

Misericordias
Domini



in aeternum
cantabo.

THE ABINGDONIAN.

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PERHAPS the most notable point about this term is the new way in which some of us have come to understand in what a desperate struggle we are engaged. In common with all patriots the School House has endeavoured loyally to observe Lord Devonport's food restrictions; this subject is one which concerns us one and all, and though the 'rations' are as a matter of fact ample, the economy necessarily observed by all should produce in even the youngest of us some feeling of a personal effort and an individual share in the burden and the glory of the great fight.

Such a spirit has been shown in a different way in the volunteer labour

exerted in a portion of the Lower Field in order to prepare it for the cultivation of potatoes. Good work has been done, but we have been considerably handicapped in our self-imposed task by the small number of boys old enough to undertake heavy work for any length of time and by recent unseasonable weather.

The severe frost in the middle of the term gave a great many of us our first opportunity of acquiring the delectable art of skating; an unfortunate fall of snow rather spoilt the ice, but we obtained a week's good skating on a field near Sutton Wick and about four days rather precarious but quite enjoyable sport on the Common.

Like other schools we have received a circular from the Board of Education asking that particular care should be taken not to divulge accidentally any military information to the enemy in rolls of service, school magazines and similar publications. Any omissions therefore in the details usual in the Casualty and War Lists must be put down to this cause.

Our thanks are due to Lieut. B. S. Marshall, M.C., for a subscription of two guineas for the Boat Club, and to an anonymous friend who very generously supplied the difference (£6) between the price of our new 'tub' and the amount of money we had obtained.

We cannot conclude without offering most sincere sympathy on behalf of Staff and School with the Headmaster in the loss of his sister, Miss Flora Grundy, who died on March 21st, after an attack of pneumonia.

ROWING.

To begin as usual with climatic conditions, this season has been remarkable for its benevolence as far as rowing has been concerned. The fortnight of the frost, when the stream was full of large icebergs and occasionally actually frozen across, is excepted, as during this period rowing was abandoned for skating. Apart from this the stream has been very often at summer level and on not more than three days could it be called in flood. The conditions were thus particularly suited to the training of novices and junior oars, and as no race could this year be arranged with any of our usual opponents owing to the war, considerable attention was devoted to this object. In such a work we found our new tub four and tub pair very useful. As the event of

the season a race had been arranged between two fours captained by Parry and Sanders respectively and took place as described below. Both crews made a creditable show as is shown by the winning time of 4 min., 4 secs., practically the same as the time in which the First Four beat Mansfield in 1915; the conditions however were on that occasion not quite so favourable. Parry's crew owed their victory to their vigorous 'catch' and the long stroke set by Mackinnon, but their form was spoilt by a pronounced 'feather under water' on the part of all except stroke which caused unnecessary splashing and made it fortunate for them that they were not rowing in the light boat.

Sanders' four were distinctly the neater crew, but their stroke was not held out so well nor begun with such vigour. They performed, however, very creditably and were much handicapped by the fact that 'two with the best will in the world is of very little use in a race, and actually on the day itself utterly failed to stay the course.

Of those in the Fours, Mackinnon rapidly progressed into a very useful man, but his style is by no means perfect; the greatest 'find' is F. Crossland, who has improved out of recognition and now takes the eye as a most promising oar. Humfrey also has made extremely creditable progress. Of the remaining devotees of the art, Gwyther-Jones showed most promise.

We have to regret that our best cox, L. T. Haynes, after being of great use in helping to train a new one, has been unavailable for a large part of the season, as he has been absent from school through measles in his family.

Parry has once more been an extremely valuable captain, apart from assisting the

coach very greatly with the tyros, he seems able to repair any damage and make anything float; we expect next to hear of him laying down a 'Dreadnought.'

Thanks are due to H. A. L. Donkin, just now home on leave, for very kindly assisting in the coaching in the week before the race.

M.T.P.

THE RACE.

