



Municipal  
Secondary School  
Magazine.

EASTER TERM, 1914.

# The Eastbourne Municipal Secondary School Magazine.

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*Editor* - - - F. L. PASCOE.  
*Manager* - - - A. M. HAYBITTLE.

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EASTER TERM, 1914.

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## EDITORIAL.

THE sort of public speech which we should least like to make is the proposing of a vote of thanks to the Chairman, or the Speaker, or some other dignitary at a meeting; for to find a new way of saying the same thing that many other and more able speakers have said, on countless occasions, must be indeed a delicate task. We feel that we are undertaking a precisely similar task in attempting to write this article, especially as the last "Editorial" came from the pen of Selwyn Read. Our late Editor has been granted a Scholarship to Eastbourne College and we are sure that he will bring credit both to the College and to his old School.

The annual prize-giving took place in the Lecture Theatre just before Christmas, and was presided over by the Mayor, while the prizes were distributed by the Mayoress. On that occasion parents and friends were well represented, and must have been greatly impressed by the Mayoral joke; and we feel sure that many little fellows have since that memorable event decided to become "good boys."

The Tea and Concert was held on the Saturday before Christmas. (Did we hear that several Eastbourne Churches were unusually empty on the Sunday? If that were indeed so, we think it must have been due to foreign causes). The Concert included several items by Old Boys, a nigger troupe, and a distinctly original "Radian" turn. Broncho Bill, alas! is departed, but Nebuchadnezzar, the Fiery Untamed Broncho, still continues with us, and grows less fiery and more tame every day, due, no doubt, to the course of Trigo-

nometry, Latin, Higher Algebra, etc., etc., to which he is subjected.

As regards the Cambridge Local results, it is most satisfactory to note that all the nine candidates who sat last Christmas passed. The Seniors, Burton and Mansfield, both satisfied the examiners; of the Juniors, Francis and and Read obtained 1st Class Honours, the former with distinction in Arithmetic and Mathematics, the latter in Mathematics, while Haybittle obtained 2nd Class Honours.

The successes of several of our boys at the Arts and Industries Exhibition, held recently in the Town Hall, also deserve mention. The exhibits were divided into two classes, those by competitors less than 14 years of age being in the junior section, while those by competitors over that age were placed in the senior section. Thus the exhibitors of the former class were competing with others of their own age, while those of the latter class had to contend with all sorts and conditions of people, aged anything from 14 to 40, and perhaps even older than that. This explains why the juniors apparently fared better than the seniors. Of the juniors, Perks obtained a second, and Vale a third prize, Unstead was commended, and Jupp highly commended, for stencilled designs on fabric; of the seniors, Greaves, Read, and Burton were highly commended, their exhibits being also stencilled designs on fabric. Three boys also obtained prizes for work which was done out of school—Greaves, first prize for illuminating, Woodhams, first prize for fretwork, and Noakes, two first prizes for fretwork. We are also pleased to note that Scott, an Old Boy, obtained a first prize for mechanical drawing, and Dossett, another Old Boy, a second prize for architectural drawing.

Included in this Magazine is an essay by an Old Boy, on a subject which has a great fascination for all of us—"Work." (We are much obliged to "One of the World's Workers" for the compliment he pays "Mr. Editor," which will be found embedded in his article, and which we extract from its setting and prize beyond treasure, for our "'umble efforts," as Uriah Heep would say, rarely meet with such open recognition). There is also to be found an article from Mr. Standen, our late Master, who very kindly remembers his old pupils and associates, and sends from far away an account of the new world in which he is placed. We all thank him most heartily for his article, and wish him every success in his new life.

F.L.P.

## OLD BOYS' NOTES.

THE last Notes on the Old Boys' Society finished with an account of the first social evening of the second season of its existence, which event, it will be remembered, took the form of a "smoker" at the Clifton Hotel last October.

