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No. 16.

The Abingdonian.



Misericordias Domini



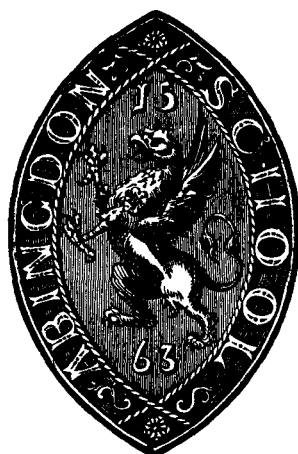
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CHRISTMAS * NUMBER.

1909.

ONE SHILLING.

Misericordias
Domini



in aeternum
cantabo.

THE ABINGDONIAN.

No. 16. Vol. IV.

DECEMBER, 1909.

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EDITORIAL.

UNDOUBTEDLY Tariff Reform is badly needed. Here the German Measles, duty free, in fact most undutifully, has been dumped, and damped our end-of-term festivities; and our dancers and our singers and our football players are swelling the number of the unemployed.

Partly owing to this, and partly to various strokes of ill luck before, our football news is much less copious than

is usual in our Christmas number. Measly folk, we are informed, suffer from an itching: and perhaps that is why their scratches have been matched by matches that have been scratched.

Our first XI. has played ten matches up to date, and won three. Their play has improved during the term, the improvement being especially noticeable in the case of Wilson at goal, Habgood at half-back, and Parker at back. The team owes much to the energy of the captain, Edgington. The second XI. is distinctly above the average, and where all have played so well it is difficult to select any names for special mention. They have played seven matches, won five, and lost only one. The matches between boarders and day boys, (wherein the latter have proved successful), have produced some very keen play, and suggest the advisability of a further development of the house system.

In connection with football, we would mention that an appeal is being issued to parents, Old Boys, and the more intimate friends of the school, for funds to drain and level the field to the south of Park Road. The work is badly needed, and we hope the appeal may meet with a generous response. The first list of subscribers will be found in this number.

The meetings of the Literary, Scientific and Debating Society have been better attended this term than ever; there has been no lack of speakers, and there seems to be good promise of eloquence among the younger members.

The editorial heart has been considerably cheered by more than one poem sent in by the boys in the lower part of the school. We have not been able to include any such in this number: but we feel sanguine that boys who make such promising efforts in their early years will be useful contributors to our pages in the future.

The circulation of this magazine has of late grown so satisfactorily, that we are venturing with this number to print more copies: we hope a continued rise of circulation will justify the experiment.

We sympathise so keenly with the feeling of sorrow, which, we know, comes over boys when they have to leave school for the holidays, that we provide with this number a picture of the school in winter time, to comfort them during their absence. The picture is reproduced from a particularly good photograph taken by Mr. Baker.

Anybody wishing for an extra copy can have one for the sum of 3d. on applying to the Editor:—please apply early.

TENT LIFE ON THE EQUATOR, (continued).

Having by this time put the Sultan in an angelic temper, you get to work, and tell him what you want him to do, through his sub-chiefs. He begs leave to withdraw, and goes and sets his machinery in order, with the result that next day some thousands of naked savages roll up with their hut tax. In the evening, the old Chief comes in to hear whether the Bwana Mkubwa (Great Lord) is pleased with him, and you invite him to sit down by the great camp fire, and offer him a cigar, having first ascertained that he does not smoke. After all he would not appreciate it. Moreover, he is already so pleased with himself, that he orders up a bullock to slay in your honour, and having reserved the best portions for yourself, you magnanimously present him with a slice or two, which he affects to consider most handsome on your part, and is becomingly grateful. He keeps you and your camp in meat, eggs, fish, milk, etc., till you leave, and when you go, he escorts you off the premises, and, at the boundary, with an assumption of regret which deceives nobody, he bids you an affectionately hysterical adieu, and hands you over to the next.

It is an extraordinary sight to see the natives pouring in, in full war paint to pay their tax. They make a holiday

of it and the whole countryside streams in to see the Red Man, as we are designated sometimes, referring to the colour that the sun burns some faces. At least we say it is the sun, though in some cases it is something else I fear. The children stand in open-mouthed astonishment. Far from being cannibals themselves, nothing will convince them that we have no intention of eating them. Their mothers threaten to hand them over to the Mzungu, if they are naughty, and probably nigger lullabies run something after this fashion, "Oh, be careful of the Englishman, that the Englishman don't eat yer,"—quite as efficacious as the threat our great grand-mothers used to make to our grand-fathers that they would hand them over to Boney. The first time I saw these hosts of warriors coming over the hill in close order, singing a wild battle song, and brandishing unpleasant looking spears, I felt tired. The other man I was with, retired without ostentation, yet not without haste into the tent, and was cleaning his gun when they arrived. I had not the heart to leave my breakfast considering that it appeared likely to be my last. On they came, feinting with their spears, to a distance of about five yards from me. It is extremely difficult to smile and look happy, when a number of pleasant fellows are jabbing at you, even in fun, with sharp things. It is fun either way to them, killing fun. Killing is their trade, and they are the only people I know who love their work, and make it their hobby also. I could see their

eyes glistening and their mouths watering to stick something into me. When they stopped, I was ill advised enough to say how much I had enjoyed it, and they did it all over again.

A rather interesting incident happened on this safari. Two small tribes in the district had been fighting, and I was ordered to proceed there and stop the trouble, and find out the cause of the quarrel. It turned out to be something like this. One of these tribes boasted of a Rain-Doctor. When any of the tribe think they would like some rain, they go to him, and give him a cow or two, and down comes the rain. It is quite a simple arrangement. If he does not get his cow, there is a drought, followed by a famine; for the Kavirondo take no thought for the morrow; they cultivate just enough for their present needs, and reck not of the future, like the happy creatures that they are. It is a capital profession, that of Rain-Doctor, and very paying. I am thinking of learning the business, myself; but when I am qualified, I shall not practise in England. There is no need for a Rain-Doctor there, I believe.

On this occasion, the tribe of this wizard, having got their shambas ready, and planted their seed, went to him, and having paid his fee, prayed him to call down the rain, and went home to watch their crops growing. He carried out his contract satisfactorily from their point of view, but did not please the neighbouring tribe, who were not ready for rain. They complained with some heat that the first tribe had not

warned them that the rain was coming, and had so stolen a march on them. Then the men of the first tribe came up against the men of the second tribe, and did wage war on them, and slew of them twenty and three. Thereafter the men of the second tribe did come forth by night, and fell upon the first tribe, and there fought they the live long night. But when Rosy-fingered Dawn appeared, then ceased they, and returned every man to his home, and feasted on untold flesh and sweet wine. And when night fell, there were those warriors, hammering away at each other again.

