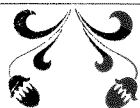


Vol. 4.

No. 20.

# The Abingdonian.

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Misericordias Domini



in aeternum cantabo.

CHRISTMAS \* NUMBER.

1910.

ONE SHILLING.

Misericordias  
Domini



in aeternum  
cantabo.

# THE ABINGDONIAN.

No. 20. Vol. IV.

DECEMBER, 1910.

Price 1/-.

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## EDITORIAL.

WE tender our hearty thanks to all who have so readily responded to our appeal on behalf of our Christmas Number, and trust that those whose contributions we find ourselves unable to publish, will not be discouraged in making further efforts in the future.

We wish our readers the Compliments of the Season.

## ANNOUNCEMENT OF OUR GREAT "CHRISTMAS HAMPER" COMPETITION!

FUTURE LAUREATES' LYRICS!!!

## ODE TO DECEMBER!

No doubt all our Readers are burning with anxiety to hear the Result of the Great Competition which has proved such an unbounded success. The subject, an "Ode to December," proved somewhat difficult, and we do not venture to publish more than two poems of those which we think fully deserved the prize so generously presented to us by one of our esteemed country subscribers. The said HAMPER arrived in excellent condition *last month*, and we understand that the pheasants, (particularly strong birds, too!) were

shot on the donor's own estate. The winner of the Competition is not required to return the Hamper. We might make so bold as to suggest he should send a small fraction of his bounty to his poetic antagonist, who has been awarded the second place; and, should such a delightful partition of the sweets of Victory take place, we should feel honoured if "Ricketie" would favour us, (if fit for publication) with his poetic thanks to the proud prize winner.

Doubtless all our readers will remember the special conditions of the Competition, and seeing that its success may justify us in arranging another, (under corresponding conditions) we should recommend intending competitors—and *Remember!* anyone may win, *provided he draws the right poem*, (it is of course quite unnecessary that he should have written it, though, owing to a remarkable coincidence, the prize on this occasion *does* go, fittingly enough, to the actual author of the poem)—so that, to return, (not to the hamper) we emphatically recommend our readers to buy up back numbers of this periodical,—only a few are left, and exigencies of space prevent our again publishing the conditions.—*They have appeared for absolutely the last time!* and, to effect an absolute clearance, we are offering them in small lots of six numbers at a time, price for 6 copies 5/6, postage extra.

We now venture to present the prize-winning masterpieces, regretting that

we cannot publish the extremely dainty poem commencing:—

“hwy i lik it is becos  
ripin Crismus coms.”

though assuring the Author that success evidently awaits him in the near future. We refrained, however, from printing it in company with the following unparalleled effusions.

### THE PRIZE POEM.

#### ODE TO DECEMBER.

Out into the splurgeous murki—  
—Ness of splosy grugie lanes,  
(Fréquented in Summer Sunshine  
By amative cozening swains)  
All through squaling smesly ploughed  
fields  
Drugious skramps of smairshous  
swamp,  
Comes dull, dank December's dudgeon,  
Giving Mortal Man the HUMP!

SPRINGBROKE.

In selecting the Prize Poem, we might mention that the closing day of the competition was one of our too infrequent holidays, and that our old friend, Pluvial Jup, was apparently working overtime; so that, if we had inserted and prize-crowned one of the more vivacious elegies sent in, we might have forfeited the great reputation we possess of being “in Season”; and, (like the prize we offer) of being held high in the estimation of our readers.

We have, then, awarded the prize to “Springbroke,” and a cursory glance will convince every critic of the justice of the award, if only for the fact that,

with regard to the actual poem, there is less of it!

We append the poem that was placed second:—

## II.

## ODE TO DECEMBER.

Hail we the morn, as dawns the Festive Month

With frosty cheering brightness in the day!

And each mud pudlet, crisp, coagulate,  
And grassy blades all touched with hoary spray!

And now 'tis Noon! Changéd the Heaven's mien

No sun shines out, nor e'er a glimpse of blue!

The sky as dull as liquid, pumpéd from a ditch,

The clouds a neutral tint of Irishstew!

Now, as the seconds rush so swiftly by,  
Scamper down raindrops, falling from above;

Downwards they come, and speeding,  
greet the Earth,

Pressing her cold damp cheek with  
Kiss of Love!

"Love?"—Yes! Because exigencies of rhyme

Give little choice. (I might have chosen "dove")

Save that *that* dickybird is too superior quite

Into these rampant rhymes his beak to shove!)

Now roving bands of cloud congealéd drops

Fill every hollow of the Market Place,  
Till prancing steed his foot deposits,—  
quick!

And Lo! Those loving drops now greet  
your face!

Cold, cold the wind, and eke those drop-  
lets too,

That shrubs' and trees' bare boughs  
with moisture fleck!