At the General Meeting it was decided to have a couple of ladies' nights, one for whist, and the other a concert. The idea certainly caught on well, as the fair sex generally infuse a deal of life into a social evening. The Whist Drive was fixed for Wednesday, November 19th, at the Royal Lounge, about forty Old Boys and their lady friends attending. There were ten tables, and everybody spent a very pleasant evening, an interval being provided during which the players adjourned to the cosy Tea Lounge, and partook of light refreshments. Mr. Jenner and Miss Tosswill captured the first prizes, whilst Miss Jenner and Mr. Sprinks were presented with the "boobies" (the gentleman's "booby" comprising some H<sub>2</sub>S disguised under the cloak of a bottle of "perfume.") The Committee tender their best thanks to the Rev. E. G. Hawkins and Mr. C. J. Blackburn for kindly providing the prizes.

For the next meeting, on December 17th, another Smoking Concert had been arranged for. This turned out to be the most successful of its kind, as between 30 and 40 Old Boys put in an appearance, and certainly numbers count when it comes to singing rollicking choruses. Mr. Harold Nichols was heartily welcomed, his comic songs being the "hit" of the evening. Plenty of other talent was in evidence and an admirable programme was very well received.

The next meeting was a change from the others. Mr. H. Hounsom arranged a splendid Games Tournament in January, but unfortunately only about 20 members turned up. This was rather disappointing, as Mr. Hounsom had spared no pains in making out the cards such that the players only met each other once during the evening, and the attendance being so small, this had to be altered at the last moment. Some good games were hired, such as table golf and table cricket; the prizes were kindly presented by Mr. J. S. Garrard and Mr. E. P. Kingham. Mr. Harry Hounsom won the first prize, while for the second place there was a tie between Mr. Noakes and Mr. S. J. Hounsom, the latter generously giving way to Mr. Noakes.

The Royal Lounge was again chosen for the ladies' concert night in February. The Rev. E. G. Hawkins presided over a company of about sixty or seventy and a splendid programme was sustained. We must certainly thank Miss Garrard, Miss Cooper, and Miss Taylor for the way in which they rendered some delightful songs, and also Miss Wynter for her lovely violin solos. Mr. Harold Nichols again kindly provided the comic element. We were sorry Mr. Hawkins had to leave early, but Mr. Garrard ably presided in his absence.

This month we arranged another evening for games with an interval for some choruses. The attendance was again disappointing, only sixteen or seventeen being present. However they made the most of their time and enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

On Saturday, the 28th inst, the annual Past *v.* Present football match was played.

To conclude, the Committee feel that they must ask for increased support from the Old Boys in general. The attendance has fallen off considerably, and, as everyone knows, to make anything of a social evening, numbers are most essential.

R. C. SPRINKS.

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### PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

A. Jolly—our first Editor—was placed 8th in the recent Intermediate Examination for Chartered Accountants. There were 234 Candidates. Music and Mathematics go together!

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B. Nichols has passed the Intermediate Exam. of the Law Society.

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J. B. Kerridge has passed the Teachers' Certificate Exam. of the Board of Education.

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C. Medhurst was placed First among Provincial Candidates in the recent Post Office "Learners" Competitive Examination.

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W. T. Francis was placed 9th in England in Arithmetic at the Cambridge Junior "Local." There were 9,900 candidates.

### WORK.

THE powers that be have commanded me to write an article on "Work," particularly emphasising the fact that I must deal with it in a serious manner. This injunction is quite unnecessary for I fully realise that work is an extremely grave matter. I myself have known numbers of cases of people who have utterly collapsed merely at the suggestion of it.

In the first place, what is "work"? In asking this question I do not wish to create the impression in your minds that work and I are strangers or, in other words, that I do not know what work is. No, my object is, if possible, to arrive at a satisfactory definition, for, curiously, what may be work for one person is play for another. Let me illustrate my meaning. Most of you play football; that is regarded as play. But to a professional footballer it would be work for the simple reason that he is paid for so doing. Again, a man is employed to drive a coach from Eastbourne to Brighton and in so doing he works. Mr. Vanderbilt drives a coach from London to Brighton and that is recreation because he not only is not paid for it, but it actually costs him a large sum of money.