The race was rowed on Saturday, March 17th, at 3 p.m., on Culham Reach; the stream was at ordinary winter level and with a strong wind up stream conditions were very favourable except for a certain 'chop-piness.' Parry's four who rowed in the heavier boat and were given the Berkshire side as a compensation, drew half-a-length ahead very soon and had increased their lead at the end of a minute. At the Tree, however, they became rather ragged for a time during which Sanders' crew considerably reduced their lee-way. Mackinnon, however, pulled his crew well together and spurring made their advantage much greater and though Sanders made a gallant effort towards the close and gained almost a length, the smooth water at the end of the course on the Berkshire side enabled his rivals to regain their lead and the race concluded in victory for Parry's four by three lengths in 4 min. 4 secs.

CREWS.

		st.	lbs.
Bow.	E. L. Parry (Capt.)	...	8 13 $\frac{1}{4}$
	2. R. E. Eason	...	9 3 $\frac{1}{4}$
	3. C. M. Humfrey	...	9 4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Stroke.	R. D. Mackinnon	...	10 7 $\frac{1}{4}$
Cox.	G. N. Carter	...	5 1 $\frac{1}{4}$
		st.	lbs.
Bow.	F. Crossland	...	9 0
	2. P. W. Morley	...	9 0
	3. C. V. Davidge	...	9 8 $\frac{1}{4}$

Stroke.	J. N. Sanders (Capt.)	...	9 8 $\frac{3}{4}$
Cox.	R. B. H. Morland	...	6 7 $\frac{3}{4}$

ROWING CHARACTERS.

E. L. FARRY (Captain of Boats) 8 st. 13 $\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. (Colours 1915-16.).

Has entirely got rid of the unfortunate screw which handicapped him last year and is a very useful worker. Is apt to finish with his arms and is very awkward with his hands in consequence showing a tendency to feather under water and to foul the water while coming forward. His chief virtue is a very vigorous beginning which makes up for a good deal. Once more did good work as captain.

R. E. EASON, 9 st. 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ lbs.

Has been rather a disappointment in not fulfilling his promise of last year. Is very unsteady coming forward, often rows deep and finishing with a pronounced tug, generally brings his blade out half-turned. Works very hard, but must display a great deal more effort to overcome these faults, as after great improvement he allowed himself to relapse into his old habits after a change of position in the middle of the season.

C. M. HUMFREY, 9 st. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

Has turned out a very useful oar considering that this is his first season in anything but a 'tub.' At one time never rowed the stroke right through with the legs, a fault which he still displays in a less degree. Should sit firm at the finish, bring oar in to his chest and drop his hands before turning. At present he feathers under water and is very slow at getting his hands away.

R. D. MACKINNON, 10 st. $10\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. (Half-Colours 1917).

Has made very creditable progress in his first season. Possesses considerable strength which he used to advantage. Should be careful not to hurry forward over the stretcher and must use his legs at the finish as well as the beginning of the stroke. Was a success as a stroke and showed good staying power.

G. N. CARTER has proved a capable and self-possessed cox; he does not, however, possess as yet the professional vocal powers.

J. N. SANDERS, 9 st. $8\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. (Colours 1916).

Is perhaps hardly as good as at the end of last season. His rowing suffered from an enforced rest of a week owing to an accident whilst skating. Was improving at the close, but neever got a really good finish, too frequently dropping his hands during the stroke and thus rowing short. Should rely on his legs more throughout the stroke. As always, rowed very gamely in the race.

C. V. DAVIDGE, 9 st. $8\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. (Colours 1916).

Varied in form rather startlingly during training, but was himself by the race. Finishes extremely well and feathers cleanly, but should try and get a more vigorous beginning and avoid any unsteadiness over the stretcher.

P. W. MORLEY, 9 st. 0 lbs.

Has made practically no progress towards getting any real work by the proper method. He certainly does not row so deep and has made spasmodic improvement in the feather, but seems constitutionally unable to sit firm at any part of the stroke, and as he relies entirely on his arms invariably 'buckets' forward and becomes absolutely exhausted

in a very short time. Tried very hard, however, and accepted extensive and severe criticism with a creditable cheerfulness.

F. CROSSLAND, 9 st. 0 lbs. (Half-Colours 1917).

Has made a gratifying improvement on his form of last year and deserves praise for his steady perseverance. Is now one of the neatest oars we have and a game worker. Should be careful to row the oar well through at its original level and keep up the pressure on the stretcher till the end of the stroke. Must remember to get his hands away as this is a point he is apt to forget at times.