Loathing the rain, these rudely shake  
them down

'Twixt passing stranger's collar and his  
neck!

So is To-day! To-morrow smiles the  
sun!

And warm: and moist, the softening  
breeze now blows,

Each mortal *pants*, with flannel *vests*  
too warm,

And to discard them on the Morrow  
vows!

So comes the 'Flu and Bronchial Catarrh,  
Stiffening the limbs and making tem-  
pers rough,

So that by Christma— —"Why d'you  
interrupt?"

"Stop?" — "Your'e not *listening*?"  
"NO, we've had enough!"

RICKETIE.

STOP PRESS. As we go to Press, we have an important Announcement to make. It appears certain that "Springbroke's" name is destined to live in the Annals of "Civilisation" as the winner of the "Daily Mail's" latest prize of £10,000. The Hamper he has so nobly won, appears to be rapidly metamorphosing into an AEROPLANE of the first magnitude.

## A BALLAD OF 1912.

Don't kick those bags, for if you kick  
Too hard to warm your feet,  
Then Dick, I and you  
And the rollicking crew  
Will scatter in grisly sleet.

Yes, those we drop on fort and town,  
And sometimes on sleeping deck;  
And the sullen roar  
Will distantly soar  
To tell us of havoc and wreck.

We must watch for the foeman's scout,  
That glides in his airy car—  
Then straight must we know  
If his ship can go  
Like the dust of a shooting star.

Up we go in the bitter cold,  
Nor stint we the engine's fuel:  
Now is the tussle  
Of brain and muscle,  
Or we drip to the ground like gruel.

Others have sung the song of the coach  
With its whip and horn of yore,  
And its prancing team,  
And the passenger's dream  
Of the mounted man at the door.

Others have told of ship and of car,  
And told of the crawling train,  
That smoulders and shakes  
And rattles and quakes  
Far down on the darkling plain.

Ours be the ballad of measureless space  
Of bird-like motion so free,  
As our flying ship  
All freely doth slip  
Aloft over land and sea.

For we are the merriest scouts of war  
That ever have shaken the earth;  
We hover and steal,  
We cycle and wheel  
Up here in our tremulous berth.

When once you are caught by the  
perilous love  
Of the ship that soars like the bird,  
In vain do you try  
For to quit the sky  
And settle down there with the herd.

As sailors long for another ship  
And yearn for the cruel sea,  
So Dick, I and you  
And the rollicking crew  
Aloft, till we die, must be.

T.

---

 UNDER ARREST.

"Come now, explain," said the  
English Police Officer. The villager  
scratched his head and said:

"Ko Ba ran off."

"Begin at the beginning. How am I  
to understand if you start in the  
middle?" said the officer. The villager  
scratched his head again, and then sat  
down on the floor.

"It was the Deputy Commissioner  
who began, not I," he remarked.

"Well!" said the officer, "what did  
he do?"

"Oh! well! He came early this  
morning to my village with soldiers  
on horseback, and surrounded it."

"Go on."

"I was in bed—We were all  
in bed, for it was cold. My wife  
was lighting the fire. The tinder was

damp and she went to borrow fire next door. But the woman next door is disagreeable, as your Honour would know, and she—”

“What did the Commissioner do?”

“He sent for me. I was very much surprised and thought it all a joke. Then the Commissioner said: ‘You are a rebel, a friend of rebels, a robber and a dacoit. Your aunt’s cousin married the grandfather of the dacoit San Dun’s wife and you lent him money! I replied ‘It is true your Honour: I am related to him, as you say, but that is my misfortune, not my fault, and I also lent him money. But is lending money a crime?—Especially if one is not repaid: and he never paid me a far-thing.’”

“Did the Commissioner arrest you?”

“The Commissioner said to this Sarzin here, ‘Collar him.’ So I was caught. But I am a respectable merchant and asked the Commissioner why I was being treated like this. He replied, ‘For helping the rebels with food and money, and because your grandmother married San Dun’s aunt.’ Then he mounted and rode off.”

“Another man was arrested also?”

“Certainly, Ko Ba was. But he is a bad character—a ne’er-do-well. You see he has run off, while I am here in proper arrest, discoursing with your Honour.”

“When did you leave the village to come to headquarters?”

“When the sun was about three cubits high. It is a long way here and one gets hungry. About noon the

Sarzin said, ‘we will halt here.’ So we stopped under a tree and the head man of the village sent us food. There were also two cigars. I said ‘give me a smoke,’ but the Sarzin said ‘You are under arrest, so you can’t smoke.’ Then we all went to sleep. The Sarzin said, ‘Pool! how hot it is! I must sleep.’ So he told a constable to watch us, and went to sleep. He snored. I don’t think it good for government to have a Sarzin who snores. I could hardly get to sleep myself.

“When did he wake you up?”

“He didn’t.”

