and a bull,
 instead,—stead,—stead.

Where are you going to, my Twisty
 maid ?

Where are you going to, my Twisty
 maid ?

" I'm off to the gym., kind S-Sir,"
 she said,

S-Sir, she said, S-Sir," she said.

" 'Im off to the gym., kind S-Sir,"
 she said.

" What will you do there, my Twisty
 maid ? "

" What will you do there, my Twisty
 maid ? "

" I'll twist, quite a lot, kind S-Sir,"
 she said,

" I'll twist, quite a lot, kind S-Sir,"
 she said.

Tar-ra-ra-jumbo-ay.

THE NEGLECT OF THE OBVIOUS.

(An irresponsible conversation).

The train from Abingdon, after an entirely capricious wait of five minutes just outside Radley Station, rumbled unwillingly into it and pulled up with a jerk.

" *All* change ! Radley ! Radley ! All *change* ! " shouted a porter, throwing the accent in the first case upon the "*all*" and in the second upon the "*change*," to relieve the monotony of the formula. So all changed—that is, I changed : I was 'all' on that particular occasion, and for once in a way was justified in thinking myself everybody. Apparently that particular train had made the journey from Abingdon especially on my account. But I did not allow myself to feel flattered : my worst foes have never accused me of undue self-appreciation, my hats, for some years past, have invariably borne the mixed fraction $6\frac{7}{8}$ on the little ticket just inside the lining; as proof positive of the fact.

I alighted, then, and stepped forward, looking round if perchance I might see any acquaintance : the next moment I had measured my length on the platform : apparently a small sack of potatoes, left on the platform, had escaped my notice, and over it I had tripped. Years, with me, have brought the philosophic mind ; but I could not help a feeling of annoyance at the sound of a laugh greeting me from a solitary figure on the opposite platform, as I picked myself up and recovered my hat and my spectacles. I did not recog-

nize the witness of my misadventure until I had crossed the bridge and stood by him,—an old schoolfellow whom I only occasionally meet nowadays. We were soon busy in conversation, (I have my own ideas on current questions,) when up the train steamed and we entered the same compartment, and continued our talk.

‘Like the window shut?’ asked my friend, taking advantage of a pause during which I was hunting for some appropriate word.

‘As you like,’ I replied: ‘we shall soon be at Oxford.’ ‘Didcot, you mean,’ he remarked, pulling up the window, ‘yes we shall be there in five minutes’.

‘Gracious me, ! I gasped, ‘is’nt this the Oxford train?’ ‘My dear idiot,’ said my friend, ‘the Oxford train came in and went out while you were explaining your simple remedy for railway strikes.’

‘Scissors !’ I exclaimed ; what *am* I thinking about ? Of course, in coming *from Oxford to Abingdon* this morning I crossed the bridge : therefore in returning *to Oxford from Abingdon* I should simply have walked across the platform : it’s perfectly obvious.’

‘Perfectly obvious,’; he rejoined, ‘and that’s the very reason you didn’t simply walk across the platform.’

‘Pray explain yourself,’ I said, resigning myself to a journey from Radley to Oxford via Didcot; ‘I don’t remember your indulging in paradox years ago.’

‘Twice already,’ he replied, ‘you yourself have exemplified the fact that the most obvious neglect of the present

day is the neglect of the obvious.’

‘Now you’re getting epigrammatic,’ I said ; ‘but twice already—?’

‘The bag of potatoes,’ he explained with a laugh, ‘and the bridge at Radley.’

‘Well,’ I said, ‘do you consider your aphorism applies to every kind of intellect?’

‘I think it does,’ he said, ‘but for the sake of argument we will consider it applies only to mediocrity. Do you yourself represent attainments above or below the average, or only mediocrity?’

‘Mediocrity, I suppose,’ I replied slowly. (In my heart of hearts I think I’m distinctly above the average).

‘Very good’ said he ; taking me rather coolly (as I thought) at the valuation I assigned to myself. Suggest any object you like, and I believe my aphorism will apply.’

‘Christmas presents,’ I instantly replied, mentioning the first thing that came into my head, but congratulating myself immediately on having selected what appeared an awkward one for his experiment.

