

Misericordias
Domini



in aeternum
cantabo.

THE ABINGDONIAN.

No. 17. Vol. V.

APRIL, 1916.

Price 6d.

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EDITORIAL.

A year ago we honoured the weather with editorial comment; a fortiori we must mention it now. Abingdon did not escape what was referred to in the press as "the wettest March for nearly sixty years," nor the blizzard which the 'Daily Telegraph' called "the greatest storm in a hundred years." The damage done by this latter visitation was with us, more fortunate than many others, confined to the fall of a tree and the strewing of the field with twigs and branches, although it did succeed in postponing our Steeplechase from its original date. The long rains, however, greatly interfered with rowing, and made an interesting and quite spacious lake in the corner of the field by the Lodge.

The term has not otherwise been eventful if we except the mild excitement of occasional Zeppelin alarms and darkenings, and the sound of warning bugles in the dead of night, and our own particular private sensation when the lights went out in the middle of 'prep'; an event which caused much speculation, but eventually turned out to be due to a faulty meter.

Last term many Magazines sent out to O.A.'s were returned by the Post Office as the addressees could not be found; we should be obliged if changes of address were made known to the Editor, or preferably, to the Hon. Sec. of the O.A. Club. We must also state that, while anxious that all O.A. members should duly receive their Magazine, we can only send to those whose addresses

are on the list furnished to us by the Hon. Secretary—

J. Townsend, Esq.,

Glenburn,

Park Road, Abingdon,

and that it is to him that those who do not get an "Abingdonian" to which they think themselves entitled, should address their complaints; if the fault is really ours we shall hear of it in due course, but we cannot without the authority of the O.A. Secretary insert new names in the list.

We end with tidings of joy; a year ago we had to confess a deficit of more than five pounds; in spite of doubled postal expenses we now proudly proclaim a balance in hand of one shilling and fivepence!

A CORRECTION.

We apologise for the error which was allowed to pass unnoticed in the last number by which Mr. Rudd's regiment was given as the 9th Royal West Kent. It should of course have been 9th Royal Berks Regiment.

ROWING.

On the whole, climatic conditions were as unfavourable and more so than last season; contrary, however, to last year's sequence we had the good weather (by comparison that is) first, and the storm and snow last, and we were enabled to begin tubbing and proceed through most of our practice without serious interference. A week, however, before the race with Mansfield, fortune changed and with unprecedented falls of snow and a swollen stream, rowing was continued under considerable difficulties; on at least one day much time had to be expended in clearing the raft and boats from a covering of snow six inches thick. With the thaw

the river overflowed its banks far and wide, and the day fixed for our trial course coincided with the strongest stream and a vehement and icy head wind, making the time of 5 min. 53 secs., not surprising under the circumstances. The river remained in flood for the next few days and was barely within its banks on the day of the race when our time was nearly a minute longer than that recorded last year, on which occasion, after most trying weather during training, the actual race had been rowed under comparatively ideal conditions. After this race rain fell for a fortnight almost continuously and remarkable floods were produced throughout the district, and the last day of the rowing season saw the river at its highest point for the term and still rising.

Our prospects at the beginning of term did not seem over bright; bow only of last year's four remained to us, and not one of the possible oarsmen scaled as much as ten stone. After preliminary tubbing a four went out for the first time consisting of Davidge (bow), Lewis, Parry and Knowles (stroke) steered by last year's cox, P. W. Morley, who assisted in this capacity until the new cox, H. T. Haynes, took over his duties. On this occasion 'two' was not a success and as he was away from school for the next few days Sanders was tried in his place and remained there until the race. The four thus constituted for a long time seemed unable to settle down at all; 'bow' could not finish anything like correctly, 'two' seemed unable to get any beginning whatever, and 'three' falling away from his previous form showed a general unsteadiness and awkwardness from which he never really freed himself. The boat rolled in a most alarming manner and the crew regularly 'bucketed' forward and hung there with a

jerk to wait for stroke to complete his swing, and when anything in the nature of a row was attempted a terrible example was given of how not to do it! 'Stroke' indeed alone showed any form whatever and the greatest credit is due to him for his consistent good work, almost entirely unsupported, during a critical and unhelpful period.

Just, however, when chill despair began to grip 'coach's' heart, first 'bow' and then 'two' began to do something to help 'stroke' to propel the boat, and a great improvement was soon seen. The chief trouble now became the inability to keep the boat level, largely due to 'screwing' on the part of 'three,' and Davidge rapidly improving in style was changed to 'three,' Parry going 'bow,' after which the boat was more steady, though the fault never entirely disappeared. This order was not again changed, and improvement now proceeded in a normal manner. With the floods, indeed, unsteadiness returned, and a short hurried style appeared, but the day of the race saw us rowing steadily and long and well able to spurt in the last minute.

