

# *The Wath Magazine*



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MARCH 1929.

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# The Math Magazine

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## Editorial.

The School motto, which you will find on the cover of this magazine, means "to aim at better things";—a good motto for any school, but especially good for us who are young, and therefore have so much progress to make. An old school often looks back and aims at maintaining the traditions handed down to it from the past; but we must look forward and aim high. As Dr. Baillie said on Speech Day ambition is a good substitute for tradition in a young school, because while we are trying to realise our ambition for the school, we are really building up traditions which will be handed on to those who follow after us. It behoves us all to be ambitious for the School, because if we all aim at improving the standard of work and conduct, of games and health, then in time the School will improve in physique, in learning, and in good repute. It is a good thing to have been to a great school, but it is a better thing to have done something to make that school greater. When you come back to the school in twenty or thirty or forty years' time, there will be great joy in your hearts if you find the school much better than it is to-day, and if you are able to think that some of the improvement is due to your own efforts.

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## School Notes.

The outstanding event of the term was the visit of Dr. Baillie on our third Speech Day, when he advised us to be adventurous, and to try to leave our native country and see the world.

Otherwise the term has been uneventful, except for the weather. Never can most of us remember such severe and continuous frost. Rugby became impossible for weeks, and skating took its place. Unfortunately, when the thaw came, myriads of influenza germs arrived with it, and for a fortnight the numbers present at school shrank alarmingly.

On February 15th a meeting of old boys and girls was held at the school, and the "Old Boys' and Girls' Society" was formally inaugurated. The officials elected for this year are: Secretary, R. Atkinson, Highlands, Sandycote, Wath; Assistant Secretary, W. Rawlinson, 4, William Street, Wath; Treasurer, C. Eyre, 4, Chapel Street, Bolton. If any old boys or girls have not yet joined the society they should apply to any of the officials. Before the end of the term, the society is holding a social at the school.

The entries for the competitions were fewer in number this term. The senior prize is awarded to R. Kirkby for his essay on "Winter Sports," and the junior to M. Charlesworth, for an account of a very unusual hobby.

We congratulate F. Prendergast and L. George, who have been accepted by the Training Departments of Manchester and Sheffield Universities respectively; and also the following, who have gained admission to a Training College: G. A. Catton, C. Cutler, D. Haigh, E. Hinescliffe, and D. Rowlinson.

The following are School Prefects: N. Brittain, G. A. Catton, C. Cutler, L. George, E. Singleton, R. Breislin, C. Elliott, R. Kirkby, F. Prendergast, W. Wetherell, P. Dobson, D. Haigh, E. Hinescliffe, D. Rowlinson, J. Lloyd, A. Sayles, J. Smith, R. Kirk, H. Booth, and M. Lythe.

The Magazine Committee consists of: W. Wetherell, C. Winstanley, E. Singleton, P. Dobson, C. Howse, V. Carroll, J. Gill, S. Scott, A. Tennyson, A. Brown, M. Barrett, and D. Rowlinson.

The Games Committee consists of: F. Prendergast, E. Rawson, J. Carr, P. Dobson, W. Clayton, A. Sayles, C. Elliott, J. Smith, J. Farrar, B. Cutts, M. Barrett, and D. Rowlinson.

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## House Notes.

### ATHENS.

On Friday, January 25th, the Athenian House Party was held. Invitations were issued to all House Prefects and Members of the Staff, the Headmaster's absence being keenly felt. The evening proved a huge success, and the crackers given by Mrs. A. T. Thomson were highly appreciated. The inter-house hockey matches have proved unsuccessful, chiefly



owing to illness and absences. The boys have played exceptionally well, the juniors carrying everything before them, and the seniors winning every match except one.

On Thursday, 21st, the School Speech Day was held in the Majestic, and the Athenian House captain was presented with the Parents' Work Cup on behalf of the House for the Christmas Term. The Athenian detention list is not so creditable this term as last, but with luck and good form positions, Athens is able to hope for a fighting chance in retaining the Cup.

Next Term, on April 30th, the School Sports will be held, and the Athenians are determined to practice hard, with good hopes of success.

