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THE ABINGDONIAN.

No. 4. Vol. VI.

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CONTENTS.

Editorial	47	Our Srvnts.....	55
School Notes	47	There's no Place like Home	56
O.A. Notes.....	49	Abingdon Alphabet	56
O.T.C.	49	Things we want to know	57
Football	50	"If"	57
Oxford Letter	52	Notes by H. C. F.	57
The Duke of York's Camp	53	Reveille	58
The Pageant.....	54	Letters to the Editor	58
A Summer Trip in France	54	Abingdonian Accounts.....	59

EDITORIAL.

There is little in our brief chronicle of School events that calls for editorial comment.

Mr. Rudd's marriage is formally announced in another column, but here we would offer both to him and to Mrs. Rudd our very sincere good wishes for their happiness and prosperity. We congratulate then also upon securing, in these homeless days, a commodious homestead not many miles from Abingdon.

We miss Mr. Sikes this term, but extend a hearty welcome to his successor, Mr. J. B. E. Alston.

As for ourselves, a brief study of our accounts, which we publish on the final page of this issue, will show that we are now, financially speaking, in a fairly satisfactory position; and this although we have exceeded in both our last two numbers our stipulated ten pages in the new style, which are roughly equivalent to sixteen in the old. A sum of seven guineas, received by us personally in subscriptions, has been transferred to a reserve account. This is intended to meet extraordinary expenses, such as may from time to time arise.

Thus it is intended in the near future to provide

an Index to Vol. V, and experience teaches that we cannot hope by the sale of this alone to defray even approximately the cost of its production. In the meantime we trust that further subscriptions will be forthcoming in a steady and perpetual stream. Our Old Boys are already numerous, and their number is constantly increasing, and yet there are at the present time less than seventy who subscribe to their School Magazine. Surely this is not as it ought to be. Let them assure themselves, however, that it is not only their money that we want. It is vitally important to any good School that its Old Boys should be kept as far as possible in touch with it and with one another, and it is in rendering this service that a School Magazine may and should be pre-eminently useful.

SCHOOL NOTES.

MARRIAGE.

RUDD-CUTTING.—On August 30th, at the Parish Church, Bishop's Stortford, by the Rev. Canon Lane, William Arthur Rudd to Margaretta Jane Cutting.

Valete.

VI. FORM.

J. E. F. Meadmore (1918-1921). 2nd XI. Cricket, 1921. 2nd XI. Football, 1920. School Prefect, 1920. Head of House, 1920. Head of School, 1920. Sergt. O.T.C., 1920. Hon. Sec., L.S.D.S., 1920. O.S.L., 1919. Woolwich, 1921.

W. J. M. Jamieson (1914-1921). 1st XI. Football, 1920. 2nd XI. Cricket, 1921. School Prefect, 1920. L. Corpl., O.T.C., 1920. O.S.L., 1921.

E. C. Beaven (1915-1921). 1st XI. Football, 1920; Colours, 1920. 1st XI. Cricket, 1921. School Prefect, 1920. O.S.L., 1919.

G. T. Eason (1916-1920). 1st XI. Football, 1920; Colours, 1920. 1st XI. Cricket, 1921; Colours, 1921. 1st IV. Rowing, 1921; Colours, 1921.

VA. H. Bush (1916-1921). Junior County Scholarship, 1916. O.S.L. 2nd Class, 1921.

VA. H. W. Franklin (1913-1921). O.S.L. 3rd Class, 1921.

VA. J. D. L. Robinson (1917-1921). 2nd XI. Football, 1920. 1st XI. Cricket, 1921.

VA. S. F. Wiggins (1916-1921). Junior County Scholarship, 1916. 2nd XI. Football, 1920. 2nd XI. Cricket, 1921. O.S.L., 1921.

VA. P. S. Chivers (1916-1921). Junior County Scholarship, 1916. O.S.L., 1921.

VA. A. H. K. Stevens (1918-1921). 2nd IV. (Cox), 1921.

VB. H. L. Weaver (1918-1921). 1st XI. Cricket, 1921.

VB. F. Taylor (1916-1921).

Remove. D. Jenkins (1920-1921).

III. L. A. Wilcox (1919-1921).

Salvete.

VB. D. M. Brown.

Remove. J. B. Pilbrow.

III. A. B. C. Jenkins, N. J. Banes, C. J. E. Steff, C. J. Lay, E. W. Edgington, R. M. Short.

II. R. J. Lay, J. G. Waldron, J. Woodhouse, S. S. Bates, P. J. Squire, L. P. Mosdell, J. E. F. Tomlins.

The donors of the prizes awarded last term on Roysse's Day were—Mrs. Baker ("Major Sydney Harold Baker Memorial Prize"), Mrs. Stevens, Canon W. M. Meredith (Composition Prizes), Rev. P. C. Bevan, Dr. H. S. Challenor, Messrs. H. T. Clarke, W. M. Grundy, R. W. Langford (Mayor of Abingdon), W. Legge, A. T. Loyd, J. T. Morland, W. H. Nash, A. E. Preston, C. A. Pryce, H. P. Simpson (President of O. A. Club), and H. Young. We regret the omission of these names from our last issue, and trust that they will now accept this sincere, though tardy, acknowledgment of their

generous interest in our doings.

The results of the July examinations were as follows:—

Oxford Higher School Certificate, in Group I. (Classics), W. Memory, with subsidiary subjects English, French and Politics, and J. Harding, with subsidiary subjects French and Mathematics.

Oxford Senior Locals, First Class Honours, D. G. Lucas; Second Class Honours, H. Bush, R. L. C. Foottit, P. E. Rowlandson, J. F. Sinclair; Third Class Honours, E. V. Crook, H. W. Franklin, R. G. Spencer; Passed, P. S. Chivers, C. E. H. Dolphin, G. T. Eason, L. W. Herschell, W. J. M. Jamieson, E. H. Smeeth, S. F. Wiggins, K. T. Wood.