R. B. H. MORLAND (Cox).

Did very well considering the short time he had in which to learn his business. He was unexpectedly called in at the last moment owing to the illness of

I. WILLIAMS

who having coxed the four through period particularly uninteresting for coxe was unfortunately prevented from steering his crew in the race. As a cox he was very willing and ready to learn, but should keep a little wider awake to orders from the bank and not be afraid of giving decisive commands to his crew; is at present too much dependent on stroke for guidance.

O.T.C.

The snow and the abnormally cold spell in the middle of the term have rather interfered with regular parades and entirely precluded open order work. The recruits who are in some ways the most important part of the Corps have progressed well in close order drill, and the whole Corps no

works harmoniously together in this respect. Of the new section commanders some are quite efficient, but others might keep awake more and put greater decision and 'snap' into their work.

The slow process of equipment has recently advanced considerably nearer its conclusion through the receipt of real rifles and real bayonets; so far with our old carbines no bayonet work has of course been done and with the very limited number of rifles available it has been very difficult to give every cadet a thorough knowledge of the ordinary mechanism, sights, safety-catch, etc., of the service rifle, but next term should see a great change in this respect.

BIRTHS.

DUNCAN.—On November 22nd, 1916, at Laret, The Avenue, Llandaff, the wife of J. W. Duncan, Esq., of a son.

DUNCAN.—On Jan. 10th, 1917, at Wooda, Radyr, near Cardiff, the wife of Lieut. Norman Duncan, of a daughter.

CASUALTY LIST.

KILLED.

EDWARDES.—2nd Lieut. H. F. E. Edwardes, Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.

[He joined the Staff as an Assistant Master in the Summer Term of 1914, but early in the next term enlisted in the Public School Corps, with which he saw active service in France. Later he returned to England and after going through a Cadet's course he obtained his commission in the D.C.L.I. During his short time at the School he took a prominent part in the life of the place, being himself a keen cricketer and a man of varied interests].

WOUNDED.

SHEPHERD.—2nd Lieut. G. H. G., Oxon and Bucks L.I.

THE SCHOOL AND THE WAR.

ADDITIONS TO THE ROLL OF SERVICE.

H. M. H. Ashwin, 2nd Lieut., R.E.

A. W. Miller, Officers' Cadet Batt.

J. Lacey West, 2nd Lieut., R.E.

E. E. Insley, Lieut., Branch Requisition Officer, H.Q., 3rd Army.

E. C. Davies, 3rd Manchester Regt.

L. Greatbatch, Driver, A.S.C. (Inland Water Transport).

J. Knowles, 2nd Lieut., Lancs. Fusiliers.

MILITARY CROSS.

Capt. James Erasmus Tracy Phillips, South African Intelligence Department.

Second Lieut. (Acting Major) Wentworth Murray Austin, Wilts. Regt., Special Reserve.

[The Rev. W. M. AUSTIN served in the Boer War of 1899-1902. On returning to England; he took Holy Orders and worked as a clergyman until the beginning of the present war. He enlisted promptly as a Private and was subsequently given a Commission. It will be noticed that he was acting as Major at the time when the award was made].

Major R. B. Leach, M.G. Corps.

NOTES IN BRIEF.

Lieut. W. N. E. Bruce, Somerset Light Infantry, has been in Hospital at Cambridge and is now much better.

Lieut. Sir M. W. S. Bruce, Bart., has also been in Hospital, suffering from shell shock. After service in Egypt where he contracted enteric, he was on board the SS. Sutherland when she was torpedoed in the Mediterranean. He took part in last autumn's fighting in France.

Lieut. N. Duncan is attached to the Dorsetshire Yeomanry who have been engaged in home defence.

Lieut. A. O. C. Pryce, who went through the Gallipoli Campaign as a member of the R.V.N.R., is now stationed with his Scotch Regiment in Ireland.

Major S. H. Baker has left Hospital in Malta and is now at home on sick leave.

Captain T. M. Layng, M.C., is at Banru in the North-West Provinces.

Lieut. H. A. L. Donkin has been home from Salonika, on leave.

J. Lacey West and A. W. Miller, who had been retained on other Government work, have joined an Officers' Cadet Battalion with a view to a Commission.

L. H. Bowe (late 17th R. Fus.) is also now in an Officer Cadet Battalion.

Sergeant B. J. Bury has been in Hospital in Cambridgeshire.