“You never woke?”

“Not me. I dreamed. The Sarzin poked me with his boot—a very uncultivated person!—and said ‘where is Ko Ba?’ I said ‘He is under arrest.’ ‘He has run away,’ said the Sarzin. The Sarzin was very angry with the constable, and called him many rude names. The Constable got angry, and they quarrelled. Then they made peace and consulted.

“What did they say?”

“The Sarzin said, ‘This is very serious, you will be hanged.’ And the Constable said, ‘so will you, because you are a Sarzin.’” ‘We have to die anyhow,’ said the Sarzin. Then at last, because they didn’t want to be hanged or fined by your Honour, they decided to run off. The Constable did so immediately. It was still very hot, so the Sarzin said he would wait. The Sarzin is somewhat stout, as your Honour sees. It is not good for men

like that to be about in the sun.’

“Then what happened?” The Sarzin took off his belt and sword, and I sat down beside him. When he awoke, I said, ‘Your sword is too pointed.’” ‘But the Sarzin said, ‘Give me my sword and get away.’” ‘I am under arrest,’ I said. But he only said, ‘Get out.’ ‘This is all very well, your Honour, but the Commissioner arrested me; and who is a fat pig of a Sarzin to let me go? Why should I wish to lead the life of a wild cat jumping in the jungle?’ ‘Very well,’ he said, ‘Go to gaol, but give me my sword.’ Now I saw how fat and stupid the Sarzin was, so I took the sword up and made him march in front of me here to your Honour, and I came after with the sword. Shall I give it to him?”

“Give it me,” said the officer.

The villager rose and laid it on the table. The officer called in his orderly and told him to have the Sarzin put under arrest. Then, turning to the peasant, he said, “You may go back home.”

H.W.B.B.

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#### THE MONASTIC INN.

We reprint for the benefit of our readers an extract from an article in the *Guardian*, of December 2nd.

“Few remains of monastic guest-houses are now to be found in England. There is, however, at Abingdon, amid the scanty ruins of the great mitred Abbey of St. Mary, a long building of two floors—the lower part of flint and

rubble, the upper floor of timber and brick nogging—adjoining a fine, though mutilated, thirteenth-century building known as the Prior’s Lodging. The long building has generally been thought an infirmary for sick monks, or has otherwise been considered a hospital for ailing townfolk, and certainly the medical skill of the monks of Abingdon is known to have been of an exceptional order. At other times the building has been styled the “Guest-house;” and this, it would seem, in the light of later investigations, is the correct title. A guest-house existed here from the thirteenth century, when rules for it were drawn up. The Hospitaller, or Ostler, was enjoined by these statutes to be “magnificent, officious in hospitality, “not given to tale-bearing or changing “his skin, a good talker, a clever arguer, “discreet in silence, and ready to learn.” It would be interesting to know precisely how this functionary could have “changed his skin,” and if a person in any way answering to these varied requirements were ever found. Also, if such a one, once caught, kept his situation for long. The guest who sought the hospitality of the Abbey had, on his part, to put up with a good deal. First, he was had into the church, there to seek pardon for any sins he might have committed on the way. Thence he was taken to the Abbot’s parlour, where he was received with a *benedicite*. At last he won his way to the refectory and was given wherewith to sustain his fainting body. Early he went to bed, for those were times when folk retired

almost with the coming of night; but his sleep was early broken by the bell calling to Matins. He was, of course, expected to attend that service. Such was hospitality as understood in the monasteries in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; and, even so, travellers were generally allowed to stay only two nights.

The guests sat at table in the refectory according to their station in life. They slept in the upper floor of the long building, in dormitories of which the plan may still be seen at Abingdon, although much of the internal woodwork is gone. The long room which the stranger now sees is divided by stout timber posts running along one side, leaving a narrow passage the whole length of the structure. This passage is lighted by a row of timber mullions, forming, as it were, windows; only they are windows that were never glazed. The passage, indeed, is exactly on the same plan as that which survived in the old galleried hostelries familiar to our grandfathers of the coaching age, and of which the only example now left in London is at "The George" in Southwark, although a fine specimen, still in everyday use, may be seen at the noble "New Inn" at Gloucester, a monastic guest-house built in 1450-1457 by JOHN TWYNNING, and an inn in monastic or secular hands from that day to this. The building at Abingdon is now naked enough; but when it was a guest-house the interior was subdivided by partitions into eight or nine bedrooms, giving upon the long, draughty passage. It

is curious to observe in the Treasurer's accounts of the Abbey that it was at a later period—*circa* 1396-1415—called the New Inn, and it is to be inferred that somewhere about this period the Abbey entirely gave up the practice of entertaining travellers, and turned the obligation over to a secular innkeeper, as purely a matter of business.