Davidge and Sanders, who had never rowed in a four previously and started with most of the art still to learn, deserve praise for the great progress made, and the latter especially for praiseworthy perseverance during one of those dispiriting periods when a fault seems to be inborn and ineradicable.

ABINGDON SCHOOL B.C. v. MANSFIELD COLLEGE B.C.

Owing to the war the usual race with Monckton Coombe was again not held and our sole contest was with a four collected under the auspices of Mansfield from such residents as remain at the Oxford Colleges.

The race was rowed over Culham Reach on Wednesday, March 8th, in calm weather,

but on a flood stream; the School having won the toss, started on the Berkshire side. Starting at a much faster stroke, Mansfield drew away at first and approaching the Tree were over half a length ahead; the Abingdon crew, however, rowing steadily and in good style, here readily answered a spurt by stroke, drew level and began to gain rapidly and as in the last minute their opponents' hurried 'snatchy' stroke had died down almost to a paddle the School shot ahead and spurting again won very easily by over three lengths in 4 minutes, 55 seconds. Though we had the advantage in coxes, the opposing crew averaged a stone and a half per man heavier than our own, and as in addition their 'two' had rowed in a Worcester torpid, the School four deserve great credit for their victory which they owed chiefly to superior form and staying power. The respective coaches were the same as last year—Mansfield: F. C. Bryan; and Abingdon: Mr. M. T. Perks.

CREWS.

ABINGDON SCHOOL.

		st.	lbs.
Bow.	E. L. Parry	...	8 11
	2. J. N. Sanders	...	9 4
	3. C. V. Davidge	...	8 8
Stroke.	J. Knowles	...	9 11½
Cox.	H. T. Haynes	...	3 9

MANSFIELD COLLEGE.

		st.	lbs.
Bow.	A. Crossland (Wadham)	11	0
	2. H. Noble (Worcester)	10	12
	3. W. S. Bradley (Mansfield)	11	3
Stroke.	H. F. Runacres (Jesus)	9	0
Cox.	H. B. Halloran (Worcester)	10	0

1st FOUR ROWING CHARACTERS.

Bow. E. L. PARRY (Captain) 8st. 11 lbs. (Colours 1915-16). Has maintained and improved the good 'beginning' he used to get last season, but has otherwise fallen off; is most unsteady coming forward, screws back out of the boat and never rows the stroke well home. Finds it impossible as a rule to row a fast stroke without 'bucketing.' Works very hard and did his share in the race, but must try and overcome these faults as they hamper not only himself but the rest of a crew.

(2.) J. N. SANDERS, 9st. 4 lbs. (Colours 1916). At the beginning of the season he seemed quite unable to use his legs to proper advantage, but persevering and showing great keenness improved enormously in the last week before the race and even more so in the scratch races held later when he stroked a four to victory and gave promise of being useful in that capacity next year. His great fault is the absence of a clean feather and great slowness in getting his hands away. Lies rather too far back at the finish, but keeps very firm throughout the stroke and drives hard, but should take care not to allow lapses in which his legs get a rest.

(3.) C. V. DAVIDGE, 8 st. 8 lbs. (Colours 1916). Very promising, particularly considering his age; gets a good beginning and supports stroke well. Has a tendency to hurry forward and over-reach and must conquer a desire to finish with his arms when excited. Feathers more neatly than anyone in the crew, but might be quicker with his hands.

Stroke. J. KNOWLES, 9 st. 11½ lbs. (Colours 1916). A very hard-working and plucky oar who has shown very great keenness this term. Rowed in a very much better style this season than last year, but

owing to the vagaries of those behind him hardly had a chance to improve much during practice. Still tends to pull in the finish with elbows stuck out, but is much better in this respect on some occasions than on others. Begins to drop his hands before reaching his chest and thus brings his blade out too soon. Gets a good grip of the water and drives it well through. As a stroke was most valuable and usually set a good example of steadiness to his crew, but on occasions sacrificed length in an attempt to obtain a fast stroke.

Cox. H. T. HAYNES, 3st. 9 lbs. (Colours 1916). His chief merit is perhaps his weight or rather his lack of it. He might try not to say "Mind your oars 'bow side'" when he means "stroke side." He proved a very satisfactory cox with a remarkable voice for one so small, and should be useful in the future.

* * * *

The date of breaking up having been changed after the fixture with Mansfield had been arranged, we were left with some of the season to spare. No race having been arranged, a second four had not yet been out and it was thought that some time might be spent in accustoming some of the junior oars to rowing in a four. Accordingly a race was arranged between two scratch four each containing two of the first crew. This race took place on March 18th and resulted in a win for the four stroked by Sanders (which rowed in the heavy boat and had the choice of station) by 1¾ lengths in 2 mins. 56 secs., the course being on Culham Reach from the Tree to the White Bridge.

