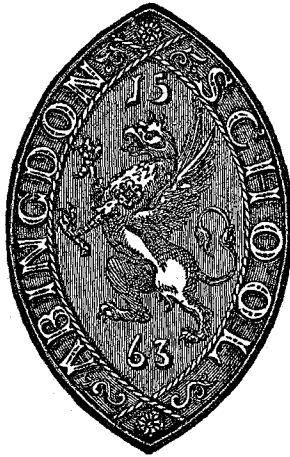


Vol. 5.

Nos. 15 & 16.

# The Abingdonian.

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Misericordias Domini

in aeternum cantabo.

CHRISTMAS \* NUMBER.

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1915.

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ONE SHILLING.



Misericordias  
Domini



in aeternum  
cantabo.

# THE ABINGDONIAN.

Nos. 15 & 16. Vol. V.

DECEMBER, 1915.

Price 1/-

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## EDITORIAL.

THE Christmas Number of 1914 was the first issue of this Magazine which recorded Abingdon School in 'war time.' The phrase has now become but too familiar to everyone and by the Christmas Number, 1915, the war has become a feature in our lives whose prominence shows no sign of becoming less. The general effects of the war are felt universally, but what particularly affects the present members of the School is the fact which we have to record that next term owing to reasons closely connected with the war, the Staff will be reduced by two, and the school consequently re-organised. This event

of course is greatly to be regretted, but it cannot be helped.

We have here, therefore, with great regret, to say farewell to Mr. H. H. Willis, B.A., whose loss will be felt especially by the school music, and also of Mr. J. W. Hood, B.A., Selwyn College, Cambridge, who joined us this year in the place of Mr. Shelton; though this is a time when we should normally have the pleasure of welcoming Mr. Hood in this column. In every part of the School life he has greatly helped us and we had looked forward next term, in addition, to enjoying his expert tuition on the river.

With no ironical "Ave atque vale" we welcome Mr. J. Y. Ingham, Balliol College,

Oxford, who will remain with us to attempt Mathematics and Science combined.

The watchword for us now, as for all England, must be not 'Business as Usual,' but the much-used 'Carry On.' Not that it is thus meant to suggest that any slackness is to be admitted, or that things no longer matter, but rather that all should submit cheerfully to such inconvenience or troubles as are caused by the steadfast pursuit of our national objects while at the same time they do their utmost under changed conditions. We look forward to "After the War" though the words begin to take upon themselves a depressing sense of remoteness.

We attempt here no remarks on the events of the term; they are sufficiently set out below. The wealth of original effort roused this term has gladdened the Editor's heart; some might perhaps suggest that he has bestowed too catholic approval on all original contributions, but this is for the reader to decide; ourselves we believe that enterprise is to be encouraged and proffer our gratitude to those who have so willingly done their share.

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### FOOTBALL.

A.S.F.C. v. Y.M.C.A.—This match, the first of the season, was played at home on September 25th, and produced a hot game. Our opponents won the toss and we kicked off into the Lodge goal. For some considerable time no score was made. Then a neat shot from Ellis gave the School a goal. Soon afterwards, however, the opposing forwards broke through and scored twice. We resumed play with the sun behind us and equalised through Knowles. Another goal was almost immediately scored against us, but this spurred our forwards on and

Scrivener and Taylor each got a goal for us. The forwards on both sides missed a good many chances and were unlucky with their shots. Our forwards were often off-side and they must learn to centre and shoot earlier. Otherwise everyone played a good game, especially the halves and Cornejo

Team—N. G. Cornejo (goal); E. L. Parry, W. H. Jackson (backs); P. W. Morley, J. Knowles, R. E. Eason (halves); H. E. Betteridge, W. R. E. Scrivener, A. Ellis, C. Taylor, E. S. Morley (forwards)

A.S.F.C. v. 341 Co. A.S.C.—On October 6th, a match against the A.S.C. resulted in a very fast game. In spite of the score the School played quite well, for the soldiers' team was heavy and contained three professionals. Early in the game Mr. Bevir twisted his knee and Mr. Hood's leg became troublesome. Cornejo at outside-left played a good game, considering it was his first time out of goal. Knowles played especially well. By half-time the score was only 1—0, but in the second half the soldiers managed to put five goals through. However, pressing all the time, they missed a good many chances, including two from penalty kicks. Our forwards, handicapped by Mr. Bevir's injury, were extraordinarily well marked and consequently had hard work to get a score.

School team.—Mr. J. W. Hood (goal); E. L. Parry, W. H. Jackson (backs); P. W. Morley, J. Knowles, Mr. M. T. Perl (halves); N. G. Cornejo, A. Ellis, Mr. W. Bevir, E. S. Morley (forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. BLOXHAM SCHOOL.—The first Bloxham match found us without a centre half, Knowles being in bed with a chill. In this cause we must attribute our disastrous defeat. Parry lost the toss and consequent

we had the sun, which was very bright, against us. All the forwards were very slow, the wings did not centre very freely, and the inside forwards only put in occasional shots. At half-time three goals had been scored against us. Early in the second half, Betteridge scored, but after this the forwards did not get together at all, and the defence broke down. The Bloxham forwards were very fast and shot well. Neither Parry nor Leach could touch the centre-forward, who was responsible for most of the goals. The match clearly shewed the need of a safe goal and more dash and shooting power amongst the forwards.

Team.—E. C. Davies (goal); E.L.Parry, T. N. T. Leach (backs); P. W. Morley, J. Knowles, R. E. Eason (halves); N. G. Cornejo, H. E. Betteridge, A. Ellis, C. Taylor, E. S. Morley (forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. MAGDALEN COLL. SCHOOL.—The School team visited Oxford on Saturday, October 16th. The Magdalen ground was in good condition, but is rather small considering the size of the field. Changes had been made in the forward line, and Cornejo was playing in goal again. Play was quite fast and we scored the first goal through Taylor. Magdalen, however, obtained a goal soon afterwards. At half-time the score was 1-1. Early during the second half Magdalen scored again and pressed the defence very hard at times. Both sides, however, had about equal shares of the play, and a centre from Morley resulted in a goal for us, which was scored by Eason. The School forwards were handicapped by a lack of speed and inability to shoot. Leach at half-time did not feed his forwards enough, and Jackson's kicking was not very sure.

Team.—N. G. Cornejo (goal); E. L.

Parry, W. H. Jackson (backs); P. W. Morley, J. Knowles, T. N. T. Leach (halves); H. E. Betteridge, R. E. Eason, A. Ellis, C. Taylor, E. S. Morley (forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. LEIGHTON PARK SCHOOL.—The Leighton Park match was played at home on Wednesday, October 20th. Parry won the toss and we kicked into the Lodge goal first, as the sun was strong. The Leighton team was as usual heavier than the School team. Our forwards failed to take advantage due to the sun in the first half and were even slower than usual. Leighton had scored two goals by half-time. Early in the second half the visitors scored again, but soon afterwards the School forwards got together and played very well for about ten minutes, during which time they were continually in front of the Leighton goal. The School's only goal was scored by Eason, who put the ball in from a scrimmage. The team was the same as at Magdalen.

A.S.F.C. v. 341 Co. M.T., A.S.C.—A match was arranged between the School and the A.S.C., on October 27th. Mr. Bevir, on account of his knee, was unable to play. The School won the toss and we kicked into the Park goal first. The soldiers were attacking continually, but the defence managed to keep them out very well. At half-time the score was only 2-0 against us. In the second half the light began to fail and it became difficult to follow the ball. The forwards, although working hard, were well marked and missed many chances. Our only goal was scored by Mr. Grundy. The goal-keeper had rushed out to field the ball, but fell and missed it. Soon afterwards the visitors added two more goals. Finally they scored two more, but

the light was then extremely bad, and Mr. Hood did not stand a chance of saving them. The forwards again showed their inability to shoot in front of goal, and Cornejo, at outside-left, seemed rather lost. Morley and Knowles played hard games, although the former discounts much of his work by his clumsiness. As a whole, in spite of appearances, the team played quite well, considering the cleverness of the opposing side.