A guest-house still exists outside the great gateway of Battle Abbey. It is of the fifteenth century, and nowadays, with some appropriateness, supplies teas and such-like refreshments to visitors to the Abbey ruins. As centuries went on and travelling increased, the practice already noted at Abingdon of letting off the guest-house into secular control seems to have been followed. At what time "The Angel" at Grantham, formerly maintained by the Hospitallers, finally became a secular inn does not appear. The grand old frontage survives, as also does that of "The George" at Glastonbury, which is known to have been built by ABBOT SELWOOD about 1480. Another "George," that at Norton St. Philip, Somerset, owes its origin to the Priory at Hinton Charterhouse, and remains one of the most picturesque, while a few vestiges of the old galleried "George" at Winchcombe are still to be discovered."

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HORACE, CARM. I. 9.

See, white with snow Soracte stands:  
The trees upbear with trembling hands  
The winter's weight: the rivers flow  
No more, the keen frost binds them so.



Spare not the logs ! pile up again,  
 And force the cold to loose its chain :  
 Decant the Sabine vineyard's gold—  
 That's right, my boy—the four-year-old !

That's right ! Now, God dispose the  
 rest !  
 He calms the ocean's troubled breast  
 And bids the bullying winds be still,  
 While ash and cypress sleep their fill.

Inquire not thou thy future fate,  
 But place to credit, on the slate,  
 Each day Fate gives, and reap all joy  
 That love and sport can yield, my boy !

Before swift fretful age hath power  
 Now is the time to keep thine hour !  
 Soft whispers woo thee to the grove  
 Or meadow, to the tryst of love.

Now from the corner ripples clear  
 The tell-tale laugh—she's hiding there !  
 Go, take love's token from her wrist—  
 'Tis but pretence if she resist.

W.H.P.

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#### A COMPLAINT.

Dear Sir,

I write you this letter, which I may at once assure you contains not the ghostliest flavour of humour, to complain : not, as you might suppose, of the weather, or even of the General Election, but of the lack of a School Ghost.

What, I ask your readers, is Christmas without a Ghost ? I had listened to several p̄itiful complaints from present members of the School of the want of this necessary addition to the curri-

culum ; my heart was touched, and I determined to supply this long-felt want. I determined too, from long experience of the peculiar characteristics of the Transparent Tribe, to make my attempt during one of my nocturnal expeditions. I may mention here, without fear of consequences, that it is my frequent habit during the still and creepy hours of the night to visit the School cabbage patch. To that fateful and never-to-be-forgotten spot I repair

‘ Armed with a hoe and a shovel also  
 To dig till I gently perspire.’

My object, Sir ? Hidden treasure : and I will confide to you in strictest confidence, that I have as yet acquired three brace-buttons and a mildewed bone. But there is worse to follow : That Ghost !—I cannot think of it without a groan—was not a Ghost in the true sense of the word : it was a mere flavour, if I may say so, the wizened penumbra of some long-forgotten spirit worn thin with over-much squeezing through key-holes. It hovered like a blue haze above the cabbages : I believe it must have been fond of them, for, although I walked round it with my shovel in my teeth, it remained brooding above their sleeping and unconscious heads. The third time that we met (that was the great occasion when I found the bone, and I think it must have encouraged me) I grew bolder and offered it a cigarette, though upon mature consideration it seemed foolish to offer smoke to a mouthless mist : I asked it its name too, ‘and it sighed like a thing that is deeply distressed’ That sigh,

Sir, began with a B. and—note the pathos of it—ended with A.R.D. I swooned upon the “business” end of my trusty hoe, and a light broke upon me: for I was deceived, and my ghost was no ghost: it was but the local personification, the “astral body” of a living man—of the School’s oldest and hoariest retainer, of the guardian of the cabbages. I sought my bed, filled with agony, despair, and fog, leaving to a better man my late-found treasures, my hoe and shovel, and—the task of providing the School with a fit and proper Ghost.

Yours disgustedly,

The most futile of Ghost Hunters.

C.P.

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#### ON SCHOOL ATHLETICS.

As this is the last issue of “The Abingdonian” which will be published before the School Sports, perhaps a few remarks on Training would not be out of place. Training is taken too seriously in some aspects, and not seriously enough in others. The reason for this is that, while at the School, most of us do not understand what Training really means. It does *not* mean starving one’s self almost to death, and running four or five times round the Park before breakfast; nor does it mean doing “a Stone Wall” every afternoon of the week, and putting the Weight on the gravel three or four times a day. The minute one goes into training one needs *more* food—*not less*. Be careful only to avoid potatoes, new bread, and sweets.