‘An excellent subject’ he replied, to my surprise. ‘If there is anything to be detested, it is the miserable one-sided altruism rampant at Christmas time, which seems almost to elbow out any idea of Christmas as a Christian festival. There is an exchange of presents among those who cannot be said to need them. In a world where all was well, there would be nothing to be said, but as things are, is it not the obvious duty to give to those who have not, not to those who have ? Think of the thousands of

children who have never known what it is to receive a Christmas present. Are not such as they the obvious objects of any real charity? And doesn't it seem that the obvious duties are ignored, just because they are so obvious, just as we think lightly of daily common blessings because we are so accustomed to them? There's an analogy to this in the case of school work and games; you have probably discovered it.'

'I don't know that I have,' I replied.

'But you're a gerund-grinder, aren't you?' he asked.

'I give a large portion of my time and thought,' I replied, with a soupçon of hauteur, 'to the delightful task of teaching the young idea to shoot.'

'That's what I mean,' he rejoined, 'only put a little differently: *You* quoted a line of Thomson, and *I* employed a phrase of Carlyle's. Well, is it an exaggeration to say that the amount of work done in nine schools out of ten would literally be doubled if only errors due to sheer neglect of what is perfectly obvious were avoided, or, to put it positively, if simple and obvious facts were recognized and acted upon as soon as seen? Schoolmasters are thankful for small mercies, and they would look with a lenient eye on many a solecism in a Latin exercise, if only the Four Concords were preserved in their integrity; and would condone more than occasional errors in reasoning pure and simple, in the working of an arithmetical problem, if only the multiplication table could be shown to have been completely assimilated. It's

the same in games. You coach at the nets, don't you? If so, you can apply your experience.'

'Yes,' I said; 'for two mortal hours of a summer's afternoon last term I was bowling off balls to a youth known as Brownsmith minor, and fondly imagined at the finish that I had convinced him of the elementary fact that except in the case of a few irresponsible geniuses, the obvious way of dealing with an off ball is to get it away on the off. But how vain are the hopes of men, especially schoolmasters! The very next day the ingenious Brownsmith appeared for the 3rd XI.; and the first ball he received, at least fourteen inches wide of the off stump, he carefully scooped round, with an accuracy and precision worthy of a better cause, into the hands of short leg!'

'Precisely. Well, here we are at Didecot. I am going on: don't exemplify my contention by taking the train to Bristol.'

I got out. 'Thanks for your company,' I said; 'I will amuse myself on my journey by applying your dictum to various other questions—Socialism for instance.'

'Philanthropy,' he suggested, as the train moved off.

'Political Economy,' I called out. The train was moving rapidly, and I began to run alongside.

'Co-ordination of Charities,' he called out.

'Women's Suffrage,' I almost yelled.

'Unemployment,' I heard him cry.

'Bi—.' I had uttered a quarter, roughly speaking, of 'Bi-metallism,' when there was a metallic bang, and a thud, and I found myself lying flat on a platform for the second time that day. Sprinting alongside the train, with my eyes fixed on my friend, I had for the third time that day neglected the obvious, in the shape of two milk cans.

I took a considerable amount of cleaning up this time, and in the midst of my preoccupation the last Oxford train had the meanness to go off without me.

I had to stay the night at Didcot.

Obviously, there was nothing else to be done !

C.

ODE TO OCTOBER.

Month of all months, when Nature entertains
The heart of man with most besad-
dening thought :
As though, in tiresome mood she now
disdains
The teeming creatures that her fancy
brought
From out the garden of a frozen world.
Thou, month of months, hast found her
sate, cloy'd
With many ripenesses and satisfied
desire ;
Shading her eyes lest colours unalloy'd
Too rudely stare in pride of bloom un-
furled ;
Standing apart with fingers lightly
curled
To throw a haze o'er Summer's broadest
fire.

Month, when a tiny hand attempts the
thorn,
In search of mellowing fruits and berry
black
Or red ; the one to pick, the other left
untorn,
As likely sign how soon Jack Frost shall
crack
The filbert husk, and scatter to the boy's
Impatient grasp the wrinkled staining
walnut.
In dully dripping orchard, crabs bejewel
The tangled weeds ; where-through, with
clumsy noise,
A lolling sow snouts out, her eyes half
shut,
The cupless acorn ; and is left to glut
By village children gathering winter
fuel.