Well, this obviously had to stop. There had been several troubles in this district before, all owing to the Rain-Doctor. So I went for that Doctor and arrested him, and sent him in to the Station. He was immensely rich, owning some hundreds of cattle. All the natives believed in him. Even when he made mistakes, as his kind have been known to do, they did not lose their faith, but gave him credit for doing his best. When I caught him, he called down fire and brimstone on my head, and the natives stood by in terror awaiting the miracle. But it did not work that time, so I sent old Merlin in under escort. He had to be carried, except when it rained, and then his full powers came upon him and he walked. He was a wily old bird, and played on the superstitions of those natives with great skill. For some time after his removal, they entreated me to give him back, as there had been

no rain since he had gone. On my refusal, they begged me to call the rain myself, (they think that all Europeans have this power). I said I would attend to it as soon as I had time. I waited a day or two, until I noticed the wind blowing up from the right quarter, and then I told them to go home and be good boys, and stand by and look out for squalls. And in the night, sure enough, we had such a storm as I have never known. My tent went down like a ninepin with me inside it, and torrents of water flowed over the bed and clothes, and ruined all my books and papers. But they were very grateful, those people, and I think I deserved it, considering the trouble to which I had gone to give them a good rain. Unfortunately, some lewd fellows of the baser sort said this was the Rain-Doctor's vengeance on me for taking him prisoner. I hate ungrateful people who cannot give credit where credit is due.

Those little worries occur occasionally, but on the whole, safari life is very pleasant. After your day's work, you sit out by the big camp fire, in solitary state, with the silent sentry close by. At a little distance away, you hear the low murmur of conversation arising from the other fires round which your servants, your escort, and your porters are sitting respectively, and you rather envy them their merriment. You sit there, and dream away under the stars, and the moon rises, and you take out a banjo, and coon sentimental ballads to an appreciative audience of mosquitos

and fireflies. Then you begin to feel a little sorry for yourself, so far away from the men and women of your own kind, and you wonder what all your friends are doing, and why they never write. By this time you have reached a pitch of maudlin sentimentality, which bids fair to end in tearful querulousness, unless you pull up, so you take your "nightcap," and go to bed, thinking you would rather be a nigger on Margate sands, than a lonely "Empirebuilder." There would be no need to black your face, anyhow.

P.L.D.

THE LAST DAYS
OF AUTUMN.

Down the smouldering giens I creep
In slow protean shapes of mist ;
Or round the oozy mountains sleep
In folds of opaque amethyst ;
Or down the torrent winds that sweep
Streamlike from East and South and
West

I speed unseen.

And sometimes on the worried spate
Ye mark the shadow of my hate
And of my teen,
Or on broad floods, that softlier move,
The smooth caresses of my love.

And in the tender rain I fall,
Like pity hidden in each tear ;
And Earth's sad thoughts I gather all,
Then with a fiercer tempest shear
And lash the fungus from the wall,
That spreads his fat corruption there,
Like fell decay.

And in the tattered fern ye see

The unseen pain that tortures me
From day to day.

Till in the vapourous gloom of night
I seek a sorrowful respite.

In joy I came and smiling shook
Ripe fruitage from the wearied trees,
And all the leaves their colours took
From my heart's warmest fantasies,
And each loquacious water-brook
Uttered his fond garrulities

With unchoked tide.

Blue lights of summer still were seen
The banked September clouds between ;

But, unespied,

Death stemmed the sap and chilled the
root,

And Nature felt his heavy foot.

But still within the warm sunbeam
Sometimes, with melancholy cheer,
I come, like Hope that in a dream
Fills up the chamber of Despair ;
Or in the white frost's silent stream
I numb the sad world's sleepless care

The long night through.

And with the twisted herbs I lie
In throes of sodden agony

And pale mildew.

And the trees feel my soundless grief
As I fall with each burnt out leaf.

W.W.

"QUICQUID AGUNT HOMINES,
NOSTRI EST FARRAGO LIBELLI." *

JUV., SAT. 1. 85, 86.

(From my own Apartment, Dec. 10th).

"Mr. Spectator,

I think it is not yet fallen into
your way to discourse on the folly of
some of our ancient customs, and the

* Crowded out of our last Christmas number.

many whimsical ways men fall into to celebrate some occasions. Such observations, well pursued, would make a pretty history for those who take their interest in the workings of the "inner man." That little gentleman has been taken under the protection of one of our young gentleman authors who is much in favour among ladies of fashion. Whether out of a quaint conceit, or a courtesy designed to immortalise the charms of some admirer, the play author has called his little prodigal by the name of "Little Mary." So curious a name has given rise to much discourse in the coffeehouse. It has been even suggested that the play author is entered into a sinister design with the pastor of a chapel called the City Temple, who had like to have fallen into a stiff dispute with the divines over a subject called the Higher Criticism. But for our part we must admit that though out of a man's rib was woman created, yet we have searched the scriptures in the course of a long and painful career without falling into any discovery that the now famous rib bore the name of "Little Mary." Indeed neither learned divines in times of old, nor doctors of physic in these modern days, can confidently assert that to their knowledge is any rib so named.

The pastor and the play author are both Scotchmen. And as it is a common proverb that "when thieves fall out honest men get their dues," so must it in future be asserted that when Scotchmen write plays instead of ser-

mons, Englishmen find in the treasure both things new and old.

After this idle digression on the good fortune of belonging each to one's own country, I must return, Mr. Spectator, to the notice of such various strange manners as mark this season of year. To begin with, I myself am got into a great state of mind when I recall the number of Christmass Cards which have been discovered in my post-box. The dispatching of such pasteboards is a barbarous custom. The Athenians had of old a similar practice; but they rightly regarded it as so unpleasant that the man who was guilty of receiving the greatest number of greeting-shells was very properly dismissed the country. A later age considered that the proper season for an exchange of such courtesies was on the Feast of Saint Valentine. Here again the consequences to all concerned were generally so provoking, that the custom came to a speedy conclusion. Let us hope, Sir, that our present manner may shortly end. The gallant young men of the town may perform a very convenient service if they will but marry the fine women of the stage, and thereby remove all excuse for the continued presence on pasteboards of a series of faces that would have made our mutual good friend Horatius Flaccus weep with derision.

Yet our whimsical custom is responsible for a much greater evil than this I have mentioned.

It begins much previous to the

proper period, for at the season of Advent there is to be noticed the beginning of much strange musick. Bands of instrument-blowers assemble together in barns and outhouses, and frighten the lonely passengers of a winter's night by most ghost-like noises and weird incantations. So unkind a reminder of religious zeal is favourable neither to the unhappy traveller, nor the blowers of instruments. For one loses his composure and very often his temper, while the others, being responsible for so great a loss of dignity in a fellow-mortal, suffer very rightly by the loss of any remuneration that they may have been expecting as likely to fall unto them on a subsequent occasion. It is on the Eve of Christmass, however that the threatened blasts are unloosened in all their terrible intensity. Boreas must smile in his caves at the sight of so many vain imitators of his own powers. But that smile is from the standpoint of the gods. Far different would be his humour could he realise the anguish that humans suffer on such an occasion. For the science of these times has placed a dangerous weapon in the possession of the puffers of cheeks. Charms are hung up by the more superstitious among us in the shape of holly or mistletoe, or a more primitive belief is responsible for some of my neighbours leaving out savoury cakes of mincedmeat and jugs of whey, in the pious hope that so may the little spirits of the hollow trumpet be appeased.

The dangers and anxieties caused by the many other of our Christmass manners I had liked to have set down here. But they must wait upon a further occasion. The few that have been already noticed are such as have outgrown the justification of former times. The customs that have outlived the needs of an earlier society are a danger to the well-being of men and children that have a mind to a higher civilisation. Pray, Sir, think of these things in time, and you will oblige, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

MENO.