Mr. J. B. E. Alston, B.A., late scholar of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, has joined the Staff this term in succession to Mr. F. H. Sikes, who left us in the Summer.

W. Memory is now Head of the School, and I. Williams Head of the House. The other prefects are R. L. C. Foottit, C. E. H. Dolphin, P. E. Rowlandson, J. Harding, E. H. Smeeth and G. M. G. McFarlane.

I. Williams is Football captain this season, with C. E. H. Dolphin Hon. Sec. and Treasurer.

Football Colours have been awarded to C. E. H. Dolphin, G. M. G. McFarlane, N. A. Carr, E. V. Crook, C. C. Woodley, and R. L. C. Foottit.

The "Abingdonian" Committee is now composed as follows:—Mr. Ross Barker (Editor), W. Memory, I. Williams, R. L. C. Foottit, C. E. H. Dolphin, P. E. Rowlandson, J. Harding and A. F. James.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of *The Aburedian*, *The Bloxhamist*, *The Chigwellian*, *The Laxtonian*, *The Log of the Nautical College*, *Pangbourne* (2 issues), *The Monktonian*, *The O. H. S. Magazine*.

A. F. James, T. A. Wiggins and T. R. Pollard were confirmed by the Bishop of Oxford at St. Helen's Church, on Sunday afternoon, 27th November.

The School dancing class consisted of thirty-six boys this term. Instruction has again been given by M. Gaultier between 7 and 8 o'clock on Thursday evenings, and to the later classes ladies have been invited, as in former years.

We take this occasion to thank Mrs. Grundy and the Headmaster for the most enjoyable dance given under their auspices in the Gymnasium on Saturday evening, 10th December. To this all members of the dancing class were invited, and numerous friends of the School from Abingdon

and the neighbourhood.

As most of our readers are no doubt aware, the Duke of York this year entertained a number of Public School Boys, together with a number of boys from industrial centres, at an open-air camp at Littlestone-on-Sea. At this camp six of our senior boys—J. E. F. Meadmore, W. Memory, R. L. C. Foottit, C. E. H. Dolphin, P. E. Rowlandson and J. D. L. Robinson—partook of the Duke's hospitality, and an account of their experiences will be found on another page of this Magazine.

Abingdon has reason to congratulate itself on receiving a visit from a really excellent Grand Opera Company. These admirable artistes were playing at the Corn Exchange from the 26th September to the 1st October inclusive, when several famous Operas were given. The senior boys from the School (VIth and Va.) were enabled to attend two of the performances—Verdi's *Il Trovatore* and Gounod's *Faust*, on the 28th and 30th of September respectively, and greatly enjoyed what to many was quite a new experience. We sincerely hope that this Company will pay us another visit.

On 7th December the senior boys enjoyed themselves at a Concert in the Corn Exchange by the Abingdon Choral Society. The principal items were Macfarren's "May Day" and Sullivan's "On Shore and Sea."

The School Choir, with the kind assistance of several helpers from without, will give their annual Concert in the Gymnasium on Thursday evening, 15th December.

There will be a Rag Concert as usual on the last evening of the term, Monday the 19th. Next term begins on the 17th January, boarders returning on the previous day.

O. A. NOTES.

MARRIAGE.

INGOLD-BRADFORD—On the 12th October at Christ Church, Ardsley, Barnsley, by the Rev I. Perry, M.A., Vicar, Geoffrey, son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Ingold, of Woolley House, Sheffield, to Phyllis Louise, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Bradford, Birk House, near Barnsley.

DEATH.

McCREERY.—On the 10th September at Bombay of appendicitis, Major A. T. J. McCreery, M.C., R.A.M.C., eldest son of the late Colonel B. T. McCreery, R.A.M.C.

McCreery came to the School in the Spring of 1894 and remained until the Summer of 1897, representing the School in his last year in Football, Rowing and Cricket. He served with distinction

in the War, gaining the M.C. and a mention in despatches.

We cull the following from the *Daily Mail* of the 3rd September—"One of the notable batting averages of the season is that of N. V. H. Riches for Glamorganshire. He heads the list for his county with 41·87. He has an aggregate of 1005 runs in 27 innings." In the list of First Class Averages he stands thirteenth, and his figures, including his 75 *v.* the Australians at Swansea in July, read as follows:—28 innings, 1080 runs, three times not out; average 43·20.

Hearty congratulations to R. E. Eason on gaining his Trials Cap at Oxford as stroke of the winning boat. We trust that this may prove a prelude to yet greater distinction on the river. The race was rowed on 3rd December, on the Moultsford course, as usual, and after a fine struggle Eason's crew won by a quarter of a length. "The standard of rowing," says a critic, "was distinctly higher than during the two preceding years."

Pembroke College, with C. V. Davidge at stroke, has won the Senior Clinker Fours at Oxford, beating the Queen's College Crew in the final and New College at a previous encounter.

J. Knowles, as President of the Johnson Society at Pembroke, presided on the 12th October at a dinner of the Society at Johnson House, Gough Square, London, at which Dean Inge was one of the speakers.

O. J. Couldrey, another Pembroke man, is a contributor to the first number of *The Beacon*, a magazine devoted to education in its highest sense, whose aim is to make war upon Materialism. Couldrey's article is entitled "Wordsworth in India?" and we understand that further articles of his may be expected.

Congratulations to J. E. F. Meadmore on passing into Woolwich R.M.A.

Likewise to H. P. Tame, who has passed Section A of the Final Exam. of the Institution of Civil Engineers. Tame was the youngest candidate in for the Exam.

Abingdonians of an older generation will be interested to hear that Rachel Layng, of St. Hugh's College, Oxford, the daughter of our late Headmaster, has now taken her B.A. degree.

O. T. C.

At the end of the Summer Term part of the contingent went into Camp at Tidworth Park on the Plain. Twenty-three were going, but eventually only nineteen were able to attend, while at the end of the first week our numbers were further decreased by the departure of four cadets to His

Royal Highness the Duke of York's Camp in Kent.