Buy fruit instead of sweets. Now as to “Stone Walls.” They were never very great friends of the writer, and he often got called a “slacker” in consequence. Of course they are excellent for getting fresh air,—a thing which is most important for training. They may be indulged in with safety up to within three weeks of the sports, but not longer. Their great disadvantage is that they teach one to run flat-footed (which is fatal), to bring up the wrong muscles, and to stiffen the ankles. Thus, as soon as one gets on the track, one has to begin all over again. If you must run round the stone wall, stop for breath on the way the first two or three times. It is running one’s self out while untrained that so often causes heart trouble.

Now we come to the serious part of Training. Begin your training three weeks before the Sports. During the whole of the first week never let Hurdles or Jumps or hard Sprints enter your mind. Simply turn out every afternoon (it will not matter if you miss one or two) and run one lap slowly, then rest. Always begin your training with this slow lap. After ten minutes rest the long distance people may run two laps without stopping, while the short distance people do two more with a rest in between. All should finish by doing a couple of 30 or 40-yard sprints, and (if they feel like it) one more slow lap. This will do for the first two days. On the third day, after their first slow lap, the Milers and Half-Milers may run two fast laps without stopping, while the Quarter-Milers and Sprinters do one lap

fast. Do the same on the next two days.

This next week is to be a week of hard work. Everybody begins and ends his training each day with one slow lap. The Milers and Half-Milers may run their distances twice during this week, and so may the Quarter-Milers. The latter and the Sprinters must now begin their starting practice, which must be indulged in every day up to the Sports. For Sprinters nothing is more important. The all-fours method is much the best, and may be grasped at once by reading J. W. Morton's book on 100 yards in Spaldings Sixpenny Athletic Library. Learn to get off with the signal. Two pieces of wood clapped together will serve for a gun. This week begin practice on the Hurdles and Jumps, but never jump more than five times at each. Get all the work you can out of yourselves this week, and always remember to run on the toes. During the week immediately before the Sports do almost the same as the week before, only a little less. Do not turn out at all the day before the Sports.

Abingdon School has a larger reputation for keenness in Athletics than it knows of itself, and that it should keep up this reputation is the sincere wish of all who have had anything to do with the A.S.A.C.

One word as to the Old Boys' Sports. We all agree it was a very great pity that they fell through last year, and hope that this will never happen again. If Old Boys who can spare the time to run, will only drop a postcard to the Hon.

Sec., and offer their services, he will have a far larger number to select his team from, and the Past v. Present Sports will be as successful as they have ever been at Abingdon.

G.H.G.S.

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### FOOTBALL.

#### 1st XI. MATCHES.

On Saturday, November 19th, we met Leighton Park School on our ground. Our forwards were weak, and Graham at back and Ashwin on the wing were very uncertain. Donkin and Trinder played quite well. We lost the match by 5 goals to 2, which were scored by Tame. The School team was as follows:—(Goal) G. Wilson; (Backs) E. M. Graham and C. E. Cook; (Halves) A. E. Trinder, F. Parker and H. A. L. Donkin; (Forwards) G. J. H. Ashwin, H. V. Campbell, S. Leach, E. G. Tame and H. W. C. Barnes.

After resting for a fortnight, matches being scratched on account of bad weather, we visited All Saints' School, Bloxham, A. Eason and L. O. Burge replacing E. M. Graham and G. J. H. Ashwin. After a very poor game we ran out winners by 6 goals to 1. The scorers were—H. W. C. Barnes (2), E. G. Tame (2), S. Leach (1), H. V. Campbell (1).

#### A.S.F.C. 2nd XI. MATCHES.

On Wednesday, the 16th of November, our 2nd XI. played Magdalen College School 2nd XI. on our ground. The School had the best of the game all through, winning by 18 goals to 0. Payne, Haywood and Leach played

well for the School. The scorers were—Payne (8), Crook (4), Bury (3), Leach (2), Haywood (1). The School team was as follows:—(Goal) F. W. Lupton; (Backs) E. M. Graham and H. A. N. Medd; (Halves) W. H. Enoch, R. B. Leach and E. A. Mortleman; (Forwards) L. O. Burge, E. E. Crook, J. G. Payne, B. J. Bury, R. Haywood.

The next match was against Leighton Park School 2nd XI. A. Pratt and B. J. Bury took the places of Eason and Graham. Our forwards were weak, but the halves were very good. The form shown by Haywood and Enoch was especially worthy of commendation. We lost the match by 2 to 0.

The team were again successful against New College School. E. H. Thomas and G. J. H. Ashwin replaced H. A. N. Medd and L. O. Burge. On the whole the play was rather poor, but the result was a win for the School by 4 goals to 1, Payne (2), Pratt (1), and Crook (1).

The return Match against All Saints' School, Bloxham 2nd XI. took place on Wednesday, December 7th. W. C. Williams, E. M. Graham and H. A. N. Medd, being substituted for R. B. Leach, E. H. Thomas and A. Eason. Williams played quite well. The match ended in a win for the School by 12 goals to nil. Pratt (3), Haywood (3), Crook (2), Payne (2), Williams (2).