THOSE BOYS AGAIN.

I.

A year ago my halting verse
And poor ill-treated muse
Did sing of boys, and, what was worse,
I sought not to excuse
My theme: I now do pardon crave,
Nor guarantee how they behave;
Suffice to say,
That with my lay
I seek but to amuse.

II.

Some boys there are who race about
And tread on people's toes,
They never speak, but always shout,
And rip up all their clothes.
Contrast with these one who doth creep
With hands in pockets buried deep
About the play-
ground day by day,
And loveth sweet repose.

III.

Just such a youth, of ruddy cheek
 And slow expansive smile,
 Was bidden don his footer breeks,
 And run the measured mile.
 So, though by nature somewhat slack,
 He plodded gently round the track,
 And so spun out
 His daily bout;
 He fatter grew the while.

IV.

The hero of the storyette,
 "The spider and the fly,"
 Has lately bought an "Antoinette"
 To see it soar on high:
 But though its spring is tightly wound,
 And though you smartly from the ground,
 Yet lightly, fling
 The wondrous thing,
 It never seems to fly.

V.

Someday, perhaps not very near,
 'Twill be a general rule
 That every youngster, without fear,
 Can flit o'er lake and pool.
 Then lobsters, beetles and the like
 Will all forsake the trusty bike,
 And wax and wane
 On aeroplane
 'Ere swooping down to school.

 AN OLD ROAD.

When the August visitors had arrived, we found our mountain-inn untenable by reason of numbers. Accordingly we decided to make a little tour, yet with the certainty of finding the same crowded hotels everywhere. We dropped down to Martigny at day-

break. Now Martigny has drawbacks to the wayfarer: in the evening he is devoured by hungry mosquitoes that rival the dogs of Hadgi-Stavros. But it has the great charm of promise: it is the gateway of many pleasant roads. As the servants of the 'poste' go through, with meticulous care, the ceremonies that precede the departure of the early 'diligence,' you are screened from the heat by dense plane trees. It was B. who persuaded us to take the 'diligence' to the Grand St. Bernard, and then to walk. This 'diligence' is a lottery: you may secure seats in front under the little ledge that gives shade without obscuring the view; you may be packed into a closed carriage with an unopenable roof; or you may get a little open carriage that is all pleasure. In any case you will arrive more weary than if you had walked. The valley of the Dranse as far as Sembrancher and Orsières is pleasant and typical, with its cool waters, its great forests, its good road winding like a serpent round the Catague, the huge pivot of the three valleys of the Dranse.

At Orsières the Hotel sounds a warning note that Italy is near at hand. Of the half-hour's halt, thirty minutes are passed in waiting for the dinner, and five minutes, stolen from the time bill, in eating it. The 'diligence' now follows the middle stream of the three that bear the name of Dranse, and mounts more rapidly towards the snow-cap of the mount Vêlan. The view behind

reaches anon even to the seven points of the 'Dent du Midi.'

The Val d'Entremont is rich and smiling, and the peasant-women are not so crushed with labour as in the valley above Salvan. They use little mule-carts more, and carry less upon their heads. At Bourg St. Pierre, few are interested in the remains of Roman Emperors, but everyone likes to look into the little 'Hotel du Déjeuner de Napoléon Ier,' either to refresh, or to sit in the great road-builder's 'fauteuil à oreilles' and to look at the picture of the landlord's grandparents, who served him with boiled eggs. The Valaisans love not Napoleon; for did he not harness their forefathers to the carts, when he transported his army to Marengo? Yet there is a pleasant story told of his generosity to the guide, who saved him from the fall of his mule by catching the skirts of his coat. The guide departed with eight francs given him as pay by the chief of staff, but in later time Napoleon sought him out, gave him the farm that enabled him to win his bride, and tried in vain to attract him into his service at Paris. The road is strewn with the names and legends of conquerors, Roman and barbarian, who passed and re-passed, leaving dim memories behind them.

The name of Hannibal is there, although it belongs rather to legend than to history. Cæsar, Constantine, Frederick of Barbarossa (the patron of St. Bernard) have left their traces. Hun and Saracen have done their best

to efface the foot-prints of the Romans.

To many distant captains might be applied the motto on the window of the Hospice in memory of the greatest of them all:—

Fideliter
ortiter
elicer

* * * *

The scenery changes abruptly; becomes barren and bleak; stricken towards evening with a north wind that quenches the languor of August.

It is a relief when the last of many zig-zags is reached, and the stern buildings of the Hospice are gained. Let it suffice to say that we saw the dogs, which after all are only a detail in the furniture, at least in summer.

At the Feast of the Assumption (August 15th), as might be expected, the Hospice is crowded in all its vast extent. Post-cards are sent to every nation; and supper is despatched perhaps too noisily. The bedrooms are all full, and many sleep in shoals in the great 'dortoirs.'

We have a friend at court among the monks, but we failed to warn him of our coming, and so we sleep, or rather do not sleep, five in a room.

To make amends, he showed us, with urbane enthusiasm, the treasures of the Library; books stacked double in their shelves, coins of every age and place, antiquities of pagan Rome.

That little statue of Pennine Jove reminds us that here as elsewhere pagan temple preceded Christian Church, just as the 'Feriae Augusti,'

or pagan fair, gave place to this Feast of the Assumption, which still goes at Rome by the pagan name of the 'Ferogosto.'

At daybreak there is a great and goodly view, the cold wind is gone and the sun soon comes up with wholesome warmth. The grand Combin and the Mont Vélán keep their stately watch over the Swiss road, and towards Aosta the dark little lake brightens suddenly with the glowing image of the Italian rocks. Twelve hours in a 'diligence' is a hard day's work; so that, after a final hospitality from the good monk, we feel that we are starting on an easier day afoot.

The life of the party is undoubtedly a gay little Lyonnais, who brings the tastes of the city unaffectedly into the heart of the mountains. When it is generally considered time for walking, he sits down; and when others sit, he walks. For instance, on reaching the top of an ascent, he waits not a moment to glance at what we have been toiling to see, but commences at once his descent, and lower down we find him, with his back turned to the 'Grandes Torasses' and the glaciers of the 'Mont Dolent,' addressing a little French song to an ugly larch-tree. In fact the loneliness of the mountains bores him. On the other hand at table he is the 'rex bibendi,' the king of the feast. And in business we have only once known him to suffer defeat. It was later in the day at Orsières, when the rest of us had been repulsed with loss by the

mistress of the 'poste,' we called up our reserves and sent in the gay little Lyonnais. But even the sonorous invective of the South was shattered against the malignity of etiquette which forbade her to find us seats. 'Furens quid femina possit!'

To revert to our story—the 'Col de Fenestre' was soon climbed, the view of the Italian Alps left behind, and we dropped down into the Val de Ferret, which is troubled by no coach road, nor by the threat of railways. As the three lakelets were reached, the Mont Blanc lifted its crown above the dazzling ranges of peak and glacier. On this side he shows, not the ascending tier of domes, but one great dome that falls in rock on the Italian side. The vast, ragged 'aiguilles' are set in a sky of cloudless blue, the blue of Italy, and the glaciers and snowfields glitter above the richness of forest and pasture.