Yet broken wood is full in cottage smoke
Of things that have been, not of things
to come.
Thou dost revere an everliving stroke
Which filleth up the providential sum
With rising mists that cling to fallen
leaf,
Entwine the rotting tendrils, and distil
Clear pearls of worship from the saffron
earth.
Then, just as thou bid'st Nature calm
her grief,
Lest frenzied heart should all its thoughts
fulfil,
So, too, thou whisper'st comfort in
man's ear, until
His soul, through sweetest sadness knows
full birth.

OCTOBER, 1908.

T.S.W.

LEONIDAS IN HADES.

The din of the battle in the gorge ceased abruptly, the long swaying line of locked spears and shouting faces whirled violently away and was gone, and King Leonidas—his lips still parted in the battle-joy, and still at his heart the giddy hope which comes to all true fighters in the heat even of the most desperate affray, was standing in a twilight and desolate valley, alone. So that was over! He was going to sup with Pluto after all. He strained his ears in the hope of catching some sound of the battle, it seemed so near to him: but not an echo broke the stillness here. He felt a curious mixture of sensations. His state of mind was not unlike that of a cricketer who is bowled, but after hitting a record score. So in him the energies of conflict, suddenly wrested from their aim, fretted and died slowly down; soothed by the awakening consciousness of glory won, yet stirred again to impotent activity by the thought of the peril of the cause.

He shook himself and began to walk down the slope of the path, dauntless as ever. He wondered that the place should be so solitary, for souls seemed to be flying this way thick enough, both of friend and foe, *back there*. He did not know that every man must make this part of the journey alone; the path being narrow and very crooked. Presently it turned sharply, the walls of rock opened out on either hand, and far away beneath him he saw the waters of Styx shine palely through the fog as they

wound across an illimitable plain. On its hither bank a great multitude appeared to be gathered: the slopes before him were covered with troops descending towards the same destination; and among these catching frequently the glare of a red cloak, he knew that some at least of his Spartiate comrades were not far away.

As he drew near to the great multitude on the river-bank, he noticed with a grim satisfaction the number of Orientals. Strangely garbed units of Xerxes' marching nations thronged him on every side. He overtook a party of the red cloaks: they were laughing and joking like boys, peering about at the crowds, discussing the fight which had sent them hither—'Ho, Sthenilaus! that was a shrewd blow of yours that killed the big Cilician.'—'Here comes Pasidas. Neatly spitted, brother, as a Spartiate should be!'—'We thinned them out a little for the hoplites at home, eh, mates?'—'There goes the satrap with the green scarf: but he has left behind him the good white barb.'—'And there is the trousered rascal that shot Cleander. All right, monsieur, you need not look so pantherish: we can't kill each other again, more's the pity.' The King laid hands on two of their shoulders with the greeting 'Brave lads!' They turned and recognized him, and a great cheer went up through the shadows. They chaired him on their shoulders, and thrust their way towards the strand. Over their heads the king could see the great ferry stemming slowly towards him, and the ferryman

with his grisly crew running about with long poles. 'They won't let us over yet: we're not buried,' said someone. But the knot of Spartans pushed on. King Leonidas boarded the plank, the huge ferryman towering above him. 'Come aboard, my hearties!' the figure was shouting, with a voice like a cataract, 'there's a special dispensation for red-coats to-day.' There was a note of grim humour in his words, but they crowded aboard, nothing daunted: while bustling goblins cleared away the press of the less fortunate spirits on the bank with poles. The huge craft left the wharf so suddenly that some of the clinging piteous wraiths were thrown into the crawling ooze below.

Apparently some ceremony was being arranged for our friends' reception on the further bank; they could descry great crowds waiting there, and as they drew nearer wreaths on wreaths of gorgeous flowers, lending an air of spurious freshness to the dreary landscape of mist and rock and slime. A soft but mighty music of flutes arose as they touched land, and then from unseen choirs on every hand the war-songs of Tyrtaeus gripped their Spartan souls. King Leonidas was the first to step on shore: he was at once seized upon by a quaint crowd of people dressed in old-fashioned clothes and armour of every imaginable pattern, his hands wrung, his back patted, himself hauled hither and thither. Then a well-known voice cried 'Leonidion!' and, from behind a portly and filleted elder, a young man, whose counterpart you may see

anywhere to this day among the sculptured athletes of Polycleitus, leaned forward laughing and clutched his arm. The Spartiate King's rather perplexed face lit up with joy. He found his way to the speaker, flung an arm about his neck; and a gasping 'Get me out of this, Doreus!' was the only greeting which he vouchsafed this favourite elder brother, whom he had not seen for fourteen years.