The weather in camp was fine and we had a full programme, a special feature being the Demonstration Platoon composed of Gentleman Cadets from Sandhurst. There were field-days, demonstrations by aeroplanes and of machine guns, and lectures on various topics. In fact everything was done by the Instructional Staff to make our time pass in a really interesting way. Next year it is hoped that more will be able to attend and enjoy themselves as thoroughly as we did this year.

This term twenty-one recruits have joined the Corps, thus bringing our establishment up to strength. It is gratifying to find that so many were anxious to join when term began, and it is hoped that the "still-small-boys" of the school will all join when they will be allowed to.

A field-day was held on Nov. 10th. We marched to Radley and entrained with the Radley College O.T.C. for Woodstock, where we arrived at 10.15. After an hour's march we arrived at our allotted position in the scheme, which was a rear-guard action. Rugby School O.T.C. and the Oxford University Cavalry were the enemy. Our Platoon held an extremely strong position, and we were gaily retiring "according to orders," when we found ourselves captured. Amusing scenes followed, but we rescued ourselves, and, after marching in fours through a raging battle (no bullets!) we once more entered the fight. Tea given us by Radley followed; and so to Abingdon—a few via Abingdon station and the more stalwart via Radley road.

We congratulate Meadmore on his entry into Woolwich, but we are sorry to think of his having to do squad drill again.

The following promotions have been made:—L/cpl Williams to be Sgt. Cadets Foottit and McFarlane to be L/cpls.

The results of last year's shooting are satisfactory. Thirty-six qualified as efficient in musketry.

FOOTBALL.

FIRST XI. MATCHES.

A.S.F.C. v. Abingdon Town Reserves. On the School ground on Sept. 24th. Won, 2 to nil. A very even match, in which the school combination was uncommonly good. Goals by Williams and Woodley. School Team — Goal, G. M. G. McFarlane; Backs, R. L. C. Foottit, C. R. Davidge; Halves, J. B. E. Alston, Esq., N. A. Carr, J. W. Reynolds, Esq.; Forwards, C. E. H. Dolphin, E. V. Crook, I. Williams, C. C. Wood-

ley, E. H. Smeeth.

A.S.F.C. v. Abingdon Y.M.C.A. On Oct. 1st on the School ground. Lost, 4 to 1. The School team did not show its best form, combination being weak amongst the forwards and halves. The team was as before except that R. C. W. Waterhouse played left half, Mr. Alston filling Woodley's place and scoring our only goal.

A.S.F.C. v. Magdalen College School. On the home ground on Oct. 5th. The play was not so uneven as the score of 10 to 1 in the School's favour would suggest. The School played a well combined game, keeping the opposing custodian busy. Goals by Crook, 3; Williams, Woodley, Smeeth, 2; Dolphin, 1. Our team was as follows:—Goal, G. M. G. McFarlane; Backs, R. L. C. Foottit, C. R. Davidge; Halves, R. C. W. Waterhouse, N. A. Carr, J. H. Mason; Forwards, C. E. H. Dolphin, E. V. Crook, I. Williams, C. C. Woodley, E. H. Smeeth.

A.S.F.C. v. Oxford High School—On Oct. 8th on the home ground. Again the School was victorious, winning by 6 goals to 2. The combination of the team was good, Crook showing good form. Goals by Crook and Smeeth, 2; Williams and Woodley, 1. Team as in the previous match.

A.S.F.C. v. Abingdon Town "under 18".—On Oct. 15th on the School ground. The School got away at the start, Crook placing the leather four times into the net from his head. The result was a win to the School by 9 to 2, the goals being scored by Crook 4, Woodley and Smeeth 2, Williams 1. Team as before.

A.S.F.C. v. Leighton Park School.—On the home ground on Oct. 26th. Play was hard on both sides. Our opponents scored in the first ten minutes. Carr put in a long shot for the School. Thus a hard and well contested match resulted in a draw. The usual team played.

A.S.F.C. v. Lincoln College, Oxford.—This match, resulting in a loss by 2 to 1, was played at Oxford on Nov. 5th. The School found a heavier team to face and put up quite a good resistance, McFarlane making some fine saves. Mr. Alston played instead of Mason.

A.S.F.C. v. Oxford High School.—In this match, played at Oxford on Nov. 9th, the School succumbed to utter lack of combination. Dolphin scored for the School first and Crook added another just before time. J. F. Sinclair played a plucky game instead of G. M. G. McFarlane. Final score, 7 to 2 in our opponents' favour.

A.S.F.C. v. Magdalen College School.—On Nov. 16th at Oxford on a rain-sodden field. The

School were lucky not to lose and at the same time unlucky not to win. Our fourth and equalising goal was scored within a minute of time, and on re-starting, Dolphin beat their goal-keeper with a fine shot from the wing just as the whistle sounded. The team again lacked combination and did not shoot enough. The goal-scorers were Crook 2, Woodley and Dolphin, 1.

A.S.F.C. v. Mansfield College, Oxford.—On Nov. 23rd, at Oxford, under trying conditions, the School won by 5 goals to nil, though the team showed a sad lack of combination. Mr. Alston played right half.

A.S.F.C. v. Leighton Park School.—Played at Reading on Nov. 30th. The School lost by 1 to nil after considerable mid-field play. The team showed marked improvement on its last match. The game had to be a short one owing to a late start. McFarlane distinguished himself in goal.

A.S.F.C. v. Old Abingdonians.—Played on Dec. 3rd. This was without doubt the best match of the season. H. A. L. Donkin, Esq. captained the O.A.s. The first half showed some hard play but resulted in no scoring. After a short interval L. C. George thrice scored for the O.A.s. The School rallied and scored twice in quick succession, eventually placing a third into the O.A. net. The match thus ended in a draw. McFarlane played a splendid game. Owing to the failure of H. W. C. Barnes to put in an appearance C. Ellis, as substitute, played a plucky game at half for the O.A.s.