Team.—Mr. J. W. Hood (goal); E. L. Parry, W. H. Jackson (backs); P. W. Morley, J. Knowles, Mr. M. T. Perks (halves); N. G. Cornejo, E. S. Morley, Mr. W. M. Grundy, A. Ellis, C.M.Humfrey (forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. MANSFIELD COLL. SCHOOL. The School team visited Oxford on Wednesday, November 3rd, to play Mansfield College. Our team was weaker than we had previously played, both Mr. Bevir and Mr. Grundy being "crooked." The School, losing the toss, kicked uphill during the first half and had most of the play. Unfortunately Cornejo was injured during the first ten minutes. The forwards were very slow, shooting wildly and appeared unable to get used to the ground, which is very small indeed. In addition the play was slackened owing to the number of times the ball was in touch. Several scrimmages in front of the goal produced no goals. In the second half the Mansfield forwards pressed more often and on two occasions were only prevented from scoring by Mr. Hood's good goal-keeping. On the whole the School team cannot be said to have played well, kicking and passing being very erratic. The game ended in a draw, as no goals were scored on either side.

School team.—Mr. J. W. Hood (goal); E. L. Parry, W. H. Jackson (backs); P.

W. Morley, J. Knowles, N. G. Cornejo (halves); H. E. Betteridge, E. S. Morley, A. Ellis, C. Taylor, Mr. M. T. Perks (forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. ABINGDON Y.M.C.A.—The return match with the Y.M.C.A. was played at home on Saturday, November 6th. The School kicked into the Lodge goal first, but although the forwards played quite well they could not manage to get more than one goal (Morley i.) in the first half. On the other hand our opponents had two. The forwards played better than they had done previously Betteridge playing a fine game and centreing extremely well. A little more determination however, would have produced more goals. Early in the second part of the game the opposing forwards scored another goal, but our own forward line got together well for about a quarter of an hour, and, pressing hard, scored two more goals (Ellis and Taylor). After about ten minutes even play our opponents attacked hard, and Jackson running towards the goal, unfortunately scored for the other side. Leach, however, managed to equalise with a nice shot from the right. The rest of the game was an exciting struggle, and after a fierce bombardment on our goal, which happily produced no goals honours were evenly divided. Cornejo i goal played an excellent game and saved good many shots at almost point-blank range.

School team.—N. G. Cornejo (goal); E. L. Parry, W. H. Jackson (backs); P. W. Morley, J. Knowles, T. N. T. Leach (halves); H. E. Betteridge, E. S. Morley, A. Ellis, C. Taylor, C. M. Humfrey (forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. LEIGHTON PARK SCHOOL.—The team visited Reading on Wednesday November 24th. The forwards from start to finish were very slow and in consequenc

the ball was nearly always in our half of the field. Leighton's first goal was scored from a scrimmage in the goal mouth. Cornejo had saved once, but the ball was almost immediately afterwards put into the goal. At half-time the score was 1-0 against us. For the first ten minutes of the second half the School team absolutely fell to pieces, and two more goals were scored. At no time during the second part of the game did the School forwards seem at all likely to score, but Leighton, towards the end of the game got two more goals as the result of several vigorous attacks. It cannot be said that anyone played at all well, and the game probably was the worst exhibition the side has given.

Team.—N. G. Cornejo (goal); E. L. Parry, W. H. Jackson (backs); P. W. Morley, J. Knowles, T. N. T. Leach (halves); H. E. Betteridge, R. J. Jackson, A. Ellis, C. Taylor, W. R. E. Scrivener (forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. MAGDALEN COLL. SCHOOL.—The return match was played at home on Saturday, November 27th. Owing to some dislocation of the bus traffic from Oxford our visitors arrived an hour late; after we had decided that they were not coming. The School team had been disbanded, but as Magdalen seemed determined to play in spite of the thick fog, a team was got together and we played half-an-hour each way. It is unnecessary to say anything about the play as the whole School was watching. Whether they saw anything we do not know, but from the fierce shouts raised from time to time it must be inferred that they did. During the game the ground was as hard as iron, and the fog so thick that neither goal could be seen from the centre. When a goal was scored it had to

be passed down with a full description from man to man. The game resulted in a win for Magdalen, the score being 2-1.

School team.—N. G. Cornejo (goal); E. L. Parry, W. H. Jackson (backs); P. W. Morley, J. Knowles, R. E. Eason (halves); H. E. Betteridge, R. J. Jackson, A. Ellis, C. Taylor, C. M. Humfrey (forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. RED CROSS HOSPITAL.—On Wednesday, December 1st, the School played the soldiers from Tesdale House, which has been converted into a hospital. The play was on the whole very even and the forwards started off well. Only half-an-hour was played each way, and naturally it was not a really fast game because our opponents had been wounded. Both our goals were scored in the first half, one by Morley and one by Jackson ii. At half-time the score was 2-1 for us, but about half-way through the second half the soldiers scored through their centre-half, who was extremely clever with his feet. Towards the end of the game he scored again, while our forwards did not retaliate. The score thus ended against us, although our team had started off so well.

School team.—N. G. Cornejo (goal); E. L. Parry, W. H. Jackson (backs); P. W. Morley, J. Knowles, R. E. Eason (halves); H. E. Betteridge, R. J. Jackson, A. Ellis, C. Taylor, W. R. E. Scrivener (forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. BLOXHAM SCHOOL 2nd XI.—This match was played on the Bloxham ground on Wednesday, October 13th, and was the first of the season. Unfortunately this year our 2nd XI. is exceptionally small and we may consider this match a great success. All our goals, numbering six, were scored in a very short time. It seemed to take Bloxham some little time to get into their stride against such a small line, for it

was during the second half that we had to keep our attention fixed on the defence. Bloxham commenced pressing, and before the close of the game had scored three goals, all very late in the game. It seemed as if in another ten minutes it might have gone badly with us, for we did not have the staying power of the larger eleven. It would be a great help if the goal and backs could kick a little harder from a place-kick.

Team.—G. R. Kirkby (goal); G. C. Cornejo, T. N. F. Leach (backs); W. Lowe, W. Lupton, J. N. Sanders (halves); L. A. Crook, R. J. Jackson, W. R. E. Scrivener, G. A. Stacey, C. M. Humfrey (forwards).

A.S.F.C. 2nd XI. v. I. S. R. MILES' XI, We played this match on our own ground on Saturday, October 16th. Once again the smallness of our side was felt against a heavier team, but nevertheless a very good fight for the game was maintained throughout. Good use was made of the kick-off, and the first run up the field won for us our first and only goal. During the commencement of the second half the visitors scored a goal, and by this time their superiority in size was being felt. Nevertheless a good defence was maintained from beginning to end, but they were too strong for us. By the end of the game they had scored three goals.

Team.—E. C. Davies (goal); C. V. Davidge, J. W. Sanders (backs); W. Lowe, W. Lupton, G. C. Cornejo (halves); L. A. Lewis, R. J. Jackson, W. R. E. Scrivener, G. A. Stacey, C. M. Humfrey (forwards).

A.S.F.C. 2nd XI. v. LEIGHTON PARK SCHOOL 2nd XI.—This match was played on the Leighton ground on Wednesday, October 20th. The whole game was very fiercely contested by both sides and towards the end of the game it seemed that the Leightonians

would break through, but we put ourselves almost entirely on the defensive and after a few skirmishes in the front of the goal, the game came to a close leaving the score at nil for both teams. The forward line shewed a great deal of dash throughout, and for the most part seemed to get round the larger Leighton team in great style.

Team.—E. C. Davies (goal); C. V. Davidge, G. C. Cornejo (backs); W. Lowe, W. Lupton, J. N. Sanders (halves); L. A. Lewis, R. J. Jackson, W. R. E. Scrivener, G. A. Stacey, C. M. Humfrey (forwards).

A.S.F.C. 2nd XI. v. LEIGHTON PARK SCHOOL 2nd XI.—This match was played on our own ground on Wednesday, November 24th. The game was not so successful as the former one, but was nevertheless very exciting. It appears that the Leightonians were rather stronger than in the previous game and succeeded in getting one goal to our nil in each half of the game, thus resulting in a loss for us by two goals to nil.

Team.—E. C. Davies (goal); C. V. Davidge, J. N. Sanders (backs); G. C. Cornejo, R. E. Eason, W. Lupton (halves); L. A. Lewis, E. S. Morley, T. Morland, W. Lowe, C. M. Humfrey (forwards).