'Brave lad!' said the youth, when they had at last left the welcomers to spend their enthusiasm on the rank and file. 'I knew you would come. I was sure of it when first they told us from the other side that you were surrounded. This is a great day for Sparta.'

The king was looking into his brother's eyes, laughing with joy.

'Out-spoken as ever, old boy,' said he: 'they're rid of a bad king at least. But really I don't see what the noise is about. It's a disaster, Doreus, and a bad one.' He suddenly became serious again.

'Don't be afraid of that, Lenidion. We can see things in their true light down here. It's the fairest day in Sparta's history so far, everyone is agreed upon that.'

'Is that really so, Chief?' said the king, thoughtful but vastly pleased. 'I hope those fellows will fight to a finish. You think it is all right? Come, let me have a look at you. You have not altered in the least, Chief, since I said goodbye to you over the ship's side fourteen years ago. What are you laughing at.'

'It seems so absurd to see you with a

great beard, and such a wise middle-aged face. Tell me, Leonidion, did you ever learn that left leg throw that I tried to teach you so long without effect?' 'I put down two immortals with it this morning before I was stabbed,' returned the king. 'But I never learned it as neatly as you. Ah, Doreus, it was indeed a loss for Sparta when you sailed that day for the west. Why did you go? You would not have had long to wait.'

'I was a fool, Leonidion.'

'What a king you would have made, chief.'

The young man looked away, and his younger brother with the older face gripped his hand silently.*

'Things would have been different to day, Leonidion,' he said. The other did not catch his meaning, but he saw that the subject was painful.

'Well, they say you had stirring times in Italy,' he said, to change the subject; 'We heard you were at the sack of Sybaris.'

'Aye, lad, you ought to have been with me to see those western Greeks. They fought with armies twenty times the size of those we had at home. And what cities! what wealth! what luxury!

* [The brother of Leonidas is hardly known to history. All that remains of him is one pathetic chapter in Herodotus. Himself the flower of the Laconian youth, he thought shame to endure the kingship of an older step-brother: and on the election of Cleomenes left his country's shores in wrath for ever.]

'You got a goodly booty at Sybaris, I warrant you.'

'Aye, and lost it all to a pack of miserable Sicilians a few months after. It was a good fight that, Leonidas. They wiped us all out. . . . But it was not like this of yours. But come, we must be moving.' He slipped his arm through Leonidas' and began to draw him along. 'You have to sup to-night with the King of Shades. You did not seem over pleased with our hearty welcome, old lad. They mobbed you a little, eh?'

'They did, rather,' admitted Leonidas.

'Who was the shining youth who came first, the only one whom anybody treated with respect.'

'Polydeuces, the patron divinity of Sparta. You did not know him? Ha, ha! To-morrow you will see his brother; they come here on alternate days. I see I shall have to shew you round. You are a hero now, you know. You do not know yet how great a hero you are. Fame, and to have done great deeds, are everything here, you will find: for the dead cannot attain either of these things again. Yes, you shall meet everybody.'

'Well, I am ready for them all. You sigh, brother'; he took the young man's hand again; 'Have you forgiven me for waiting and being king of Sparta after you had gone away.'

'It is not quite that, Leonidion,' answered the other. 'But, do you see, if I had not gone, I, not you, should have been to-day the hero of Thermopylae.'

The compliment and the consolation were so delicate and so sincere, and

such pathos underlay them, that Leonidas could not but be touched. He thought a moment and then replied.

'You must not envy me that, dear heart. And it is not over yet. Look across the river at the gorge yonder. Your eyes were always better than mine. What are those people emerging from the defile?'

'They are the red cloaks of Spartans: and a goodly crowd of enemies comes with them. Have no fear. Those, I think, must be the last!'

'Yes, I think those must be the last. I thank you, brother . . . And now I am ready to go with you to the Palace of Shades. Come, off we go! Have you forgotten how to leap-frog.