It is a long morning afoot before this splendid series is passed. At last the view widens to the north, and the only cloud of the day appears—a red plume above the 'Dent de Morcles' far away. At 'Praz de Fort' mountains have ceased to charm, for the heat of the afternoon has taken hold of the hungry and weary. Alas! the hotel is unworthy of its opportunity, the meat is impregnable, the table is black with flies, and the bill is a melancholy comment on human possibilities.

Indeed, some corners of the Valais recall the fact that the Valais is very recent in its civilisation, and here and

there traces of the old order linger. But few men are wholly wretched; as we set our faces towards Orsières, we find a genial hay-cart with a nimble little mule, which takes us on its swinging top down the long road. At Orsières we exchange for a little carriage far less downy, which jolts down in the cool of the evening to Martigny. In the train we dream of the Monk of Menthon, of flies, of hay-carts, and of bills, but the influence of peak and valley softens soon the nightmare into a dreamless sleep.

LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Society met on Friday, November 5th, 1909, with the Vice-President in the chair.

E. H. Thomas was then called upon to propose that, "In the opinion of this House, Dr. Cook did not reach the North Pole." He was seconded by G. A. Willis, and opposed by C. E. Cook.

The following also spoke: *Pro.*—M. W. S. Bruce, C. S. Day, J. C. Vivian, Mr. W. Bevir. *Con.*—H. A. N. Medd, Rchd. B. Leach, R. Haywood, L. L. Edwards, E. A. Mortleman.

On being put to the vote the motion was lost by 8 votes to 14.

The Society met at 4.15 on Friday, November 12th, with the Vice-President in the chair.

M. W. S. Bruce was called upon to propose that, "In the opinion of this

House, the House of Lords is useless, a menace to Freedom, and ought to be abolished." He was seconded by G. A. Willis and opposed by R. Haywood.

The following also spoke: *Pro.*—H. W. B. Burkett, Rchd. B. Leach, Mr. H. H. Gibson, L. A. Weaving, L. L. Edwards. *Con.*—A. C. Vivian, C. S. Day, C. P. Puckridge, E. H. Thomas, C. E. Cook, Rev. R. F. Ashwin, Mr. S. H. Baker, E. A. Mortleman (visitor), and Mr. W. Bevir.

The motion was lost by 8 votes to 22.

This was a record number of votes in the minutes of the Society up to the present.

The Society met at 4.15 on Friday, November 19th, with the Vice-President in the chair.

C. P. Puckridge was called upon to propose that, "In the opinion of this House, a classical education is superior to a modern one." He was seconded by C. S. Day, and opposed by L. L. Edwards.

The following also spoke: *Pro.*—E. H. Thomas, Mr. W. Bevir, H. A. N. Medd, Mr. H. H. Gibson, C. E. Cook, E. A. Mortleman (visitor). *Con.*—C. M. Nowill, M. W. S. Bruce, Rchd. B. Leach.

Mr. S. H. Baker also spoke as it were from the cross-benches.

The motion was lost by 9 votes to 11.

The Society met at 4.15 on Friday, November 26th, with the Vice-President in the chair.

L. L. Edwards was then called upon to propose that, "In the opinion of this House, Capital Punishment is a relic of Barbarism, and should be abolished." H. A. N. Medd, seconded the motion and C. P. Puckridge opposed it.

The following also spoke: *Pro.*—H. W. B. Burkett, C. E. Cook, W. H. Whitlock. *Con.*—Mr. E. A. Martell, L. A. Weaving, V. Comfort, and G. Wilson.

The motion was lost by 8 votes to 6.

The Society met on Friday, December 3rd.

As the Vice-President was proposing the motion, the Treasurer, C. P. Puckridge occupied the chair.

Mr. H. H. Gibson was then called upon to propose that, "In the opinion of this House, the tone of modern journalism has depreciated." Mr. W. Bevir seconded the motion, and Mr. E. A. Martell opposed it.

The following also spoke: *Pro.*—M. W. S. Bruce, Mr. S. H. Baker, H. A. L. Donkin. *Con.*—C. M. Nowill, H. A. N. Medd, L. L. Edwards, Rehd. B. Leach, R. Haywood.

This meeting was remarkable for the number of points of order raised by Mr. S. H. Baker during the actual debate and during the reading of the minutes which preceded it. This zeal for the observance of all due decorum met, however, with an unfortunate check when he appealed to Rule XV. and it was discovered that there were but XIV. rules in the minute book.

The motion on being put to the vote, was lost by 9 votes to 15.

The Society met in the Pembroke Room on Friday, December 10th, with the Vice-President in the chair.

Rehd. B. Leach was then called upon to propose that, "In the opinion of this House, the Progress of Aviation is detrimental to the future welfare of mankind." H. W. B. Burkett was to have seconded and E. F. Harvey to have opposed the motion; but both were unavoidably absent, so that C. P. Puckridge was called upon to second, and C. S. Day to oppose the motion.

The following also spoke: *Pro.*—H. A. L. Donkin, W. C. Williams, J. C. Vivian. *Con.*—A. C. Vivian, G. A. Willis, W. H. Enoch, H. A. N. Medd, E. G. Tame, H. E. L. Walker, G. J. H. Ashwin, L. L. Edwards, C. M. Nowill.

On being put to the vote the motion was lost by 14 votes to 8.

FOOTBALL.

A.S.F.C. v. PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD. This match was played on the School ground on October 30th. We lost the toss, and kicked towards the Lodge goal. From the beginning the game proved to be fast and exciting. Just before half-time Pembroke scored. During the second half we had more of the play; and about a quarter of an hour from the end, Painter equalized the score with a fast shot. No more goals were scored, and thus the game ended in a draw, one goal

each. School Team:—G. Wilson (Goal), G. A. Willis, F. Parker (Backs), A. E. Trinder, Mr. W. Bevir, H. T. Habgood (Halves), W. C. Williams, Mr. W. A. Rudd, E. F. Harvey, C. W. Edgington, C. C. Painter (Forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. MAGDALEN COLLEGE SCHOOL. This Match was played on the School Ground on November 3rd. We won the toss, and our opponents kicked off into the Park goal. Play opened in favour of Magdalen; but, after about twenty minutes play, Edgington scored. This goal was quickly followed by two more, Harvey scoring both. At half-time we were leading by 3 goals to 0. Soon after resuming, Painter gained another point for the School. Our opponents then pressed and scored. This was the last goal, and, when the whistle blew, we were left winners by 4 goals to 1. School Team:—G. Wilson (Goal), F. Parker, G. A. Willis (Backs), A. E. Trinder, H. T. Habgood, Rchd B. Leach (Halves), W. C. Williams, E. F. Harvey, C. W. Edgington, C. C. Painter, R. Haywood (Forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. DORCHESTER COLLEGE. Played on the School ground on November 6th. It was evident from the first that the game would be a tame one. We took up the offensive at once; and at half-time, we were leading by 3 goals to 0. Play during the second half was round our opponents' goal, and Edgington scored three more points for the School. Just before

time Painter increased our lead to 7. Thus we won a very one-sided game by 7 goals to 0. Haywood was the pick of a good forward line. Many of the goals were scored from his centres. The defence were much too good for the opposing forwards, who rarely got within shooting range.

The School team was the same as that which played against Magdalen College School.