Hence we may sum these arguments up and say that one cannot be said to be working if one receives nothing as a result of one's labours, more especially if one has to pay oneself. Having arrived at this conclusion we run up against the fact that all of you without exception do not even know what work is, because, though you may think you work at school, in reality you do not, for you are not paid to come to school but in fact fees are paid for you to do so. This may seem strange to you, but allow me to assure you, as an Old Boy, that there is nothing remarkable about it. Any Old Boy will tell you, if you ask him, that none of you know what work is!

There are one or two points about work to which I would draw your attention. The first is a curious paradox, for in the commercial world, the longer hours one has to work the less salary one is paid. This at first sight seems ridiculous—but consider a moment. The office boy who receives the smallest wages has to be at his post longer than anyone, while the master who is at work least hours receives most. I was discussing this with a friend who remarked that if it were the case that payment was in the inverse ratio to work done some people he knew must be receiving

stupendous salaries. He said this in such a nasty manner that I believe he was referring in particular to some friend of *his*, but I did not like to enquire about whom he was thinking.

The other point is that if you are in an office you always, without exception, have to do the worst jobs. You would think that occasionally some of the hard work would be given to Brown or Jones, your fellow clerks, but no, it is always piled on you. But that is not all; Brown and Jones, instead of realising this, are always grumbling about the work they have to do instead of feeling thankful they have not yours to do.

It is wonderful to contemplate the different ways in which people work. Perhaps the strangest kind of "work" I ever heard of was that of a gentleman who made his living by fasting for long periods at a time. I understand that people paid to see him do it—in my humble opinion the slowest form of amusement extant, with the possible exception of croquet. There is something particularly inspiring in the thought of this man earning his daily bread by refraining from partaking of it.

I am sorry at this point to have to conclude this edifying article, but my "head" is due in at any moment, and though, of course, you realise that it is "work" to write this article (any way you do, don't you, Mr. Editor?) he might take up the attitude that as I do not receive remuneration for these priceless thoughts on life, therefore I am not working. Having arrived at this conclusion he would suggest that, under the circumstances, I had better "push on with a bit," which I will do. Good-bye.

#### ONE OF THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

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#### BY THE WATERS OF THE NILE.

IT is only a few months since I left Eastbourne, yet it seems many years, for there in the East time ambles withal. I wonder if a page of Diary would interest you. I venture. We emerge from our mosquito nets at 7.0 How would an early morning temperature of 50°F. affect you? To you, I think, it would be a pleasant tonic, to us it is arctic. Breakfast finished—school. It is an interesting walk, along narrow, native streets, past old lat-

ticed houses, quaint and dirty shops. Here are tailors, scent and fruit merchants, carpet makers, blacksmiths. This quarter is full of life and colour, and noise. Here we rarely see a European dress—no Gamage lounge and brown shoes but long gaudy galabeahs and scarlet pointed slippers. Above us is a strip of deep blue sky—February sky.

Threading our way through the Eastern maze we come into Abvin Square, a large open space in front of the Khedive's Palace. Egyptian troops are drilling, companies of infantry, commanded by British officers. Often a native band plays but we have not yet learnt to appreciate that. Perhaps we are not musical. Here too, in the Khedive's front garden, little boys play marbles. Just beyond Abvin Square is a typical Egyptian Elementary School. A satchel and a shining morning face are not a monopoly of the English school-boy. Young Mohammed has them too. At present he is being drilled, by a black sergeant, before he begins his day's work. He has English clothes, too, at least he thinks them English. There in front of us is a little fellow not above 3ft. high, with a quaint Norfolk suit, a two-fold collar, and a tarbrush. In spite of his double collar, he chews, when opportunity occurs, a large piece of sugar cane. Just ahead of us rises the Citadel. From its height we may obtain a wonderful view of the most wonderful city in Africa, but for best effect you must stand on the walls by moonlight. We have reached the school.