The winning four, with one exception rowed in fair form, and Sanders and Parr did a lot of hard work. Knowles's crew were handicapped by the flood stream and

though keeping level as far as the first willows were unable to spurt at all at the end, 'two' in particular going to pieces very soon.

PARRY'S CREW.

		st.	lbs.
Bow.	F. Crossland	...	8 0
2.	R. E. Eason	...	7 12
3.	E. L. Parry	...	8 11
Stroke.	J. N. Sanders	...	9 4
Cox.	H. T. Haynes	...	3 9

KNOWLES' CREW.

Bow.	G. R. Kirkby	...	8 4
2.	P. W. Morley	...	8 4
3.	C. V. Davidge	...	8 8
Stroke.	J. Knowles	...	9 11½
Cox.	J. H. Hodgson	...	6 12

After this the 2nd four were sent out together, and on the following Wednesday rowed the same course against the 1st four who, however, started 100 yards further upstream. The river was at its highest and it ought not to have been possible to concede so much start, but with the utter collapse of the 2nd four in the latter half of the race the 1st four gained rapidly and spurting won an exciting race by over a length in 3 mins., 52 secs.

Though no Colours of course were given, 2nd four characters are given below for their edification. Very little time could be spent this season on junior oars, and the 2nd four consisted of four very mediocre oars abruptly placed in a boat together and naturally could not be expected to do anything in so short a time. Nevertheless they ought to have been able to row the course mentioned in less than the four minutes odd they took in the race. They were not well stroked however and suffered greatly from a fault noticeable in almost everyone outside the 1st crew;

namely, the jerky finish with the arms, apparently due to an attempt to use the impetus so obtained to get the hands away and maintain a sort of circular motion which certainly does get the hands away, but makes proper rowing impossible. Kirkby at 'three' and Eason at 'two' were, however, very much better than the other two.

2nd FOUR ROWING CHARACTERS.

Bow. F. CROSSLAND, 8 st. 0 lbs. Will never be of any use until he can use his legs and swing back instead of leaning forward over his oar at the finish. Pulls his hands down violently at the end of each stroke and so keeps his oar in the water for a very short time only. Gets hopelessly out of time in a race, but would succeed much better if he finished correctly.

(2.) R. E. EASON, 7 st. 12 lbs. Very keen, has quite a good notion of swing and gets a good 'beginning.' His great fault is that he almost always jerks in the finish with his arms and begins the turn for the feather far too soon, sometimes bringing his blade out nearly flat.

(3.) G. R. KIRKBY, 8 st. 4 lbs. The most promising oar outside the first crew. Only began rowing this term, but has made great progress. Uses his arms wrongly at the finish, particularly when tired and is awkward with his hands, but sticks to his work very gamely and uses his legs better than anyone in this crew.

Stroke. P. W. MORLEY, 8 st. 4 lbs. A most disappointing oar; though probably the most advanced of the junior oars at the beginning of the season, has made no improvement and seems unable to do any work whatever. Slices in, gets no grip of the water and finishes with his arms

in the rotary motion mentioned above, while he never can keep square or sit up firm in any part of the stroke. As a stroke proved unable to 'stay' at all and, never rowing fast, after a minute dropped to a mere paddle. His style, however, is not in the least fixed and he may improve out of knowledge another year.

Cox. J. H. HODGSON, 6 st. 12 lbs. A very fair cox, though rather tiresome at the start of races through apparent inability to do what he is told at the right moment.

M.T.P.

PAPERS OF THE ASSOCIATION
FOR THE PROPAGATION OF
ACCURATE KNOWLEDGE ABOUT
ABINGDON SCHOOL.

HILARY SESSION, 1916.

- I. Explorations on the Hot Water System.—By L.A.L.
- II. The Perils of Science, or Half-an-hour in the Underworld.—By J.K.
- III. Impressions of the Lodge.—By R.E.E.
- IV. A Well Known Spot.—By P.L.H.
- V. Memories of the Cloak Room.
—By C.V.D.

I.

EXPLORATIONS ON THE HOT
WATER SYSTEM.

"The river Kishon swept them away; that ancient river, the river Kishon." I am not taking this text from Judges with the intention of making it the subject of a sermon, but merely in order to describe my own situation—borne down on the tide of the School hot-water system—not indeed in the lucid waters thereof, but upon the stream of my own discoveries.

It has long been the task of explorers, sanitary inspectors, and others to investigate the mysteries of this fluid channel, both to satisfy the curiosity of the world, and to confer information of material benefit to those dwelling in its vicinity.

Years, decades, yes, and even centuries have passed away only to record the fruitless labours of those immortal heroes from plumbers to local menials who have sought to unravel the baffling problem of its source and deviations—in vain.

So much for their efforts.

But now, in this fourth month of the year of our Lord, 1916, I have arisen to lay the stupendous results of my investigations before the public.