OSWALD J. COULDREY.

THOSE BOYS.

Three masters armed with a club
Go forth to flog a ball
And often go without their grub:
I'd not like that at all.

Yet I have heard, though kind
fates chose

For them their match and ball to
lose,

That they are not
Annoyed one jot;
I think that rather tall.

Wilhelm the Second made a boast,
As was to be expected,
That we did once on Afric's coast
Do just as he directed.
Should things then turn out as of
yore

It's good to know when we're at
war

Our army will
By German Bill
Again be misdirected.

How little boys can eat tinned stuff
And taste of every brand,
And yet can never eat enough

'Tis hard to understand.

And how they all themselves can
cram

With sardines, marmalade and
ham

Yet keep awake
And feel no ache
I cannot understand.

Our footer team so oft had scored
That blasé every one

Of them became and wondrous bored:
I wondered how 'twas done.

But since I've marked our centre
shoot

At goal and seen his canny boot
Increase the score
By goals galore
I've known how it is done.

I've heard that swinging on the pump
No longer is in vogue

And he who on new desks would jump
Is straightway dubbed a rogue.

And yet I fain my pride would
sink

To daub the floor and desks with
ink

And at my spring
The roof should ring
I'd love to be a rogue!

Some boys there are who will not dance
 (I think they're much to blame)
 Nor try although they have the chance,
 They vote it awfully tame.
 But peeping through the ball-
 room door,
 They think on looking at Jones iv
 As round he whirls
 With pretty girls
 That p'raps it's not so tame,
 It's very far from tame.

SHEARING ON A NEW ZEALAND STATION.

At no time are the employés on a large sheep-run—or station, as they are called—idle; but anyone who has not seen the bustle and commotion of shearing time, could hardly imagine the work entailed.

About Christmas time men spring up from everywhere and nowhere, and make a round of the neighbouring stations, carrying their belongings on their backs—"swagging it" as it is called. These unpromising-looking individuals are the actual shearers—each man an expert, and able to do his 200 sheep a day.

They represent many different types—Native Maoris, huge untiring men; the Colonial "bush-whacker" able to turn his hand to anything in season; a fair proportion of Swedes and Germans; and here and there an Englishman, often of good family, captivated by the free life in the open.

The owner makes known at what time his shearing will commence; and, on the day before, these men roll up, and deposit their swags in the men's hut—and a lively crew they form.

Before this, however, there is plenty for the station hands to do by way of preparation. The sheep have to be drafted in from the out-lying paddocks. A paddock, by the way, may be any size without alteration of the name. It is simply the fenced land; perhaps a hundred acres, perhaps ten thousand. They often contain very rough country, and could not be 'worked' without the aid of the wonderfully trained sheep dogs that the shepherds possess; which clear gullies and ravines impassable to a horseman.

It is a common belief among shepherds, however, that these dogs will not work without "language"; and to hear one or two of these men with their dogs, cracking their stockwhips, and trying to keep a mob of sheep together over rough country, would astonish the most rhetorical of Englishmen.

The sheep are collected, and dipped in carbolic wash for obvious reasons, a big and expensive undertaking, lasting several days. The sheep, which hate the operation, are driven down a narrow fenced path, where only one can go at a time. When he gets to a certain point his legs slide from under him, and he glides into the water, and is allowed to struggle ashore as best he can. They must be left some few days after this, until they are dry enough for shearing.

The day before the shearers arrive

the sheep are all crowded in the home paddocks ready,—and the owner prays for fine weather, for it is impossible to cut wet wool; and often several valuable days are lost through a shower of rain. At daylight the men are up, and the work begins. The engine driver, or “donkeyman,” is in his place, managing the large engine that drives the machines. In the old days, with the hand shears, 90 was a large day’s work; but with the machine shears any but a novice can manage 200 fleeces. Tubes containing flexible revolving wires work the clippers, and can be disconnected at will from the main driving rod running down the shed.

The sheep are hurried in through the main entrance, and each shearer has a man to keep him supplied. He seizes his sheep, and, starting at the neck, in two or three minutes has it cleared; seldom making a cut, unless racing, as the men sometimes do. He then pushes it out of a trap-door behind him, (whence it is driven off), and siezes another held ready for him. As they are paid by the number they do, there is no inclination to loaf, and some men put up a huge total.