A.S.F.C. v. LEIGHTON PARK SCHOOL. This match was played on the School ground on November 10th. We lost the toss, and kicked towards the Park goal. Our forwards could make little headway against the heavy defence. Our opponents scored twice before half-time. During the second half Painter had the misfortune to dislocate his arm. No more goals were scored, and our opponents won by 2 goals to 0.

The School team was the same as that which played against Magdalen College School.

A.S.F.C. v. EXETER COLLEGE CAPOTTERS. Played at Oxford on November 13th. Play opened in favour of the School, and soon after the start Edgington scored for us. Before half-time we added two more goals, through the help of Edgington and Williams. Early in the second half Willis was badly kicked on the knee, and took no further part in the game. Our opponents then pressed, and quickly scored two goals. The game now became exciting, and, although the School,

who were now playing with four forwards, tried hard to increase their lead, nothing more was scored. Thus a good game ended in a win for us by 3 goals to 2.

E. H. Chambers took the place of C. C. Painter. Otherwise the team was as before.

A.S.F.C. v. MAGDALEN COLLEGE SCHOOL. This match was played at Oxford on Wednesday, November 17th. The game was very even, and at half-time no goals had been scored. On resuming Magdalen pressed and scored twice. The School then put more spirit into their play, and scored. This proved to be the extent of the scoring, for although we tried hard, we could not get another goal; thus our opponents won by 3 goals to 1. School Team:—G. Wilson (Goal), E. V. Dyke, F. Parker (Backs), A. E. Trinder, H. T. Habgood, Rchd B. Leach (Halves), E. H. Chambers, E. F. Harvey, C. W. Edgington, S. Leach, W. C. Williams (Forwards).

The report of the 2nd XI. matches is unavoidably held over for our next number.

FOOTBALL CHARACTERS.

G. Wilson—(goal) colours 1909. Has improved vastly since last year, and is now very reliable.

G. A. Willis—(left back). Kicks well at times, but is very slow.

F. Parker—(right back) colours 1909. Has been the mainstay of the defence.

Kicks cleanly with either foot, and uses his weight to advantage.

H. T. Habgood—(centre half). Has played some very fine games this term. Tackles well and feeds his forwards with great judgment.

A. E. Trinder—(left half). A very useful half-back. Tackles, passes and heads well, and backs up his forwards.

Rchd. B. Leach—(right half). A very hard-working player. Is slow but untiring and feeds his forwards cleverly.

E. H. Chambers—(outside left). Centres quite well at times. Should make more use of his pace.

E. F. Harvey—(Inside left). Has played some good games, and many poor ones. Should combine more with his wing, and practise shooting.

C. W. Edgington, Captain—(centre forward) colours 1908-9. Has made a very energetic captain. Combines well with Painter, and dribbles well, but his shooting is rather weak.

C. C. Painter—(inside right) colours 1908-9. Dribbles cleverly and combines well with his centre, but is apt to forget there is also an outside right. An excellent shot.

R. Haywood—(outside right). Has the making of a good wing forward. Is quick on the ball and centres with splendid accuracy.

THE DISCOVERY OF TOBACCO.

When Walter Raleigh sail'd the main
To fetch us home the gold of Spain,
He would have stared could he have seen
What 'tis that keeps his memory green.

With ardent hope, by force or stealth,
To scoop the Indies' boundless wealth,
And fill a thankless monarch's chest,
He set his canvas for the west.

But when the venturous voyage o'er,
He skipped upon the further shore,
Aghast he viewed its rock-bound might :
The gold, he saw, was out of sight.

Rocks link the shore to rugged plain :
This crossed he comes on rocks again :
Still wider spreads his search, but still
'Twas rocks *et praeterea nihil*.

Anon he reached a kindlier scene :
Smooth prairies dressed in living green
Spread flower-spun carpets at his feet,
And drench'd the air with loaded sweet.

He chose the softest looking place,
And cast him down upon his face,
And soundly curs'd in his despair
The idle tale that brought him there.

He curs'd the day that gave him birth,
He dug his nails into the earth,
He ground his teeth upon the plain,
Struck grit, and spat it out again.

With teeth on edge, and wrath as well,
Revengeful on the flowers he fell :
He plucked and tore them savagely
And cast them in a heap to die.

Full soon beneath the tropic sun
Their little thread of life was spun :
(You'll find, if e'er you chance to try,
A tropic sun soon makes you dry).

And then a wider-sweeping plan
Of vengeance seized the angry man,
And rage with cunning doth conspire
To bring to light consuming Fire.

The flame shoots up and blazes bright :
In fierce and unbecoming spite
He casts the flowers amid the flare,
And laughs to see them blacken there.

But as the smoke-cloud-skyward goes,
What heavenly scent salutes his nose ?
'Tis that obovate sessile leaf !
He longs to burn it by the sheaf !

Needs must he all its breath inhale,
But all too soon it turns him pale !
It makes him dwindle, peak and pine,
His stomach knocks against his spine.

The earth is heaving ! sky and plain
Meet with a shock, and part again !
But when the paroxysm was o'er,
Like Oliver, he asked for more.

He fetched his minions from the ship,
He cursed and swore and made them
skip,
Until they cramm'd a well-pack'd hold
With leaves instead of Spanish gold.

O happy voyage ! He sailed the sea,
He risk'd the death that none may flee,
Storm, monsters, mermaids, pirates
black,
For gold,—and brought Tobacco back.

O noble gift ! O crown of fame !
O pledge of thy undying name !
A failure grander than success
Redeem'd thy voyage from nothingness.

Until the last good soul takes wings,
And drops his pipe to praise with
strings,
Until the last cigar is done,
While wheels the earth, or shines the
sun,

Thro' time we stretch our hands to thee,
 And hail thee of our company!
 Contentment shall thy shade provoke,
 And all our ills shall end in Smoke.

W. H. PUCKRIDGE.

CRICKET.

A.S.C.C. v. LEIGHTON PARK SCHOOL, (Unavoidably omitted in our last number). July 14th. This match resulted in a win for Leighton Park by 62 runs, thus reversing the result of the match played earlier in the season. Scores—Leighton 145, Abingdon 83 (F. Parker 19. C. W. Edgington 14 not out), O. B. Challenor took 4 wickets for 30 runs, and F. Parker 3 for 26.

A YACHTING CRUISE.

Auckland, after Sydney, ranks as the greatest yachting community in the Southern Hemisphere. There is a very fine inclosed harbour, several miles long, containing wooded bays and stretches of beach that answer every requirement of the pic-nickers. Outside this lies the great Hauraki Gulf, one of the finest cruising grounds for decked yachts to be found. Although opening on to the Pacific, it is studded with beautiful islands of all sizes, so that one can always run for shelter should heavy weather occur.

Auckland is famous for the number of its medium sized sea-going yachts. It is the custom for three or four men

to club together and share the expenses of keeping a boat. Most of the business men are keen yachtsmen. Early on Saturday afternoons crafts of every kind are to be seen racing down the harbour, off for the week end.

One of the smallest of the sea-going fleet used to be owned by my friend D—. It was the little yacht "Rewi," only 18ft. long, but well decked in, with a cabin in which we have, four of us, often slept together, and lying very deep in the water. She was not very fast, but was one of the best sea-boats in Auckland, and was often under full sail when even the biggest yachts were reefed right down. I remember only two occasions when we were full reefed, and then there was not another yacht out. She was cutter rigged and very handy to manage.

