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No. 24.

The Abingdonian.



Misericordias Domini

in aeternum cantabo.

CHRISTMAS * NUMBER.

1911.

ONE SHILLING.

Misericordias
Domini



in aeternum
cantabo.

THE ABINGDONIAN.

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EDITORIAL.

WITH the present number “The Abingdonian” completes another volume and its twentieth year. We desire to record our grateful indebtedness to all those who during the past five years have ensured its continued value and interest by their contributions to its pages—especially to those who have so readily responded to our recent appeal. An index to Vol. IV. is being compiled, and will be sent to subscribers as early in the new year as possible.

We heartily wish our readers all the compliments of the Season.

CASHMIR.

Near mountains of gaunt granite, like the half-rim of a crater in the moon, edge the lake to the north and east. Southward the Takt-i-Suleyman, Sirinagar’s domestic peak, uprises like a sea-cape: and beyond that, still mirrored in the lake—blue and white, a fairy scene—the great snow-clad southern barrier of the Vale, which is also its most characteristic picture and chief adornment, stretches away to the west and north again. Here earth and heaven meet and mingle in cloud and light. Here the great waves of the world stand up, crested and straked with foam like their ocean cousins, and some day to crumble down like them, perhaps, in mist and thunder. Under Aetna, they say, Typhoeus huddles half-alive and breathing fire: but here his elder brethren lie in colder state, in long forgetfulness of those old wars, never stirring their shrouds of snow.

The fancies are inadequate, but one weaves them none the less. The mountain vision of Cashmir, hitherto but a dream or an image in a song, has grown real to me at last and familiar, an hourly scene. I know the aspect of the snow peaks in the dawn, and how the sunset glooms them. I have learned so well their changing lights and sheens and shadows, that I may tell the time by them, a stately horologe! Yet they retain for me still something unsubstantial and aloof, as of a dream or an image in a song.

But the life of the lake all about us is more intimately realized. The red fibres that fringe the roots of the willows under which our boat is moored remind one of the Thames backwater. So do the kingfishers that are continually flung from their upper springs, like green gems from a catapult. But Thames never knew kingfishers in such numbers. All day they dart and dive and preen, or hover in the shadow twinkling green and red, little bodeful Dogstars for the fishes. A Japanese painter would love this lake for them, and for the swallows, and the various bird-life of the reeds; for the terns and all the queer calling water-fowl that fish the middle spaces, and for the colonies of the larger grey herons, majestic wings, whose image is never long absent from the general mirror.

My dwelling is an ark of sweet-smelling deodar, whose cosy rooms and honeymoon garniture have been grafted, according to the needs of holiday-making officers' ladies, on the ruder anatomy of the country "doonga." Further in among the reeds you may

see the smaller mat-walled figure of its inadulterate ancestor: my cookboat this, diffusing chatter and homely smoke. A week ago we left the tangled waterways of Sirinagar, the tall houses, quaint casements and carven balconies, the leaning piles and beams, the flagged vistas, wharves and pitcher-dipping stairs of a city suggestive, half of mediæval Europe, and half of the morrows of Arabian nights. These we left behind, and towed, pushed, quanted and rowed for one whole morning: tested many a mooring with an eye to shelter and fair views; and finally brought up here on the outskirts of the reeds, between the changeful glitter of the lake and the frown of its granite wall.

We shall not soon forget the aspect of that neighbour precipice, nor its image in the water on still evenings: nor how the first stars rose over it, and the Cashmir moon. When I came here in middle April the snow lay still upon its upper ledges. Fresh from the burning plains, I remember thinking how pleasant was this mountain's lot, that could sit all day, snow upon its head, and his feet in the waters of the Dal. The crest of the ridge is some four thousand feet above the lake. I climbed thither a week ago, with one follower carrying luncheon in a handkerchief: climbed all the forenoon with streaming brows and bursting pulses, for the plains of India make poor mountaineers. How divine was the first draught of water at the summit, scarcely swallowed, rather instantaneously absorbed! I lunched exalted, like a god, beholding a marvellous prospect of

white and azure mountain-ranges, and the full sweep of the barrier of snows from east to west, and Cashmir itself as the geographer sees it, a vast mountain-lake whose waters have been drained away. I climbed among the crags to the northern edge, and found a patch of forlorn snow, the first I have dug my fingers in for three years. Very pleasant altogether was the sense of the grey lichened rocks, high dens and pines about us, and the sweet dwarfed voices of birds. In that brisk air too the cuckoos call all day, but their voices do not carry to the level of the lake, nor do they ever come down so far themselves.

Here at the water's edge, however, we are in the very centre of Romance extended and substantiated. Tom Moore himself would be surprised, repent, and turn realist here. The great crimson roses in my cabin, whose breath is mingled with the fragrance of the cedarwood, were brought this morning, as of use, by one of the gardeners of the Nishat Bagh; real bulbuls made love to them last night there: the last pavilion fronts the lake not three hundred yards away. The mat-roofed boat-load moving far out upon the lake yonder is heading, probably for that major Paradise, the Shalimar itself, where the fountains will be playing to-night and the conduits full, in honour of a visit of the Maharajah. If you go there you will see, perhaps, just such a picnic as Jehangir might have held, only more decorous; and emerging in the twilight among the waiting escort, find, like a later marvel among the marvels of

Cashmir, the great eye of His Highness' motor illumining a posy of awestruck peasant faces.

These old gardens all draw their water from the granite ridge and lead them through many a conduit, basin, and pavilioned fall into the lake below. I have spent long hours sketching in their quiet walks, while the ghosts of dead queens and lovers flitted about me. The gardens have many seasons: I knew them first in the time of blooming fruit-trees; when the glory of the Shalimar, snow-crag above and bloom below, would have required the joined skill of Herrick and Aeschylus to render it in words. Veiled and turbaned pleasure-seekers from the city came out in boats to see the snow; and as the groups loitered and chatted under the apple-blossom one saw the pictures of Mogul court-painters come to life again. Jehangir's following at least must have spent many a summer here!

Then the groves of the great chenars, that give shade to the fountain-heads and upper terraces, put forth a thicker foliage; the wintry turf took on a greener hue, and the whole aspect of the gardens changed with the advent of the roses. One thought then of Persian poems and the borders of 'sweet-scented' Persian manuscripts; where, though the roses be so large and red and plentiful, they are not larger, not redder, not more plentiful than here, and neither the poet nor the decorator can suggest in full the all-pervading fragrance, at least, of the reality.

My account has not preserved the order of the flowers. While jasmine and cherry-blossom still hung in the

gardens and orchards, thick flocks of purple iris broke all about the margin of the lake without. This iris is another of the great Cashmiri flowers ; and, like the chenar-leaf, the lotus, and the rose, a favourite theme with the new school of carvers in walnut-wood in Sirinagar.