So the work goes on. There is a break for half-an-hour at 10 o’clock—“smoko” they call it; and a hour for lunch; but that is all. The shortness of the time taken to complete the shearing is wonderful—a dozen shearers will oft-n finish 20,000 sheep in little over a week!

When the sheep are done, the station hands still have their work to do; but

the shearers are free, and each man makes off for his next job, with a substantial cheque in his pocket; with which he probably has a “spree” in town on the first opportunity.

THE LATIN SHELL.

There is a form, the Latin Shell:
I know its members very well.

The first’s quite regal; and its fine,
To hear him sing of ‘auld lang syne’.

The second walks and eke he talks
And sits in front of Guido Fawkes.

D’you ask the name of number three?
He’d answer pat ‘Pink Pills are we.’

The mortal kid I next must note:
I’m glad there’s no immortal goat.

In weaving such a yarn it’s rum
To find a Sextus fifth should come.

Now, (read my riddle if you can),
Comes flighty boy yet earnest man.

And many a song would be unsung
Should scally cease to wag his tongue.

Gosh! Piggy soon will learn to fly
Now hoar and white locks are so spry.

Our froggy would a wooing go,
But Pretty Polly does still say no.

Scouts, one and two, (and thats’ enough!)
I still must name, with clerkly puff.

And lest this list should cause you pain
There’s comfort still in cousins twain.

Such are my foolish lines upon
The Latin Exoskeleton.

CAMBRIDGE LETTER.

Dear Sir,

We write with shaking hand—we had almost said with bated breath—as we begin the onerous duties of a Cambridge Correspondent: but still the Editor is inexorable and demands a long letter.

This week as we go about we are filled with amazement at the number of quiet unassuming youths who fill the "Screens" and the Porters Lodges of practically all the Colleges. They know it not; but "schol-hunter" is indelibly written on their faces. Don't scorn them: it is a stage through which all intending scholars must pass: there lies the pathway of academic glory.

But we hear no sound of Abingdon among them: why do you all go to Oxford? The river at Cambridge is not so narrow after all: and even though Oxford boasts much of the glories of the "High," we in our modest way retort, What about our "backs?"—a place where, in summer, "it is always afternoon." So buck up! and come. Don't be misled by the mischievous reports which false rumour brings.

We were two and we continue to be two. A. A. Brown has gone down from Caius and is now we understand touring on the Continent. L. C. Davies is nearly killing himself with work for his Tripos in June (and has rowed in a College "crock" this term). E. F. Clark has stepped into the breach caused by Brown's departure: he has come up to Trinity as an "advanced student." An enormous motor mail van has lately been introduced which goes up to town every day. We

don't know whether these two events are in any way connected with each other. Still, however that may be, we feel sure engineering will profit by his researches: and we offer him a hearty welcome.

We grieve to observe that some archaic notions about the Gunpowder Plot still hold sway at the sister University: it must be due, we think, to an excessive study of history: but we hasten to inform our readers that we were not guilty of such insanity—at least not this year.

We have been visited by the Wallabies: and the Varsity had hard luck in not winning: but, be this as it may, the Wallabies do not play the game the New Zealanders or South Africans did.

There is a distinct feeling here that the Varsity 'Rugger' Match on Dec. 12th, is not such a foregone conclusion as Oxford would have us believe: in fact that there is not much to choose between the teams.

G. E. Fairbairn's success in the Colquhoun Sculls only adds one more to the rowing victories of the Fairbairn family. The trial eights are above the average: D. C. R. Stuart's brother is adding to his laurels at 7 in one of them: it is predicted that he will 'out stuart' Stuart. Hence we are not downhearted as to the result of the boat race.

As we cannot attain to the long-windedness of our Oxford contemporary, we will now conclude with our best respects to our sister-University and to the School which nourished us both.

We remain,

Yours sincerely,

CANTAB.

OXFORD LETTER.

Michaelmas Term, 1908.

Dear Sir,

We find nothing more remarkable wherewith to preface this letter than the extraordinary behaviour of the weather this year. For once this time-honoured epistolary last resort has provided prime cause, if not for *news*, at least for unconjured effusion. April apparently "kept company with December," as the cook put it, and November, when he came of age, was certainly "walking out with July."