## CHARACTERS OF THE XI.

F. Parker (colours 1909: centre half). Gives a good example to the team in energy and keenness. He is a good tackler, a sound kick and heads the ball well. Is at times apt to over-reach in playing the ball.

A. E. Trinder (colours 1909: left half). Has done good work for the team this season: he feeds his forwards extremely well, and is a very accurate shot.

G. Wilson (colours 1909: goal). Has defended the goal with great success. He kicks very powerfully, but is apt to run out from his position too much while clearing. Should use his hands more.

E. V. Dyke (colours 1908: left back). Has unfortunately been unable to play in most of our matches. He is an extremely clever player, and in the few matches in which he has turned out he has been simply invaluable to his side.

H. A. L. Donkin (colours 1910: right half). Has improved steadily throughout the season. He is a very sound tackler and makes up for lack of pace by a good knowledge of his position. He is quick to take a back pass, and feeds his forwards very accurately.

C. E. Cook (colours 1910: right back). Unattractive in style, but on the whole an effective player. He is a fair tackler, but a poor kick.

E. G. Tame (colours 1910: inside right). Undoubtedly the best of the

forwards. He is an example to the others in pace and dash. He combines well and is an excellent shot.

S. Leach (colours 1909 : centre forward). Dribbles well, and is a very fair shot. He has not, however, the stamina or the pace necessary for his position, and is apt to be put off his game by big and bustling backs.

H. V. Campbell (colours 1910 : inside left). A plucky player with a fair amount of dash. He heads the ball cleverly and combines well with his wing man. Is a poor shot, and should learn to dribble instead of trying to knock his opponents over.

H. W. C. Barnes (outside right). An improving player. He plays a resolute game and combines well with his half and inside man. He is at present lacking in pace, but should be very useful next year.

G. J. H. Ashwin (outside left). He started the season well, but has gradually deteriorated. He appears incapable of controlling the ball, or of centreing at the proper moment, and is too apt to try and shoot from impossible angles.

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#### LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

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The Society met in the Pembroke Room, on Friday, November 11th, at 4.15 p.m., with the Vice-President in the chair.

The minutes of the meeting held on October 27th, were read.

Mr. Baker asked whether it would not make elections more interesting if each member represented an imaginary constituency.

The honourable member was asked to bring his suggestion forward at a subsequent meeting, if he wished it to become a rule of the Society.

The minutes of the meeting held on Oct. 27th, were then passed, and the minutes of the previous meeting were also read, and duly passed.

Mr. E. H. Thomas was then called upon to propose that rule XI. should read "That every school Member of the Society be required to speak twice every session, and, in the event of his failing his membership lapses."

Mr. H. W. B. Burkett seconded the motion.

The following also spoke :—*Pro.* Mr. R. B. Leach. *Contra.* Mr. H. H. Gibson.

Mr. Baker asked what the words "twice every session" meant—whether a member who spoke at a meeting and then again to explain himself, or to ask an explanation from another member, was considered to have spoken "twice in the session."

To make the point at issue perfectly clear, the words at "two separate meetings" were substituted for "twice every session."

Mr. H. A. N. Medd asked whether the "two separate meetings" would include the impromptu debate, and was informed that they would.

Mr. W. C. Williams, held that members ought to exercise their oratorical powers twice a session, besides the

impromptu debate, and proposed that the rule should read as follows. "That every school member of the Society be required to speak twice every session, excluding the impromptu debate, and, in the event of his failing to do so, his membership lapses.

The motion was passed by 20 votes to nil.

Mr. R. B. Leach was then called upon to propose:—"That in a debate no member speak more than twice on the same night (unless it be to explain himself) except the opener and opposer of a motion." Mr. C. P. Puckridge seconded the motion. Mr. S. H. Baker spoke against it.

The motion was lost by 14 votes to 9.

Mr. R. Haywood was then called upon to propose:—"That in the opinion of this house, Socialism tends to eradicate patriotism."

The following also spoke:—*Pro.* Messrs. B. S. Marshall, E. H. Thomas, E. M. Graham, R. B. Leach, E. A. Mortleman. *Contra.* Messrs. H. V. Campbell, C. E. Cook, A. E. Trinder, H. W. B. Burkett.

Mr. W. C. Williams also addressed the house, but for which side was uncertain.

The motion was won by 12 votes to 10.

The Society met in the Pembroke room on Friday, November 18th, at 4.15 p.m. with the Vice-President in the chair.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and passed.

Mr. A. C. Vivian was called upon to propose "That in the opinion of this House Nationalisation of Railways would be to the advantage of the Nation." Mr. C. E. Cook seconded, Mr. H. E. L. Walker opposed the motion.