And now the little velvet shields of the lotus are spreading all about our cedarn ark ; immaculate shields, changing to gentle silver whenever the paddles or the dinghy sweep them under ; sad hamperers, however, of our morning swim. The noons begin to burn at the water's edge. It will soon be time to take our tents and ponies and seek the melting snows of the remoter valleys. Before these leaves have reached their full diameter we shall have travelled many a mile of the rough mountain-country ; and must return before the last of the crimson buds, perfect and pointed as a windless flame, is flung wide in loose-leaved maturity.

O. J. C.

PERI MAHAL COLLEGE, CASHMIR

(It was founded by Shah Jehan's tutor, and overlooks the Dal Lake).

Silent, within the mountain's greenest fold :

About the cloister little foxes prowl ;
Sole doctor dozes the deliberate owl,
Sole scholars, the unruly crow-pack scold.

No books, no implements the bare cells hold ;

Only on the garden-terrace reft of care
The Iris blushes purpler than elsewhere :
Is it in memory of your wisdom old ?

What art, what meditation held you here

Of Mathematics or Theology

No record tells ; but gazing on these skies,

That ranges, white and azure, the bright mere

With all its marvels laid for you to see,
You must have reasoned well of Paradise.

O. J. C.

CHRISTMAS.

(A BALLAD OF THE SNOW).

Without, the crumbs of snow did fall
And strake the black old castle wall ;
Within, the torches flared upon
Taukard bright and habergeon ;
And up the board
From serf to Lord
Mirth ran among the ample feast
and served the highest and the least.

" Ho, Ronald, grace the wine to-night !"
And to the hearth the minstrel crept :
He was a minstrel warped and white,
With whom God smiled and sometimes wept.

With quaking hand
The cords he spanned ;
Then music seized him and he smote
The strings to joy with certain note.

But suddenly upon his soul
A subtle melancholy stole,
And all athwart the music drove,
Though still for joy his fingers strove.
And laughter fell
Like leaves and all
The silent feasters shook and blenched,
Till one these words from silence wrenched.

"Lay up thy harp, thou sorry man,
It is the happy feast of Christ!"
"Here, seneschal!" in anger ran
My Lord's sharp words, "go, haste thee,
thrust

Into the snow
To nurse his woe
Our minstrel! He may chance to find
A funeral to suit his mind."

In vain the aged minstrel prayed:
In vain the softer hearts were loth:
Sadly the seneschal obeyed:
In wine my Lord was fearsome wroth.
And soon the feast
Again increased,
But all the mirth was hung with pain
Like summer vapours taut with rain.

Then at the castle grating rang
A most foreboding bugle blast,
And round the turrets wailed and sang.
And all the feasters paused aghast.
"Go, bring me word,
By Judas' beard,
Who venture at my castle gate
So uninvited and so late?"

Back with the seneschal there came
A knight in armour white as snow,
Blazed on his shield an ebon flame,
And for his crest a carrion crow,
And to the dais
He strode apace
"I come to pledge thy lady fair
In thine own wine for thy good cheer!"

Paled then my Lord's flushed angry
cheek
"Who art thou, stranger knight?"
quoth he;
"Good friends are scant and far to seek:
We give thee grace most willingly."

"This tank of wine
Is all of thine
I crave. To thee, fair lady now!
My Lord, chill falls the deadly snow!"

He spoke with bristling tongue, and
drained
The blood-red wine, and downward
slang
The mighty cup: the board was stained
And wild the smoky rafters rang.
Then to his brand
His wrathful hand
My Lord advanced, but let it fall:
Those keen eyes pierced him to the wall.

Then turned the stranger knight and
strode
The anxious hall: none barred his road;
And loud amid the skirling snow
They heard his angry bugle blow.
The sad gale sighed
And moaned and died
And rose again, before my Lord
Glanced lowering down the silent board.

Why pales my Lady's cheek so fair?
Why slips she crumpled from her chair?
—So soft collapse the clustered snows
And gloomy leave the black yew boughs!
Why shrinks my Lord
With frightened word
As he kneels there? Her fingers white
Like icicles are stark and bright!

My Lord hath stricken off his fear
And gathered up his Lady's corse,
Though at his heart she freezeth there
And bears upon him like a curse.
The feast broke up;
From brimming cup
And tasted fig and broken bread
The men stole marvelling to bed.

W.W.

A DAY OF DAYS.

It was in the beginning of the month of May that the young gentleman and his tutor embarked on yet another section of the Grand Tour. In the days of our grandsires this Grand Tour was looked on as a necessity for the welfare of all Y.Gs., nor indeed was it a trip to be lightly undertaken. Couriers had to be engaged, letters of introduction collected in sheaves, post-chaises purchased, and anxious parents would consider themselves well favoured of fortune if they should hear news of the arrival of the intrepid explorers in Paris within three weeks of their departure from London. But now the blessings of the twentieth century have changed all this. The courier wears the gold-laced cap of Cook, letters of introduction are now replaced by letters of credit (also Cook). The post-chaise has yielded to railway or motor, while the Y.G. armed with a Baedeker and (if he be English) a kit-bag, (if he be American a furniture van may be expected) sallies forth with a light heart to rifle the treasury of the Old World. It is manifestly impossible to deal adequately with even a section of the Grand Tour in one number of the Abingdonian, though that be the Christmas Number, and the Editor wails despairingly that he has but little matter to fill much space; so one typical day has been chosen to be the representative of a month's delight. The day in question was spent en route from Genoa to Florence, and comprised a short but eventful visit to Pisa. The journey from Genoa was uneventful, though the Tutor would probably say it was not

peaceful, as the Y.G. danced from end to end of the carriage and gloated aloud over the beauty of the coast and the blueness of the Mediterranean as seen from the right hand window, and the hills and valley of the mainland as they appeared framed on the left hand side. In both dance and gloat he was ably—indeed energetically—seconded by an Italian on his way home to Lucca for a short holiday after 20 years of farming in California. As in addition to this some 80 tunnels were traversed in some 60 miles, it is admitted that the Tutor, who was trying to read a two days' old paper, had just cause of complaint.

After passing through Rapallo and Sastri—two of the most lovely of the many beauty spots on the Levant—we reached Spezia, where we left the sea and climbed inland. At Viareggio we dropped our "Cal-Italian," wildly excited at being but a few miles from home and already embraced in the arms of his family's advance guard. Half-an-hour later found us on the platform at Pisa, thirsting for Cloak room, Chianti and Campanile. Some discussion arose as to the correct designation of the former (the Tutor favouring "Uscita," while the Y.G. proposed a leaning towards "Biglietti") but it was summarily nipped in the bud by the hawklike proprietor of the Station Restaurant, who rushed us bag and baggage into his dining room. Here he fed us well and cheaply with spaghetti—a dish consisting of a maximum of boiled macaroni flavoured with an absolute minimum of gravy—and fortified our inner men with Chianti.