This epoch-making stream, Radiatorpipe, has its source in the abysmal localities lying immediately to the north-north-east by north of the eastern lockers in the Gymnasium highway. Its features indicate a distinctly antediluvian origin, and the fact is now firmly established that it is a hot spring. [Hitherto the remarkable climatic conditions observed in the neighbourhood of this river were attributed to solar heat.]

The Radiatorpipe, like the Acheron of mythology, rises from the bowels of the earth, and spreads its waters far and wide, performing, in the course of its evolutions, the miraculous achievement of degravitation; for a faint and occasional warmth, noticeable at rare intervals in the environments of the Phys. Lab. turnpike, bears testimony to its influence at a height of well over fifty feet. Unhappily the occasions of this warmth are few and far between, with the result that many frost-bitten wayfarers are obliged to renounce the project of thawing themselves in this region, and make, in consequence, a hasty pilgrimage to the sunnier climes below.

One curious fact in connection with this river is its frequent, rapid rise of temperature between the hours of 9 a.m. and 6 p.m. on week days; and many classical enthusiasts have suggested on this account that the stream may be actually a tributary of one of the rivers of Tartarus. Far be it from me that I should hold this assumption up to ridicule.

In conclusion I am fortunately able to provide a full and rational explanation of those weirdly reverberating echoes so often audible around the iron limits of the Radiatorpipe, and previously put down to volcanic action. On the most infallible proof I can assure every one of my readers that these subterranean rumblings are occasioned by monstrous beings employed in the incultivated districts of Avernus to tend the locks and weirs of the nether regions, and to dredge the lowest pools for refuse.

And now I must reluctantly bring my treatise to an end with an impassioned appeal to all local scientists to verify my statements. I must gather together my tracts, charts, and documents; and, stepping into the frail oracle of departure, I spread my gossamer sails, and float away over the rippling waters of the Radiatorpipe.

L.A.L.

II.

PERILS OF SCIENCE

OR

HALF-AN-HOUR IN THE UNDERWORLD.

"Facilis descensus Averni." With light heart and heavy tread I plunged to'dly as it were "in medias res." On my right was his Satanic Majesty, on my left three comrades, while the strange implements whose mysteries we were soon to probe lay in wild profusion all around. After a few kindly words of wel-

come from our host we at once—and not without considerable trepidation—took our places at a long bench which stretched down the middle of the cavern in which the séance was given. Its name, I am told, is "Fizlab," and it lies in the S.E. corner of the "Topkoridor" district. Well, to return to our story, he proceeded with his first experiment. A large glass stood at hand, such as one sees in refreshment bars, containing a strange concoction yclept lemonade, in which stood, it might have been an egg-whisk—I don't really know—with a knob on the top. This he grasped firmly in his hand and drew near a weird machine, which seemed to be a miscellany of revolving wheels, two large knobs, pulleys, wires, levers and a handle. Turning the handle with great vigour, he applied the egg-beater to one of the knobs of the machine. Strange noises were emitted. He stopped and, coming to me with a specious smile, said "Touch." I did!

Still, to give the devil his due, he was quite a decent sort of fellow, and his next surprise was quite harmless. With a quiet air of unconcern he set down a beautiful glass jar in which was an ordinary garden moth (leguminophagus) perched daintily on a daisy. He then applied the wheel machine as before and "Hey Presto!" a delicate violet tint suffused with the verdure of the rich pastures spread over the creature, and it shone like some gem of priceless worth. The daisy, however, obstinately refused to chameleonize much to our host's annoyance. We applauded loudly and the item was encored. But time was drawing short and so he decided to end with one, the last and, he hoped, the greatest of all. His preparations fairly staggered us, as he bustled to and fro bearing in his arms stacks of oblong red boxes, with wires and brass protuberances

attached, for all the world like so many infernal machines. These he cunningly connected with red wire, which was quite in keeping with its surroundings; but not yet content he produced a travelling clock which had lost one hand and attached it to the boxes. The hand promptly attempted to leave the clock, a fact which seemed to pacify him somewhat. However, he took the clock away and put in its stead a large machine of black ebonite, which sported among sundry cogs and spindles, etc., two wicked pointers set in ebonite stands. 'Now all attention,' he cried, and proudly grasped a small lever. He turned it slowly; expectant we all bent forward and amid the deathly silence the result was——nothing. With a convulsive shudder our host fell in a swoon, and shrieking with derision, we rushed from the grot, overwhelmed with mirth at so small an end to so mighty a beginning. In very truth, so often it happens that—

"Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus."

J. K.

III.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE LODGE.

The Lodge, which is the first sign of school, presents a very peaceful and restful sight in the early morning. Oh how we envy its dwellers who, on a cold winter morning, need not stir themselves until after 8 o'clock! In the early morning there is no sign of life until at about a quarter past eight, when a figure can often be seen at the window with a razor in his hand about to perform the dangerous ceremony of shaving. Often, although there are signs of people bestirring themselves in one part of the Lodge, yet as you go up the drive you are attacked in the rear by loud snores from some peaceful sleeper who no doubt is

dreaming pleasant dreams and awakes only to find that in about half-an-hour he will be taking some boring class in Latin.