Lieut. W. R. C. Adcock, R.E., has recovered from his recent operation.

Lance-Corporal R. A. R. Townsend, 29th Royal Fusiliers, has been a Sergeant since October, 1916.

Lieut. J. A. Cazalet, R.N., is now on the Staff at the Admiralty.

We regret that by a mistake it was stated in our last issue that 2nd Lieut. E. H. Harvey, Gloucester Regt., was a prisoner; he was confused with his elder brother who is not an O.A.

POTATO PAPERS.

- I. The Potato in Art.—R.D.M.
- II. The Potato in History.—E.O.H.

III. The Potato in Literature.—P.L.H.

IV. The Potato in Science.—T.N.T.L.

V. The Potato in Daily Life.—P.W.M.

VI. The Potato in a Poem.—F.C.

I.—THE POTATO IN ART.

What could be more beautiful than a potato? What a wealth of colour is supported by that inadequate mass of 'material,'—undoubtedly explained in its full chemical significance by our learned brother in the fourth paper in this series.

Have you ever, in your wide experience, 'carefully' examined this most needful source of food, its leaves or its flower? On close inspection the flower reveals colour as choice in its delicacy and purity as the rose; in fact it is a 'specimen' in the first stages of development.

It is a queen among vegetables; for what other can boast of two eyes and a flower like a rose? Be warned lest you plant your potatoes so that their view of the surrounding country is marred! Take a lesson from the misguided individual who planted onions next door to his neighbour's potatoes and burnt their eyes out so that they could not see to grow.

Can we produce artistic potatoes or any potatoes at all? At present it seems somewhat doubtful! Yet in spite of the fact that the School field has never been utilised for their production, two most creditable specimens were lately found surrounded by an army of ants and ghastly reptiles with thousands of legs, if not feet.

Do not be discouraged; while there is ground to dig, we shall dig, though the crop may not appear till 1925! And while you dig—if you ever indulge in that manly sport—bear in mind the far-off waving field of

flower and green; the artistic splendour of which cannot be equalled.

R.D.M.

II.—THE POTATO IN HISTORY.

Nearly everybody says nowadays that they cannot possibly go without their potatoes; but they can quite easily, for before they were discovered people managed to live very comfortably.

King Henry VIII. got heavy and fat without them, and John went so far as to kill himself by over-eating without them.

Perhaps when Sir Walter Raleigh brought potatoes and pipes to England, both of which are nowadays thought important requisites, the people did not know what to do with them and ate the tobacco and tried to smoke the potatoes; anyhow the chewing of tobacco never seems to have been got rid of; for you can often see old sailors and such-like chewing their 'quid of baccy.'

The popular question, "How did you help to win the Great War?" which the recruiting posters think our sons, when we have them, will ask us, will be answered in many cases by "Oh I took up potato farming," or "I became a spud specialist."

Probably the prices of potatoes in 1918 will be somewhere about the same price as they were when Raleigh brought them to England, that is about two shillings and sixpence a pound; then of course every one who wants to make money will become a potato fancier and later on still in history potatoes will only be found as rarities, pickled in museums and kept as curiosities of the early ages.

E.O.H.

III.—THE POTATO IN LITERATURE.

The potato is a noble and worthy vegetable, despised neither by the small nor great. To every table it finds its way in some one of its multitudinous varieties, fried, boiled, baked, chipped, or mashed: or even, as its enemies aver, in the form of bread:

Yet "Bread has been made—indifferent—
from potatoes," says Byron in 'Don Juan,'
an unwarrantable insult.

But the humble potato is scorned by the man of letters, and especially by him of poetic inclination, because, we think, a scarcity of suitable rhymes for the word is unhappily apparent. For some unknown reason "tomato" fails to stop the gap. It is as if it shuns the society of its humble fellow vegetable. Such a rhyme as tomato—potato, would be tolerated by no one—with the possible exception of the authors of certain hymns.

The forms of the word are legion. They range from the colloquial "'tatie" and "'tater" of civilised English Society to the "convolvulus batatus" of the botanist, and the "'taaturr" of the Berkshire navvy. A colloquial variant is "spud,"—Berkshire "spood"—never employed in high-class literature. [N.B.—We append this for the benefit of the philologist.]