After this fortification it was decided that an expedition should be made in search of the Campanile, the baggage being left in the Restaurant in charge of a waiter, but when the troops paraded outside the station it was discovered that the advance would be less easy than was anticipated. The heat was intense, and the inhabitants foreseeing a possible invasion had rendered the roads well nigh impassable under cover of laying tram lines. A change of plan therefore became imperative; a council of war was convened and it was hastily decided that the forces should be divided; the main body—represented by the Tutor—to remain at the station and complete the fortification, while the Y.G. was instructed to make a reconnaissance in force in the direction of the Campanile. After the completion of the fortification the main body was to join the reconnoitring party at the Campanile should we think it advisable; in any event a concentration on the station at 4 o'clock was ordered in order that the invading force might entrain for Florence at 4.15. This plan resembled the majority of military plans both in its simplicity and in the manner in which it broke down, but to follow it to its conclusion at the present moment would be premature. Suffice it to say that the scouts met with less opposition than was expected, and reached their objective after twenty minutes of hot work, having sustained but few minor casualties. And what an objective! You are at first dazzled by the blaze of white marble as it burns in the sunlight, then as your eye becomes acclimatised you gradually dis-

cover that there are three buildings before you. Away on the left is a curious circular building surmounted by a dome—that is the Baptistry; straight before you lies the Cathedral, and then as your head turns from West to East you find your body rapidly retiring Southwards; for right over your head as it seems, threatening you with instant annihilation, hangs the Campanile, poised like some vast engine of war, all ready to crush a small army. The effect of this group—as so few of the North Italian buildings are in a wide open space which enables one to look at them in proper focus—is quite unique; each building a gem in itself, so that one's eye wanders from one to another with an ever growing delight, only to return again and again to the Campanile to see if it has yet fallen! For imagine a vast circular tower some 80 yards high, standing 13 feet out of perpendicular! The Y.G. is not a particularly nervous person; moreover he knows (and knew then) that that living nightmare had been standing there for the past seven or eight hundred years; but he frankly confesses that during the few hours he was in Pisa he was continually listening for a crash. Whether he was disappointed that it did not fall I cannot say, but it was noticeable that the Campanile absorbed 20 minutes out of the half-hour which he devoted to the inspection of the exterior of the group.

After a hasty survey of the interior of the Cathedral (for further particulars see Baedeker on almost any Italian church) the scouts fell back on the station only to discover that the main

body, having presumably completed the fortification, had disappeared. There being no sign of any slaughter the scouts occupied a strategic position at a café in front of the station and passed a very agreeable hour in writing despatches (on picture postcards) in the shade of a tall Chianti flask. After a considerable interval the main body turned up, hot, flushed and thirsty. The Y.G. hailed it "Well, what did you think of it?" Only two remarks were made "D—— those tram lines!" followed in the same breath by "Pass the Chianti!"

* * * * *

Half-an-hour later the Party was to be seen in the Florence Express; the Y.G. read aloud the opening sentences from Baedeker:—"Pisa, a quiet town..." The Tutor's mouth was open, but no printable answer was heard.

Y.G.

RE-INCARNATION.

I admit that I had dined rather heavily in the train on my way back to school at beginning of term, but that could hardly have accounted for the subsequent events of the evening.

I was crossing the playground at dusk, the whole neighbourhood seemed deserted, when suddenly I was surrounded by countless imp-like forms. They crowded round me, and seemed very curious concerning me, but, as their amazement disappeared, they began to amuse themselves at my expense. In vain I attempted to push my way through their ranks. I was driven back by sheer weight of numbers until I found myself with my back to

the closed Day-Boys' Entrance. Here I resolved to make a firm stand, but this they seemed to resent, and I was subjected to a fusillade of cold wet snowballs, which seemed to come from everywhere out of the thick damp mist. Somewhere far away among the babble of voices I seemed to hear bells ringing. Shouting and peals of laughter seemed to come from the midst of a vague suggestion of splashing water, punctuated by a few well aimed snowballs. I began to realise that I was being overpowered by the countless thousands of this elfin horde. They pulled me down and rolled me in the freezing snow, and I shuddered with cold as—I had a dim vision of bed clothes being torn off me, a merry "Third's gone" from C. E. C - - k as he subjected me to sundry cold blasts of air, and I realised with a shock that I had returned to school life again and that it was time to get up.

B. S. M.

DECLINE OF ATHLETIC SPORTS.

During the past term there has been much discussion in several of the sporting papers as regards the decline of Athletic Sports at the Varsities and elsewhere. A few remarks on the subject therefore may not be out of place here for those, especially present members of the School, who take any interest in this much abused, though after all most ancient branch of Athletics. We wish to treat this subject from an entirely unbiassed point of view, though as popular opinion nowadays is regarding it unfavourably and our present intention is

to some extent to refute popular opinion, we may unwittingly appear to overrate the subject. We therefore beg the indulgence of our readers.

First and foremost, why are Athletic Sports showing signs of decline? No doubt because it is an undeniable fact that they are not so interesting as many of the other branches of Athletics in vogue at the present day. Very few people indeed would prefer sitting and watching a ten-event Sports Meet to an exciting afternoon at a first class Rugger match, however good the performances, or however close the finishes of the races might be. And this, in the majority of cases is only natural, or at least it is purely a matter of taste. This is looking at the subject solely from the spectators' point of view. But if the spectators themselves would only give a personal trial to this branch of Athletics, which is absolutely a closed book to ninety-nine out of a hundred of them, they might very soon be induced to look upon it in a very much more favourable light. How many, we should like to ask, out of some of those tremendous football crowds we see and read of, know what it feels like to have completed a fortnight's or three weeks' training for running? We shall without doubt find those who disagree, but there are still many who hold that Running is the truest, and above all the most natural, of all exercises. Even Footballers and Cricketers themselves, not to mention devotees of Rowing, Boxing, Tennis, and Swimming, when they wish to become specially "fit," begin their course of training by condescending to use their legs, shoulders,

and arms, in the way nature has taught them, namely by going for training walks or trots. Does it not then seem a great shame, that this form of exercise, which paves the way to almost all others, should fall to the ground for want of material and patronage? We do not by any means advocate the taking up of running and jumping to the exclusion of other sports. Quite the opposite. It is for the benefit of these other sports, as well as for its own sake that we advocate it; but above all for the benefit of the persons themselves who indulge in any kind of Athletics. And let it not be thought that Running interferes with other Sports by taking up much time. This excuse one hears put forward times unnumbered, but it is too utterly absurd to deserve further comment. A man's afternoon's training on the Track can be completed in ten minutes. It may be asked, why then is it worth while taking up Athletic Sports at all, if public opinion is against them, and if athletes themselves can get more fun and excitement elsewhere? The answer is this, Try it and see. From a purely physical point of view, ten minutes track work in an afternoon puts more life into a man and makes him more fit, than anything else in the way of exercise that we are aware of. And the other point is, that there are still many who have the welfare of Athletic Sports at heart, and who feel that it would be shameful to let such an ancient sport die out for lack of support. There are hundreds of boys and men at our public schools and at the Varsities who would be first class athletes if they would only give such Sports a

fair trial; and if 50 or even 25 per cent of them would do so, there would be no fear of England surrendering her honours in Athletic Sports to other countries, especially to America and France.