On a bright summer morning I often pity these dwellers of the Lodge, who miss almost the best part of the day in sleep, but I suppose they are used to it, and very likely could sleep longer if they had been up late the night before correcting papers.

In winter the red bricks of the Lodge seem to give out a warm glow of heat, and the thought of nice crackling fires inside makes us for a moment forget the coldness of the morning.

I have often experienced the fact that the Lodge is a good reminder of things that have been left undone. For instance, as I am passing under the window of some sleeper I think to myself, "Have I done my last English Paper? or Have I finished my Prose?" Then if I have not, there is nearly always half-an-hour left before School in which to do it; otherwise without this kindly hint which the Lodge has given, the English Paper would certainly remain undone, and then Alas! "Twice."

R. E.

IV.

A WELL KNOWN SPOT.

It is an ordinary room, lofty, bare, and inhospitable looking; containing the usual furniture; dais, Master's desk, sundry maps and diagrams, forms, and lastly, a waste-paper basket, sad tomb of so many priceless juvenile effusions, and lofty flights into the realms of literary art. Piles of books and papers lie about at all hours of the day, giving the place an untidy though studious aspect: nor must we forget to mention the wealth of cryptic inscriptions, diagrams, monograms, etc., neatly executed in pen and pencil, which adorn the desks in all directions.

These possess a unique attraction for the antiquarian, and a careful and systematic study of them would probably produce surprising and gratifying results, and well repay the time and trouble spent over it.

The windows open upon the School playing fields, an inviting spectacle, but a source of sorrow to those who are attending a compulsory tea party or séance on a hot summer afternoon, and can see would-be cricketers rushing wildly about in pursuit of the elusive ball. At other times discordant sounds of music are wafted up the corridor, alternated by fitful bursts of song or snatches of ragtime, according as some youth is religiously going through his practice or playing the fool.

There is another aspect, however, of this picture of scholastic peace and industry which we have endeavoured faithfully to portray. At times wild peals of laughter come floating up to the room above, mingled perhaps with a shrill cry of terror, an imprecation, a rending crash, and then all is still again, and silence is unbroken till a compass box falls with a loud crash upon the floor, scattering its contents in all directions. This last is an efficacious method of relieving the tension of a strained situation, though retribution descends swift and sure upon the head of the delinquent. It is a risky proceeding, and we do not recommend it except in extenuating circumstances.

P.L.H.

V.

MEMORIES OF THE CLOAK ROOM

There is probably no institution in this School which old boys hold in greater remembrance than the cloak room. This, together with the upper dormitory, was the scene of many painful recollections of their

first term, and here they were first subjected to all the tortures of a small boy's life; though there are indeed certain happy thoughts which cannot help but shine out from the general gloom and discomfort. All, I suppose, know the internal arrangements of the cloak-room, the two desks, each with seven inkpots, the bookcases, the piano, and pictures; recently also a wooden box has been added to the furniture and placed behind the piano for a waste-paper basket, as previously all refuse, paper, etc., found a resting place on the floor, or on top of the bookcases.

All these things the visitor may see on entering, but its history is a hidden story. Some years ago, every evening between "prep" and prayers, the dust was stirred up in the corners by boys engaged in wild struggles on the floor, and others playing cricket with a stick and a piece of paper, while the whole scene was accompanied by a couple of benighted youths thumping out the wild strains of "chop-sticks" on the piano. This continued until the studies became so enraged that they rushed in to quell the disturbance, but often only succeeded in increasing it.

Horrible as this may seem, the cloak-room has seen worse, to mention which would take up several books.

But the authorities saw that this interfered with work and it was made a study for the smaller boys; a fact which caused much rejoicing. Now none but prefects were allowed to enter; now indeed the cloak-room could really be called the sanctuary of the young; now new boys were free from trouble except what was given them by its other owners.

Recently it has become a form of dry-dock, for a craze has come upon certain

members of the School for boat-building, and consequently the cloak-room is littered with all manner of odd craft, from a heavy tub to a super-dreadnought.

But through all its changes, the cloak-room has kept its original name, although the time when it was really used as a cloak-room is not within the memory of many. Now its only use as a cloak-room is at the end of a term, when it is littered with the coats, boxes and bags of the school, which goes home on the morrow.

C.V.D.

ALAS !

The essence of condition vague with protasis
suppressed,

A touch of light potential in a mood generic
dressed,

All mixt in speech four times oblique in
loose connection cast,

Hath fogged my brain, benumbed my sense—

O subtle all-embracing tense—

And left my mind aghast.

J.K.

A HOMERIC EPIC.