### CARTHAGE.

The House has carried on much as usual this term. The number of detentions has decreased slightly, but the Work Cup is as far off as ever. This slight decrease gives rise to hopes that in about ten years' time we may have no detentions. Then, perhaps, Carthage may win the Work Cup.

As for sports, the senior boys have played and beaten Troy, and hope to beat Athens when they meet. The junior boys have played no matches this term, and they, also, have yet to play against Athens.

Having no senior girls' hockey team, we are unable to state anything they have done, but the junior net-ball team have been successful in winning three out of the four matches they have played.

The only event which has disturbed the even tenour of our way is the House cross-country run. This took place on Thursday, 7th March, and the prizes, which were kindly provided by the Housemaster, were won by Hollingsworth and Hanwell, Seniors; and Findlay and Tunstall, Juniors. From the winners a team has been picked to enter the inter-house cross-country run, and it is hoped that these will train hard during the holidays, and so come back to school fit and ready to run next term.

### ROME.

The Romans are looking forward with great pleasure to Sports Day, when they hope to maintain the tradition that Rome wins the Cup on Sports Day. We are busily practising for the great day.

The Roman girls have held a little sing-song after school. Games were played, including musical chairs, and Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth. Miss Deeks kindly played dance music, and Miss Holt presided. We thank them both.

The detention list, we are pleased to note, is decreasing rapidly. If the Romans keep to this standard, we should obtain the Work Cup this term.

We are anticipating tennis and cricket matches this summer with great pleasure. This term, the Roman girls have won two hockey matches, and one netball match. The Roman boys have won two games. We hope to carry off the games cup at the end of term.

Our old Romans, who are no longer at school, are very pleased at the thought of meeting their friends at the Old Boys' and Girls' Social.

### SPARTA.

The Spartans were proud to witness the presentation of the Talbot Cup to their House Captain on Speech Day. Few House matches have been played this term; but Sparta has won victories over Troy in the concluding matches of the season. The members of Sparta hope to commence training for the School Sports at the beginning of next term. (Too late!—Ed.) Final arrangements have been made for the House Party which is to be held on March 22nd.

### THEBES.

The House of Thebes has been working fairly hard this term, and hopes to carry off at least one of the Cups, which we failed to do last term.

The detentions have not been so bad this term as last, but yet a great deal of improvement is necessary.

The results so far in the games competition are: Rugby Football, Junior—3 matches played—1 win, 1 draw, 1 loss; Rugby Football, Senior—5 matches played—2 wins, 3 losses. Hockey, Senior—5 matches played—2 won and 3 lost. Netball, Junior—4 matches played—won 4. Another match has to be played by the Juniors at Netball and two at Rugby.

The girls of this House held an enjoyable social on Feb. 15th.

### TROY.

Last term our House Party was held on Dec. 14th, in co-operation with Thebes, and was a great success. There

was a large attendance, and we think we are justified in saying that everyone spent an enjoyable evening. We take this opportunity of thanking the Housemasters and Mistresses, who admirably organised and conducted the venture, and to whose encouragement and perseverance it probably owes a great deal of its success.

But to come down to plain facts. This term has not been a very successful one, but as the House is still in its infancy great things cannot be expected of it, and although we try our best the results are sometimes disheartening.

Although the Juniors are doing well, the Senior Rugby Team has yet to win its first match. But this bad luck is more than recompensed by the boys' care and enthusiasm, and their detention list has been cut down by more than half—a fact of which we are justly proud.

The girls are highly successful in their outdoor activities, the Hockey team having won four out of five matches played, while the net ball team has been twice victorious. The girls are also doing well with regard to detentions, and have kept up their usual record, and if only the boys would follow their example we should have an excellent chance of winning the Work Cup.

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## School Societies

### ART CLUB.

Last term's exhibition was held after school on Wednesday, Dec. 19th. Considering the number of members and the undoubted talent in the club, it was not satisfactory. The work submitted was up to standard, but there were not so many entries as there might have been, and there were far too many cases of uncompleted work. The exhibition showed that the craftwork started last term had "caught on," and there were numerous examples of derelict materials successfully handled and decorated, but it seemed as though these were done at the expense of the drawing side of the club, and in the enthusiasm for craftwork this older branch had been almost neglected.