Several writers of note, however, can be claimed as having contributed to potato literature. (We exclude the writers of natural history, as having but a precarious hold on the world of literature at all.) The "batata" of R. D. Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," we have, after a stupendous amount of enquiry and prodigious expenditure of mental energy, identified with the modern potato.

Contemporary Irish literature too abounds

with references to the potato, reputed to be Ireland's staple food, and occupying in the Irishman's heart a position rivalling that of the Shamrock. We might conclude by mentioning an amorous person said by W. S. Gilbert to have cherished—

“A passion à la Plato

For a bashful young potato.”

but we are inclined to locate the seat of this romantic attachment in the stomach rather than the heart. Such is the deplorable materialism of the twentieth century.

P.L.H.

IV.—THE POTATO IN SCIENCE.

The scientific world will be pleased to hear of the discovery of a new chemical compound. This is due to the strenuous and commendable exertions of enthusiasts at Abingdon. The process is certainly ingenious. Since a great deal depends on heat being brought up to the correct level, the producers first go for a run round the Stone Wall, which brings their temperature up to the required level. A crucible is then obtained, the larger the better. It is then half-filled with earth. [N.B.—This should be obtained if possible from a football field, or something equally hard to dig up.] A fresh seed potato is then inserted in, and totally covered by the earth in the crucible. Carefully heat the crucible and after a while add some water. It dissolves and a clear solution is obtained. Later a brown precipitate will be thrown down, which on examination proves to be several potatoes. These crystals are brown in colour, and on cutting, are found to be white inside.

Experiments :—

(i.) Place a small portion in the mouth.

On contact with the tongue a nasty taste is at once produced.

(ii.) Boil a potato with salt and place immediately in the mouth. It burns, causing yells to be given off.

(iii.) Allow to cool. Agreeable taste experienced.

Potatoes are much used in dinners. The coatings are very palatable to chickens. They are often associated with fish, under the guise of chips.

T.N.T.L.

V.—THE POTATO IN DAILY LIFE.

This once lowly little vegetable has now become a being of enormous importance and constitutes the topic of the day. A potato famine is not relished to-day although only a little time ago no one seemed to care whether such things existed or not. Let us then consider how the potato affects our daily life and how much we depend on it. Most of our meals owe a great deal to this vegetable; if we analysed many breakfasts even we should find potato either hidden in the recesses of a fish pie, or else squashed or in the correct language ‘mashed’ with sausages, while at lunch the potato always takes a leading part. Indeed if no potato appeared for lunch one would think something serious had happened.

Potatoes are not always served up in a disguised manner so that one is told that it is potatoes that one is eating whether ‘chips’ or ‘fried’ and one has to believe it; there are occasions when they appear in their true colours, namely, when their skins have not been removed. At first sight they look rather terrible—more like lumps of earth than anything else—but they are quite harmless—in fact they are rather good.

The ‘new’ potato is extremely popular but many have found through personal ex-

perience how hot they can be. A few have been seen trying to dispose of such whole; what is the result? A few seconds elapse while the unfortunate victim decides upon his best course and then the potato re-appears in a very unceremonious manner. We hope, however, this does not happen very often.

But besides being used as food, potatoes have other functions; how about the races in which we in our early youth would rush about balancing potatoes on teaspoons? The winner then received a box of chocolates; we suppose these races may now almost have ceased to exist, for where are the prizes coming from? And yet this might easily be remedied, for what more valuable prize than the potato itself?

P.W.M.

VI.—THE POTATO IN A POEM.

A stout arm and a stouter spade,
Boots with full inch thick heels,
We're going to show the Board of Trade
Just what the whole school feels.
We're going to dig the lower field,
Quite half a spade's breadth deep.
The work is hard, we will not yield,
But to our task we'll keep.
Out spake the captain of the School,
A fearsome wight was he—
"We have no lack of every tool—
Potatoes we should see."
We'll till the field from wall to wall,
Fatigue cannot be brooked,
By one and all our country's call
Must not be overlooked.
And when the summer-time is past,
A cheery sight I bet—
Full half a sack of spuds at last—
(The seeds are'n't planted yet!).

F.C.

THE REVIEW: A MILITARY TRAGEDY.

[For enlightenment, vide *The Drill Book*].