And lastly to speak more particularly. Our own School has always, since the Easter Term Sports were first instituted, maintained a high average, and compared very favourably indeed with other and larger Schools in Athletic Sports. If the competitors in past years, even down to the youngest boy in the School, had taken his fortnight's or week's training more seriously, we should have compared more favourably still.

It would be out of place to discuss methods of training here. They may be got from any book on the subject. Our only word of advice is, "Get hold of a method and stick to it."

If every Schoolboy would bear in mind that by giving to Athletic Sports, as well as to Football, Cricket, and Rowing, a fair trial, he will greatly benefit himself physically, and if, finding he has abilities in this direction, he afterwards in consequence determines to specialise, he will go to swell the much thinned ranks of Track Athletes, and in a couple of years' time we shall hear no more of the decline of Athletic Sports.

OUAC.

TO ORDER.

Let others sing the joy of spring
In the month of English Easters;
So let the lay of summer gay
Be to other poetasters.

The primrose path, the pansy rath,
The boat on the silent river:
The mountain dight in wintry white,
Or the hill-side glad with heather.

Let other birds in minor words
These sprightly carols briskly hymn.
Our minor breast, be it confessed,
Is welling darkly to the brim.

Our pen we dip, and tell the drip
Of autumn damp and cloudy;
We sing of mud, of soaking scud,
Of the fall of leafage dowdy.

And this we do, if you must know,
From impulse non-poetical:—
The Editor has written for
Some Poetry splenetical.

'And let it be,' so writeth he.
'Of point and purpose topical.'
So on his head you'll kindly shed,
Reader, your anger tropical.

And kindly think, re all this ink,
Of the flurried poetaster,
Who has to write, or sad or bright,
'By return or be a waster.'

AUCELLA.

AFTER NINE MONTHS IN ENGLAND.

Dear friend,

I just received your letter of the 10th ult. I am glad to know of your approaching trip to England, and I should be rather pleased, if this letter, intended to spare you disagreeable impressions, will cause what I should like it to cause. I am going to make you some observations about England and Europe in general, that, I want to believe, will diminish—I dare not say

will altogether save—a good many unpleasant feelings.

I shall begin by telling you that in America we have got a very high idea of Europe. We speak there with rapture of the wonders of the Old Continent and, in a fit of enthusiasm, we quit our families, our friends, everything dear to us, in order to visit those marvellous cities, wonders of all ages. We start with a heart full of illusions. We leave behind us the beautiful natural landscapes; the brilliant sun with its picturesque dawns and twilights; the everlasting summer of the tropics, in order to see what in our imaginations we call London, Paris, Venice, Rome. We think of those cities of whose prowess, and glories, and traditions we have heard so much, not as of groupings of men, not as of entities of society, but as of something else which, though it takes definite shape in our quixote-like fantasies, we cannot depict. During the days that last the crossing of the ocean we always think of what we are going to see; we surround ourselves with books that speak in the most laudatory terms of everything in Europe, and, very often, we dream of enchanted realms, the abodes of Science, Happiness and Beauty. We live in the world of our creation. Time flies with rapidity never known before. The day arrives at last—at whose dawn we are beholding a foggy coast. We land and find—to our utter discomfiture—that Europe is nothing better than America. The ambition of so long a while fades away as dreams at the break of dawn. Those magnificent, superb creations of the

chainless mind do not exist.

With such ideas one cannot help such impressions. I do not mean Europe is not worth seeing—very far from that! I only desire to warn you against these prejudices. As time has rolled away the ices of the north have chilled my temper and restrained my soul, and I have looked for more practical ideas than dreams and verses. I have enjoyed beautiful sceneries, and visited ruined castles; and the poetry of Shakespeare Wordsworth and Byron has raised my soul as much as the sweet verses of Lope, Calderón and Zorrilla.

I assure you, you will find everything most interesting in England, but do not fill your brains with idealisms (as we often do). Do not expect all the beauties of England to be in London. There, of course you will see luxurious theatres and instructive museums, but only in the country you will find true specimens of beauty. Come to Oxford, for instance, and you will enjoy the most magnificent perspective. She lies on the banks of the Thames, and her domes and spires standing out over the green valleys of the river give to her panoramic view the greatest charm you can imagine.

Come, but first put away your dreams. Know beforehand you are not going to see anything but earthly cities and earthly men, and I promise you, you will have very pleasing impressions and will take back a good stock of useful ideas. I will not speak to you of everything that has stricken me. To do so I should have to write a book that I have not time to write, and you would not have patience to read; but

let me state before closing this missive that England is not only—as Napoleon said—a nation of shop-keepers and bankers. You will find in her language masterpieces of literature, in her Universities brilliant scholars and in her towns industrious and cunning merchants.

Yours very sincerely,

S.B.

OF MUSIC.

Much ink has been shed about music, but it is doubtful if the non-musical man has had a fair innings to state his view. When he ventures to express himself in conversation honestly about songs and sonatas, he is at once withered into retirement by the speech or silence of the cognoscenti. It is possible that your peaceful and patient columns, Mr. Editor, may print his case. Above all let us be frank: quite recently we felt ourselves on safe ground in showing admiration for a rendering of Gounod's Hymn:—it proved to be the British Grenadiers. Having thus defined our position by a pregnant example, we proceed to the theory of music.

Music is divided like all Gaul into three parts.

1. Familiar music in the well-known hymn, the National Anthem (played clearly), the street song of the day.

2. The music of the comic opera at its greatest, such as the Mid-Victorian confections.

3. Music proper, the music of the grand opera, of the oratorio, of the concert—o nimium rara intervalla!—of the musical evening.