However, now that the club is becoming more stable, it is hoped that the work done will be more evenly balanced, and craftwork and drawing will advance side by side. Progress has been made in this direction, and this term the attendance on the whole has been fairly satisfactory. The

Seniors are responding better than last term, and the club is settling down to more serious work, and the next exhibition ought to show a marked improvement, both in the standard and number of the entries.

Leaving winter behind us, we are now looking forward to longer days—these are essentially sketching days, and we are eagerly anticipating the renewal of those outdoor sketching rambles which, as the older students will remember, were started by Mr. Leadly almost two years ago. As these are both pleasant and instructive, they should provide added interest to the everyday work of the club, and it is to be hoped that the weather conditions will be suitable to commence them as early as possible next term.

### LITERARY SOCIETY.

This term, up to the present moment, there have been three meetings of the Society. We are pleased to record that all three have been very well attended. The Upper School is really very enthusiastic, and seems to look forward to our fortnightly meetings. It might be noted, however, that the girls are always numerically superior to the boys, but at the debates there is no doubt whatever that the masculine voice predominates.

The first general meeting of the Society this term took the form of a debate between the Upper and Lower Sixth Forms. The motion was that "The Channel Tunnel should be built." This was proposed by the Lower Sixth and opposed by the Upper. The subject was of topical interest, and some very sound logical arguments were raised. The debate was opened by Howse, who proved by means of statistics that had been prepared by eminent engineers that the tunnel could be built, and then went on to enumerate some of the advantages that would accrue should the building take place. Among these the one most emphasised was that of England being brought into closer contact with the continent. The first speaker of the opposition, Wetherell, agreed that the tunnel would bring England into closer touch with France and the rest of Europe, but he asked whether that would be an advantage; whether our insularity was not a thing to be preserved rather than destroyed. Scholey, of Lower Literary Sixth, was the next speaker, and he, also, gave a list of the benefits the tunnel would bring to England and her inhabitants. He laid stress upon the fact that railways are much more convenient than boats, and that there



are many people cannot go abroad because they are physically unable to withstand the crossing. Tennyson, who came next, very effectively clinched the matter, and made it sure that the motion would be lost. He argued that we should not build for the present, but for the future, that travel by air liners would supersede travel by rail, but his last point was, "Who will pay?" Here he gave figures showing that, using the statistics provided by Howse, the tunnel would only be able to pay off the interest every year on the money borrowed for the building. Cutler was the chairman, and general speakers came forward at a rapid rate from the Sixth Form, and all had something very sensible to say. It is significant to note that both Howse, Scholey, and the general speakers missed one important point, that at certain times of the year it is impossible to cross the Channel owing to climatic conditions. The result of the voting was that the Lower Sixth lost their motion by 51 votes to 26.

The second meeting of the Society, also, was a debate between Va and d v. Vb and c. The motion, supported by Va, was that "Sport builds character better than work." There was no doubt from the beginning that 5a. were fighting an uphill battle; they had quite the hardest side to uphold. Nevertheless, they produced some logical arguments, Laver and Winifred Charlesworth being especially outstanding in this respect. Although the proposers were perhaps more logical, the opposers were the more fresh and the more original. Of the Vc. speakers Barber and Cutler were the best. Kirkby was chairman, and announced that the motion had been lost by nearly thirty votes.

The third meeting of the Society was held on March 11th, when a lecture was given by Mr. Leadley on "Modern Art." There was quite a good attendance, and Tennyson was chairman. Mr. Leadley began his lecture by explaining of what a really good artist consisted, and what were his attributes and aims. The best copiers of nature are not necessarily the most successful artists, neither are they who have the greatest command over their hands. Mere handling of material does not constitute great art, neither does every good painting tell a story. Art, said Mr. Leadley, concerns an arrangement of form and colour, and in order to appreciate this arrangement we must have some amount of sensibility. The true artist does not reason, he feels; this, it was explained, is the whole crux of the matter. The artist expresses his

feelings and emotions, and the public must feel with him; they must not be too reasonable, not too logical. Our attitude towards an artist's work is the great thing. Mr. Leadley then compared art with music. We take a piece of music and find a theme expounded. This is worked upon, variations given, a climax is reached, and then follows the conclusion. The same takes place in painting; rhythm is ever present, but the viewer must find it. It is not set out so plainly as in music, but it is there. When the lecture was finished questions were asked by Miss Deeks and Forster, to which Mr. Leadley ably replied.