The O.A. Team was as follows:—Goal, H. A. M. Jamieson; Backs, T. T. G. Race, S. L. Buckle; Halves, C. Ellis (present), H. V. Stone, A. L. Edwards; Forwards, G. H. Wheeler, L. S. Mathias, H. A. L. Donkin (Captain) L. C. George, E. R. Barber. The School team was as usual.

A.S.F.C. v. King Alfred's School, Wantage.—The usual School XI. visited Wantage on Dec. 7th. They played down-hill in the first half, scoring four goals. Up-hill play, after the interval, did not seem to suit them so well. Our opponents scored one goal and the School added two more, the match thus ending in our favour by 6 to 1.

SECOND XI. MATCHES.

A.S.F.C. v. Magdalen College School.—Lost by 1 to 5. Played at Oxford on Oct. 5th. The shooting of the forwards was weak and several chances were thrown away. Legge scored the only goal. The team was as follows:—J. F. Sinclair (goal); W. Memory, W. H. Stevens (backs); W. E. Steele, A. W. Miles, J. Harding (halves); P. E. Rowlandson, K. Cleave, C. Ellis, G. W. Salisbury, W. E. Legge (forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. Oxford High School.—Lost by 0 to 12. Played at Oxford on Oct. 8th. There was little co-operation amongst our forwards and the shooting was again weak, whilst the defence left much to be desired. The team was the same as before, except that W. J. Smith and R. Taylor replaced Harding and Salisbury respectively.

A.S.F.C. v. Leighton Park School.—Played at Reading on Oct. 26th. Drawn, 2 all. Owing to several changes the team played much better. The shooting had improved and despite our lack of weight, we held our own well. Miles, at centre-half, played a good game. Smith iii. and Ellis scored our two goals. The team was as follows:—Sinclair (goal); Memory, Harding (backs); Steele, Miles, Stevens, (halves); Rowlandson, Taylor, Ellis, Smith, H. D. Shallard (forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. Oxford High School.—On Nov. 9th, the first of our home matches. The score this time was not so one-sided, but the final result was again a defeat by 8 goals to 4. The defence was better and there was more combination between the backs. Smith, Ellis, Taylor and Rowlandson each scored once. The team was as follows:—Salisbury (goal); Memory, R. J. Witham (backs); Harding, Miles, Steele (halves); Rowlandson, Taylor, Ellis, Smith, Shallard (forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. Magdalen College School.—Played on our own ground on Nov. 16th. A very good match: the issue remained in doubt until the last five minutes, when Magdalen broke through and scored. Sinclair made several good saves. The team was as follows:—Sinclair (goal); Memory, Witham (backs); Salisbury, Miles, Steele (halves); Rowlandson, Taylor, Ellis, Smith, Shallard (forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. Leighton Park School.—Played on our own ground on Nov. 30th. Won, 1 to 0. Ellis at centre forward played his best game of the season and scored our only goal. Miles was away ill, but J. S. Fox made a good substitute. Otherwise the team was as in the previous match.

A.S.F.C. v. KING ALFRED'S SCHOOL, WANTAGE. In this match, on the home ground, on Dec. 7th, with C. R. Wright playing instead of Taylor, the Second XI. defeated their opponents by 4 goals to 3. The play was certainly an improvement on the beginning of the season.

UNDER 15 MATCHES.

A.S.F.C. v. Oxford High School. Played away on Oct. 19th. Won, 4 to 1. Our goal-keeper was beaten in the first ten minutes; after which there was no scoring until the second half, when Wright, Taylor (2) and Steele gave us the victory,

as above stated. School Team :—G. W. Salisbury (goal); J. S. Fox, H. S. Bartlett (backs); W. E. Steele, A. W. Miles, J. F. Sinclair (halves); H. D. Shallard, W. J. Smith, R. Taylor, C. R. Wright, R. W. Snell (forwards).

A.S.F.C. v. New College School. Played away on Oct. 22nd. Won, 2 to 1. As in the last match our opponents opened the scoring and held the lead until half-time. Towards the end of the game first Miles and then Snell scored for us. J. E. Ballard played instead of Taylor, who was injured.

A.S.F.C. v. Abingdon and District Elementary Schools. Played at home on Nov. 19th. Lost, 0 to 1. The one and only goal was scored against us in the first half through a misunderstanding between the backs, who otherwise played very well. The forwards seemed unable to shoot. W. G. Hancock played back instead of Bartlett. Sinclair played in goal and Salisbury at half, Taylor returning to the team.

A.S.F.C. v. Oxford High School. Played at home on Nov. 23rd. Won, 2 to 1. The High School opened the scoring, but Wright, who played a good game, ran right through and equalised. Smith scored from a penalty after the interval. Miles and Salisbury were useful at half. Team as in the previous match.

CHARACTERS OF THE TEAM.

I. Williams (captain). Colours 1920-21. Inside right. Has improved considerably during the term. Dribbles well and is unselfish, but is rather slow in making a start. Has filled the position of captain with energy and can look back on a successful season.

G. M. G. McFarlane. Colours 1921. Goal. The mainstay of the defence, giving the side absolute confidence even in the most trying circumstances. Is the possessor of a powerful kick and punch, and clears well.

R. L. C. Foottit. Colours 1921. Left Back. A keen player. Has improved wonderfully since the beginning of the season. Kicks wildly and erratically on occasions and is rather clumsy. Should develop a left-footed kick. Uses his height and weight well.

C. R. Davidge. Right Back. Greatly handicapped by being small. Tackles pluckily and clings to his man well. Should try to keep the ball to the wing. Played a better game at the beginning of the season than he has done of late.

S. H. Mason. Right Half. Imparts too much 'cut' to the ball when kicking. Should feed his wing man more, and is apt to forget his wing opponent. Improvement—especially in speed—

is noticeable in his game during the later part of the season.

N. A. Carr. Colours 1921. Centre Half. Plays a strenuous game and tackles well. Does not anticipate his opponents' movements enough, and should shoot more. Is inclined to pass the ball at random.