There has been a solicitous meeting of unemployed here this term at that most appropriate rendezvous, the Martyrs' Memorial. The Mayor and Corporation, we understand were, present and, in addition, a considerable number of graduate and undergraduate members of the University. It is to be deplored that a serious motor-car-accident prevented the presence of the Chancellor this term.

O. J. Couldrey has really left us, we believe, at last. We congratulate him on his success in gaining the diploma necessary to an educationary appointment in India. During the Summer Term he was exceptionally busy, devoting himself strenuously to the theory and practice of beating young brains into shape. He is a desperate authority upon the doctrinal methods of Kant and Rabellais, and is never more happy than when propounding his own view upon the adequate interspersion of leisure between the efforts of juvenile

—and adult minds. This term, we hear, he has been indulging in long and solitary walks,—doubtless to ruminate his exuberant knowledge, and trim his labour-ruffled intellect for renewed energy. We wish him every success. We were pleased to see his initials subtending four exquisite stanzas in an excellent periodical this term.

H. L. Crudgington, too, has gone down, and is enjoying the unexpected sweets of pedagogic domination in Worcester, we are told. We have seen little of him this year, so close an eremite has he been in his worship of the Goddess Minerva.

H. W. Weaving is still reading for Greats. He has, we are told, been working strenuously and been religiously keeping all his lectures, although from time to time we have seen his gown lying about in College during lecture hours. He lives up in North Oxford, about a mile and a half from Pembroke. Perhaps this is why he has been conspicuous by his absence at nearly all College festivities. He is a member of the Union, but we never see him there. He has kept all his 'Chapels' this term: which is all the more wonderful since, being a fourth year's man, he is expected to keep one a week. In collections he was congratulated on his regular attendance.

We have not heard T. S. Wilding of late. At present he is giving himself up exclusively to the demands of History Schools and the charms of a fox-terrier. To which of the two he is the more indulgent it is difficult to decide. Only

once have we been vouchsafed a view of him this year, and that boon was an unconscious grant. He was crossing the Corn Market into St. Michael's Street, where he lodges. He was "garbed," as a society paper has it, in a suit of dark navy blue, with politically creased trousers, and supported a modish cap of fawn fustian. Unfortunately we had no opportunity of extracting his ultimate attitude towards the Licensing Bill. But presumably his silence this term denotes a speechless contempt for the alcoholic excess of the Government. However there is a woeful sense of desideration in the Union Debating Hall. Even the advent of a suffragette to plead her cause was not sufficiently bellows-like to raise a flame.

B. M. Challenor has been variously occupied this term, dividing his time with equal zeal between rowing, "groups" and hebdomadal devotion to his native town. He rowed in the Worcester fours. We met him recently in the High, clad in dark clothes and a white bow, and that inscrutable look which "Groups" alone superimposes upon the features of its devotees. We passed him upon the same pavement, but so interested was he in the pathetic prostration of those slabs of stone that he did not notice us. We thought it would be unkind to interrupt his down-cast meditation. We hope he was successful.

R. J. Weaving came up to Pemmy this term with the Abingdon Scholarship. An attack of the influenza and the visit of a friend at home conspired

to send him down for a week. From his subsequent hilarity at the 'Smoker' we judged that the change had done him good. According to his own statement he is over ears in work. But to us such a height of labour is scarcely conceivable. We hope that this change, too, has done him good.

C. J. Butler has come up to Lincoln. Owing to the fulness of that College he is at present an outcast, and is lodging in St. John's street. In the Freshmen's Sports he secured the third place in "the quarter" and the fourth place in "the hundred." In the Lincoln Sports he won the hundred in 10 4-5th secs. and the weight with a put of 28ft. 7in. He rowed in the "fours," and is rowing in the "togger." He has suddenly developed an inordinate taste for art and we hear that one picture-agent at least is warmly congratulating himself. And now, Sir, with the Season's wishes,

We remain,

Yours sincerely,

O.A.

SCHOOL NOTES.

We offer very sincere thanks to the Lord Lieutenant of Berkshire, Mr. J. H. Benyon, who is Chairman of our Governing Body, for his generous gift of £100 to complete the fund required for the new Manual Workshop.