I.

Said the great Lieutenant-General
To the Colonel of the Corps:
"Man and boy, I've been a soldier
Sixty-seven years or more.
Discipline, relaxed and stringent,
Very many times I've seen;
But to look at your contingent—
Well, they fairly take the bean!"

II.

Said the Colonel to the General,
And his voice was weak and faint:
"Tell me, ere I die of sorrow,
What's the cause of your complaint?
Are our 'hipes' with mildew coated,
Can't we do our puttees right—
Are our cartridge pouches bloated,
Or our belts an inch too tight?"

III.

Quoth the great Lieutenant-General,
Whilst his whiskers twitched with ire—
"Neither 'hipes,' nor belts, nor puttees
Readjustment here require.
While the corps stood at attention,
I indubitably saw
Soldiers with their feet diverging
At the angle 44°!"

IV.

Bang! They looked—the wretched Colonel
Lowly at their feet lay dead:
In his hand a Colt revolver,
And a bullet through his head.
And his epitaph was written—
"Died—disgraced before the corps
For a man with feet diverging
At the angle 44°!"

P.L.H.

SKATING.

In the beginning of this term
 When the ice was thick and firm,
 Skating was the School's main sport
 And many skates were being bought.
 Where the ice was fairly thick
 One went along at a very good lick,
 But in places where the ice was thin
 Many of us tumbled in.
 We all enjoyed the pleasant sport,
 But never for one moment thought
 That it would last for such a time
 Before the ice returned to slime.

C.E.H.D.

MERELY FICTION.

I am only an ordinary mortal, with probably more sins to my credit, or discredit, than most, yet have I been blessed with a friendship such as it is given to few to know.

He is an officer, and I, though we went to the same school, am only a private, yet our friendship has withstood the onslaught of those social conventions, whose name in the army, is legion.

He, or the thought of him, has drawn me back from the brink of many a precipice, from the folly of many a desperate act. His friendship has purified and strengthened my life, bracing my shaken resolve in many hopeless moments, when desperation would seem to be gaining the upper hand.

He got his commission, and I, owing to the circumstances in which I was then placed, enlisted as a private, and our separate regiments went out to the front about the same time.

The wind is howling o'er the barren,

shell-pitted stretch of No-Man's-Land, and the rain and sleet is pelting down in great gusts, saturating the already soaked forms lying prone in the six inches of mud and water at the bottom of the trench.

Shivering I pull my blanket closer round me, and roll under cover of the parapet in vain endeavour to escape the merciless sting of the wind-driven rain.

Every now and then the sharp staccato bark of a rifle, the whistle of a "Whizz-Bang," or the long drawn moan of a heavy lyddite shell disturbs the dull muttering of the battle proceeding farther east, and the tearing rage of the elements at war, but here all is comparative quiet, yet I cannot sleep.

True, I am not in a very comfortable position for sleeping, but then I have slept under these very conditions many a time before. It is something far different to physical discomfort that keeps me awake now.

Mechanically I roll out of my covering, and struggle to my feet. For a moment I stand listening, then I commence to pace slowly down the trench, stepping carefully over the sleeping forms of the tired men.

As I neared the end of the traverse the moon slid gently from behind the heavy bank of cloud which had obscured it for the greater part of the evening, and shed a pale, silvery light over the whole ghostly scene. The very elements ceased to war as at a magic touch.

I stood face to face with Jack.

Unneeded was the death-like pallor of his face; the red trickle of blood streaming slowly down the khaki tunic, formed a stained, muddy patch on the soaking ground. In an instant I knew.

Like the wash of a deathly cold wave it

passed over me, and we stood looking into each others eyes.

Pen cannot describe the scene, as we stood there.

Suffice it that when I returned to my corner of the trench, the salt tears were mingling with the rain which ran in little streams down my face, and I knew that I had lost the dearest of friends.

Next morning I heard that he had been caught by a sniper while on a foraging expedition and killed instantly.

The storm has passed away, and the sunshine alights like a timid bird, pityingly on the barren field of war.

The trenches are one bustle and confusion, for we are to go over the top this evening, and men are busy preparing bombs, cleaning the rifles, and generally preparing for the night's work, but I take no part in it. My mind is busy with a letter I am writing.