R. C. W. Waterhouse. Left Half. Possesses a powerful 'throw.' Scarcely feeds his wing man enough. An inclination to wander from his position leaves his man unmarked. Should try to keep on his feet more and not fall about; but shows promise for the future.

C. E. H. Dolphin. Colours 1921. Left Wing. Plays a good game but wastes too much time in unnecessary dribbling. Possesses a strong kick with either foot, but should keep the ball lower on occasions. Centres well.

E. V. Crook. Colours 1921. Inside left. Combines well with his wing, uses his head to advantage, and has been responsible for many goals. His worst fault is that of trying to run through the opponents' backs unaided, which—owing to lack of speed—he rarely accomplishes.

C. C. Woodley. Colours 1921. Centre forward. Has plenty of dash, dribbles well, and is neat with his head, and is not bent on personal goal scoring. Could shoot sooner with advantage. Plays a good game and will be useful next year.

E. H. Smeeth. Right Wing. Is fast but tackles rather wildly. Plays quite a good game, which would be better if he centred sooner. Should remember a wing man's aim is to centre, not to shoot.

OXFORD LETTER.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Owing to the high honours obtained in the School of Jurisprudence last summer by two members of our Club, now departed from Oxford, this time-honoured task has fallen upon new and unliterary shoulders, more at home with an oar than a pen.

Our numbers here are reduced to a very low ebb now that Knowles and Sanders have left us.

We have to congratulate Eason on stroking the winning Trial Eight—a no mean distinction—while at Pembroke the O.A.s have not been found wanting, with Davidge stroking the winning boat in the O.U.B.C. Clinker Fours and with Hills in the "Togger."

To turn to the less important side of Varsity life, we hear that Davidge has turned his thoughts to law, while Hills and Eason are "ploughing" through Mods.

We are in a position to deny the rumour that we have joined the Pogo Club, and consequently have not had the pleasure of visiting the Proctors up to the time of going to press.

It only remains for us to wish you all the compliments of the Season.

We remain, Sir,
Yours etc.

O.A.s.

THE DUKE OF YORK'S CAMP.

During the war, amidst all its trials and privations, good-fellowship was born between all classes of men: rich and poor, high and low, got to know each other and to realise that their outlook on life was not so very different after all. Unfortunately this spirit has failed to materialise; during the great chaos of our industrial strife it seems to have vanished and gone.

It was to rebuild this amongst the boys—the future citizens of the nation—that the Duke of York formed a camp at New Romney, in Kent, where lately (from July 30th to August 6th) he gathered 400 from workshop and public school alike. What a company they were; North and South, East and West, all were represented. Newcastle and Eton, Glasgow and Harrow lived, slept and played together for six wonderful days, and from the first hour of their meeting to the last hour of their parting there was no single hitch or misunderstanding.

The camp was divided into five groups—Red, White, Blue, Green, Yellow—and each group was subdivided into four sections named A B C etc; thus in Red group were Sections A B C D; in White E F G H; and so on. Each group had its own sleeping hut and each section slept, eat and played together: part of the time was occupied in competitions, and these were always between the same two sections, A always competing with B; C with D; and so on.

Here I must pause to make mention of the Camp Chief; one of the best of men, he was liked by one and all—and never did man more deserve it. On his shoulders rested the whole organisation of the camp, and so splendidly did he fulfil his task that everything was carried out successfully to the least detail. The Section Leaders, too, including one V.C. and two M.C.s—in ordinary life schoolmasters, padres, works managers, social workers, ex-Army and Navy officers—all ably and well seconded their chief, and never a single one but was thoroughly popular. To these fine men was the great success of the camp due; everywhere were

they present at need, unobtrusive, but with ever a helping hand.

And now for the games—games in which all could take part. Cricket and football had no part here, for among the public-school boys were many promising athletes, captains and colours of their several cricket and football teams, who would have rendered equality impossible; but in their place were other competitions—tests of pluck, skill and endurance, such as relay and weight-carrying races, obstacle races, tugs-of-war, stoolball and many another well thought-out game. In these it was so arranged that every boy by his own individual efforts scored for his section, competing with one from the opposing side, and even though hopelessly beaten he could still score by gamely finishing out. Then there were the bathes—swimmers and non-swimmers alike in perfect safety; and the afternoon trips by char-a-banc to places around, with everything arranged and carried out beforehand, and everything a success.

Throughout all this, absolute good-fellowship reigned; for the first few hours there was the shy reserve, characteristic of every Briton, and then everybody eagerly discussing the coming tournaments, and each section, already bonded by sport and good-fellowship, talking of their chances of winning, all eager for success and already thinking of their side and not of themselves. Indeed that was the spirit of the whole camp, the striving for 'side' and not for 'self'. All of us, I think, will remember the rules given us by the Camp Chief on that first eventful night—rules for the game of life:

1. Don't play foul.
2. Don't chuck up the sponge.
3. Go all out to win.
4. Play for your side, not for your self.

In this, too, was embodied the single rule of the camp, "Play the Game." That was all, no irking restrictions, no 'Don't,' no 'Must,' just "Play the Game."

All this trained and strengthened us for the final event—a mile and a half cross-country race, and so great was the camp's spirit that no one shirked or fell out on the way, but public school and factory together exerted their utmost without a thought of surrender.

A great feature of the camp and one that contributed much to its success was the uncertainty of the future: everything was planned but nothing was told until the last minute, and the various surprises and unexpected treats kept us agog with expectation.

The camp's private cinema, too, and the evening concerts prevented a single minute from hanging upon our hands, and it was with heavy hearts that we shook hands on that memorable Saturday and returned to the usual course of our lives.

I for my part shall ever remember the happy days I passed there and ever endeavour to carry out the lesson of sport and fair play that I learned.

W.M.

THE PAGEANT.