We used to look forward to Christmas, when we were able to go for long cruises—often for weeks, for then the weather was at its hottest, and it was no hardship to sleep out. I well remember a pleasant fortnight we had a few years ago—I think it was 1906.

There were four of us, D —, J —, M —, and myself. We started about 6 o'clock on the morning of Christmas Eve, with hardly a breath of wind. It took us five hours to get to the entrance light-house, five miles; but it was not tedious, for we had plenty to do, in stowing provisions and blankets and putting everything in its proper place.

Beside provisions and bedding and our 'swags,' we had a small tent, (which we did not use—except as a mattress), and a Primus stove, which we did use—once—on the first day. After exciting struggles with the flames we tied it to the bow-sprit as a warning to others, and cooked on shore when necessary. We had 'billies' and frying pans and all things of that kind, which usually broke loose and held a concert when there was any wind, and we also had a shot gun and a revolver, and, of course, fishing tackle. The only other interesting extra was the dingy. It was very narrow, and rather like a canoe. For the first week, if anyone got into it, it would either sink or turn over, D—— was the only one who could do anything with it, but after a time it got to know us, and behaved moderately respectably. It was very light to tow.

About mid-day we picked up a strong breeze, and that evening we camped on a large island, called Waiheke. The rest of us had the pleasure of seeing the dingy sink under D——. Two of us went to try for some rabbits, without success, while the other two cooked the supper. Some of us slept that night on the beach, and some in the boat. The next day the other three were going from the boat to the shore in the dingy. There were no provisions in her, so I watched them very contentedly. They got nearly twenty yards before they sank.

After breakfast we sailed to a rock far out in the Gulf, famous as the haunt of myriads of sea birds of all kinds. We fired a few rounds with the revolver among the rocks, and thousands and thousands of birds flew up, making a wonderful sight.

That night M—— made some Christmas dumplings. We ate part of one, put two or three by for ballast, and threw the rest at him.

Next day we decided on some fishing, and, as it was a dead calm, we towed the yacht with the dingy off a point a mile or two away. D—— started towing, and got us along very well; but soon M—— and J—— took a turn. We got a few yards in a kind of a zig-zag, and then the dingy turned over, and our water jar which was put in for ballast was lost. We had just helped the other two out, and were emptying the dingy, when a puff of wind suddenly caught us. We had several garments on the deck, drying, and all these slid off as the boat heeled over. A steady breeze had sprung up, so we spent the next half-hour sailing backwards and forwards, collecting clothes and oars and everything that was left floating. We lost only one or two unimportant things.

We anchored off the point, and, when we had tied our wet things to the rigging, we started to fish. We had caught one or two fish called 'Schnapper,' which are very good to eat, when we were disturbed, as it often happened, by some small sharks,

which took our hooks, and broke our lines. We got a small one on one of the larger lines and played it for some time, but could not get it in, though we saw it jump out of the water several times;—it was about five feet long. We then put down a proper shark hook as soon as we could get it out, and succeeded in bringing in a baby one, about four feet long, though even that could take off one's hand. They are useless except as bait.

The following day we made for a place called Wangaperoa, which was quite uninhabited. We had rather an exciting experience when we went right over a reef, with some very nasty rocks coming just to the top of the water, but some very fine steering by D— got us through safely. We had some difficulty in finding water, but we dug with an axe until we got enough for our immediate needs, though it was the worst water we ever had to put up with;—it seemed to be mostly mud and salt.

Next day we had one of the stiffest sails of our cruise. We were making for an island called Kawau, and started in a very stiff breeze, which gradually increased, till we were forced to heave-to, and take in two reefs. We were close-hauled all the way, and with a nasty sea we had a very wet time, though a glorious sail. A good deal of water made its way into the cabin, so that, when we reached shelter that night, we had nothing dry left to sleep

in, and so spent an uncomfortable night; salt-water-soaked blankets are more trying to the temper than anything else I know. When one does get warm they begin to stiffen, and one gets hopelessly tied up, especially when there are four persons in a small cabin, three feet six high.

We spent the next day in getting dry, and in the evening went and shot two Wallabies. The place swarmed with them;—they had been brought over from Australia and put on the island as an experiment, and were as thick as rabbits. We boiled the two beasts, and ate them. They were much worse than horse-flesh.

We spent New Year's Eve in a place called Bon Accord Harbour in company with several other yachts. At midnight we all made what noise we could. We contributed our share with the aid of the revolver and a selection of Maori War Cries, and then retired to sup on delicacies saved for the occasion. I remember we had a small Christmas pudding, some bananas, ginger, chocolate, apples, dates, and various other dainties.

In this manner we spent another week, cruising about, fishing, shooting, and swimming. Swimming is safe if one keeps a look out, for a shark can always be seen by his fin, and if one keeps near the boat it is not dangerous.

We all got very sunburnt, and all had a glorious time. Even in our last run home we had some excitement, for we struck some very thick and dirty weather, and during the night were

unable for some time to pick up the Rangitoto Light at the harbour entrance and were in some difficulties for a time, but eventually we found out our position, and reached our moorings at two o'clock in the morning.

THE MEDDLING MEASLE.

Attend, all ye who list to hear a tale of
Royse's School,

I sing the ghastly tragedy that dimm'd
the joys of Yule :

What time there brake a tempest of
unmerited mischance,

And the singers had no concert, and
the dancers had no dance.

It was about the foggy close of a dark
December day,

The hush of well-won weariness on all
the buildings lay :

E'en Baker laid his toil aside, and cast
him down to dream

Of crucibles and test tubes, by the
Bevir-haunted stream.

Hushed were the groans of Gibson, the
music of Martell;

And like a silent organ lay the glory
of T. L.

While from a cheerful attic, where the
moonlight lay in flood,

There stole across the midnight the
melodic snore of Rudd.

Alas ! full soon were they to know how
false a dream they shared ;

For them misfortune waited, with venge-
ful weapon bared.

For, underneath the arches, I saw, as I
passed by,

A shape of loathsome horror, with an
evil-gleaming eye.

I saw it drag its hateful length to hide
behind the Gym.

A smear of slimy poison follow'd every
trailing limb,

And oh ! a smell was in the air, which
no man might describe,

And I knew the German Measle, the
fellest of the tribe.

And as he wink'd his drooping lids, his
voice I seem'd to hear.

"Dey shall not have no Gonzert, nor no
Tänzchen here, dis year.

"For I'm der German Measle, und 1
hate der little boy,

"And vot I says—mein Gott, es steht
für immer fest and treu."

Ah, how I longed to have him deported
o'er the foam,

Cast back upon his native shore, to bless
his folks at home !

But even as I formed the wish, behold !
the harm was done !

He'd breathed in at the window, and
spoilt the Christmas fun.

For when, next morn, the East blush'd
red to greet returning day,

With spotted skin and streaming eyes
the doleful Pinkie lay,

And the girls who bought new dresses
are grieving loud and long,

And curse the German Measle, who hath
wrought them woe and wrong.

W. H. PUCKRIDGE.

THE OXFORD LETTER.

Michaelmas Term, 1909.

Dear Sir.

This Term our numbers have been, unfortunately, reduced by nearly one-half; T. S. Wilding, H. W. Weaving, and C. J. Butler having left us. But

we who remain are both glad to welcome G. H. G. Shepherd, in residence at Pembroke.