### FOOTBALL CHARACTERS.

N. G. CORNEJO (Goal), Colours 1914-15. Quite a good goal-keeper; kicks remarkably well and is usually safe with his hands. Played a fine game against the Abingdon Y.M.C.A. Has tried "outside-left" and "right-half," but hardly realised expectations in either of these positions.

E. L. PARRY, Capt. (Left Back).—Has had a more than usually thorny path to tread in selecting his different teams, and has



made the most of his material. An energetic and untiring player, though rather clumsy; a plucky tackler, but not a very safe kick.

W. H. JACKSON (Right Back).—Has not improved as much as was expected from his last year's form. Is fairly safe, but lacks speed. Should remember to keep his place and not play forward. Tackles fearlessly, should learn to feed his forwards.

P. W. MORLEY (Left Half).—A good tackler, but spoils his efforts by very feeble kicking. Does not look where he is passing and lacks judgment in the "throw-in." Sticks to the ball too long; might make use of his "back" in an emergency.

J. KNOWLES (Centre-half).—Very energetic and vigorous. Has improved considerably since last season both in speed and certainty of kick. Supports his forwards well, and has done invaluable work for the defence.

T. N. T. LEACH (Right-half).—A fair kick, but does not keep up behind his forwards. Tackles well, but gives up his man when once beaten.

H. E. BETTERIDGE (Outside-left).—The best of our forwards. Has improved a great deal since the beginning of the season. Centres well and can kick a good corner. Should learn to centre with the left foot. Has improved in pace.

R. J. JACKSON (Inside-left).—A small and tricky forward. Kicks well for his size. Is rather too selfish with the ball, and does not mark his man from the throw-in.

A. ELLIS (Centre).—Has not come up to expectations in matches. Should learn to get away with the ball at once and go straight for goal. Has improved as a shot, but is very slow; passes rather erratically.

C. TAYLOR (Inside-left).—Very slow on the ball. Has a weak kick and shoots badly. He shows very little knowledge of combination.

W. R. E. SCRIVENER (Outside-right).—A fair forward; combines well with his inside man; not a strong kick—especially on the corner. Lacks pace, but will improve with more experience.

### SCHOOL PRIZES.

#### VI.—

- Latin.—J. Knowles.
- Greek.—J. Knowles.
- Mathematics.—A. Davenport.
- French.—A. Eason.
- Science.—E. L. Parry.
- German.—A. Eason.
- Divinity.—J. Knowles.
- Meredith Latin Prose.—J. Knowles.
- Meredith Greek Prose.—J. Knowles.

#### V.—

- Form Prize.—H. Humphries.
- Latin.—J. N. Sanders.
- Greek.—J. N. Sanders.
- Mathematics.—C. Taylor.
- French.—A. Ellis.

#### REMOVE.—

- Form Prize.—H. P. Tame.
- Latin.—R. E. Eason.
- Mathematics.—R. E. Eason.
- French.—C. M. Humfrey.

#### SHELL.—

- Form Prize.—J. C. Brafield.
- Latin.—H. Wiggins.
- Mathematics.—R. J. Jackson.
- French.—J. C. Brafield.
- Art.—W. Lowe.

#### III.—

- Form Prize.—R. Saxby.
- Latin.—R. Saxby.
- Mathematics.—N. Deal.
- French.—G. N. Carter.
- Art.—N. Deal.

## II.—

Form Prize.—T. F. T. Morland.

Sketching Club Prize.—L. A. Lewis.

Art Prize.—H. J. Edgington.

Music Prize.—J. Knowles.

Singing Prize.—T. N. T. Leach.

Prizes were kindly given by the following:

Mr. W. A. Davenport, Prof. W. Esson,

Prof. F. J. Haverfield, Dr. C. B. Heberden,

Mr. G. H. Hodgson, Rev. H. A. Kennedy,

Mr. W. Legge, Canon W. M. Meredith,

Mr. A. W. Morland, Mr. J. T. Morland,

Mr. W. H. Nash, Mr. A. E. Preston,

Mr. C. A. Pryce, Mr. H. Young.

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OXFORD LOCAL RESULTS, 1915.

SENIOR.

1st CLASS HONOURS.—

E. L. Parry. (Distinction in Physics).

2nd CLASS HONOURS.—

W. R. T. Skinner.

L. A. Lewis.

P. L. Howard.

PASS.—

R. C. D. Lanning.

R. E. Gibbs.

H. Humphries.

C. V. Davidge.

JUNIOR.

3rd CLASS HONOURS.—

F. Crossland.

PASS.—

R. E. Eason.

H. J. Edgington.

C. T. Gibbs.

G. R. Kirkby.

W. Lupton.

H. P. Tame.

O. T. C.

After the excitement of last term the Corps has returned to a more ordinary routine. The chief business is at present and for some time to come will be the incorporation of the large number of recruits who have reached the necessary age and swelled our muster roll to unwonted length. As these young soldiers started at the beginning of the term with only a rudimentary knowledge of squad drill they were not able to drill with the trained men, but were as a rule instructed apart by the indefatigable Lieut. Bevir; the remainder could do little but skeleton company drill—more exciting for the new section commanders, J. N. Sanders and L. A. Lewis, than the rest—but the rank and file must look forward to more interesting and advanced work in the future.

Half-way through the term, we ought also to say, an epidemic of measles thinned the ranks, and the cold weather caused the abandonment of several parades in view of the possible exposure of "incubation period" cases to the rigour of the elements. Our training has therefore been somewhat delayed by this and other causes.

BUGLERS.

Our band continues to grow and we are distinctly well manned with eight buglers and the threat of three drums. A real battalion if it had its musicians in a like proportion would march behind a stout array of two hundred and fifty music makers! We are pleased to see they have taken our advice given last July about learning a march; they have learnt two of them, and twice a week we have afforded them practice by following them for a period round the parade ground. We know those tunes now, whether they do or not.

## SIGNALLERS.

Signalling began well, but ended with a slump as the parades lost, as recorded above, were always those in which the signallers would normally have been allowed to follow their own devices. They have, however, lost none of their former interest, and devoted more than one spare afternoon to instruction in Morse work with the buzzer. Of the three new recruits to this branch, Tame and Morland i. shewed great keenness and promise. Their instructor hereby thanks all signallers for their ready co-operation, and hopes to do more continuous work next term.

## CASUALTY LIST.

## KILLED IN ACTION.

**CHALLENGOR.**—On July 31st, in action in France, Norman Bowen Challenor, Capt. 2nd Batt. Royal Berks Regt., aged 30.

[Born in June, 1885, he was educated at Rousse's School and Framlingham, leaving the latter in 1902. He was gazetted Second Lieut. in the 3rd Batt. Royal Berks Regiment in 1903. In 1910 he became Captain, and in the following year musketry instructor to the battalion. He was a good shot, and twice won the officer's shooting challenge cup. He resigned his commission in 1913, when he was senior captain in the battalion. In 1914 he married Miss Marian Woodford, second daughter of E. Russell Woodford, M.D., of Ventnor, and leaves a son nine months old. On the outbreak of the war Captain Challenor rejoined his old battalion, and for six months served with it at Portsmouth. In June he was ordered to the Front, and was attached to the 2nd Batt. of the Royal Berks. On the 31st of July he was engaged on observation duty in the trenches when he was shot through the head by a sniper and died instantly. He was buried the same evening in the regimental burial ground.]

**COBB.**—Lance-Corpl. J. H. Cobb (youngest son of Mr. J. Cobb, Coningsby Hall, Lincoln), 1/4th West Riding Regt., died of wounds on December 5th, aged 24.

**STANILAND.**—Killed in action at Loos, Lance-Sergeant Walter Edwin Staniland, 10th Gloucestershire Regt.

**MITCHELL.**—2nd Lieut. John McGeorge Mitchell, 5th Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry.

## WOUNDED.

Austin, W. M., Lieut., 3rd Wilts Regt.  
Challenor, O. B., Lieut., 4th Royal Berks.  
Cullen, W., at Suvla Bay.  
Habgood, H. T., Berks Yeomanry.  
Hooke, W. N., Berks Yeomanry.  
Long, W. E., Berks Yeomanry.  
Pryce, A. O. C., R.N.V.R.