Through Kandy streets, at the Spring festival,
With music, and with shouting, and the pomp
Of guarded elephants, and a great smoke
Of torches disenchanting as it moved
The paper moons entangled in the palms,
They bore the Eye-tooth of the Blessed One,
Until they came again unto the gate
Of the tall temple where the Relic slept
Adown the years in secret splendour. Then
The herded elephants that walked behind,
And those arrayed on either hand, stood still,
But that colossal cataphract, which bore
Without a pilot the rock'd reliquary,
Went up alone amid the loud acclaim,
And like some elemental Hierophant,
Some ephod-bearing, fabulous High Priest
Pre-Adamite, counted the steps, and strode
Into the temple with such dreadful ease
That pious folk supposed a miracle,
Such as the ancient chronicles record,
And that the great gates had lift up themselves
To let the tooth of SAKYA MUNI through.

But when the horns relented, and the saints
Had wandered elsewhere to bemuse themselves
With celebration, the whim came on me,
Having no other shrine to wait upon,
To peer into the empty vestibule.
There was the mammoth, leaning in the gloom
Against a balcony. The priests above
Had long since borne the reliquary off,
And ruder acolytes were loosening
The elephant's jewell'd canonicals.
And I saw three beside the monster's jowl
Unlimbering a tusk, like the moon's rim
For size and splendour; 'tother lank cheek shewed
Univoried already; and behold,
Their glorious tusker droop'd, an aged cow,
As gaunt, as tall and clever; a mere scheme,
And all the rest, upholstery! I thought:
What if the Eye-tooth of the Blessed One
Be as this tush of a she-elephant?

O.J.C.

A SUMMER TRIP IN FRANCE.

It was my intention, when lured by a wily editor to embark upon a dangerous sea of reminiscence, to give what I hoped would be a succinct description of a most delightful tour spent last summer mainly in the hills of Burgundy. But the more I consider the problem the more patent becomes the impossibility of the task. The amount of ground covered, the variety of sights seen, the peculiar and infinite range of beauties witnessed within the brief space of a fortnight would fill many a volume, and even were the material provided baffle description.

All, then, that I can hope to produce is an ill connected series of snapshots of the most memorable features of this ideal holiday.

Suffice it to say, in commencing, that after due libations to Poseidon with my genial companion, the Channel was safely negotiated and a series of violent jolts found us one evening tramplike but happy on the verges of Burgundy.

We visited Pontigny!

I make this abrupt statement because this was our act of homage as dutiful Olim Alumni, and because considerable doubt has been thrown, by quite reputable persons, upon the very existence of such a spot. I am not surprised for I was beguiled into walking there. Didn't Cæsar say something about beware of lean men? However we found Pontigny at the end of a relentlessly straight road, a charming village with a delightful XII. century church, and there paid our respects at the Shrine of Edmund, Old Abingdonian and sometime Archbishop of Canterbury.

A little while and we are to be found at Sémur en Auxois. Our hotel is on a hill and there we wend our way via the railway diligence, so small that one is permanently deformed after ten minutes journey, tropical in temperature, and lined with plush cushions that make one's teeth stand on edge.

Here were church, much wine, and a little walking. Hence the diligence should have conveyed us to our next haven, but the rascally landlady forgot to order it, and a kilometre's sprint ensued, just enabling us to catch a train which bore us majestic and apoplectic in our wrath to our next halting place.

Avallon is one of the most gorgeous spots one can conceive. There one can sit in a shady terrace and see to the right and to the left deep gorges cleft through the rocks as by some giant's axe. Beyond are hills and hills again, thickly wooded and in their grandeur like mountains in miniature. We follow a hill stream that chuckles contentedly

by our side and are lost in a fairy land that once seen is never forgotten and yet can never adequately be described. Here is the very heart of Burgundy and here is the country of the vine seen at its best. Its roads wind crazily o'er hill and dale, and ever and anon we pant laboriously over some precipitous brow, there to find tucked away, as it were, in some corner a perfect old world village; in the hollow perchance but like as not upon another such mound, complete with its ancient castle and fortress walls. Life seems altogether different in such a spot, so peaceful it is and picture-like in its setting. And yet once it was far from quiet, for here Cæsar circumvallated Vercingetorix, crushed the Gauls and extricated himself from a very awkward position. I shall always look upon V. as a blunderhead, for had he but known he could have erased Cæsar from the face of the earth, and thus considerably altered the ensuing centuries.

'Tis but a slip from Avallon to Clamecy if you are a mountaineer and have a pack mule for your luggage. We chose a somewhat simpler route, but here the Fates forsook us. Obviously we must have displayed 'Hubris,' owing to our previous good living, and the result was dire in the extreme. We started full of high hopes, raised higher by a visit to the Church at Vezelay, famous for the marvellous carved capitals of its many pillars, but, to be brief, we were insulted at lunch, insulted by a monster who drove an inferno called 'autobus,' forced to retrace our steps by the said hideous machine, and arrived late at Clamecy to find an entire absence of accommodation. If any reader has experienced the pastime of carrying a weighty suitcase for an hour or so around a French town after dark, I cordially invite him to gnash his teeth with me at the memory of that harrowing incident. A kindly hotel-keeper found us beds at last in an evil-looking café. An obvious assassin slept in the next room to mine. I did not care. I was past it.

To get thence to Nevers was a joy indeed. A pleasing town where we visited a fine collection of the faience de Nevers, which contained many interesting relics of the Revolutionary propaganda in form of porcelain cartoons.

Here too we visited the cathedral, which goes so far as to possess two East ends.

But the greatest memories of all are, the gigantic chou-fleur au gratin served on our first night and the delightful old waiter who practised English on us, and seeing us about to depart all unwitting that the menu was not over, rose magnificently to the occasion and shouted in agitated tones 'É scream

in a minute,' to our intense delight and mutual satisfaction.

Bourges is a Cathedral with a town round it. We climbed all over it, inside and out, decoyed by a goat-like Suisse. He paused about a hundred feet up and remarked to me "We will now mount the exterior of this flying buttress up to the roof." I replied that we should do nothing of the kind, and there the matter ended.