Shepherd, we are glad to see, has already made his mark on the running ground, winning the 100 yds. and the weight in the Freshmen's Sports.

R. J. Weaving, we believe, has been concentrating all his energies on Schools.

The feature of the term was undoubtedly the excellent race in Trial Eights, which proved very level, the actual contest resulting in a dead heat.

Our prospects in the Inter-Varsity Rugger Match, with our nucleus of internationals, are very bright, and we anticipate a similar success to that obtained by our representatives in the Cross-Country five mile race.

O.A.

CAMBRIDGE LETTER.

Dear Sir,

Unfortunately for ourselves, we are, this year, the sole representative of Abingdon School at this University, and it therefore falls to our lot to write this letter for your Christmas Number. This we do with a certain sense of duty mixed with that of incompetency.

L. C. Davies is no longer up, having obtained a second class in the Classical Tripos and taken his degree last June. We suggest that there should have been someone from Abingdon to replace this loss. What becomes of the scientists and mathematicians of Abingdon School? We can thoroughly recommend Cambridge to them, as also to would-be

engineers. The various laboratories here are splendid.

We have been visited early this term by "Miss Hook of Holland," which was played for a week at our New Theatre. During the last days of November, a number of members of the University have acted the "Wasps" of Aristophanes, at the same theatre, in the original Greek. This was declared to be "A great success."

Lieut. Shackleton has been here and delivered a very interesting lecture on his Antarctic experiences.

The foremost of this term's debates at the "Union Society" was, it is hardly necessary to say, on the subject of Women's Suffrage; but the actual motion, "That the granting of the franchise to women is not only just, but absolutely necessary for the welfare of the community," was unusual.

In July last, Cambridge suffered loss in the death of Dr. Charles Kirkby Robinson, Master of S. Catherine's College.

Perhaps we may be permitted to refer to a subject unusual in such a place as this, but which, proceeding from Cambridge, will in no wise be inappropriate. Everyone has heard of Halley's Comet. It is paying us its third visit since Halley discovered it to be periodic. Dr. Max Wolf of Heidelberg was the first to discover it at this return; in England it was first seen by Prof. Newall at our observatory here at Cambridge, last October. At the present moment its position is only a few degrees from the bright star

Aldebaran, the eye of the Bull ; but it will be invisible without telescopic aid for some time to come. We may, however, expect to see it well about six or eight weeks after it passes nearest the Sun in May. It should then be a glorious spectacle, provided it has not lost much of its substance, according to a nasty little habit of comets.

The planets Mars and Venus have been conspicuous objects lately. We ourself have been so fortunate as to be able to observe the former night after night from our bed, not, as may be imagined, without a kind of craving, best expressed in the words "How I wonder what you are." On one occasion as we observed Venus, the evening star, in the sunset, whilst in a similar frame of mind, we were roused by the strains "Venus, Venus, we entreat you etc." of an evidently sympathetic gramophone. It was almost at this instant, too, that we obtained our first and only view of a flying machine in the act, which, but for the evening star, would have escaped our notice. It appeared in nearly the same line of sight, a silhouette against a hazy background, only too soon to disappear again in the haze.

To-day, now almost over, has been "Exit day," and is characterised by the number of cabs flying stationwards, and by huge cartloads of luggage.

Now we must conclude, with our best wishes for the continued welfare of the School, and may all who are connected with it enjoy a Merry Christmas.

We remain,

Yours sincerely, CANTAB.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AUSTRALIA FOR BRITISH PUBLIC SCHOOL BOYS.

Sir,

When in London a few months ago, I was informed by Mr. Evans, the Hon. Secretary of the Great Public Schools' Association, that many of the elder lads in these schools wished to follow a life on the land in one or other of the British Colonies. I pointed out to him, that the Government Agricultural Colleges in Australia offered exceptional advantages in the way of a thorough scientific and practical education in the various forms of agriculture, stock-breeding, dairying, and fruit growing, and promised that, on my return to Australia, I would interview the State Ministers who are responsible for these Colleges, and endeavour to make arrangements for the reception of students from the United Kingdom at them. I am glad to say that I have been successful in this, and so any lad coming here can now be guaranteed entrance at one or other of these institutions. The course is a two year one, and the fees are exceedingly moderate, ranging from £18 to £30 a year, which sum includes excellent board and lodgings. I can state from personal experience that the food supplied is probably better and more abundant than that given at any English Public School. The system pursued is work day about in the laboratories and on the farm.

One day the student is engrossed in Botany, Agricultural Chemistry, or Veterinary Science; the other he is ploughing, or feeding pigs, or making butter. After two years of this, during which time he can, if he choose, specialise in some particular branch, an intelligent lad should be in a position to take up land for himself, or take charge of a farm or act as manager of a butter or cheese factory. With energy, perseverance and a capital of some hundred pounds, a young man with this training should do well on the land; in all probability much better than he could in one of the now over-crowded professions. The Immigration League will act in "loco parentis" to lads coming to Australia, and further information, prospectuses of the colleges, etc., can be obtained from our London agent, 20, Cockspur Street, S.W.

I am, Yours, etc.,

RICHARD ARTHUR, M.D.

President,

Immigration League of Australasia.

SCHOOL NOTES.

We record with regret the death of Mr. Joseph Copeland, an Old Abingdonian and a well-known resident of the town. He died on September 11th, aged 75. He was at the old school under Dr. Strange, and was a member of the Town Council from 1877 to 1892.

The Corporation of Abingdon have this year chosen a Mayor from outside the Council, and have elected their late

Accountant, Mr. A. E. Preston, F.C.A., who had recently retired from that office. We congratulate him heartily upon his appointment, and upon the very complimentary method of his election. Mr. Preston is a Past-President of the Old Abingdonian Club, and also one of our Governing Body. He did not fail to make the traditional request for the new Mayor's half-holiday which was given to us on Thursday, November 25th.

By the kind invitation of the Warden of Radley, some of us were able to see the *Aulularia* of Plautus which was acted at the College on November 1st.

A much larger party attended an entertainment given by 'The Frivolities' at Abingdon on Wednesday, November 24th.

The Rev. E. D. Stone, late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, preached to us at S. Nicolas Church on Sunday, November 28th; and on December 12th, two most interesting sermons on behalf of the C.M.S. were preached to us by the Rev. E. W. Cox.

Many of the older boys of the School availed themselves of an opportunity, on December 7th, of attending a lecture in the Corn Exchange by Mr. James C. Liddiard, F.R.G.S., on 'Bible Work among the Cannibal Islands.'

H. T. Habgood and A. E. Trinder have been awarded their football colours.

L. C. Davies, Scholar of Christ's College, Cambridge, has taken his degree.

T. F. Bowman has passed the final examination of the Incorporated Law Society.

The Rev. C. F. A. Wimberley has been appointed to the charge of Fasque, nr. Fettercairn, N.B.

G. H. G. Shepherd won the 100 yards, the 220 and the Weight in the Pembroke College Sports. He was also second in the Long Jump. In the Freshmen's Sports he put the weight 34ft. 8in., not merely 34ft. as inadvertently stated in our last.

Members of the Sixth, Fifth, and Remove Forms saw Hamlet acted in the Corn Exchange on Wednesday, December 7th, by Mr. F. R. Benson's Company.