There are still two meetings to take place, a presentation of "Coriolanus" by the Sixth Upper, and the Social. At this Social there will be two plays, "The Admirable Crichton," by Barrie, and "The Poetasters of Ispahan," by Clifford Bax.

### THE CHOIR.

The School Choir has grown from a small collection of people who met to practice hymns for the week to quite a formidable size. There were so many of them, in fact, that they were able to give each other sufficient confidence to come into the open last Christmas and give the School a programme of part-songs and carols.

Lack of contraltos and tenors is our chief difficulty, and we should welcome any boys capable of singing F. or G. We hope to make another public appearance shortly, and if we make enough progress we may be sufficiently ambitious to try an operetta or work of similar nature.

We have to thank several members of the staff for their practical interest and assistance, and should be pleased to welcome any others who cared to attend.

### THE SCOUTS.

The winter term is the dullest term of the three for the Scouts, since all outdoor activities have to be suspended. In order to brighten things up, hobbies have been started; these include fretwork, leather-work, rug-making, etc., and several articles have been turned out.

In order to enable those who live in outlying districts to attend the meetings, tea is provided out of the Scout funds, each Scout having to bring his own food. After tea has been partaken of, those who wish to do so take part in games, either in the Hall or in the yard.

The Rome patrol was successful in winning the shield this term, and the Headmaster kindly presented it. At the same time he gave the troop some good advice, which, we hope, will be remembered.

The Troop wishes to thank the Headmaster, Mr. Wilkinson, Mr. Collister, and those who helped to obtain the grant towards the expense of next year's Camp.

Attendances have not been as high as usual this term. We hope, however, that they will rise again next term. Those, of course, who are taking the examination in summer are not expected to come if they find that it interferes with their homework.

### GUIDES.

This term we have been more active than last. On February 7th we had a Commissioner down to enrol those who were ready. This time we had twelve Guides enrolled—not quite so many as last time, but it shows that we still keep working. The Patrol leaders are going to try and get their Second Class Badge this term, and are working hard for it now.

We are going to try for the "Lady Ellis Singing Shield for School Guides" at Doncaster, on March 16th, and we hope to be successful under Miss Shilvoek's teaching. On March 9th we went to Barnsley to hear other Guides sing for the "Lady Scarbrough's Shield," which can be competed for by any Guides, and whilst we were there we picked up some useful tips.

Then, in April, there is a Handwork Display at Barnsley, and we hope to be there with something to show.

### FOOTBALL.

Jan. 26th—1st XV. v. Wakefield G.S. 2nd XV.

Result: Won by 25 points to 3.

In the first encounter between the teams this season the School proved to be far superior to their opponents. Wakefield were the more polished side, but had not the same thrustfulness, nor could they tackle as well as the School. The game opened with Wakefield having a greater share of the game, but after ten minutes' play the forwards took the ball over the Wakefield goal line, and Barnett scored. The try was converted. The School were having a greater share in the game

now, and Rodgers, by good footwork, obtained two tries, which were not converted. Wakefield reduced the School lead by a penalty goal, but, shortly before half-time Prendergast (F.) scored another unconverted try. Up to this point the School threequarters had seen very little of the ball. However, they saw more of the game in the second half, in which tries were scored by Prendergast (R), who converted, and Pears and Elliott. Much good work by the threequarters was spoilt by faulty passing. They, however, were not fed enough by the forwards, who appeared to be short of practice at scrummaging.

Feb. 9th—1st XV. v. Hemsworth S.S. 1st XV.

Result: Won by 8 points to nil.