And so too, I fear, must this poorly told and verbose narrative of a peerless sojourn in a sunny clime. For the rest there remains a hazy but pleasing recollection of many delightful incidents and happy moments wellspent. To those who would pass an easy existence, wandering from place to place and caring little where the next day found them, I can recommend no better plan than to take a tour such as mine.

For myself, oft and again in some cool arbour may I raise my glass to my kindly mentor and genial companion, saying with him in unison :—

"But still the vine her ancient ruby yields,
And still beside the water blows the rose."

J.K.

[With reference to Vercingetorix the silent fellow pilgrim protests that the business took place not at Avallon but at Alesia (Alise Ste. Reine) a little east above les Laumes, also visited on this jaunt, and near Sémur en Auxois.]

OUR SRVNTS.

[HMD. No bsmt. wdws. or wshg. hlp. gvn. fr. evngs. wkly. alt. Sndy. aftns. three wks. yrly. tax pd. Write or call mrngs. See the 'Canguar Catalogue of Domestic Servants Wanted and Wanting,' of all booksellers, 1s. 6d. net, or 1s. 9½d. post free from 'Canguar',, London.

Martha Jane sings :—

I'm hard-working if not drvn.,
And so long as help is gvn.,
I am not averse to plshg. the spns ;
But I cannot stand a bsmt.,
And abhor a wdw. csmt.,
While I want alt. Sndy aftns.

And please understand quite clrly.,
I must have my three wks. yrly.,
And the whole insurance cntrbtns. pd ;
And I ought to give you wrng.,
That I must be free each mrng.,
To go and watch the grdsnm on prde.

M.T. (IVc.)

“THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME.”

There may be “no place like home,” but that was not Ginger's impression, as he drew his hairy little body slowly from the depths of the barrel which gave him shelter outside Mrs. Meadowsweet's backdoor. It was still dark, though within an hour of sunrise; and Ginger was loose, for Mrs. Meadowsweet was nervous, and looked to him for protection in that lonely country village in which she lived. Ginger was fond of his mistress in his own way; but just now he was weary of his life, and to his discontented eye his home appeared to be nothing more nor less than an ancient and inverted tub!

“I really must have a change,” he grumbled; “this is so deadly dull: not even one burglar in all these months! and as for that everlasting saucer of milk cook brings me—why, the *cats* may have it! I must see life, or I shall die and become a stuffed ornament on Mrs. Meadowsweet's mantle-piece!” and he gave a mournful yelp at the reflection.

“Yah,” said a cat, from the safe distance of the wall, “what's to hinder your seeing life? You're not even tied like the mastiff in the vicarage yard. Why don't you run away instead of howling there by that old tub?”

Ginger was about to reply in a manner peculiar to his race, when he suddenly paused, his ears quivering with excitement. The cat, though a cat, was right. Why should he not run away? Relinquishing revenge, he turned, and without one backward glance scampered up the drive, past the two preposterous peacocks cut in yew at the gateway, through the narrow lane beyond, and on towards the town, three miles distant, where life should be tasted in the first abandonment of freedom!

Then the cat descended cautiously from her wall and finished the milk. “That was a good idea,” she purred, licking her lips; “dogs are such fools.”

I cannot recount all Ginger's adventures in the town that day. At first the novelty and the companionship of his kind was deliriously joyous, but towards noon he met with a reception from a fox terrier which damped his social aspirations, and immediately afterwards he became hungry.

Now this calamity took him entirely by surprise: he was accustomed to find his dinner ready for him when he was ready for it, and for the first time he felt a qualm of misgiving as he realized the inconvenience of a taste for adventure, unaccompanied by *tastes* of a more material character.

At length he enquired of an inoffensive-looking Pomeranian, who was with a lady, where he could get food.

“Why, at home, of course,” sniffed the other, and went his way.

Ginger felt rebuffed, but at that moment, observing a basket of tempting-looking morsels outside a butcher's shop, his spirits revived; and drawing from it the juiciest chop he had ever tasted, he was beginning to enjoy it without thought of ill, when.....but over that painful scene we draw a veil.

Suffice it to say that, twenty minutes later, a dinnerless, panic-stricken, mud-smeared little dog darted down a lane as fast as four legs could carry him, through a gateway guarded by peacocks, and into a tub, more thankful for its shelter than he had ever been before.

“Ah, well,” he remarked later to a passing snail, “unless you can carry your house with you, as you do, there's no place like home after all!”

E.A.R.B.

ABINGDON ALPHABET.

- A stands for Abingdon, finest of Schools,
Where they make you a man, if you follow the rules.
- B for the Boarders, who come from afar,
While the Day Boys prefer to remain where they are.
- C stands for Chemistry, taught in the Lab.—
You can blow up the place, if you're really a “dab.”
- D for Divinity, Dancing and Drawing:
Likewise for Discipline, quite overawing.
- E stands for English, a difficult tongue,
Which we learn to misuse when we're still very young.
- F stands for French, which is often mis-spoken:
There's so many rules, they are bound to be broken.
- G for Geography: those who excel
Can give you the facts and the reasons as well.
- H stands for History: heirs of the ages,
We ought to be grateful for History's pages.
- I for the Impots, which most of us get,
Though some, it may be, have not had any yet.
- J for John Roysse, our respected old founder:
His precepts were sound, and his practices sounder.
- K stands for Knowledge, so hardly acquired
By people like us, who were born rather tired.
- L stands for Latin, the language of Cæsar:
I fancy he found it a bit of a teaser.