A letter which will break a girl's heart, but a letter which has to be written, I cannot leave her to find it some day as she opens the morning paper, staring at her in great letters of fire, *his* name.

Yet I would it were not I who had the writing of the letter.

We go over the top to-night, and I have no tremors. The Good God will not have it so; I shall see Jack again to-night.

Then there is Evelyn; she will never know that his was not the only heart she captured in her innocence; once indeed, I had hoped, but then Jack was my friend. He never knew.

Yes! It is better so.

"Jack Hunstone, of the —th —th Infantry, was killed in action on the —th inst, by a German sniper, while on a foraging

expedition. He was one of the —th's most promising officers, a credit to his regiment, and a credit to his country. His Colonel has written a sympathetic letter of condolence to his father."

—(Extract from Daily——).

Pte. Edward Heathcote, killed in action —th inst.

—(Extract from Casualty list same paper, under the same date).

E. C. DAVIES, O.A.

From Sapper H. E. Gibbs,
Mesopotamia Exped. Force,
Nov. 5th, 1916.

"We left England early in September and landed in Mesopotamia after a month's voyage. The trip was glorious, the sea being very calm the whole of the voyage. Naturally the voyage was packed with interesting sights and every port we stopped at kept us at the side of the ship until we moved off again.

On landing we stopped in camp at the base where they kept us busy with various odd jobs, practically everything but telegraphy of course. The base camp is surrounded by a big palm grove, and to see palms instead of the usual elms was very strange at first. By now we have got more or less used to strange sights. Indians and Arabs with their strange "lingo" are everyday things to us.

Since leaving the base we have gradually moved up to within 3 miles of the firing line by river steamer and by rail. The river trip was very interesting. Two towns passed were Kurna and Amara. Just before Amara we passed a domed structure said to be the tomb of Ezra.

The weather is beginning to change. When we landed the sky was deep blue and cloudless, but now it is covered with clouds.

Yesterday was about the most unpleasant day I've spent for a long time. It was practically a dust storm all day. Everything got covered with dust. It was impossible to eat or even cook because of the dust. At times one could hardly see an inch. To-day however it has rained a little so that the dust is not nearly as bad.

It is still as hot in the daytime as an English summer day, but wet weather is expected now and it even snows in places I hear. Occasionally we hear big guns in the distance, but everything seems quiet at present.

We are extremely well fed, two meals a day being the rule, with tea at 12 noon. Of course out here about one-third of the English feeding is ample."

THE SCHOOL CONCERT.

The annual School Concert of 1916 took place in the Gymnasium on December 14th.

One or two departures from the usual proceedings were evident. In the first place the stage was erected at the west instead of the east end of the room. This innovation, however, did not seem to perturb the artistes very much, as they proved themselves just as much at home and at ease in this part of the building as any other. What was more of a disadvantage was that lighting regulations made it impossible to have the benefit of the usual full illumination, and we had of necessity to "teach light to counterfeit a gloom." Still, the chorus had been so well taught their parts that their items could scarcely have been better rendered even in broad daylight.

This year the programme included more orchestral items than before. The orchestra are to be congratulated on the great success they achieved, for their ungrudging services helped to brighten the evening by affording a very pleasing variety of instrumental music between the vocal parts of the concert. The combination of 'cello, viola and violins, with pianoforte accompaniment were heard to good effect in such popular pieces as the "Dances from Nell Gwyn," by Edward German; whilst "Pizzicato," was an ideal example of a humorous mood interpreted in music.

The chorus singing was quite up to the standard set in previous years, and "The Arethusa," and "Ring out Wild Bells," were exceedingly well rendered. Miss Hughes is to be congratulated on the result which was achieved, as it is entirely due to her unremitting labours and experienced tuition that things went off so well.

Mr. Bevir added to the entertainment of the evening as usual with his song "Drake goes West"; and the quartette party also were well received.

The pianoforte solos which were given are worthy of special mention. The modern school of musicians were done ample justice to by Miss Hughes and R. D. Mackinnon. The former played "Arabesque No. 1," with all the sympathetic but well-controlled insight which one expects, though does not always find, in a professional rendering of Debussy's quieter music. As an encore short piece of an entirely different nature namely an impressionist tone-picture entitled "Le Coucou," was played with equal effect. Mackinnon gave us two short pieces by Lescaut and Poldini. The mastery of expression which he displayed in the execution of these was well in advance of what on

expects to find in one who is still at school, and his performance deserves the highest praise.