## MISSING.

Habgood, J. H., Berks Yeomanry.

## INJURED.

d'Almaine, Roy; seriously injured in trenches under fire. Removed from front to Lincoln for operation, and going on well.

## A SHOCK.

I awakened with a horrible start. It was late at night and the cold beams of a pale moon strayed in at the window, throwing out in ghastly relief the furniture around me. Deathly silence was on all the house, not even the customary creaks of night could be heard. From without not a sound entered; it was as if the dwelling had been cut off from the world. Trembling, my eye passed over the various objects in the room, so clear in the moonlight, and yet so undefined, until they alighted upon a gaunt object a few yards from my bed. Black it was and shapeless, yet like some giant figure wrapped in a huge sombre cloak. Its face was covered, but I could imagine a fiendish pair of eyes glaring wickedly at me from behind the mask that covered it. Slowly and surely it advanced towards me, amid a dreadful silence, and at last, unable to bear it any longer, I leaped out of bed, took the overcoat off its peg, and once more retired to sweet repose.

J. K.

## THE WAR: SUPPLEMENTARY LIST.

Barnes, H. W. C., 10th Bn. Norfolk Regt.  
 Cannon, A., Army Service Corps.  
 Challenor, Rev. B. M., Chaplain 17th Infantry Reserve Brigade, att. Northumberland Fusiliers.  
 Cullen, D., London Scottish.  
 d'Almaine, H. A. A., Capt., N. Battery, H.A.  
 Davenport, A., 2nd Lieut., 6th Bn. Rifle Brigade, Special Reserve.  
 Eason, A., 2nd Lieut., 9th Royal Berks.  
 Enoch, W. H., 2nd Lieut., 3/9th Bn. Oxford and Bucks L.I.  
 Graham, A. W. L., Princess Patricia's Canadian L.I.  
 Graham, F. B., Princess Patricia's Canadian L.I.  
 Graham, J. G., Princess Patricia's Canadian L.I.  
 Howard, J. A., 2nd Lieut., 3rd Bn. Essex Regt., Special Reserve.  
 Lacey, L. E., Army Service Corps.  
 Lanning, R. C. D., Inns of Court O.T.C.  
 Lupton, F. W., 2nd Lieut., 14th Bn. Royal Fusiliers.  
 Morland, P. H., 34th Bn. Canadian Expeditionary Force.  
 Philipps, J. E. T., Lieut., 4th King's African Rifles.  
 Saxby, E. C. B., Army Service Corps.  
 Skinner, W. R. T., Inns of Court O.T.C.  
 Sloman, A. E. P., Army Service Corps.  
 Taylor, E. F., Colonel, R.E.  
 Wakefield, J. H., R.A.M.C.  
 Weaving, L. A., 2nd Lieut., 10th Bn. Norfolk Regt.  
 Weaving, R. J., 2nd Lieut., R.G.A.  
 Wood, W. H., 2nd Lieut., 9th Royal Berks.

## PROMOTIONS, ETC.

Lieut. E. F. Berry has been attached to the Indian Army 9th Gurkha Rifles.

2nd Lieut. A. W. Collingbourne has been gazetted to 9th Bn. Royal Sussex Regt., from Sussex Yeomanry.

Lieut. P. N. Graham has been gazetted to 11th Bn. Northumberland Fusiliers, from the Canadian Contingent.

2nd Lieut. T. M. Layng was promoted temporary Captain while attached to the 2nd 2nd Bn. Durham L.I. He has now returned to the Indian Army.

2nd Lieut. K. J. Detmold has been gazetted to 10th Bn. Norfolk Regt., from Public Schools Bn. Middlesex Regt.

2nd Lieut. A. G. C. Rice has been gazetted to the 3rd Bn. Royal Berks, from the 4th Bn. Royal Fusiliers.

Capt. A. M. Shepherd, R.E., has been promoted temporary Major and is attached to the Scottish Signalling Service.

Lance-Corpl. F. E. Spokes, 4th Bn. Royal Berks Regt., has been promoted Sergeant.

Lieut. F. C. Woodward has been gazetted to the R.F.A.

## BIRTHS.

WILDING.—On October 15th, the wife of 2nd Lieut. T. S. Wilding, M.A., Barrister at Law, of a son.

BOX.—On October 31st, at 6, Chichester Place, Brighton, the wife of the Rev. W. B. Box, of a son.

## MARRIAGE.

GRAHAM—TYE.—On July 29th, at Christ Church, Haysville, Ontario, Canada, by the Rev. C. H. P. Owen, Rector of Glencoe, Ontario, assisted by the Rev. T. Hicks, Rector-in-charge, Arthur William Lionel Graham, of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, fourth son of Mr. T. E. Graham, of Abingdon, to Annie Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Mr. H. D. Tye, of Haysville, Ontario.

## "ABSOLUTE ROT."

want to write a poem, but I don't know what to say,

(comma) Because my wits are lost or stolen.

(full stop) What price the topics of the day?

(query) And German 'Kultur'; (semi-colon)

Or trees and skies and mountains o'er the sea,

(comma) A bloater or a razor-strop—

(aphen) A bird of prey or K.C.B.?

(another query) I don't know. (full stop)

(inverted commas start) "Elusive Muse

A serio-comic inspiration send

Love, tragedy, a sketch from the 'revues'

Or drama." (here inverted commas end)

Why, (comma) 'ere I thought I had begun

I've made my poem! (mark of exclamation)

But is it poem now that it is done?

(note of interrogation)

L.A.L.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM  
CAPT. S. H. BAKER.

France, Sept. 27, 15.

It was still raining—a steady sort of slow rain, and everything was filthy. We left our little town about 8 o'clock, the Oxford and Bucks leading the way. We eventually arrived at a big town towards the East, where the roads were sometimes inches deep in mud and puddles and splashed you from head to foot. The outskirts are not beautiful and consist mostly of poor houses, but the people here seemed much more pleased than at B., some even grinned quite effusively and they all seemed very cheery, though they never cheered. After four hours of marching we got an hour's rest and some grub, and as we only had our pocket-knives, a loaf of bread and the tinned beef, it was somewhat picnicky. I must give my revolver a clean-up—rifles and everything got pretty well rusted, always having lorries rushing by en route, etc.

\* \* \* \*

In the Trenches,

Oct. 1st, 1915.

Three officers, three N.C.O's and a man from our company have had a trial visit to the trenches. Certain loud bangs, mysterious whistles overhead, brilliant Roman candles and everything lit up most beautifully, a few cracks and snaps of rifle fire and the rat-tat-tat of machine guns and flashes further away as the artillery lets fly a shell or two. There's a wretched sniper who is only too successful, but they had the duck of a smack at him last night and also at a working party. I had a few peeps over the parapet, (but it's not recommended) but there's nothing to see—a few undulations, mounds and distant ridges where no doubt they have more trenches.

We had now to go to another trench—ugh! very narrow, very slippery, holes all over the place, and mud, we didn't know how deep, the boots took a bit of hauling out now and then. Our good friends there however gave us some grub, though I am afraid we ate theirs; but I had some stuff with me, I had also a big chunk of chocolate which I left with them. I'm finishing this in a dug-out, where fragments of shell and stray bullets fly about also, but it is not particularly dangerous, although two of our company to-day got wounded with a splinter.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Oct. 6th, In reserve.

I don't think my sleep would figure out at a very large proportion of the 24 hours, but it doesn't seem to matter, even though grub too has been at a discount and one hasn't had a decent meal till to-day, except those given us by our hosts. I had put carefully away some potatoes which had become frozen (along with a seedy-looking chop) into a white layer of solid fat, with a view to toasting them up in my mess tin lid by my new stove, and so to indulge in chipped potatoes, but alas, they were removed as "rubbish." (The fancied luxury was, I suppose, captured by my servant).

At night, you may imagine, it is all very mysterious patrolling the trenches. Mysterious dark figures on the parapet, a feeble glimmer on the bayonet. "A whispered "all right" or "nothing doing?"—"Yes sir," and then past huddled up bundles of men sleeping out in the trench, some wrapped in ground sheets or curled up in strange corners, some snoring so violently that you would think the enemy must hear. Pen run dry—no clean water here—must fill up with some old tea from the tea pot (if not already washed up). Our mess waiter's a real jewel—"Voila! toute à suite accompli!"