Elhamiah is a modern Secondary School, one of the best in Cairo, well built and well organised. A bell sounds, summoning us to work. We enter our respective class rooms. The boys are ready in their places. All that has been done by the School officer, before our arrival. As we enter the boys rise, ceremoniously raise their hands to their foreheads in a graceful sweep and say, "Good morning, Sir!" The salute being acknowledged we commence work. I do not intend to go through the lesson with you. I dare say you have had quite enough of that. The boys themselves, however, are interesting. All wear English dress, with the exception of the tarbrush. This hat they always wear, in school or out, and eight long rows of tarbrushes present quite an imposing spectacle. The lessons are of course in English and we occasionally get some amusing mistakes, but those must wait. We have many servants, "farashes" is the native word. If we want a piece of chalk we send for a farash, if the board requires cleaning, we do the same.

If, going between one class and another, we have 2 or 3 books, an obliging farash carries them for us. A farash brings us coffee, a farash lights our pipes. The mosquitoes we kill ourselves. Thus we work for 20 hours every week. Another bell means liberty, we vanish and leave the boys to do the same.

Again we return through the maze of streets. Suddenly behind us we hear a medley of voices, at once jubilant and mournful, now a dirge, now a song of triumph. Stepping aside into the doorway of a busy copper-smith, we allow a procession of dusky figures to pass. In front are several men, vehemently singing some strange song from upraised books; then several files of gaily dressed Egyptians followed by an oblong box, supported on trestles and carried by four muscular galahbeahed figures; behind, several carts—for all the world like London coster-barrows—each containing half a dozen women, veiled, black gowned, silent, huddled together, with children wedged between them. Last of all two or three more women in the same solemn black. The cortege passes on. It is a native funeral. A little further on we pass a dusty pedlar, fast asleep in the gutter. By his side is a box of mandarines, on the box we read "Cadburys Chocolate." So East meets West.

After lunch, and after a judicious rest, we get in football "togs," and cross the Kasrel Nil Bridge to the Sports ground. A team of Gordons is waiting for us. You will be surprised when I tell you that the grass-covered ground is almost as good as yours at Hampden Park, and the surroundings although not quite Sussex, are yet quite picturesque. I miss the slopes of the South Downs and the woods of Willingdon. Instead are palm trees and the Nile. Over the Sports Pavilion fly gigantic carrion crows; along its steps dart sunny lizards. The match is over and we lazily saunter back over the river. The sunset I cannot describe. You will, most of you, have seen pictures of an Egyptian evening sky. Some of you will have thought the artist has exaggerated. No painter with all his colours has yet done that. Sunset is the crowning beauty of Egypt. A pipe, a chat, and so to bed.

When you consider that Cairo is but a narrow strip of reclaimed desert, that it has no flowers, no valleys, no sea, then you begin to wonder wherein is its charm. And you will always wonder so, till you have been there. Then, and only then will you realise the eternal truth of the

Arab proverb, "Who once has tasted of the waters of the Nile will return to taste of them again."