Homer may without fear of objection be termed the world's greatest epic poet; without the same impunity from criticism, but with compensatory vehemence many of the learned have stated that this Homer, great though he be, only united various detached lays. The present author aspires to emulate not Homer's greatness, but his method of composition, and introduces a compilation of verses inspired by heroic doings and events of the past term and written by different bards of the Remove Form.

The work opens with a description of the kind of weather encountered in too generous quantities this term. We may deduce from a certain rhyme that the poet was not very well acquainted with the French language.

Snowflakes gently falling,

What a lovely sight!

How we merry school boys

Hail them with delight.

Outside in the playground

When our tasks are o'er,

We begin a battle

With snowballs by the score.

As the battle rages

Fast and furiously,

Each side makes great efforts

To gain the victory.

The enemy is beaten,

With yells of triumph we

Proclaim ourselves the winners

Of that grand snow *melee*.

R.G.F.

Our next excerpt is a truly epic story of the stirring day when gas failed in the midst of "prep." and Zeppelin scares were rife.

It was on a Saturday night

We had the awful fright;

We thought it was the Huns

Come to storm our chicken runs.

But alas! the gas went out

And all in joy did shout

For we thought that we could go;

But it was a question answered "No."

With one oil lamp we tried to work,

But oh at last we had to shirk!

E.G.B.

From this last note of joy we pass to a slightly querulous strain of one who did not much appreciate the joys of wet weather. *Facit indignatio versus.*

Running! running! running!
 Oh we are always running!
 Never a rest
 But colds on the chest
 That's what we get through running.
 Running! running! running!
 Oh we are always running!
 We're as brown as berries
 And red as cherries
 When we all arrive from running.

L.R.C.

Next we turn to a piece celebrating the
 Remove representative in the Naval victory
 over Mansfield, (it might perhaps be styled
 the "Hayneia.").

A little lad
 He's not so bad
 Comes steering down the river;
 "One, two" shouts he
 For all to see
 The artful little winner.

The Mansfield four are now in sight
 Pulling away with all their might,
 Their cox is not so good as ours
 Not though he tried to cox for hours!

G.N.C.

We conclude our "Homeric epic," which
 on second thoughts seems to us to be much
 more like a Latin "satura" or "medley" with
 a piece well worthy to crown the work, both
 for its superior literary form and its ex-
 pression of the "carry on" spirit which keeps
 our line unbroken.

When the season came around
 For the sixes to be played,
 We played upon the cold damp ground
 Though with chills we were repaid.
 When the sun o'erhead did shine
 We were eager for a game;
 In snow or rain, in wet or fine
 We played on just the same.

W.H.L.

Critics and German scholars may turn up
 their noses at these pieces; the Editor
 respected them as honest and, if not pre-
 cocious, not unsuccessful literary effort and
 was pleased to see represented in the School
 Magazine others of the School than the
 highly gifted few.

The compiler's heartiest thanks are due
 to R. G. Fisher, E. G. Ballard, L. R.
 Crook, G. N. Carter, and W. H. Lowe
 for the willingness and zeal which they
 showed in supplying him with his material.

O. T. C.

There is practically nothing of particular
 interest to record this term; a fact which is
 not inconsistent with good work; "Happy
 is the nation that has no history." The in-
 clement weather of this term probably
 affected the corps more than was the case
 with anything else; few parades could be
 held in the latter half of the term, their
 place being filled by instruction and lectures
 in the "gym." Steady progress, however,
 was made by the recruits and there were
 three route marches in the course of the
 term. We look forward to the (presumably)
 sunnier skies of the summer term.

We may notice the advent of Morland II.
 to the ranks of the buglers, and the appear-
 ance of Robinson and Hodgson II. as
 signallers; the latter shows particular
 promise.

THE SCHOOL CONCERT.

What again, you say? Are we never to
 have any rest, but always to be attacked by
 this pseudo-critic who gives what he imagines
 to be an account of a School Concert,
 which he must have long ago forgotten? And
 in any case, why a Concert at all in the

Easter term? Blame us not, fair reader, blame that inexorable being, heart of iron, as unsympathetic as cruel, blame the Editor.

We feel that before entering upon a brief survey of our latest achievements that we should express our sincere thanks to all, who by their untiring energy, helped to make our concert fully realise the expectations aroused by previous successes. And we are sure that their industry, from that which presented us with a pleasing expanse of verdure to that which with unselfish labour kept our orchestra up to its usual standard of excellence, will find its due meed of praise from all.

To pass from generalities to particulars we need say little of our orchestra; it was as good as ever. We were given a selection from "Faust," and Mendelssohn's "Athalie," which they rendered excellently and though few in number, they fully made up the deficiency by their vigour and skill. Supplementing the instrumental music were two piano solos, both of which testified to the School's musical talent.