We mustn't move into the open, or aeroplanes will spot us and either drop shells direct or send a signal to their artillery but we got to the fringe of the wood and basked in the sun—washed in some pease-soupy water that had accumulated in a trench and got a few things washed in the same sort of water. Flies and skeeters are rather horrid, but I have avoided till now the other terrors, although a miserable rat has eaten a hole through my sponge and also my ration bag. I woke up in the night to find a beast doing the tight-rope trick along Fowkes' bed: and he, the quadruped, not the biped, was much astonished to find the flash-light on him, and he got him away right hastily.

We become rather ribald in the evening—I found myself singing:—

"As we walk along the bois de—  
With an independent air  
You can hear the "Taub" declare  
"There's an Englishman in there"  
And he drops his wily bomb—etc."

and at the moment an aeroplane is hovering about somewhere.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nov. 10th,

In the Train

We halted at D. to-day and last night found two English girls on the platform at a hefty railway station, said (by them) to be the largest in France, and they had just given us a huge jug of coffee when off we went and had nothing to put it in. I had a mug ready, but no one else had anything. So we all had a sip each. One of our fellows had addressed them in the dark as "Tricotie mademoiselle" repeated several times with a bad accent. He felt rather foolish when he found they were English. Just what some of our silly English people would do.. We are supposed to be 50 hours in it

train and someone said just now we were 8 hours late. Rather a long time to get to the sea!

\* \* \* \*

H.M.S. Mars.

Here we are on board bound for somewhere! Marched down through the town with a most enthusiastic populace (for once in a way) and even a gang of small boys cheered lustily.

F. and I have a cabin to ourselves and my man is making my bed. My goat-skin—or seal-skin, or whatever it is, has vanished pro. tem. I wish I had had a recent map of the country for our long journey. I wonder if I shall ever see that parcel! We shall have a peaceful sleep to-night in the harbour.

Our men seem very pleased and excited at all their sight-seeing. "We should never have seen all we have if we hadn't joined up" says my servant. We shall soon see what sort of sailors our fellows are. Rumour delights in suggesting all sorts of fates to us. Submarines, of course, terrific landings, peaceful embarkation in a semi-tropical country, or direct to the fray by way of a friendly port.

#### THE OPINIONS OF A GOAL KEEPER (?) ON GOAL KEEPING.

"Like a rat in a trap" is a true representation of goal-keeping as it appears from the goal-keeper's point of view. You stand there shivering on a cold winter afternoon watching the game sway backwards and forwards on the frozen ground; suddenly something seems to happen, you do not know what, but you see the whole line of opposing forwards sweeping down upon you. You make a wild rush out, get knocked upon your back and are politely informed that if you had stayed in you might have stopped it!

It seems to the goal-keeper as if all the cursing on the field were reserved for him. Everybody tells him what he ought to have done, but no one offers to do it for him; and the only thing that survives after a match is how many goals he missed and not how many he saved.

It is a peculiar fact that a goal against has much more effect on the spirits of a goal-keeper than upon the rest of the team, because he always feels as if he alone were responsible, whether he really is or not. There is absolutely no room for doubt—from the goal-keeper's point of view at least—that "goal" is the worst place on the football field.

E.C.D.

#### FEELINGS AT A CONCERT PRACTICE.

(With apologies to H. H. Willis, Esq.)

One day I hope to reach some tuneful shore,  
Where no one wants steel ships, where Odin  
clangs no more;

No leather on his knee.

There Wellington shall cease from banal  
bawls

And Nelson sink once more beneath St.  
Paul's

And hushed the melly be;

There always noiseless guard those spirits  
keep

What time the Vikings' forge is sound  
asleep;

Silent the soul-bright sea.

There heroes all in death lie low  
Nor ever riding by shall go;

As stormy winds no longer loud

The altos' bugle notes shall blow;

The basses' heterogeneous crowd

No too-aspiring note shall know;

The tenors drop that haughty air

And trebles lose their looks of care;

While all four parts sing with éclat

Some simple chant first through to 'Ah.'

QUORUM PARVA PARS FUL.

M.T.P.

## THE EYES OF THE ARMY.

We had exhausted all the records of the Hospital gramophone, and they had left us comatose. Thus when the orderly told us that the oculist proposed to invade the sanctity of our presence and make use of the officers' ward as a testing room for the eyesight of complaining Tommies, we were only mildly interested.

But we did not know that oculist. He was like an oasis in the weary desert of our daily routine. He was ophthalmic specialist, detective, K.C., and humourist rolled into one. His knowledge of eyes, great as it undoubtedly was, was as nothing compared with his knowledge of human nature. We settled down in our beds and enjoyed an entertainment such as none of the hospital concerts had ever provided.

We will call the first of his victims Private Hodge. He is bulky and bucolic, with an expression of blank unintelligence. He takes fully thirty seconds to collect his thoughts before answering each question.

"Well, Hodge," says our oculist, briskly, "what can I do for you?" . . . Come hurry up." . . . "Me eyes are weak, sir."

"In what way are they weak?" . . . "I can't see, sir."

"You can't see! dear! dear! Which eye is the worse?"

. . . . "Me right, sir."

"Really? You're sure?" . . . "Yes, sir."

"Very well, come over here and tell me how many letters you can read on that card on the opposite wall."

Hodge is dumb and apparently blind.

"Oh, but surely you can see the top letter? No? Very well, stand here."

He moves Hodge two paces forward.

"Now what's the top letter?" . . . "T, sir." "Good! and the next line?"

No reply from Private Hodge. He is moved forward until he slowly deciphers N D. A yard away from the card he manages with great effort to read T P H in the third line.

"That's all you can see, is it?" . . . "Yes, sir."

"Well, Hodge, I'm sorry to say, I can't believe you. According to your attestation papers your left eye is worse than your right, and at any rate, you ought to have read four lines of print from your first position. I may as well tell you that I have to write a report to your Colonel, of this examination, so I think you had better try just a little harder. Come here!"

Hodge is moved to a midway position and easily reads four or five lines of print.

"That's better! What did you enlist for, Hodge?" . . . "To shut Germans, sir."

"And do you think there is anything wrong (with your eyes which will prevent your becoming an efficient soldier?" . . . "No, sir."

"Of course not. Even supposing you missed the enemy with your bullets you could——" "I could baayonet him," says Hodge with a grin.

"Of course, and do you know, I think your eyesight may improve wonderfully before you get home. By the way, where do you come from?" . . . "Fort Shippon, sir."

"Well, I've known several cases of vast improvement between here and Fort Shippon. What you want is not spectacles, but practice. As you go home along the street, look at things before you come to them, and with care you will soon be able to recognise a lamp post long before you reach it. Some people's eyes fail through overwork, but



your's need use. You'll do as I suggest, won't you?" . . . "Yes, sir."

"And I'm sure you'll be able to see much better by the time you reach Fort Shippon, don't you think so?" . . . "Yes, sir."

"Of course you will, and then you'll be able to shoot heaps of Germans. Good-day to you!"

\* \* \* \*

[The next is a shorter business.

"Well, what's the matter with you?"

"My eyesight goes, sir."

"Yes, but that doesn't help me much.

When does it go?"

"It went last Saturday night, sir!"

"What had you been having for supper?"

"Fish and chips, sir."

"And a bottle of stout?"

"No, sir,—beer."

"Perhaps two or three glasses?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, and did you feel queer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, do you know, I think your complaint will cure itself. Next time you have fish and chips, leave out the beer. Come and see me in three weeks time if your eyes still bother you. Good-day."

\* \* \* \*

[Enter an elderly private.

"Well?"

"My eyesight is failing me, sir."

"How?"

"Well, sir, when I am on guard down at the docks at night and look at a light for some time it suddenly disappears."

"Are you colour blind?"

"No, sir."

"How much do you smoke?"

"About six ounces a week, sir."

"Give up your smoking and come again in about three weeks."

[A slip of a youth enters.

"Your name?"

"Jean Maire, sir."

"Oh! Where do you come from?"