Now, to take No. 1—it is well-known to modern psychologists (our old friend from Stagira told them this some time back) that a child on seeing a drawing of a horse or an elephant takes the greatest pleasure in making the recognition and saying "That's a horse or an elephant—quite apart from the technique, motif, chiaroscuro or pre—, or post, Raphaelite tendencies." Similarly with the very well-known hymns, the National Anthem, the street song (heard frequently), the outcasts of music rejoice and say "Here is a friend in a waste land, let us shake him by the hand. If we are a little rough, he knows we are hearty."

With respect to No. 2 we feel that we are rubbing elbows with good company. The libretto keeps us straight; and the music is sufficiently tuney, apposite and obvious to come into the story and knock the verbal nails on their heads. If the librettist be Sir Gilbert and the composer Sir Sullivan, we know that we are having our own equally with the expert on our right-hand and the sub-expert on our left.

But the trouble begins with No. 3. When the honest non-musician is misguided into following a Cycle of Wagner, his interest (that is, his real interest) may be limited to debating whether Mephistopheles will be shot smartly out of the wall upon the stage, or whether he will wriggle up without dignity through a trap in the floor. This can scarcely be defined as musical interest 'in se, per se and propter se.' There are many things to trouble him. For instance, the adipose prima donna at a matinée (with the spoils of a polar

bear draping slightly her neck and shoulders), though she be siren-throated, though she has pleased crowns and coliseums, can never be for him the love-sick maid or the wasted heroine. Try his hardest to be musically-minded or all-but, his mind will wander to conjecture if she has trained on oysters and stout, and if her husband's study is in the same house. But it is not at the grand opera, not at the local oratorio, where the celloist saws off the Baptist's head, that he feels most deeply his degradation. It is at the musical evening in his own house. Here his fancy may not stray: if he escape the corvée of trying to turn over at the right moment, he is expected to murmur thanks, his 'looks commercing with the skies,' to suggest pieces for the encore, to advise matrons upon their daughter's vocal future; and finally to creep away from the quiring of young-eyed cherubims to a quireless lair. He is followed by a whispered 'Poor Father' from an incautious daughter of music. As he sits him down, honest and able though he be, he tells his pipe that after all he is only fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils. Yet he could quote the sweet little Hebrew who was never merry when she had heard sweet music. And anon arrives his oldest friends to console him and to cite the matter-of-fact bee, useful but humdrum—

Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Yellow-breeched philosopher.

So much of music.

UNSIGNED.

PEMBROKESHIRE.

Away in the South-West coign of the land,
where the shout of the wind is shrill,

And the sand-drift covers the seaward road,
and the waters are never still.

Where the cliff stands flat for the clanging gull,
and the spur of the hungry Pole

Like a wide wedge cleaves the plunging ranks
of the long Atlantic roll

And churns the swallowing waves to foam,
the cream-white froth of the seas,

The song of the surge and the sounding swell,
on the wings of the boisterous breeze

Comes over the rocks, and over the sand,
and the reef of the long low dune,
To the sun-gilt peace of the flowery leas,
and the flame of the gorse in June.

The ripples shake where the long waves break,
and the rocks are red and green,
And the white spar glistens amid the weed
in the small still pools between,

And the beach is yellow and red and grey,
with wealth and wonder of shells,
Cowrie and sea-snail, cone and coil, and dome
where the limpet dwells;

And the sea-pink glows and the borage blows,
and the wild larks soars and sings

In a passion of song, as though time were young
and the whole of the world had wings,

And he pours his note from the throbbing throat,
in a rush of rapturous tune,

To the sun-gilt peace of the flowery leas,
and the flame of the gorse in June.

Far off on the cliff, on the steep grey cliff, there's a path goes sloping down
To the rock-bound stretch of a sandy beach, where the high-hung battlements frown

O'er drift of wreck, though never a fleck on her wide waves' wondrous blue
The off-shore wind may leave behind, as it rushes the sea-caves through,

And the rent rocks roar to the echoing shore, as the shore-stream bursts its way
Through ribs of stone, might prop the throne of the Lord of the judgment day.

And the long tides boom in a depth of gloom, and mingle their mighty rune

With the hymn of peace of the flowery leas, and the flame of the gorse in June.

W.H.P.

FOOTBALL.

A.S.F.C. v. EXETER COLLEGE CAPOTTERS.

This match was played at Oxford on Wednesday, Nov. 1st. The School team, though it won easily, did not play as well as it did the week before against Pembroke College. It is very disheartening for the backs and halves, when they pass the ball to their forwards, to have it immediately returned by the opposing backs. This is what generally happened, and, even when the forwards did get near the goal, they failed to shoot effectively against a very effective goal-keeper. One goal was scored in the first half by Barnes, and after the interval the forwards pressed harder and four more were added by Thame, Williams, Barnes and Trinder. The last named played well, but

Williams was still below form, his shooting being even worse than the week before.

School Team—(Goal) F. W. Lupton; (Backs) Mr. H. H. Gibson and A. E. Trinder; (Halves) E. A. Mortleman, H. A. L. Donkin and W. D. Price; (Forwards) G. J. H. Ashwin, W. C. Williams, E. G. Tame, H. W. C. Barnes and A. F. Pratt.

A.S.F.C. v. MANSFIELD COLLEGE.

This match was played on the School ground on Wednesday, November 8th. Mansfield won the toss and played against the wind. At first the game was fairly even, but the School forwards made a much better display than in the previous match, and towards the end of the first half got the better of the opposing defence. At half-time the School were leading by three goals to one, and, when play was resumed, continued to have most of the game, though we should perhaps have scored oftener. The final result was a win for the homesters by 8 goals to 2, their scorers being Tame, Williams (2), Bruce (3), Barnes and an opponent. Trinder, Mortleman and Tame played well, and the last named had hard luck in not scoring oftener. Lupton was not as trusty as usual, and at least one of the two goals ought to have been saved.

The team was the same as that which played against Exeter Capotters, except that W. N. E. Bruce played inside right and Barnes outside right, since Pratt was unable to appear.

A.S.F.C. v. DORCHESTER COLLEGE.

This match was played on the School ground on Saturday, Nov. 11th. The forwards would do well to remember

that a brisk and vigorous start is often the making of a fast game. On this occasion it took them about a quarter-of-an-hour really to wake up, but, when once they did, they had everything their own way, and the ball was rarely out of the enemy's territory. Six goals were scored in each half:—Bruce (6), Tame (3), Williams (2) and Mortleman. All the forwards played well, but the halves were not as good as usual, while the backs had very little to do, especially in the second half. O. E. Cullen kept goal instead of Lupton and W. H. Enoch played back instead of Mr. Gibson. Otherwise the team was the same as against Mansfield.

A.S.F.C. v. EXETER COLLEGE CAPOTTERS.