### BY-GONE ELECTIONS.

THE old riotous days of the hustings have gone, and with them has vanished that peculiar type of electioneering humour associated with bad eggs and dead cats. None of our readers can readily recall the scenes connected with a contested election in pre-ballot days. Mr. R. G. Webster, in his most interesting and entertaining little book, "Electors, Elections, and Elected," gives the following account:—"The hustings were erected in the market place, each candidate and his friends being divided by a wooden partition from the opposite party. The proceedings were practically in dumb show, and the proposing and seconding of the Conservative and Liberal Candidates, and their speeches, were practically inaudible for the noise and din, the blare of rival brass bands, tin trumpets, whistles, and the mingled cheers, howls, and yells of the free and independent electors. Even the Mayor, who acted as Returning Officer, on his declaring the show of hands in favour of one of the rival candidates, hardly got a hearing, a poll being at once demanded on behalf of his opponent. The only person to whom the crowd would listen was a local wag, a toffee merchant, who had a stall in the market place, and rejoiced in the name of 'Toffee Joe.' His views were supposed to be strongly democratic, and he heckled the Conservative candidate with a number of more or less smartly-put questions of a somewhat bantering nature. This delighted the crowd immensely; they laughed and cheered to their heart's content, punctuating their enthusiasm by a few cabbages and other missiles indiscriminately hurled at those on the hustings. The gentleman, whom my relative was supporting, treated the matter as a good joke, and retorted smartly, winding up by saying, 'You buy his toffee, you'll find it much better than his jokes.'" It must have been to such a crowd as this that a witty candidate, assailed with a cabbage, remarked, "Gentlemen, one of our opponents appears to have lost his head!" The "Old order changeth," and no modern Cruikshank could truthfully write,— "And mud, and stones, and waving hats. And broken heads, and putrid cats, are offerings made to aid the cause of order, government and laws."

We have got past the bludgeon stage nowadays, and we have learned even to suffer our political opponents gladly. The right of free speech may not be assailed with impunity, and both parties unite in their disapproval of scenes such as those, which, a long time ago, were enacted in Derby and Manchester. A contested election is a drab thing in our days; and while we gladly acknowledge that our election manners have improved, and that open bribery and corruption, intimidation and *force majeure*, are now absent from political contests, we may be allowed to recall the past with a little sentimental regret. The bands that blared and brayed, the favours that were pinned on by fair hands, the bright eyes that shed their influence over the scene, the processions, the cheers, the enthusiasm that spread like wild fire and roused the most lethargic, the mounted express that clattered through the streets with the "latest state of the poll," the nights of anxious waiting, and intoxicating triumph,—all are gone.

P. BRADFORD.

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## HOW WE GET OUR ELECTRIC LIGHT.

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### A VISIT TO THE EASTBOURNE GENERATING STATION.

A SHORT time ago I had the pleasure of visiting the Electric Light generating station. The first thing that struck me was the great noise. Inside there were five great dynamos and engines, the armatures making about 2,500 revolutions per minute. The engineer in charge was on a raised platform, taking notes from various indicators.

When our guide arrived he told us that the large cases that we thought were dynamos were called intensifiers. The dynamos were very small compared with the power required, but the intensifiers increased the strength greatly.

There were five like this one but each had a different kind of steam engine to drive it. The first was a turbine with three cylinders which increased the steam pressure. Engine No. 2 was much the same as the first and Nos. 3, 4 and 5 were what are called "triple expansion, direct acting" engines. Each engine, we were told, produced 3,500 volts, which seems wonderful for an engine about 6 feet in diameter.

In the next room were the boilers and furnaces.

Our guide opened a furnace door and told me to look ; the glow was nearly blinding.

The next machines which took my fancy, were the mechanical stokers. There was a kind of iron funnel leading into the fire, a pipe coming from the coal bunker to the funnel ; when the man pulled a chain coal, broken small, went into the fire without the man opening the door.

There were two of these, but the other fires had to be fed by opening the door.

These other fires had floors which moved round and round very slowly. By the time the new coal had reached the other side it was ash, so it was tipped out. Then the floor opened out and cooled, closing up again before reaching the fire.

At the back of the boilers were some charts, controlled by steam pressure, which registered the amount of steam lost by a certain fireman when he opened the doors to rake out the ashes of the furnaces which were not fitted with the moveable floor.

When we came back to the engines, one engine was being stopped because so strong a current was not wanted.

Then we went into the fitting room where were the lathes and drills for fitting up dynamos and other purposes. We also saw the pumps down below which pumped water into the boilers.