- M for the Masters : odd characters they,
Who pretend to think work more important than play.
- N for the Notes we take down from the Masters :
If you don't take enough, it may lead to disasters.
- O for the O.T.C., known as the Corps.—
Concerning its rifles, I wish I knew more.
- P for the Prefects, in league with the Staff
To see that the Law gets the best of the laugh.
- Q for Quadratics, and Quotients, and so on,
Which Mathematicians their labours bestow on.
- R for the Rules, that we have to obey ;
Or else for the just Retribution we pay.
- S stands for Singing, taught three times a week ;
On the low notes we growl, on the high ones we squeak.
- T for the Tuck, that comes never amiss,
Though no one takes very much notice of this.
- U for the Underground, where we can get
A game in the dry, when the weather is wet.
- V for the various Victories won
On field and on river, in rain and in sun.
- W Woodwork : the work's rather good,
When we don't cut our fingers instead of the wood.
- X stands for Xenophon, written in Greek,
Which few can interpret and nobody speak.
- Y for the Yells, that are heard now and then,
As you pass by the grim executioner's den.
- Z for the Zeal, which we commonly show
In making the most of the little we know.

CO-OP.

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

Who was the enlightened infant who gave the following definition of a right angle ?

"If at a point, one straight line meets another straight, then the adjacent angles equal one straight."

And the fortunate individual who was allowed to ride on the "dixie" seat of a two-seater ?

Was he the same person who said that the sides of a regular figure were "sentimental" ?

And did he find the word in "Livy's Latin Grammar" or in a historic table of "Geneology" ?

Who was it that spent an afternoon gazing at the "conduct" house, and did that gentleman succeed in purchasing "the holes to put posts in" that he tried to obtain ?

Who gave the answer "A triangle" to the question—"What is an angle greater than a right angle ?"

And did he lie on the ground "withering in agony," after he had answered the question ?

Who was it that tried to find the "Relative

Density of Love" ?

What member of the community is going to make a name for himself on the stage, if his parents will allow it ?

Which member of the staff did not know how to spell "Fuchsia" ?

Who is the mathematician who calculated that $\cdot 95 \times 1000 = 1$?

What sort of "solutions" did St. Paul send in his Epistles?
E.H.S.

"IF."

(with apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

If you can run a race when all about you
Are falling back, and can't keep up with you ;
If you can pull an oar, and mid the shout, you
Can row the race, yes row, and win it too ;
If you can shoot with good Lee Enfield rifle,
And shoot unerringly and hit the mark ;
If you can fight and think a hurt a trifle,
And keep your spirit, though your hope be dark ;
If you can bowl and bat with skill at cricket,
And in disaster guard your stumps with ease,
And do not boast of "dry" or "sticky" wicket,
But have the modesty that's sure to please ;
If you can kick the leather with precision,
But being tripped, do not give way to trips,
And don't dispute the referee's decision,
Nor let annoyance bubble past your lips ;
If you can run and bath and keep in training,
And keep your body in subjection too ;
If you don't mind the sun, or when it's raining,
But know it's for your side and not for you ;
If you can play the game, and win or lose it
With just the same good feeling in your breast,
And take experience to your heart and use it,
You'll be a "sport," my son, and stand the test.

J.N.

NOTES BY H.C.F.

Very possibly, reader, at the moment when this December issue of ours appears you will be refurbishing (good word "refurbishing"—do you know that bootblack in Ludgate Circus who always says "Refurbish your boots, sir?" No? Nor do we)—refurbishing, we repeat, your skates. But if not, if there happens to be no ice, and you happen to be a whale, as it were, on skates, do not despair, do not refuse to skate, for (let me tell you a secret, which must remain locked in your bosom for ever) if you did, we should have to give up publishing our illustrious magazine altogether!

With reference to the riddle we refused to propound last July, we regret to announce that no

one has answered the question "Where did the Tango?" with sufficient wit and aplomb to enable us to send him the coveted reward.

This was the more disappointing as our Competition Editor undertook the perilous journey to Tangier solely in order to select the best specimen of the local variety of the orange. True, he has not yet returned, but he has sent us a telegram announcing his success. It was laconic in its terseness.

It said merely "tetigi, tactum."

The Classical Editor has de-coded it for us.

But—We regret to say that we can give no illustration of the pips of the fruit, owing to a slight indisposition of our caricaturist.

REVEILLE.

As I was sleeping in my downy bed,
Methought I heard a slow, majestic tread.
Asleep?—I do not know; but this I say,
I saw it too, clear as the light of day,
A phantom-shape, there in the twilight dim,
That froze my blood. I shook in every limb,
And, listening, I heard the phantom speak:
"Your life, or pocket money for a week!"
Nearer it came. Alas! I had no cash.
It bore a life-preserver made of ash.
It raised aloft the weapon, and I felt
A chilly tremor trickle past my belt.
The club descends; and now it strikes my head.
Oblivion!—"Come on there: get out of bed.
It's seven-sixty: breakfast is at eight.
You'd better hurry up, or you'll be late."

H.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

It is not often that I take up the pen of complaint, but really matters have come to such

a pass that even my forbearance has reached, and overshot, the end of its tether. Would you believe it? We have actually been made to do two Latin Grammar papers within the space of one month! All very well for the classical; but it is beyond a joke when those who have no pretensions to a knowledge of the language are constrained to waste paper, ink and three quarters of an hour on such idiotic fantasy.

I am, sir,

An Indignant Modern.

SIR,

I protest! Why should we, self-respecting students of Classics, have the afflictions of the Moderns thrust upon us? Let those who do Mathematics keep their Arithmetic papers to themselves. They profess to like their work; why can't they wallow in it by themselves, and leave us alone with our beloved 'Hillard and Botting'? They are always displaying what a lot they know about "i" or "littlee"; but we care for none of these things!

I hope, Sir, you will afford a small space for this letter in your influential publication.

Vale.

Thucydiddledes, of VIIb.

DEAR MR. EDITER,

Why is there not a sositaty for prevenshun of cruelty to 'top-dormers'?

Please can you do something to finally stop that orfull noise that goes on in Mr. Ingam's room.

We cant get any sleep. It is not so bad wen peepke who can sing go up their, but when—* and —*go and practise their duette thing, all our eforts to simply not here are no use. Then in the morning it is us that get blamed for being sleapy.

Dont you think it unfare?

Yours truly,

One of the Uper Dorm.

*Censored [Ed.]

THE ABINGDONIAN.

59

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