"Jersey, sair, I can't see, sair."

"Oh, come try to read those letters for me."

"I can't read, sair."

"You can't read! But your papers say you did quite well in that line six weeks ago. You've been to school?"

"I left at fourteen, sair, and am now a dairy farmer."

"And you can't read any of those letters?"

"No, sair."

"But you could six weeks ago?"

"Yes, sair."

"Well, I must say you seem very unconcerned. If I were you I shouldn't be at all happy if my eyesight began to fail me at that rate. You see I might be blind in another fortnight. Now, which would you rather do, stay in the Army or go back to the farm?"

"I want to be a soldier, sair."

"That's the spirit. Go quietly on with your work and don't worry about your eyes. You see, in the next six weeks there is every likelihood of your eyes being quite strong again. Good-bye."

Calls Bombardier Smith.—

"Bombardier, look after that young French boy. He'll make a soldier all right, but at present he is so nervous he can scarcely speak. Probably he's too nervous to see."

"Very good, sir."

\* \* \* \*

"I can't see very well with my right eye, sir."

This from a strapping healthy-looking fellow of nearly six feet.

"Well, come over here and tell me what

letters you can read. You can read, by the way?"

"I'm not much of a scholar, sir."

"Here's a newspaper, what's this word?"

"I—n, in."

"Good! then you know your letters?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then read what letters you can over there."

Covers his left eye.

"T N D."

"Quite right! I say, you're good at letters! Go ahead!"

Encouraged by this praise, Tommy beams with delight and, forgetful of the object of his visit, proceeds:—

"T P H"

"Splendid! Fire away! What's the next line?"

"F N H H"

"Better and better! Why, man, you have magnificent sight! You'll make a sniper yet! Good-day to you."

\* \* \* \*

"How long have you had that squint?"

"It's natural, sir."

"I suppose you mean you've had it since birth. It isn't natural to have a squint, you know. Come here, and fire ahead!"

"T."

"No more? Walk nearer until you can read the next line."

"N D."

"And the next line."

"Can't read any more, sir."

"What are you in private life?"

"Amateur racing motor-cyclist, sir."

"H'm, not a very lucrative profession. Go closer and tell me what you can see."

Slowly—"T N D."

"Oh! leave out the T N D, of course you can see them. What else?"

"Can't see any more, sir."

"Well, go closer until you can.—Now?"

"T N D."

"Look here, I'm fed up with T N D. Tell me what else you can see now."

"T P H"

"Try the next line!"

"F N H L"

"Thanks, that will do, E for F, and L for E! I'm sorry, but I can't believe you. You had better come and see me in a fortnight's time, and I should advise you to read much better next time. Good-bye."

\* \* \* \*

A wily little fellow was that oculist—too wily for the average Tommy to circumvent. "They may have done me once or twice at the start of the war," he said in confidence to us, afterwards, "but I think I'm a match for 'em now."

W. A. R.

9th Royal West Kent.

### LEAVES FROM OUR CHOIR- MASTER'S SECRET DIARY.

People little know how moderate I am; if the School choir only knew what I really thought!

The trebles, for instance, do not yet possess the courage of their convictions; in Chapel, particularly, they are over-modest in always waiting for someone else to begin.

No one, however, could accuse the altos of shyness—in practices at any rate. As for T.N.T.L., once the star member of the celestial choir, he is now a fallen angel and one of the very worst cases, who ought really to sing through respirators. "Prithce, Thomas, PPPPianissimo" will be found written on my heart.

The tenors think they can sing F sharp rather well. "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis

olly to be wise." And they are very huffy if there is any soupçon of their not being perfection itself.

The bass is the only part in which I have heard nothing to criticise; I have, unhappily, never yet heard it at all.

Ah Me!

M.T.P.

### NOISE.

Bang, crash, boom, biff,  
Wang, wallop, whoop."  
Like the sound of galloping horses,  
Like to the rumble of many a wheel,  
Clashing and clanging, whizzing and whining,  
Flashing and bashing of resonant steel;  
Like as the men of old, clad in their armour  
Set in dread shock, with fierce battle's sound,  
Such was the prelude of wild pandemonium,  
Such were the noises that hovered around.  
With 'piano' and 'forte' and dainty 'legato,'  
With shrill 'pizzicato and molt' allegro,  
Now they resolve into incessant murmur,  
Ear-splitting, nerve-racking, quite mal  
à propos,  
To the delicate slumber that holds us  
enthralled,  
With dreams of tinned salmon, pine chunks  
and potatoes,  
burnt toast and baked beans and sundry  
mementoes  
Of times we have supped till our del'cacies  
palled.  
but now to return from our lengthy  
digression,  
What means all this clamour? 'tis quite  
plain to me;  
It is just an impression  
(Except the digression)  
Of an early parade of the A.S.C.

J.K.

### A CHRISTMAS LETTER.

Materfamilias: Well, have you got that letter written to Horace yet?

X.: No, I'm just thinking about what I shall say when the Editor of the Abingdonian asks me for the contribution which I promised him in a rash moment of generosity some time back, when I was feeling particularly conscious of some latent and original talents, which now appear to merit the former rather than the latter epithet.

Mf.: But what about writing to Horace? You know that must be done.

X.: I know that the quantity and quality of several preps. done to-night render it imperative that I should walk circumspectly when I cross the Editor's path to-morrow, and I was thinking that some article for the Abingdonian, as a peace-offering, concealed safely in my blotter to act as reserve force whenever called upon, might come in handy.

Mf.: Oh, you always find some excuse for postponing letter-writing. Look here; since Horace wants you to give him some school jottings, why not write a letter which might also be printed in the School Magazine?

X.: H'm! It might do. It's true I'm stumped for a subject, and it would certainly kill two birds with one stone. Very well, then. Here goes!

December 9th, 1915.

Dearest Horace,

The covert allusions and delicate innuendoes in your last letter with respect to the punctuality, or otherwise, of my replies were all duly read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested. I mention this for fear the above date might lead you to imagine that they

had been erased by the censor in a fit of temper at your particularly vile writing. Such requests for immediate attention, you will allow, must be treated impartially and in strict order of merit. I had already three such on hand, of an even more pressing nature from school; and the fact that to me you do but exist "in the mind's eye, Horatio," so to speak, at once put your claim under a distinct disadvantage when pitted against those of several persons whom it is my lot to see in the flesh six days out of seven, and who are given to criticising my shortcomings rather than to admiring my plausibility.

Of the "events" of the term, in the more prosaic meaning of that word, I shan't attempt to give you any account, but merely direct your attention to the Abingdonian. To come at once to personal affairs, however, I may say that I have just retained my place in the footer team as a star of the third magnitude. My chief admirers are a number of A.S.C. men who seem to have nothing better to do in the afternoon than to criticise our game. I often get encouraging words from them, but I rather fancy they indulge in little jokes and irony of their own which seem to amuse themselves more than anyone else, so I don't lay too much emphasis on their plaudits. The only time I really shone in a match was against Magdalen, at home, but unfortunately my doings were enveloped in a mist which spoilt everything from the spectacular point of view, and virtue had to be its own reward.

Mediocre, too, is the term I should apply to my work if I had the pleasure of filling in my own report. Of course there have been plenty of ups and downs, but I've just managed to keep jogging along all right; though at times it has been distinctly awk-

ward to make ends meet, so to speak. Not being a precious stone or anything of that sort, I find it somewhat difficult to shine in several directions at the same time, and am never known to scintillate. In fact I can just manage comfortably to emulate the motor-car with two good head-lamps and a quite visible tail-light. When one's curriculum includes five or six subjects of importance, however, it is a work of some skill to judge to a nicety exactly when to switch one's full energies off one on to another, as you may imagine. This morning, for example, I arrived at school when things were in one of those unsatisfactory transition stages in which nothing could be said to have been prepared exactly well. Like Agag, I "came in delicately." But—mirabile dictu—nothing catastrophic happened. I became conscious of the proximity of a low-pressure region in the atmosphere when I translated the phrase: "classibus hic locus" as "here was his place in the class," whereat my own place became a well-nigh untenable position but the opportune falling of the black-board in the room above created a diversion during which the barometer began to rise again, and the storm passed over. However, such a state of things is unsatisfactory I find and very rough on nerves. These latter are also suffering rather badly from the knowledge that exams—horresco referens—will be upon us in a few days. I make no apology for passing over without further detail a subject which is particularly distasteful to myself, and one which would, I know, arouse painful memories in your own mind.