Outside was a large pool into which the used steam was passed and condensed, so that very little water was wasted.

It was then getting late so we had to go, but should have liked to have stayed longer and learnt more.

W. PARKS.

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### FOOTBALL NOTES.

THE football season is once again drawing to a close. The 1st XI, however, has every reason to be satisfied with itself, its record being as follows :—Played 17, Won 7, Lost 8, Drawn 2.

We were unfortunate to lose our entire left wing, Winterbottom and Boulton, and our left half, Read i., half way through the season. To replace the former has been a task of no little difficulty, there apparently being a dearth of left wingers. Huddart, however, has proved a very

efficient substitute for Read i. Nor has the weather been at all kind to us, several matches having to be scratched on account of climatic conditions.

Our first match was against St. Peter's, who completely out-classed and defeated us by 7-1. We then met the Arcadians and were somewhat unlucky to win by only 4-2. Our next match was against the Y.M.C.A. 2nd XI, whom we defeated by 4-0. Then we met and defeated the Old Willowfieldians by 8-0, and the Gas Company 2nd XI. by 3-1. Our run of success, however, was broken by Brighton Municipal Secondary School, who, meeting us below our full strength, defeated us by 4-0. We then played the Y.M.C.A. 1st XI and after an exciting struggle proved victorious by 2-1.

In the first match this term we met the United Banks, who, according to tradition, defeated us by 3-1. Our next match was against the Old Roborians—the first for many seasons. This we lost by 3-0.

We then journeyed to Brighton to play the return match with the local Secondary School, who beat us 6-1. St. Peters were our next opponents. We put up a grand struggle, and at the interval were leading by 2-1. The pace, however, told on the younger members of our team and we eventually succumbed by 3-2. Then our last term's wish, viz., to meet Hastings Grammar School on our own ground, was gratified. Our boys played exceedingly well and forced a draw, the score being 2-2.

The final match, as usual, was against the Old Boys. The latter had an excellent team, including such stars as Garrard (Captain of Leeds University XI.), G. and K. Brewer, Martin, Sprinks and Browning. The School were handicapped by the absence of Haybittle, but put up a stiff fight and a fast game ended 4-2 against us.

The team has generally been chosen from Mr. Platt, Burton, Haybittle, Mr. Jenner, Mr. Stacey, Mr. Kingham, Huddart, Pascoe, Hamblyn, Francis, Mr. Blackburn, Youl, and Beeney. Haybittle has developed into one of the finest backs the School has ever had. Pascoe is excellent at outside right and Youl as "emergency man" has shown good form. Beeney is very plucky, and with experience should become a useful member of the team. Mr. Platt has been brilliant in goal, whilst his understudy, Burton, has improved considerably, and played an excellent game against the "Old Boys."

W. T. FRANCIS.

## SUSSEX HOUSE.

In comparison with results of other years, Sussex has done very well this football season. The Juniors had a successful time last term. They managed to secure  $3\frac{1}{2}$  points out of a possible four, having played 4 matches, won three and drawn one. The Seniors managed to beat School once 2—1 and also drew with School, securing 3 points.

This term the Seniors have fared better ; they drew with Town for the first time in their history in a most exciting game. School defeated us 3—2, but the teams were very equally matched.

The Juniors have played two games this term, one against School, the other against Town, and have thoroughly beaten their opponents.

Sussex has now an excellent opportunity of winning the shield ; we are second on the list, let this stir us up to great deeds, when the cricket season comes.

A. L. ALDRIDGE.

## TOWN HOUSE.

So far this term Town House has managed to retain its position of supremacy, although it received a serious and unexpected blow when S. Read, its former senior captain, left at the beginning of the term. We have had a hard struggle with Sussex House ; the first senior match resulted in a win for Town by the narrow margin of 2—1, the second in a draw of 1—1.