The following also spoke:—*Pro.* Messrs. H. W. B. Burkett, R. B. Leach. *Contra.* Messrs. B. S. Marshall, E. M. Graham, H. A. L. Donkin, E. H. Thomas, S. H. Baker, H. A. N. Medd, E. A. Mortleman, W. C. Williams, R. Haywood.

The following also spoke, as they wished to explain themselves:—Messrs. E. A. Mortleman, H. E. L. Walker, B. S. Marshall.

Mr. W. C. Williams wished to correct a statement in Mr. E. A. Mortleman's speech, but since a member may only address the House once, he was not allowed to do so.

The motion was lost by 6 votes to 20.

The Society met in the Pembroke room on Friday, November 25th, at 4.15 p.m. with the Vice-President in the chair.

Mr. H. W. B. Burkett was called upon to propose "That in the opinion of this House the ambitions of the German Emperor menace the peace and safety of Europe." Mr. G. J. H. Ashwin seconded the motion. Mr. R. B. Leach opposed. Mr. C. P. Puckridge spoke for the motion.

Mr. R. B. Leach used his privilege as opposer of the motion, and addressed the House twice.

The motion was carried by 9 votes to six.

The Society met in the Pembroke Room, on Friday, December 2nd, at 4.15 p.m. with the Vice-President in the chair.

The minutes of the two previous meetings were read, and referred back to the secretary for correction.

Mr. E. H. Thomas was then called upon to propose "That in the opinion of this House the Growth in power of the Eastern Nations is a threat to Western Civilization." Mr. W. C. Williams seconded the motion. Mr. H. A. L. Donkin opposed.

The following also spoke:—*Pro.* Messrs. G. Wilson, J. Harvey, E. A. Mortleman, H. A. N. Medd. *Contra.* Messrs. H. W. B. Burkett, A. C. Vivian, R. B. Leach, L. A. Weaving, V. Comfort, H. E. L. Walker, H. H. Gibson, H. V. Campbell. Mr. Baker also addressed the House. Mr. Marshall asked the honourable member to explain his speech, and he replied to the satisfaction of the House, if not to Mr. Marshall's.

The motion was lost by 16 votes to 7.

### SPRUCE CREEK.

A PROPHECY

BY

CHARLES T. BAKER, O.A.,  
Of Atlin, Yukon Territory.

Since distant ages, since that first decade,  
When time was young, the world but newly made,

E'en since the time the great Sun-God  
Ended the glacial period,  
My crystal waters had gone babbling on  
Through gorge and swamp and cañon.  
The monster mountain rising sheer  
and gaunt,

The home which phantoms weird and  
mystic shadows haunt.

The wooded slopes, the spruce-clad glen,  
Where undisturbed the she-bear makes  
her den.

The shady nook where 'neath the trees,  
The fire-weed nods approval to the  
breeze,

The towering snow-clad peak, the sheer  
abyss,

The chasms and the precipice,  
All knew the rhythm of the song,  
I' murmured, as I flowed along.

Ne'er fearing harm, the stately moose  
Would find a shelter midst my pine  
and spruce

And peacefully would sleep and browse  
On banks where rest the ptarmigan  
and grouse.

Then oft a caribou would come and  
drink

And quaff the waters at my rocky  
brink,

Or standing knee-deep in the water cool  
Would solemn watch the grayling in  
the pool.

Then tired, neath spreading balsam  
tree,

List to my lazy lullaby.

While no usurper ever dare intrude  
Upon my peaceful, silent solitude.  
So 'midst a world that leads a life of  
ease,

That knows no master, and has only  
 self to please,  
 Alone of all, no respite do I know,  
 But onward, onward ceaseless, tiring flow  
 And speeding down the long and steep  
 decline  
 I join the waters with my sister "Pine,"  
 until  
 The autumnal blast blows cold and chill  
 And nature seems to whisper, "Peace be  
 still."  
 Then the big white world its heavy eyes  
 would close  
 And months and months lie comatose.  
 I, all unheeding, 'neath the ice would  
 hide  
 And slowly, unobserved, would onward,  
 onward glide,  
 And patiently would lie and wait,  
 While all the rest would hibernate.  
 But at length, the coming spring,  
 Breathes new life in everything  
 And the pulse of nature seems once  
 more to beat,  
 Set in motion by the sun's new heat.  
 Then, casting off my winter cloak,  
 I break and burst the frozen yoke,  
 And through the canon ramping, raging,  
 roar,  
 Mad with wild joy to be alive once  
 more.  
 I make the woods resound, and answer-  
 ing ring,  
 My banks to tremble, 'mid the moun-  
 tains' echoing.  
 The world I challenge.—Who my flood  
 would stay?  
 Who bar my progress?—Who dare say  
 me nay?  
 And as I swiftly, swiftly flow,  
 Or near or far all things shall know,  
 That "Spruce" no longer sleeps, and  
 now awake  
 Would wash the mountain downward  
 to the lake.  
 Aghast all near would seem to say,  
 "Is this that hidden creek of yester-  
 day?"  
 So be it neath the summer sun or  
 winter snow,  
 Tho' seasons come and seasons go,  
 Methought no change would ever be,