This return match was played on the School ground on Wednesday, Nov. 22nd. The School forwards were again slow in starting, but the team was always too good for its opponents, who were not nearly so strong as in the first match. The School forwards were not so well together as usual and missed several chances, but under the circumstances this was perhaps pardonable. Tame was in good shooting form. The result was 13 goals to nil in favour of the School, the scorers being Tame (7), Williams (5) and Pratt.

School Team—(Goal) Mr. S. H. Baker (Backs) A. E. Trinder and W. H. Enoch, (Halves) E. A. Mortleman, H. A. L. Donkin and W. D. Price, (Forwards) G. J. H. Ashwin, W. C. Williams, E. G. Tame, A. F. Pratt and H. W. C. Barnes.

A.S.F.C. v. DORCHESTER COLLEGE.

This match was played at Dorchester on Saturday, Dec. 2nd. There was a strong wind blowing and the School

won the toss and played with it.

The Dorchester team was much better than in the first match and this made the game more even. The School backs were very worried at first by the rushing tactics of the opposing forwards, who should have scored more than once. The School forwards were not very well together, Barnes being the most at fault and seemingly unable to get in any centres. Ashwin also has not overcome his old fault of waiting too long before centreing. Williams, Tame, Pratt and Mortleman played well. The School eventually won by 7—1, the goals being scored by Williams (5), Tame (2).

The team was the same as that which played against the Exeter Capotters.

A.S.F.C. v. MANSFIELD COLLEGE.

This match was played at Oxford on Wednesday, Dec. 6th. The ground was very soft after the thaw, and the ball became very heavy and greasy. The School forwards were again unable to get going at the start, and their shooting was decidedly erratic, several excellent opportunities being missed towards the end of the first half. The pace of the opposing centre-forward troubled the backs, and he got away once in each half and scored, though Lupton ought to have stopped him doing so at least once. At half-time the score was 2—1 and the School eventually won by 5—2. The goals were scored by Trinder, Williams (2), Tame and Ashwin. Mortleman and Price played well, especially the former. Pratt evidently had not got used to being outside again, and his centres invariably went behind the centre-forward.

Lupton played goal instead of Mr. Baker, and Barnes and Pratt changed places. Otherwise the team was the same as that which played against Dorchester.

A.S.F.C. v. ABINGDON TOWN.

This match was played on the Town ground on Saturday, Dec. 9th. The School were defeated by 4 goals to nil, thus losing their second match this season.

The School won the toss and played towards the road with the wind. Play during the first half was fairly even, but the shooting of both sides was not brilliant. After the interval the Town became aggressive, and the School backs had plenty to do. The latter evidently found the size of the ground a disadvantage, and since the school halves have always been used to play up with their forwards, they were apt to leave too much space between themselves and the backs. The School forwards got away several times and should have scored, but Barrett as often upset their calculations. Cullen defended the goal finely, while Enoch played well and Pratt got in some nice centres.

The School team was the same as against Mansfield, except that Cullen played goal instead of Lupton.

A.S.F.C. 2nd XI. v. NEW COLLEGE SCHOOL.

This match was played at Oxford on Wednesday Nov. 1st. Although it was a draw, New College were much the better team, especially in the forward line. They were much more together and passed much better. The School forwards were much weakened by the

absence of Crook and W.W. Leach. On the left wing Bruce played well, but he seems to do better with the 1st XI. forwards than with the 2nd XI. The result was two all. Our goals were scored by Bury and Vivian.

School Team—(Goal) O. E. Cullen ; (Backs) C. E. Cook and W. H. Enoch ; (Halves) F. H. Abbott, A. Eason and A. F. Sheldon ; (Forwards) F. E. Spokes, A. C. Vivian, B. J. Bury, W. N. E. Bruce and B. Harvey.

FOOTBALL CHARACTERS.

O. E. Cullen (goal), colours 1911. Has much improved. Is quick to make up his mind and shows judgment in running out. Has a safe pair of hands but is rather a poor kick.

A. E. Trinder (left back), colours 1909-10-11. Is a good tackler and combines well with his halves and other back. Is rather too inclined to dribble. Has shot some clever goals.

W. H. Enoch (right back), colours 1911. Tackles well and also uses his pace to advantage. Is apt to lie too far up the field and should practice kicking with his left foot.

E. A. Mortleman (left-half), colours 1911. A sturdy tackler, but should learn to keep his arms down. Feeds his forwards well, and uses his head to advantage.

H. A. L. Donkin (captain), (centre-half), colours 1910-11. Has played a fine game all the season. Is very quick on the ball, a good tackler and feeds his forwards well. Uses his head cleverly. Has carried out his duties as captain with great success.

W. D. Price (right-half), colours 1911. A hardworking and improving player. Is rather slow with a quaint but apparently effective method of kicking the ball. Should mark his man more closely.

G. J. H. Ashwin (outside-left), colours 1911. Has considerable pace, and very fair control of the ball, but is often disappointing owing to his not centring sooner.

W. C. Williams (inside-left), colours 1911. Has improved since the middle of term. Combines well with his wing man. Dribbles well, but is very slow. Should learn to shoot harder.

E. G. Tame (centre-forward), colours 1910-11. Dribbles well and is a good shot with either foot. Is perhaps too ready to part with the ball and is a little lacking in self-confidence. Keeps his forwards well together.

H. W. C. Barnes (inside-right), colours 1910-11. At the beginning of the season was very promising, but has gone off in the last few matches. Is a good shot, but should take more pains. Seems to be on the ground more than is necessary, and often kicks very wildly.

A. F. Pratt (outside-right), colours 1911. His game has much improved. Combines well with his inside and centres very accurately. Has good pace and is clever with his feet.

TOO (much) WIT & TOO (much)
WHOO!

It was a Winter's evening,
"Old Growser's" work was done,
And he, before the 'Palace' gate,
Was fingering with his thumb
The wily key to ope the door,
(As many times he'd done afore).

Within, his fellow-brother
Smoked something long and black,
(Which he beside the mantelpiece
kept usually in a rack),
And wreaths of smoke, deep, grey,
 profound,
Above his head curled round and round.

Quoth G.—"I've left them in the
 'Dorm,'

"All peacefully at rest,
"A-tucked in, comfortable, warm,
"Respectably undressed!
"And many a thousand winks, (said he)
"Before the morning light they see!"

"That may be," said "Old Croaker,"
"I've heard the same before,
"And yet how many depths between
"A slumber and a snore!"
A puff of smoke rose ceiling-wards
(G. marvelling at his meaning words).

A subtle smile, on C's lip curled
A moment evanescently,
G. Asked him what the meaning was
Said C. "I'll tell you presently
"But first another pipe I'll light,
"A match?—Thanks!" (Puff) "Yes!
 That's all right!"