Also to our Head-master, for his most generous offer to the Rowing Club of a new Racing Four.

We have had very welcome visits this term from two former members of the Staff—Mr. S. Ingrams, recently home from South Africa; and the Rev. W. L. J. Lasseter, Head-Master of Formby Grammar School.

N. Duncan has passed his examination for the Bar in Criminal Law and Procedure.

A. A. Brown has gone down from Caius College, Cambridge, and joined his brother in Ceylon.

I. T. Pritchard—whose preparatory education was done in this School—has gone into residence at New College, Oxford, where he won an open Scholarship of £80 a year for Mathematics in December last.

O. J. Couldrey has been given an appointment in the Education Service of India, and leaves home shortly for Madras.

C. J. Butler (Lincoln College) ran third in the final heat of the quarter-mile in the Oxford Freshmen's Sports. He also won the Weight and the Hundred, and ran second in the Quarter at his College Sports.

On November 18th, several of us went to see the Australians' Rugby Football Match *v.* Oxford University; and in the evening we enjoyed the opportunity of attending the performance of 'The Frivolities' in the Corn Exchange.

On Nov. 17th, Boarders from the upper forms attended a lecture on 'The making of a Bible' given in the Corn

Exchange by the Rev. W. F. Hodge; and on Dec. 1st, a lecture upon the 'Hunting of the Polar Bear' by Mr. C. V. Peel.

Football Colours have been awarded to C. W. Edgington and C. C. Painter.

It should have been announced in our last number that Colours for Shooting were awarded at the end of the Summer term to G. C. Rice and O. B. Challenor, and in Camp to L. L. Edwards and R. E. Greatbatch.

Thursday, Nov. 19th, was a half-holiday, given at the request of the new Mayor, Mr. H. S. Challenor, O.A.

C. J. Butler and G. H. G. Shepherd (not J. A. Cobb as announced in our last number) were excused Responsions at the late Oxford Local Examination. The mistake was due to the Authorities not to us.

The following are the end of term fixtures:—

Dec. 12. Concert.

Dec. 13. Confirmation Service in St. Helen's Church.

Dec. 14. School Dance.

Dec. 16. Drill Inspection by Captain Hamilton, D.S.O.

Past *v.* Present Football Match.

Dec. 19. Term ends.

Next term will begin on Wednesday, January 20th. Boys in the two Houses return on Tuesday, January 19th.

We record with deep regret the death of four prominent Old Abingdonians.

GRIFFIN. On April 14th, at Hove, Brighton, suddenly; Col. Robert Durie Griffin, late of His Majesty's Indian Army.

HYDE. On Sept. 21st, at Pixton Hill, Forest Row, Sussex; Thomas Hyde, J. P., aged 54.

HARRIS. On Dec. 8th, at The Radfords, Stone, Staffordshire; John

T. Harris, J.P., C.C., Past-President of the O.A. Club, aged 63.

CAUDWELL. On Dec. 9th, at Ashbrook House, Blewbury. Eli Caudwell, C.C., aged 61.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following contemporaries:—Bancroftian, Bloxhamist, Herefordian, Ipswich School Magazine.

ABINGDONIAN ACCOUNTS.

No. 10. Vol. IV,

Receipts.				Expenditure.			
			£ s. d.				£ s. d.
Balance in hand	..	..	4 5 1½	Burgess & Son, Printing 300 copies,	..	..	4 10 0
Boarders	..	..	1 2 6	16 pages	..	..	1 4 0
O.A.C.	..	..	3 8 3	Ditto 3 pages Supplement	..	..	6 11
Other Purchasers	..	..	11 6	Postage	..	..	3 6 5½
			<u>£9 7 4½</u>	Balance	..	..	<u>£9 7 4½</u>

No. 11. Vol. IV.

			£ s. d.				£ s. d.
Balance in hand	..	..	3 6 5½	Burgess & Son, Printing 300 copies	..	..	3 8 0
Boarders	..	..	1 8 6	12 pages	..	..	16 6
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Other Purchasers	..	..	12 6	Postage	..	..	5 4
			<u>£8 15 4</u>	Deficit from Supplementary Account 2	..	..	3 18 6
				(see Vol. IV. No. 9)	..	..	
				Balance	..	..	<u>£8 15 4</u>

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