Well, I'm afraid I'm rambling all over the place, and had better dress by the right—preparatory to "dismiss." We are to have great changes next term, by Jove. Could you guess what form I am to be in? No

Well, I can't myself, and I haven't been told yet. I hear one form is going to drop out, though. Either they're going to remove the Shell or shelve the Remove; I'm not sure which.

Now the rest of the doings of the school and all its mighty works, and how it was encompassed about by a mighty host, and how the camps did defy each other with warlike noises as of cornet and sackbut, rumpets and shawms, cymbals and all manner of musick, are they not written in the chronicles of the Abingdonian?

Ever thine, X.

J.Y.I.

### THE SOUL OF ENGLAND.

Great Iron Isle, realm of immortal glory,  
Home of the just, and guardian of the free,  
Thunder thy battle-cry, oft' told in story—  
Reveal thy might, O Spirit of the Sea!  
Bronze-girt thy enemies defied thy power,  
but yet Britannia quelled them with her eye.  
To-day again has come the battle-hour.  
Go forth and conquer land and sea and sky!

\* \* \* \*

When spake that age-long monarch of the  
wave

Whose rule doth scorn the limits of the  
grave:

How shall ye ask if England can forget  
To save Her honour's name, and pay Her  
debt?

Has England ever falter'd in Her task?

Is this the question that ye dare to ask?

When match'd and challenged by the strength  
of Spain,

Did She not free the shadow'd shores again?  
And through the years when troops fought  
hand to hand,

And strong men hew'd their path across the  
land,

Her legions, charging on the hostile coast.  
Beat down with cloven helms the foeman's  
host.

\* \* \* \*

Anon Her children grew in arm and brain,  
Seizing the ocean for their wide domain:  
And those who with the oaken navies vied  
Were drown'd beneath the ruins of their  
pride.

\* \* \* \*

Since Nelson sank the giant fleets of France  
Britannia's sea-strength has made swift  
advance.

Through scores of years the metal hammers  
rang,

And great steel vessels from the ship-yards  
sprang.

And now once more the waves of darkness  
swell

Crown'd by the blood-red empire of hell.

They vaunt air dreadnoughts in their battle  
song—

Fear not, my children. Right shall conquer  
wrong!"

The spirit of your Nation thus hath spoken,  
Dispelling panic, bidding minds be calm.

A Higher Power, Justice for His token,  
Shall shield you with the symbol of the  
palm.

Hold ye your peace. Trust in your death-  
less splendour.

Look up and greet the coming of the day  
When, crown'd with power, and Heaven  
your defender,

The sins of centuries are wash'd away.

L.A.L.

## HIS RED BROTHER.

Augustus Williams was a thin, weak little man of thirty, who lived in the small country town of Slushton with his aunt and her daughters. Having nothing better to do, he had studied the doctrine of universal brotherhood, with the result that he took nearly everyone he met to be his brother and straightway gave him a lecture on this interesting subject.

Frederick Jones, a young man slightly younger than Augustus, was to be found nearly every evening at Mrs. Williams' house and regularly after dinner each time the conversation was skilfully controlled by Augustus to turn on his beloved theory.

It must not be imagined that Jones made his regular visits to discuss brotherhood. His object however was, in a sense, of a similar nature, for he came to talk about wifehood, with one of the ladies, Minnie by name.

This being the case our lover naturally got rather bored with Augustus and his lectures, and resolved to put an end to his foolish doctrine which wasted so much valuable time he might have spent with Minnie.

Thus laying his schemes deeply, he pretended to be heartily in favour of Augustus' principles. In this way he spent more valuable time but, he did not grudge it, as it was spent in a good cause. After one particularly long evening's discussion he suggested that in order to spread the doctrine it would be a good thing to have some handbills printed, stating that a meeting would be held to discuss this interesting subject.

Accordingly arrangements were made and the bills were printed, and distributed by sundry urchins, stating that a meeting would be held on November 21st.

Now a travelling circus had been billed

to give a performance on the 20th and advertised amongst its special attractions a real live "Red Indian." The circus arrived in the town on the 19th with the usual triumphal procession, the Indian at the head arrayed in all the glories of his war-paint and feathers. In accordance with his scheme which was to introduce the Indian to Augustus as a red "brother" and thereby make him give up his theories, Frederick sought out the Indian on the circus ground.

Strange to say no Indian was to be seen and asking a lean individual washing in a barrel as to his whereabouts he was told that "there wasn't no blimy Indian but Bill over there played the Indian." The Bill indicated looked something like a bird in full moult, having shed some of his feathers and most of his paint.

Frederick therefore approached Bill and after some to-do a bargain was struck—term cash in advance—by which Bill was to appear at Mrs. Williams' in full war-paint and feathers the same evening at 7 o'clock bearing one of Augustus' handbills as his card. He would then be received indoors but must on no account speak any intelligible English or go inside until he had frightened the maid and Frederick fetched him in. He would stay to dinner and behave as much like a pig as possible, babble occasionally and introduce a war-whoop or two. Of course he was not to do anything which would implicate that Frederick had "fixed up" the scheme.

At 7 o'clock Bill duly presented himself armed with a handbill, pointing first to the circular and then to himself but saying not a word. The poor maid, not understanding what he wanted, fetched Frederick at Augustus, who went and saw what he wanted.

At the doorstep they found Bill garbed chiefly in feathers and shivering like a dog

Together they consulted what should be done with him, and finally agreed that being a "brother," they ought to ask him to stop to dinner.

Therefore, dinner being now ready, they lead him into the dining-room and Augustus introduced him as a red "brother," to the ladies, who were promptly shocked. They placed some food before him, an action which he evidently understood, although he had previously proved so dull. He attacked the meal in true Indian style, and Augustus, elated by having progressed so far, remarked "that they might do something with him in time, and that they might try to teach him a few words that very night." He could not help thinking, however, that his first "brother" was not much of a catch.

Meanwhile the "redskin" had been gorging his yard, helping himself with his hands whenever necessary, which was so often that the rest of the company stood in danger of being starved.

Having eaten nearly as much as he required, he started babbling, and though, as he was an Indian who knew no English, his babble could not really have been objectionable, it so shocked the ladies that they declared that either they or he would have to leave the room.

As "Bill" was in no particular hurry, and settled down to sleep, they had perforce to go. Left alone, the two men took strong measures; they gave him a shake to wake him up, and he let forth a terrific war-whoop, but quickly seizing an arm apiece, they undid the wretched Indian outside and ricked the door.

When they returned, the ladies had composed themselves again, and Augustus passed one of the worst half-hours of his life. Frederick discreetly retired to a corner with

Minnie, leaving Augustus to bear the whole brunt of the affair.

In order to save further unpleasantness, Augustus promised to give up his "brotherhood" theory, and Frederick finally deserting him entirely, declared that he had never believed in the wretched nonsense at all.

The meeting, of course, was abandoned, and Augustus has not yet found another pet theory to waste his time on, but the lovers were married a few days ago.

E.L.P.

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### AN ANTHOLOGY OF REMOVE FORM VERSE.

On one hard winter day  
When a robin sought its prey,  
Down it came upon the ground  
And would you guess what it found?  
It tossed the snow into the air  
And found a worm, oh so fair,  
It pulled till it could pull no more  
And till its little beak was sore.  
Then the wind began to rise,  
Then the robin raised its cries,  
Till a child gave it some bread,  
Then the robin went to bed.

L.R.C.

Now that Christmas is drawing near  
Of the turkey we shall hear;  
No more impots, no more work,  
For near the end of term we shirk.

J.C.B.

Our gallant 'Tommies' serving at the front,  
Charge the Germans with no bayonets  
blunt;

Many have fallen dead to-day  
But many more must join the fray.  
The soldiers will soon have completed  
the job,

And arrested the mob,

Then for England they return,  
 And bonfires all will brightly burn.  
 Many will be in hospital lame,  
 Many have nearly forgotten their name,  
 But if they manage ever to walk,  
 I think there will be plenty of talk.