To break the sweet monotony.  
 Foolish is he, who leans upon a bending  
 reed  
 Which, breaking lacerates the trusting  
 hand—  
 More foolish, still is he who builds  
 A castle with foundations on the sand.  
 For lo, alas, at last there came a day  
 When reed was broken, castle swept  
 away  
 Man had at length the secret guessed,  
 Which lay for centuries, hidden in my  
 breast.  
 Oh, woe the day that I did first behold  
 This last of God's creations, seeking  
 gold.  
 Where is the stately grandeur? The  
 beauty, that was mine,  
 Now in the mire lies trampled, as  
 pearls 'neath feet of swine.  
 The mossy banks, with broken rock  
 bestrewn,  
 The wild flowers crushed, and all the  
 timber hewn,  
 The sparkling stream polluted and  
 defiled,  
 The landscape is aghast, with mounds  
 of debris piled.  
 The ptarmigan and moose are gone,  
 While I am left, of all bereft,  
 Dismantled and forlorn.  
 The work that was, 'fore memory begun,  
 The toilings of a million years, are in a  
 day undone.  
 But wait, methinks another change  
 will be,  
 So list, yea list, and hear a prophecy.  
 Nature shall sweep proud Man's  
 domain away,  
 And Nature's sceptre shall again hold  
 sway.  
 I see the vision of a valley grim and  
 still,  
 Through which my waters once again  
 their way shall wend at will.  
 I seem to feel those crisp and moonlit  
 nights,  
 When with uncertain rays the northern  
 lights  
 Throw dim, weird shadows through the  
 gaping cracks



In the cabins of a village of long since  
deserted shacks.

Thus pondering the future, mindful of  
the past,

I know, Man's schemes forgotten,  
Nature shall reign at last.

### SCHOOL NOTES.

The following members of the School were confirmed in St. Helen's Church by Bishop Corfe, on Sunday, Dec. 4th. H. W. C. Barnes, M. W. S Bruce, W. N. E. Bruce, B. Harvey, J. Harvey, W. N. Hooke, W. D. Price, H. N. Rogers, A. C. Vivian, J. F. Ward, H. L. Wood.

We announce with deep regret the death of the Rev. F. C. Clutterbuck, M. A., Vicar of Culham, who was recently appointed a member of the Governing Body of the School. He had taken for many years a large and invaluable part in public work, both in Berkshire and Oxfordshire, and his loss will be widely felt.

L. L'E. Edwards was second in the Long Jump, and third in the 200 yards in the Jesus College, Cambridge, Sports. He also won the 300 yards race for Boating men.

Edward P. Martin is starting shortly for Constantinople, to take up an Engineering appointment.

We offer our hearty congratulations to Sir William Cameron Gull, another member of our Governing Body, upon his recent marriage.

Our best thanks are due to Mr. Bromley Challenor for some old printed lists of the School and other interesting papers which have been placed in the Literary Case of the Museum.

We have also to thank Mr. Wright for most kindly presenting to the Library a copy of the larger Greek Lexicon by Liddell and Scott.

### BIRTH.

BLOCKLEY.—Nov. 28th, at 3 Northmoor Road, Oxford, the wife of Rev. T. T. Blockley, of a daughter.

### MARRIAGE.

GULL—SNAGGE.—On Saturday, Dec. 3rd, by Rev. H. R. Gamble, Sir William Cameron Gull, Bart., to Evelyn, daughter of Judge Sir Thomas Snagge.

### DEATH.

CLUTTERBUCK.—December 1st, at Long Wittenham, the Rev. Francis Capper Clutterbuck, M.A., Vicar of Culham, Oxfordshire, aged 68.

*We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following contemporaries:—The Bancroftian, Blozhamist, Chigwellian, Herefordian, Ipswich School Magazine, Laxtonian, United Services College Chronicle, Wilsonian, Wulfrunian.*

## ABINGDONIAN ACCOUNTS.

Vol. IV. No. 18. (July, 1910).

Receipts.				Expenditure.			
		£	s. d.			£	s. d.
School House	..	..	1 1 0	Deficit	..	..	3 15 7
Tesdale House	..	..	7 0	Printing of 325 copies of Vol. IV. No. 18	..	..	3 16 0
O.A.C.	..	..	3 6 8	300 Envelopes	..	..	6 0
Other Subscribers	..	..	1 0 6	Postage	..	..	6 6
To Balance	..	..	2 8 11				
			<u>£8 4 1</u>				<u>£8 4 1</u>