(Air—"Good old Jeff.")

"'Twas just two years ago to-night
"That I remember well,
"The Dutchman led his bold bad crew
"To riot and to yell!"

*"To shout and sing and dance and play
 "And feast and sup all night ;
 "Yet in a trice they were indeed
 "In woeful sorry plight!"*

(Air—Ad lib.)

*"Closed doors should drown all riot-song
 "That riseth in the "Pit",
 "Whilst empty lockers, loud and long
 "Re-echo to their Wit!
 "But Hist ! !—A silent key has barred
 the door !
 "Yet swells the revel, ever more and more !*

*"Now, far away, in 'Lower-Dorm'
 deserted,
 "Notes in a Black-Book, carefully are
 inserted !
 "of all the vacant places !
 "of all the missing faces !*

*"And all those missing faces
 "E'en now with sad grimaces
 "And rueful wondering faces
 "Are wondering how the case is !
 "For, woe-betide !
 "They're locked inside !!!
 "For Hush ! A silent Key has barred the
 Door !*

"Then a great Silence !

*"At last !—With grating click
 "The door is opened !
 "Candle in hand, a master stands !
 "And, silent as the night, files past
 "A night-gowned, pyjered dressing-
 gown-gowned gang !*

*"Silent the corridor all cold and stony !
 "Then through the Schoolroom
 "Every plank a-creaking !
 "Bare feet on cold, cold, cold stone steps,
 "Cold couches seeking !*

*"The Dorm-door bangs !
 "The schoolroom clock strikes Two !
 "The elm-trees shiver in the starry night !
 "And all is silent, save the silly Owl
 "Who makes the midnight-hours his
 pleasure-time !*

C. ceased.—"But in the morning?"

(G. ventured to propose),

"Oh in the morn, the VERDICT !

"As everybody knows !

But things like that, you know *must* be,
 After a famous midnight-spreed !"

BËTA BËTEM.

* Those familiar with the idiosyncracies of the clock in question, will realise to the full the intensely tragic nature of events, so moving that they could persuade the said clock to strike *Two* !

B.B.

AN OXFORD LETTER.

Dear Mr. Editor,

We do not intend to follow the example of many contributors of Oxford Letters in other school magazines and dilate upon the various achievements of the Varsity in general. We are going to confine our remarks to those members of the community who are connected with Abingdon.

Let us begin then with a hearty welcome to him who has lately joined us. T. M. Layng has come up to Balliol. We remember him as quite a small boy always sitting at the head of many others of twice his size and age. We were rather surprised when calling on him at the beginning of term to find considerably more than six feet of

him. He has won a leaving scholarship from Clifton, which fact would seem to prove that he has retained all those excellent qualities which distinguished him at school. It is to be greatly deplored that he has discovered that, out of a dozen first class certificates, not one exempts him from Responsions. Its a horrid little examination. All the clever men get ploughed.

E. H. Thomas came up at the beginning of last Trinity term. In the first place he joined St. Catherine's. We are glad to hear that he has made a change for the better. He has gone to Jesus. There are many advantages in being attached to a College. We understand that he has been busy on the river and has coxed one or two boats. They did not win.

Heartiest congratulations to G. H. G. Shepherd on winning three Strangers' and four College handicaps. He has been of invaluable assistance to the Pembroke running team in getting through a round of the Inter-Collegiate Competition. In fact, had the reporters been the disciples of accuracy and strict veracity, we might have read the following in the Sportsman:—"G. H. G. Shepherd defeated Corpus by a very large margin." Lately he has gone out of training and started playing "Soccer." Several undergraduates are crooked. Those in authority tell us that he is running better than ever this term. We leave him, wishing him a "full blue" next Easter.

R. J. Weaving has been playing Tennis and Golf. He is now engaged in seriously contemplating the combination of a Mashie-swing with an

American service. This niblick will go down to generations of Golfers on the North Oxford Links as "The Battle Axe." He represented his college in all the tennis matches last summer, and has refused the captaincy for next year owing to Schools in June. On wet afternoons he is generally to be found at the Picture Palace. In his odd moments he is reading for the Honour School of Jurisprudence. Neither he nor others have forgotten that they learnt to trip the light fantastic in the School Gym, and many pleasant remembrances were brought back during some lessons received from Mr. Wood this term.

To close, sir, we congratulate the school team on their excellent record and remain

Yours very sincerely,
O.A.

LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

So far this year's Session has been very successful, and the interest taken in the Society shows no signs of diminishing. The following were elected new members this term:—W. D. Price, W. H. Wood, P. F. Clark, A. Davenport, D. E. Elford, W. N. E. Bruce, R. M. Graham, J. Knowles, A. G. Bartlett, B. J. Bury, and A. J. F. de C. Williams.

The first meeting of the session was held in the Pembroke room at 4-45 p.m. on Nov. 2nd, with the Vice-President in the chair.

E. M. Graham proposed:—"That this House is in sympathy with Turkey in her war with Italy." L. A. Weaving

seconded, and C. E. Cook opposed the motion.

The following also spoke:—*Pro.* H. W. B. Burkett, Mr. H. H. Gibson, W. N. E. Bruce, R. M. Graham. *Contra.* A. C. Vivian and B. S. Marshall.

The motion was carried by 19 votes to 4.

The Society met in the Pembroke room at 4-15 p.m on Friday, Nov. 10th, with the Vice-President in the chair.

B. S. Marshall was called upon to propose "That this House would welcome the complete success of the Rebellion in China." V. Comfort seconded and E. A. Mortleman opposed the motion.

The following members also spoke:—*Pro.* P. F. Clark, W. D. Price, C. E. Cook, E. M. Graham, H. W. B. Burkett. *Contra.* H. A. L. Donkin, W. H. Wood, W. C. Williams, A. C. Vivian, W. N. E. Bruce.

The motion was carried by 15 votes to 7.

The Society met in the Pembroke room at 4-15 p.m. on Friday, Nov. 17th, with the Vice-President in the chair.

W. C. Williams was called upon to propose "That in the opinion of the House Modern Dress needs Reform." G. Woods seconded and A. C. Vivian opposed the motion.

The following members also spoke:—*Pro.* A. Davenport, L. A. Weaving, H. E. L. Walker, Mr. S. H. Baker, W. N. E. Bruce and E. A. Mortleman. *Contra.* H. A. L. Donkin, C. E. Cook, W. D. Price, and H. W. B. Burkett.

The motion was carried by 19 votes to 6.

The Society met in the Pembroke room at 4-15 p.m. on Friday, Nov. 24th, with the Vice-President in the chair.

C. E. Cook was called upon to propose "That in the opinion of this house Old Age Pensions are a source of evil." G. J. H. Ashwin seconded and H. A. L. Donkin opposed the motion.