To turn to the vocal items, "Drake goes West," proved once more its merits when coming from Mr. Bevir. He has lost none of his fine shades of tone and clear elocution and he afforded, as usual, one of the most delightful items of the evening. The treble solo, "Who is Sylvia," was extremely sweet and pretty. The soloist was R. E. Eason, who, in his maiden effort, acquitted himself very creditably. The song was loudly encored and its second rendering gave no less entertainment than the first.

Turning from elements to compounds we may say that quite one of the most striking events was the Quartette, "The Goslings." The voices blended remarkably well, and the paradoxical difficulty of singing a harmonic

discord was made light of in their hands. We heartily congratulate all four artistes. Another item of the same class was the treble and alto trio. "When Evening's Twilight" and part-song "I would that my Love."

The trebles had two songs by themselves, "Twelve by the Clock," a very dainty and pretty little part-song, and "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Wind," which though itself unimpeachable, was hardly sung so well as the former song.

Three in all were the productions of the united School chorus. Of these, one was a second rendering of "Welcome Heroes," which went with its wonted swing. In one of the other two, a most successful imitation of the general clamour of a smithy was given by the basses, while the whole effect of the "Mariners of England" was remarkably fine. At the risk of triteness we dilate upon the progress the School has made in part-singing. It started in easy hymns, it culminated a short while ago in Elgar's "It comes from the Misty Ages," confessedly one of the greatest successes. Grand Opera but who knows?

J. K.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Selection "Faust" *Gounod*
ORCHESTRA.
2. Part Song "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Wind" *Harford Lloyd*
THE TREBLES.
3. Piano Solo Movement from Elité Symphony *Haydn*
J. KNOWLES.
4. Quartette "The Goslings" *Bridge*
R. E. EASON, J. C. BRAFIELD,
M. T. PERKS, J. W. HOOD.
5. Part Song "Viking Song" *Coleridge Taylor*
THE SCHOOL.
6. Song "Who is Sylvia" *Schubert*
R. E. EASON.
7. Part Song "Welcome Heroes of Renown" *Mendelssohn*
THE SCHOOL.

PART II.

March from "Athalie" *Mendelssohn*

ORCHESTRA.

Song "Drake goes West" *Wilfrid Sanderson*

W. BRVIV.

Part Song "Ye Mariners of England" *Hugh Pierson*

SCHOOL AND ORCHESTRA.

Part Songs (a) "When Evening's Twilight" *Hatton*

(b) "I would that my Love"

Mendelssohn

R. E. EASON, H. W. FRANKLIN, J. C. BRAFIELD,
W. H. LOWE, J. A. JOSEY, E. G. BALLARD.

Piano Solo "Spring Song" *Kjerulf*
G. R. KIRKBY.

Part Song "Twelve by the Clock" *Lloyd*
THE TREBLES.

Finale National Anthems of
Russia, France, Belgium and England.
THE SCHOOL.

ORCHESTRA.

1st Violins.—Mrs. Fairthorne, Mrs. Humfrey,
Miss M. Hughes.

2nd Violins.—W. H. Puckridge, J. W. Horsley,
G. Neale.

'Cellos.—Miss Payne, Mrs. Scott.

Bass.—H. Taylor.

Piano.—J. Y. Ingham.

Conductor.—H. H. Willis.

BIRTH.

PAYNE.—Dec. 5th, at Madras, India, the
wife of C. A. W. Payne, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

BAKER—STEVENS. On December 14th, at
All Saints, Didcot, by the Rev. W. R.
Baker, Vicar of Hagbourne, father of
the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. J.
Brown, Rector of Didcot, Lieut. Robert
Falconer Baker, D.C.M., 3rd Brigade
Canadian Field Artillery, 1st Division, to
Frances Ruby, second daughter of the late
Arthur Stevens and Mrs. Stevens, of
Britwell Lodge, Didcot.

PAYNE—BALLARD. On December 28th, at
St. Helen's, Abingdon, by the Rev. H. A.
Kennedy (Vicar), Second-Lieut. Arthur
S. B. Payne, of the Gloucester Regiment,
son of the late Mr. W. G. Payne, to
Norah Alice, younger daughter of Mr. F.
W. Ballard, of Bath Street, Abingdon.

WAR HONOURS.

R. F. Baker, Corporal in the 10th Battery
of the 3rd Canadian Brigade was awarded
the D.C.M., and promoted to the rank of
full Lieutenant for his heroic conduct in
helping to save the guns at St. Julien in
April last.

T. M. Layng, Lieut., 6th Jats, Indian
Army, when acting as Temporary Captain
and Adjutant of the 2nd Durham L.I., was
awarded on January 14th, the Military Cross
for his services in the battle at Hooge. He
was also mentioned in General French's
Despatch of January 1st.

O. B. Challenor, Lieut., 4th Royal Berks
Regiment, was mentioned in General French's
Despatch of January 1st.

CASUALTY LIST.