This match proved to be the worst display the School team has yet given except, perhaps, the first match of the season, when they lost to Goole by 23 points to nil. The chief fault lay with the forwards, who never worked together as a team. The result was that Hemsworth had the ball much more often than the School, and went very near to winning. This was undoubtedly due to lack of practice, and we hope the weather will be kinder in the future, to allow more practice. Hemsworth pressed from the start, and once or twice went very close to scoring. Gradually the School gained ground, and a movement by the School threequarters resulted in Pears just missing what would have been a fine try. Half-time came without a point being scored. For a short time in the second half the School showed their superiority in back play. Within three minutes Prendergast (F.) scored an unconverted try, following a fine run by the School threes. A little later Barrett scored and converted a try, after a scramble near the Hemsworth goal line. From thence, however, Hemsworth pressed till the final whistle was blown, and the School had great difficulty in keeping them out.

Feb. 9th—2nd XV. v. Hemsworth S.S. 2nd XV.

Result: Lost by 5 points to 12 points.

Owing to weather conditions being unsuitable for Rugby, the 2nd XV. has only played one match so far this term. This was played at Hemsworth, against the Hemsworth S.S. 2nd XV.

During the first half of the game, the School team, having lost the toss, played uphill. Owing to the rain which had fallen, the field was in a very heavy state, which did not suit the School threequarters. The Hemsworth team,



however, relied on their threequarters, and after a hard struggle succeeded in scoring an unconverted try. Play then moved quickly from one end of the field to the other, and just before half-time Hemsworth scored a second try, which was not converted.

The School resorted more to forward play in the second half, and after a hard and prolonged struggle the forwards dribbled the ball to our opponents' line, and Shaw scored a try, which was converted by Gardner. The Hemsworth team replied to this by scoring a third unconverted try, and before time they had succeeded in bringing their score to 12 points by kicking a penalty goal.

Feb. 7th—Under 15 XV. v. Wakefield G.S. under 15 XV.

Result: Won by 14 points to 3 points.

In the return match with Wakefield Colts, an under-15 side was sent to Wakefield instead of the second fifteen, as was arranged. After some scrappy play in the first half the School settled down to play a fine game. Wakefield began at a rapid rate, and the game continued fast for the greater part of the first half. This seemed to upset the School forwards, who took quite a long time to get going. However, just before half-time Smith scored a try and gave the School the lead. In the second half there was a great improvement, and after Wakefield had brought the scores level the School took matters in their own hands. The forwards played together well, and the threes combined well, and took much stopping when properly going. Tries were scored by Pears (2), both unconverted, and Hollingsworth, who converted. Towards the end the pace slackened a little, and the game finished with the play in midfield.

Mar. 9th—Under 14 XV. v. Hemsworth S.S. under 14 XV.

Result: Lost by 12 points to 11 points.

Hemsworth, playing uphill, pressed from the start, and, within five minutes, obtained the lead with an unconverted try. Play continued in midfield, with Hemsworth the more dangerous of the two. Midway in the first half the School brought the scores level through Pearson, who, taking the ball well, ran over half the length of the field to score a fine try. Ingamells narrowly missed converting from a difficult angle. The School now pressed, and after the play had continued some time near the Hemsworth goal line both Heal and Ingamells dropped on the ball to score an unconverted try. The game had now developed into a keen and even struggle. In the second half Hemsworth again pressed, and in a few minutes scored two unconverted tries, and thus

regained the lead. Each reverse, however, put more spirit into the School players, and it was not long before Hasdell got over after a scrummage on the Hemsworth goal line. Cartledge converted with a fine kick. Towards the end a few blunders on the part of the School backs allowed Hemsworth to score a fourth unconverted try and gain a close win by the margin of one point.

### HOCKEY.

Feb. 9th—1st XI. v. Penistone G.S. 2nd XI.

Result: Won by 5 goals to 1.

Our only match this term was played against Penistone 2nd XI., on our own ground. It was a dismal morning, but the weather failed to damp our spirits. The play until half-time was fairly even, the score being 2—0, and it was in the second half that Wath showed signs of winning. The game throughout showed signs of good team work; the backs were steady and reliable, and the forwards ever ready to receive their passes. E. Hincsliffe scored two goals; A. Sayles, J. Smith, and D. Haigh each scored one.