G.N.C.

Our books will soon be thrown away  
 For we shall have our holiday;  
 Now Latin and Greek, you must know,  
 Are always full of tears and woe.  
 Now a Latin Prose is a dreadful thing  
 When you put some howlers in,  
 Also Greek when you do not know  
 The simple verb called LUO.  
 Our books will soon be thrown away  
 For four long weeks of romp and play;  
 And the boys will then be singing  
 Of the joys Christmas is bringing.

J.W.M.

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### SCHOOL NOTES.

The School Officers for this term are:—  
 Head of School and Senior House Prefect:

J. Knowles.

School Prefects: E. L. Parry, L. A. Lewis,  
 J. N. Sanders.

Junior House Prefect: J. N. Sanders.

House Librarian: J. N. Sanders.

Football Captain: E. L. Parry.

Hon. Sec.: P. W. Morley.

Hon. Treasurer: J. Knowles.

"Abingdonian" Committee: Editor: M. T.  
 Perks, Esq., B.A.

Committee: J. Knowles, E. L. Parry, L.  
 A. Lewis, J. N. Sanders.

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Mr. C. A. Pryce has presented a bugle  
 to the O.T.C.

In our last Christmas Number there  
 appeared in this column a remark about the

November "exeat" which is just as appropriate this year:—"It was rather spoilt by the weather."

2nd Lieut. A. Eason (Eason i. of last term) has honoured us occasionally with a visit; he has grown a few inches taller still.

2nd Lieut. A. Davenport too was observed to have increased his measurements though not so much in height.

Glimpses of W. H. Wood and L. A. Weaving in khaki have been also caught. The former we congratulate on winning his Battalion Cross Country Run.

During several weeks the School has been apparently beleaguered by the 341st Co. A.S.C., who pitched their motors all along Park Road.

They likewise borrowed our Lower Field to place Mess Tents on; the cook kept sheep, hens, and other domestic pets or what was once the tennis lawn.

In the morning they blew bugles and in the night they exploded their engines; we always knew they were there.

They played us with their 1st XI., and beat us 5-0; they played us with their 2nd XI., and we lost 6-1.

We wish them well, nevertheless, a Weston.

The School Concert takes place on Wednesday, December 15th, at 8 p.m.

This term ends on Friday, December 17th and the next term will begin on Tuesday January 18th; boarders return the previous day.

VALETE.

A. Eason:—Head of School 1914-15  
 School Prefect 1913-15. Cricket 1st XI



1913-15, Colours 1915. Football 1st XI., 1912-14, Colours 1913-14, Captain 1914. Rowing 1912-15, Colours 1914-15, Captain 1915. Half-Colours Running 1915. 1st Class Honours O.S.L. Distinction in Latin. Swimming Colours 1914-15.

A. Davenport, Scholar of St. John's Coll., Cambridge. School Prefect 1913-15. Head of House 1914-15. 1st Class Honours O.S.L., Distinction in Mathematics. 1st XI. Cricket 1912-15, Colours 1913-15, Captain 1915. 1st XI. Football 1913-14, Colours 1913-14. Rowing 1912-15, Colours 1913-15. Athletics Colours 1914-15.

D. E. Elford. School Prefect 1915. 1st Class Honours O.S.L. Distinction in Greek. Passed into R.M.C. Sandhurst. 1st XI. Cricket 1915. 1st XI. Football 1914. Rowing 1915, Colours.

W. R. T. Skinner. School Prefect 1914-15. 2nd Class Honours O.S.L. 2nd XI. Cricket 1915. 2nd XI. Football 1914.

W. H. Wood. School Prefect 1914-15. 1st Class Honours, 36th, O.S.L. Distinction in Latin and Greek. 1st XI. Cricket 1915. 1st XI. Football 1914. Running 1914-15, Colours 1915.

R. D. L. Lanning. Sixth Form.

R. E. Gibbs. Sixth Form.

H. E. Edgington. Fifth Form. 1st XI. Cricket 1914-15, Colours 1915. 1st XI. Football 1914.

W. E. Wheeler. Fifth Form. 1st XI. Cricket 1915. 1st XI. Football 1914.

T. T. G. Race. Fifth Form. 1st XI. Cricket 1913-15, Colours 1914-15. 1st XI. Football 1913-14, Colours 1914. Rowing 2nd IV., Half-colours 1914. Swimming Colours 1914-15.

J. A. Howard. Fifth Form. 2nd XI. Cricket 1914-15. 1st XI. Football 1914.

G. de Gottal. Shell Form.

G. L. Thomas. Second Form.

#### SALVETE.

E. S. Morley. Sixth Form.

D. C. Rant. Remove Form.

S. G. H. Badcock. Shell Form.

J. L. W. Robinson. Shell Form.

A. E. Wiggins. Shell Form.

F. C. Steele. Shell Form.

A. H. Cox. Shell Form.

F. Taylor. Second Form.

E. C. Beaven. Second Form.

H. C. Taylor. Second Form.

#### RE-SALVETE.

J. G. Almillátegui. Sixth Form.

## OLD ABINGDONIAN CLUB.

Statement of Accounts, June 19th, 1914 to December 7th, 1915.

RECEIPTS.		PAYMENTS.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Balance at London County and Westminster Bank, June 19th, 1914 ...	14 12 0	Mr. Grundy, for postage of circulars, July, 1914 ...	1 0 0
Cash from Mr. C. E. Cook, late Secretary ...	1 13 7	Printing of circulars ...	12 0 0
Subscriptions:—		School Magazine, four terms to February 10th, 1915 ...	9 18 4
C. B. Edwards ...	1 1 0	Printing of Roll of Service, February, 1915... ..	1 1 0
L. S. Matthias ...	1 1 0	Stamps ... ..	13 7 0
Rev. W. B. Box ...	5 0 0	Mr. Perks, for "Abingdonian" to end of 1915 ... ..	6 2 10
H. A. L. Donkin ...	1 1 0		
L. H. C. Creswell ...	1 1 0		
H. Meredith ...	1 1 0		
P. E. Andrews ...	1 2 0		
Rev. F. A. Bartlett ...	1 1 0		
W. R. T. Skinner ...	1 1 0		
A. Davenport ...	1 1 0		
J. A. Howard ...	1 1 0		
A. Eason ...	1 1 0		
F. Eday ...	1 1 0		
W. H. Wood ...	1 1 0		
		Balance at London County and Westminster Bank ...	10 16 10
	<u>£30 4 7</u>		<u>£30 4 7</u>

A. W. MORLAND, *President.*JAMES TOWNSEND, *Treasurer and Secretary.*

RECEIPTS.	GAMES FUND.	EXPENDITURE.	
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
EASTER TERM—		Dec. 31, 1914. Balance due to Bank ...	25 17 8
63 Boys Subscriptions ...	15 15 0	EASTER TERM—	
Sports Subscriptions ...	11 6 0	Interest on Account ...	8 9 0
Boys Form Subscriptions ...	2 9 3	Petty Cash ...	1 0 0
Sale of Programmes ...	12 9 0	Repairs to Mower ...	3 13 6
SUMMER TERM—		Sports Prizes ...	9 19 6
69 Boys Subscriptions ...	17 5 0	Interest on Account (March) ...	6 3 0
Davenport Prize ...	1 1 0	SUMMER TERM—	
Common Room (Temporary Loan) ...	1 14 9	Petty Cash ...	5 0 0
OCTOBER TERM—		Thames Conservancy ...	1 5 0
66 Boys Subscriptions ...	16 10 0	Boating Account ...	8 9 3
		Cricket Goods ...	7 19 11
		Printing ...	3 7 0
		Interest on Account (June) ...	4 2 0
		OCTOBER TERM—	
		Interest on Account (Sept.) ...	4 3 0
		Horse Hire ...	5 16 0
		Varnishing Boats ...	6 0 0
		Repairs to Mower ...	1 12 0
		Wages (Aug. '14—Nov. '15) ...	12 0 5
		Footballs ...	2 1 3
		Iron Pegs ...	12 0 0
		Printing ...	19 0 0
Dec. 18 Balance due to the Bank	30 4 5		
	<u>£96 17 11</u>		<u>£96 17 11</u>