Against School House, however, we fared a good deal better. We beat them in the first match by 6—0, and we hope to add two more points to our present total when we play them again. [Hope not realised. EDITOR].

Having told of our victories, it remains to tell of our defeats, and this is where our Juniors figure prominently. They have played one match against Sussex Juniors and lost by 8—1. It remains to be seen what they will do against School Juniors, and, if they will only "put their backs into it," they may gain a point.

For the Seniors, Youl, who plays centre-half, is a tower of strength, both in attack and defence. This may be gathered from the fact that he has scored more goals

than any of the forwards. Cane, in goal, has improved immensely of late, and Read, at left back, has played well all the season. There is not much to choose between the other two half-backs, Stoner and Medhurst. Both of them are small, but they both tackle well and back-up the forwards excellently. The forwards, though small, have combined well, and Wise and Pattenden have done well individually.

All the Junior XI. have played well, but they are so small that the heavier Sussex XI. completely overwhelmed them. Against School, however, they will have a better chance. The Senior team, when at full strength, is :—Cane ; Haybittle and Read ; Medhurst, Youl and Stoner ; Collins, Pattenden, Billings, Horsman and Wise.

The Junior team is usually :—Horsman ; Read and Pattenden ; Leach, Medhurst and Stoner ; Collins, Whiting, Billings (Capt.), Lennard and Wise.

A. HAYBITTLE.

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### SCHOOL HOUSE.

This football season has been a disastrous one for the School House, as we have only gained  $3\frac{1}{2}$  points out of a possible 20. There was a time, and that quite recently too, when School House used to get almost the maximum number of points, but there has been a great change and we can now only think of our past glories and hope that in the near future we shall again obtain the premier place in the competition.

Quite a large number of seniors left at Christmas and there has been great difficulty in finding substitutes. We have missed Boulton especially. He was a good Captain and worked very hard.

The first of the two games with Sussex House ended with a score of 3—2 in our favour. We were somewhat lucky to win, as our opponents were pressing for the greater part of the game and our goal had many narrow escapes. The defence held out, however, and prevented Sussex from drawing level. The goalkeeper played a splendid game.

The second game was even more closely contested, neither side having a great advantage. This time we were beaten by 2 goals to 1.

The match with Town was almost a farce. Five of our men were unable to play and two others did not turn out. The result was that Town came out victors by 5 goals to 0. The second half was mainly taken up with stopping attacks by our opponents *backs* and with an occasional sally by one of our forwards.

The Juniors have managed to win only half a point, so we have not had a great deal of help from them. They have been handicapped through not being able to play their full team. As they still have two more games to play, they have a chance of obtaining two more much needed points.

The Senior team has usually been:—Hunnissett; Burton, Francis; Lake, Perks, Springett ii.; Fuller, Unsted ii., Elliot, Vail i., and Ford.

In April the winning house plays the rest. With the help of Sussex we shall have our revenge on Town then, and show them that they are not quite invincible. [Already proved. EDITOR].

J. BURTON.

### THE CHARGE OF THE 4a BRIGADE.

Half a yard, half a yard,  
Half a yard onward,  
All in the Chemic. Lab.  
Strode the Fourth Formers.  
E'en though the schoolboy knew  
Someone had blundered,  
Their's not to make reply,  
Their's but to work or die,  
All in the Chemic. Lab.  
Strode the Fourth Formers.

Flashed all their 'kerchiefs bare,  
Flashed, as they smelt the air,  
Yet they seemed not to care,  
Noble Fourth Formers.  
Oh, what a smell they made,  
Even the bravest seemed afraid,  
"Oh, for some lemonade!"  
Cried the Fourth Formers.

Acid to right of them,  
Acid to left of them,  
Fizzled and spluttered.  
Oh, what a fearful smell,  
Boldly they stood, and well—  
Back from the place of stinks,  
Back from the dreadful smell  
Strode the Fourth Formers.

R. MOON.