A very pleasant evening was brought to a close about 9:45 p.m., and thanks are due to all who helped to make it so enjoyable, and particularly to Miss Hughes who was responsible for the success of the whole concert.

J.Y.D.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Gavotte in D.....*Rameau*
The Orchestra.
2. Part Song, "He that hath a pleasant face."...*Hatton*
The School.
3. Song, "Drake goes West."*Sanderson*
W. Bevir.
4. Two Dances from Nell Gwyn.....*Ed. German*
(1) Country Dance. (2) Pastoral Dance.
The Orchestra.
5. Quartette, "To the Audience."*H. Clarke*
S. F. Wiggins, H. W. Franklin, S. G. Badcock,
J. E. A. Clarke, T. N. T. Leach, R. D. Mackinnon.
6. Piano Solos (1) "A Song of Twilight."*Lescaut*
(2) "Marche Mignonne."*Poldini*
R. D. Mackinnon.
7. Part Song, "The Arethusa."*Jephson*
The School.

PART II.

1. Bagatelles, (1) Valse.*Percy Fletcher*
(2) Pizzicato.
The Orchestra.
2. Part Song, "A Song of Rest."*Walford Davies*
The School.
3. Piano Solo, Arabesque No. 1.*Debussy*
Miss M. Hughes.
4. Part Song, "Drake's Drum."*Coleridge-Taylor*
Trebles and Altos.
5. Selection, "Marmion."*Reeves*
The Orchestra.
6. Part Song, "Ring out, Wild Bells." ..*Percy Fletcher*
The School.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

ORCHESTRA.

Violins :

Mrs. Fairthorne, Mrs. Humfrey, Miss M. Hughes.

Viola : Mrs. Couldrey.

'Cello : Mrs. Scott.

Piano : Miss W. Hughes.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The Rev. T. Romans, who was a member of the Staff from 1898 to 1902, has accepted an appointment as Scientist in an important Munitions Factory.

We are very glad to hear that Mr. B. Challenor, who has been for many years Clerk to the Governing Body, has made a good recovery from his recent serious illness.

Willoughby Weaving has published another volume of poetry. It is called "The Star Fields and other Poems," and contains an introduction by Mr. Robert Bridges, the Poet Laureate.

Miss M. Hughes and her sisters figured largely in a very successful concert by a Ladies' Choir on Shrove Tuesday in the Roysse Rooms. A Cantata called "The Daughter of King René" was rendered and gave great pleasure to a crowded audience.

We regret that Miss Layng is ill and has been ordered a fortnight's rest which we trust will have the desired effect.

The Sports are to be held on March 28th, the Steeplechase on March 24th, and the Mile on March 26th.

We congratulate P. L. Howard on being elected to the Pembroke Scholarship.

Half-Colours for Rowing have been given to F. Crossland and R. D. Mackinnon.

P. L. Howard and R. D. Mackinnon have been made School Prefects.

SALVETE.—

Conte-Mendoza, V. Form.

G. L. Thatcher, II. Form.

J. F. Sinclair, II. Form.

D. P. Newling, II. Form.

B. T. Furness, II. Form.

VALETE.—

T. R. Sowdon, Remove Form.

R. Tyrrell, Remove Form.

Next term starts on Saturday, April 28th.
 Boarders return on the previous day.

ABINGDONIAN ACCOUNTS.

XMAS NUMBER, 1916.

	£	s.	d.
Oct. 10. Balance carried forward	2	10	8
Sale of Back Numbers		1	0
Dec. 1. Cheque, J. Townsend, Esq. for O. A. Club for Xmas No. ...	3	1	5
Sale of Xmas No. ...	2	8	0
Feb. 15, 1917. Cheque from Gov- ernors for Xmas No.	4	8	8
	<u>£12</u>	<u>9</u>	<u>9</u>

	£	s.	d.
Printing Xmas No. and Cover ...	8	10	6
Postage—Xmas No. ...		15	5
Balance in hand, Feb. 18, 1917	3	3	10
	<u>£12</u>	<u>9</u>	<u>9</u>