The following members also spoke:—*Pro.* B. S. Marshall, Mr. H. H. Gibson, and W. C. Williams. *Contra.* E. M. Graham and G. Woods.

A. J. F. de C. Williams proposed the amendment that:—"In the opinion of this House Old Age Pensions in their present form are a Source of Evil." A. C. Vivian seconded the amendment.

The following members spoke on the amendment:—*Pro.* E. A. Mortleman, H. W. B. Burkett, W. C. Williams, W. H. Wood and C. E. Cook. *Con.* E. M. Graham, H. E. L. Walker, V. Comfort and H. A. L. Donkin.

The amendment was carried by 14 votes to 10, and the original motion was lost by 13 votes to 8.

The Society met in the Pembroke Room at 4,15 p.m., on Friday, December 1st, with the Vice-President in the chair.

H. W. B. Burkett was called upon to propose that:—"In the opinion of this House Compulsory Military Training should be adopted in England." H. E. L. Walker opposed and B. S. Marshall seconded the motion.

The following members also addressed the House:—*Pro.* E. M. Graham, R. M. Graham, W. D. Price, G. Woods, B. J. Bury, V. Comfort and F. W. Lupton. *Con.* A. C. Vivian, C. E. Cook, P. F.

Clark, W. C. Williams and H. A. L. Donkin.

On being put to the vote the motion was carried by 15 votes to 8.

The Society met in the Pembroke Room at 4.15 p.m., on Friday, Dec. 8th, with the Vice-President in the chair.

H. A. L. Donkin was called upon to propose that:—"In the opinion of this House the Government should prevent by Legislation the possible recurrence of such Strikes as those of this Summer." H. W. B. Burkett opposed and G. Woods seconded the motion.

The following members also addressed the house:—*Pro.* A. C. Vivian, A. G. Bartlett, C. E. Cook, W. H. Wood and F. W. Lupton. *Con.* B. S. Marshall, W. D. Price, E. A. Mortleman, W. C. Williams also addressed the House.

The question being put to the vote, 9 votes were registered for each side and the Chairman gave his casting vote in favour of the motion.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The Old Abingdonian Club Dinner which was announced in our last number as likely to take place at the end of January has been postponed.

The exact date has not yet been fixed but it will probably be held in the Spring, and of course in the Restored Old School.

The following Inspectors from the Board of Education visited the School on November, 28th, 29th and 30th:—Mr. T. A. Stephens, Mr. J. W. Headlam, Mr. F. B. Stead, and Mr. F. G. L. Bertram.

A report upon their three days' stay amongst us will be made to the Governing Body at the beginning of next term.

Signor José Castelléjo, who has been visiting some English Universities and Schools on behalf of the Spanish Government, spent part of a day with us in November.

The following boys were confirmed by Dr. Gore, the new Bishop of Oxford, on Sunday, December 3rd, at St. Helen's Church.

SCHOOL HOUSE.—F. H. Abbott, A. G. Bartlett, H. W. B. Burkett, B. J. Bury, V. Comfort, A. F. Sheldon, A. J. F. de C. Williams.

TESDALE HOUSE.—V. S. Northam.

DAY BOYS.—E. Ellis, F. V. Enoch, H. E. Gibbs, R. E. Gibbs, R. Henry, P. N. Miles, N. C. Perrin.

The Rev. T. T. Blockley, M.A., has been appointed Vicar of Old Basing by the President and Fellows of Magdalen College, Oxford.

The Rev. H. E. Burgess, O.A., Vicar of St. Paul's, Preston, has been appointed Vicar of All Saints' Church, Higher Walton, Lancashire. Mr. Burgess was at the School under Mr. Summers and graduated from Clare College, Cambridge in 1884.

We congratulate Mr. A. E. Preston, O.A., upon his election as Mayor of Abingdon for the third successive year. The usual Mayoral half-holiday has been given in his honour.

Fifteen of the Senior boys have attended the lectures given on recent Monday Evenings to the Town Debating Society. The subjects of the Lectures have been:—Re-incarnation and its

bearing upon present Social Problems—St. Francis of Assisi—Woman's position in the future—Kant, the Revolutionist in Philosophy.

A. F. Pratt, E. A. Mortlemam, W. D. Price, W. H. Enoch, O. E. Cullen, W. C. Williams and G. J. H. Ashwin have been awarded their football colours.

Our best thanks are due to Mr. James Townsend, O.A., for presenting to the Museum two Nuremberg counters which were dug up in the Stert. They date from the end of the XVth or the beginning of the XVIIth century.

We have also to thank Mr. J. Burgess for presenting to the School Library a copy of Moses and Aaron (eighth edition 1662) and of Romanæ Historiæ (new edition 1661) edited by Thomas Godwyn for the use of Abingdon School: and to Mr. W. W. Richardson, O.A., for the gift of two manuscripts which belonged to his brother the late Mr. W. H. Richardson, F.S.A.

Our best congratulations are due to G. H. G. Shepherd for his brilliant performances for Pembroke College in the Inter-Collegiate Athletic Sports Competition.

We were pleased to receive a visit in November from Mrs. Summers, who has recently returned from a voyage to Australia, and from the Revd. W. E. and Miss Summers.

Richard B. Leach has been given a commission in the West Yorkshire Regiment.

T. S. Wilding has resigned his position on the Staff of Bancroft's School, Essex, and has entered the legal profession.

J. C. Vivian has gone into a bank at Woodstock.

E. G. Doddrell, O.A., who was a member of the School from Jan. 1879 to July 1884 paid us a visit in December. After leaving Abingdon he graduated at Christ's College, Cambridge and for some years past has held an educational appointment at Buluwayo.

Next term will commence on Tuesday, January 23rd. Boys in School House and Tesdale House will return on Monday, January 22nd.

BIRTH.

Box.—On Nov. 9th, at Tesdale House, Abingdon, the wife of the Reverend W. B. Box, of a son.

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

ABINGDONIAN BALANCE SHEET.

Vol. IV. No. 21. (April, 1911).

RECEIPTS.				EXPENDITURE.			
		£	s. d.			£	s. d.
School House	..	..	1 1 0	Deficit	..	3	11 7
Tesdale House	..	..	5 6	Printing 350 copies of Vol. IV. No. 21	..	5	14 0
Mr. Wright's House	..	..	6	100 Deed Envelopes	..	4	6
O.A.C.	..	..	3 6 8	Postage	..	8	0
Other Subscriptions..	..	..	1 2 6				
To Balance	..	..	4 1 11				
			<u>£9 18 1</u>			<u>£9 18 1</u>	

Vol. IV. No. 22. (July, 1912).

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