KILLED IN ACTION.

GRIFFIN.—On February 19th, in France,
Captain and Adjutant Innes Edward Griffin
of the 4th Oxford and Bucks L.I., aged
27 years.

[He was at the School from Sept., 1898 to
April 1904, and will be well remembered
by his contemporaries. He was the son of
the late Dr. Innes Griffin, Medical Officer
of Health for Banbury].

MISSING.

TINEGATE.—Missing, believed killed August
2nd, 1915, G. H. Tinegate, 9th Royal
Worcester Regiment.

DIED.

EASON.—Alan Eason, 2nd Lieut., 9th Royal Berks Regiment, on January 20th, aged 18 years, after an operation for appendicitis.

[At the military funeral at Long Wittenham many members of the School were present. The service was taken by the Vicar of Long Wittenham, the Headmaster reading the lesson. The School sent a wreath of cerise and white flowers.

Alan Eason came to the School in September 1909, when he was eleven years old. In 1912 he won a Senior County Scholarship, and in this year he played for the School Football XI., and rowed in the 2nd Four. In 1913 he was in the Cricket XI. as well, and became a School Prefect. He passed the Oxford Senior Local Examination with 2nd Class Honours in July. In the following term he was given his Football Colours. In 1914 he won his Rowing Colours and Colours for swimming. And in this year he passed the Oxford Senior Locals with First Class Honours, getting distinction in Latin and German. In the Christmas term he became Head of the School and was Captain of the Football team. In 1915 he was Stroke and Captain of the Boat, and gained half-colours for running. He won his Cricket Colours as wicket-keeper. He was Sergeant-Major of the O.T.C. He left at the end of the Summer term, earlier than he would otherwise have done to take a Commission in the 9th Royal Berks. While in camp at Wool he was suddenly taken ill with appendicitis and passed away after an operation. The news of Alan Eason's death came as a heavy shock to us all. He was endowed with fine qualities of mind and body, which showed great promise for his future career. But what was most striking about him was the strength of his simple-minded straightforward character. Although pre-eminent in every department of the school life, he was altogether devoid of conceit and gave his personal attention and help to all the details which go to make or mar the vigour and progress of a school. He loved his school. He left it before his time to serve his country in a wider field. And now that he has fallen in his prime it is with love and pride that we look back on the noble service he has rendered in so short a span of life.]

SCHOOL NOTES.

The Sports are to be held on Saturday, April 8th, the Miles on Tuesday, April 4th and the Steeplechases (provisionally) on Monday, April 10th.

The Gymnasium Contest and Display take place on Thursday, April 6th.

The Rev. G. S. Deacon has been appointed to a Curacy at Windsor.

Many old Abingdon boys who took part in the Fire Drill when the Town Council put their apparatus at the School's disposal in the Lent Terms, will hear with much regret of the death of their instructor, Mr. G. C. Hellyer.

We offer our best congratulations to Knowles upon his election to the School Scholarship at Pembroke College, Oxford.

R. I. Comins has gained his entry in Sandhurst, and T. T. G. Race has obtained a King's India Cadetship.

L. A. Cazalet, who broke his arm in a gale on H.M.S. Test nine months ago, now a Lieut. R.N., at the School of Gunnery at Devonport.

A. Ellis has secured entrance into the Navy as a boy artificer.

J. Knowles, J. N. Sanders, and C. Davidge have been given their full Colours for Rowing, and H. T. Haynes for coxing.

E. L. Parry and J. Knowles last term gained their Football Colours.

Meredith Compositions are to be given by June 12th.

This term ends on Tuesday, April 11th and the next term will begin on Tuesday, May 9th; boarders return the previous day.

SALVETE.

R. G. Fisher, Remove Form.
 A. W. Witham, Third Form.
 G. W. Matthews, Second Form.

VALETE.

A. Ellis, VI. Form (Colours for Coxing
 1911; Cricket XI., 1915; Football
 XI., 1915).
 E. C. Davies, V. Form (2nd XI. Foot-
 ball, 1915).

ABINGDONIAN ACCOUNTS.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1915.

Receipts.

	£	s.	d.
Dec. 1915. Balance at Bank	17	11	8
Cheque from J. Townsend, Esq., O.A. Club			
Subscriptions to end of Xmas, 1915 ..	6	2	10
Sale of Xmas No.	2	13	0
Sale of Back Nos.			9
Additional Sales			2
Cheque from Governors for Xmas No. 1915	4	1	8
	<hr/>		
	£30	11	11
	<hr/> <hr/>		

Expenditure.

	£	s.	d.
Paid to Burgess & Son on A/c	10	0	0
Balance of A/c owing	12	3	5
Printing Xmas No.	7	9	6
Postage		17	7
	<hr/>		
Balance in hand		1	5
	<hr/>		
	£30	11	11
	<hr/> <hr/>		

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