## Speech Day

The abnormal wintry conditions which preceded February 21st had given way to more mild weather, and a moderately large number of parents attended the Third Annual Speech Day in the Majestic Cinema.

The proceedings opened as usual with the School song, "Forty Years On," sung with the usual fervour by the School. The Chairman, Mr. T. W. Illsley, J.P., gave a few introductory remarks, after which the Headmaster gave his report. The progress of the school he compared with an exploration expedition, which, finding the way straightforward at first, soon began to meet difficulties at every step. So, now, the School had many difficulties. The temporary buildings, however, he hoped would be vacated in January, 1930, when the School would assemble in more capacious buildings. The Headmaster also said that it was no disgrace for a boy or girl to start at the bottom of the ladder in industry, but the disgrace was if they stayed at the bottom. "Epilogue" (by R. Browning, music, J. Farmer) was next rendered by the School.

Dr. J. B. Baillie, Vice-Chancellor of Leeds University, distributed certificates to successful candidates in the Higher

School and School Certificate examinations, amid thunderous applause. The presentation was followed by an address.

Dr. Baillie, after congratulating the recipients of certificates, reminded parents that they must sacrifice their children and allow them to leave home if necessary. Speaking to the children, he said, "Ambition and love are the wings to great action. Ambition concentrates the mind on a definite object—something that could not be taken away—and linked up aspiration with achievement. It was not affection which wanted to keep the lad at home, but sentimentality." Dr. Baillie also said that the expenditure on secondary education was a sound investment for the country.

The afternoon's programme concluded with the singing of "Men of Harlech" and the vote of thanks to the speaker.

## Winter Sports

Winter-sports—there certainly is much to inspire, even in the sound of the title, bringing with it a breath of winter, the scintillation of pure snow under the radiance of the cold winter sun. The tenderest breeze pushes aside the softly falling snowflakes, uniting heaven and earth, purifying, smoothing, equalising, hiding the ugly under a canopy of beauty, and making the beautiful more wondrous.

Winter-sports are a legacy of the ages, supplemented and developed from the humble yet entrancing frolics of snow-balling in man's childhood to the intricacy of ice-yachting and skating. In an enumeration of winter-sports, skating first presents itself to the mind, a pastime for ever dependent upon the harshness of winter frosts. A good skating rink must have two qualities, strength and smoothness, which are essential for full enjoyment. Each virgin surface of perfect ice is soon invaded by revellers in that sport, which is so amusing to the expert and so sedentary to the novice. Although in England the fen district possesses certain advantages, owing to the great area of Canada and the Northern United States, together with a long cold winter, the sport of skating is indulged in there to a greater extent than anywhere else, and many local matches have been held.

The earliest form of skates were worn by the primitive Norsemen, and whatever its origin in England skating was certainly a common sport in the twelfth century. "When the great fenne is frozen many young men play on the yce, some tye bones to their feete and under their heeles, and shoving



themselves with a little picked staffe do slide as swiftilie as a bird flyeth in the aire or an arrow out of a cross-bow."

When the frost has rendered the snow surface hard with a protecting crust of ice, then is the time to flash down the steep slopes, a human cataract, to slowly climb up again, and watch the curlers on the ice below. Tobogganning or coasting may be seen in its highest development at the fashionable winter resorts on the Engadine in Switzerland. There the skiers flash along through their world of snow and ice, awed by the great white bergs looking down in their winter grandeur. The jumper who starts some distance up the hill descends at hurtling speed, and stooping as he nears the take-off launches himself into the air with all his force.

Ice-yachting, the sport of sailing and racing ice-boats, is very popular in Holland and on the Gulf of Finland, the comparative mildness of the English climate preventing any extensive exploitation of this sport.

These are the transient sports of winter, contrasting sharply with the seemingly eternal winter pastimes of football and hockey, holding unquestioned supremacy until the sun, heatgiving and powerful, heralds the approach of summer and the long-awaited death of winter.