The following boys were confirmed by The Bishop of Oxford on Sunday, December 5th, in S. Helen's Church:—

School House:—F. L. Baber, L. O. Burge, B. S. Marshall, A. G. Shepherd, H. E. L. Walker.

Tesdale House:—G. J. H. Ashwin, J. C. Vivian, W. C. Williams.

Day Boys:—F. T. Buckle, H. A. L. Doukin, S. R. Hamblin.

Mr. John Aston, M.A., formerly Scholar of Christ Church, Oxford, who gave temporary help here one Summer term, has become joint Headmaster of St. Clare Preparatory School, Walmer, Kent.

Next term will begin on Thursday, January 20th. Boys in the School House and in Tesdale House will return on Wednesday, January 19th.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following contemporaries:—The Bloxhamist (2), The Leightonian, The Oxford High School Magazine, The Ban-croftian, The United Services College Magazine, The Ipswich School Magazine.

ABINGDONIAN ACCOUNTS.

No. 15. Vol. IV.

Receipts.				£	s.	d.
Boarders ..	..	..	..	1	4	6
A.O.C. ..	..	..	..	3	10	1½
Other Purchasers ..	..	..	..	1	5	0
				5	19	7½

Expenditure.				£	s.	d.
Burgess & Son, Printing 300 copies,	..	..	..			
12 pages ..	..	..	..	3	8	0
Postage ..	..	..	..			
Balance ..	..	..	..	2	4	10½
				5	19	7½

PLAYGROUND IMPROVEMENT FUND.

The following donations have been already promised:—

The Rev. T. Layng, Head-Master	...	...	10	10	0
Mr. A. E. Preston	...	...	10	0	0
Mr. G. W. Shepherd, President of O.A. Club	...	...	5	5	0
Mr. J. T. Morland	...	...	5	5	0
Mr. E. M. Challenor	...	...	5	5	0
Mr. W. A. Rudd	...	...	5	0	0
Mr. J. H. E. Morland	...	...	3	3	0
Mr. H. Burkett	...	...	3	3	0
Mr. C. A. Pryce...	...	...	3	3	0
Rev. R. F. Ashwin	...	...	2	2	0
Mr. A. H. Lewis	...	...	1	1	0
Mr. G. H. G. Shepherd	...	...	1	1	0
Mr. J. G. Shepherd	...	...	1	1	0
Mr. James Townsend	...	...	1	1	0
Mr. W. T. Morland	...	...	1	1	0
Mr. A. W. Morland	...	...	1	1	0
Mr. A. O. C. Pryce	...	...	1	1	0
Mr. F. H. Pryce	...	...	1	1	0
Miss Layng	...	...	1	1	0
Mr. H. A. Payne	...	...	10	6	
Mr. H. M. Rudd	...	...	10	6	
Mr. C. O. Wright	...	...	10	6	

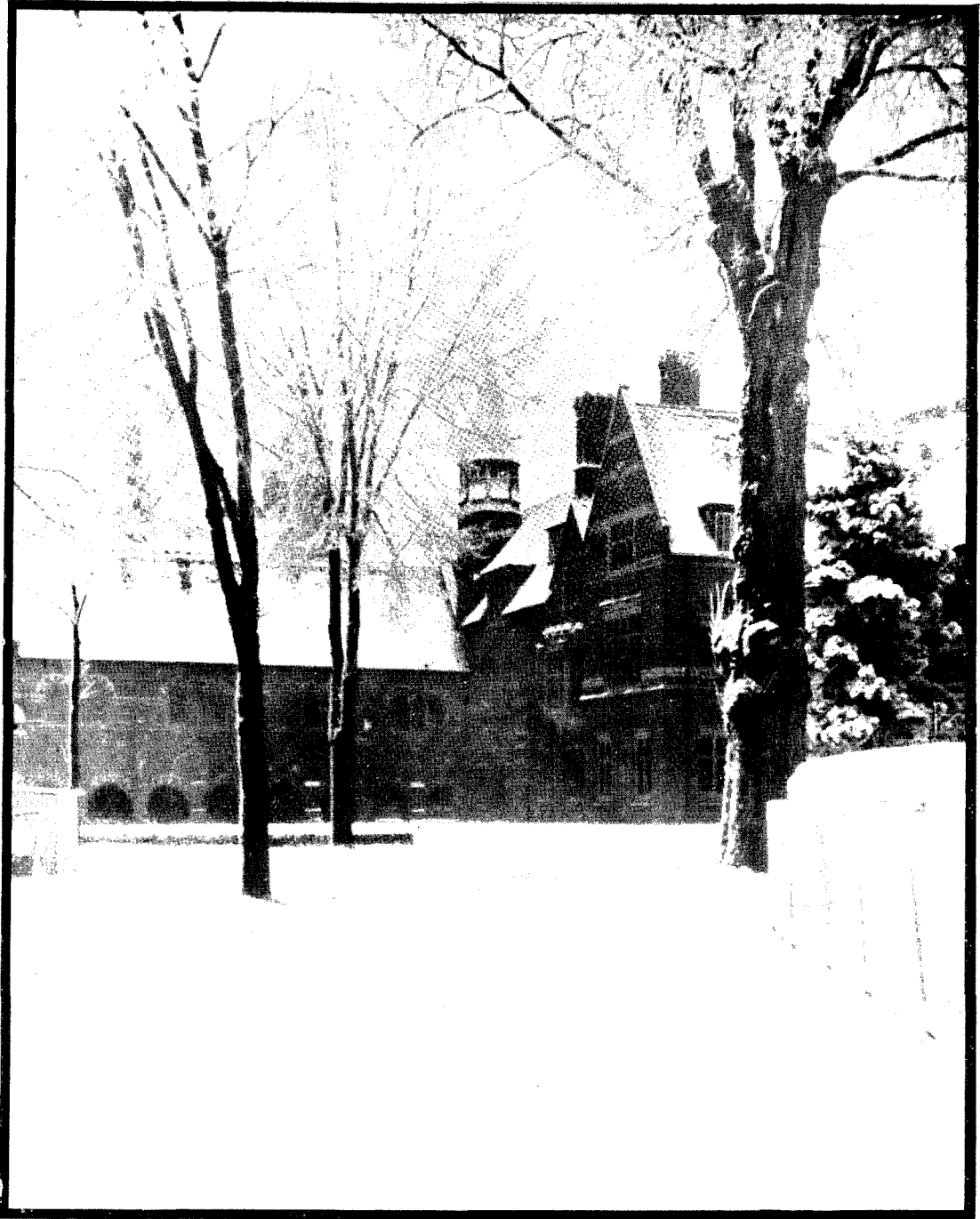
Contributions may be paid into the 'Playground Improvement Fund' at the London, County & Westminster Bank, Abingdon, or to any of the undersigned:—

WILLIAM ARTHUR RUDD, M.A., Chairman of School Games
Committee,—School House, Abingdon.

LIONEL L'ESTRANGE EDWARDS, Secretary of School Games
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—31, Bath Street, Abingdon.

OSCAR B. CHALLENOR, (Colours for Cricket, Football, Rowing
and Athletics, 1909),—The Firs, Abingdon.



ABINGDON SCHOOL, WINTER.

By S. Harold Baker.