R. KIRKBY (VI.).

## My Hobby

I think the most interesting, and certainly the most entertaining hobby, is the telling of people's characters by their general aspect. This hobby forms an interesting thing to do, and one is never at a loss, and never bored. When I board a tram I sit down and study the people opposite me. I decide that the lady in spectacles reading a magazine, with broad flat-heeled shoes, and a dark serviceable coat, is quite a stolid but rather sensible person; one who can be relied upon in an emergency, but who could never surprise one.

The man immaculately dressed, busily studying a "stocks and shares column" in the newspaper, is a business man, and probably travelling to his work. The pretty lady with fluffy hair, dainty hands, and high-heeled shoes, presents a nice picture against the dirty background and rattling trams, but she looks rather bored and worldly.

The little boy who asks his mother rather personal questions about his fellow passengers, in a rather loud whisper, I take to be intelligent, and certainly amusing. I study the



various faces, decide which are weak, which are determined, and which are intelligent.

When I go a walk I study the people I pass very closely, but not so minutely as to be considered rude by them.

By being observant and interested in the people with whom I come into contact in life, I am really being of service to myself, for I know the kind of person I can trust, the type I fear, and the ones I can love.

One very important advantage that my hobby possesses is that it costs nothing; all I need to do is to keep my eyes open and think a lot.

M. CHARLESWORTH (Form IIb.).

## Nemesis

John Chalmers, laid up in bed with the fashionable 'flu,' sneezed violently. His large head, with the sloping forehead of the genius, shook violently with the sneezing. After a while, however, he managed to regain his usual stoic calm, and lay still, counting the flowers on the wallpaper. For a time his thoughts wandered wildly, but, with an effort, he re-focussed them on his one problem in life—how to obtain the reward merited by his discovery of "Chalmane"? True, his trusted partner and co-operator, James Bormane, had helped and aided in the discovery, but was it not he, John Chalmers, who had invented this new bleaching gas? This wonderful gas which would bleach everything. Was it not his work, his time, and his labour which had enabled the discovery to take place? Why, therefore, should he not reap the benefits of his work? Why should he have to share the royalties with his partner, James?

In his flu-besotted state, the chemist's usually logical brain failed to see how his partner had helped. How he paid half of the expenses for the laboratory and chemicals used therein: how many of his theories had been tested by him: all he could see was that his partner, James Bormane, was living on the fruits of his, John Chalmers', work. Why should he not receive, in full, all the money which came from the invention? But still, that seemed impossible.

Accordingly, with the scientist's love of achieving the seemingly impossible, he began to think how James Bormane, the robber—for so he seemed—should be removed from this earth. Then, when accomplished, all the money would come to its real possessor, and all would be well.

The point was, how to escape detection? How to cast suspicion on somebody else? Then, suddenly, he saw how easy it was. If Bormane were at work in the lab. might he not have had an accident? Or, at least, might he not appear to have had an accident? How easy it was!

With a great effort of will, enabled solely by his avarice, the chemist stepped out of bed and, drawing his dressing-gown around him, left the bedroom. Walking a little unsteadily, he soon reached the door of the laboratory, and quickly peered round. His luck was in! Bormane was evidently enjoying an after-dinner nap!

Quickly the invalid entered the room and mixed a little ferrocyanide and dilute acid in a test tube, the end of which he placed under the sleeper's nose. The deadly hydrogen cyanide evolved was inhaled by him, and after a momentary shudder had run through his frame, James Bormane breathed no more.

The test tube was allowed to fall and break upon the floor, so as to give the appearance of an accident, and then the murderer, with a slight chuckle, returned to his bedroom to gloat over the victory.

After a while, footsteps were heard approaching, and the valet, followed by a stolid policeman, appeared.

"Oh, sir! oh, sir!" began the valet, "Mr. Bormane, he's . . . ." Here, unable to continue, he broke off. The policeman, being versed in a harder school, was able to continue.

"What he's trying to tell you is that Mr. Bormane—your partner—is dead."

"What?" Mr. Chalmers' surprise was very well acted.

"Yes, sir, it's true," broke in the valet. "I found him when I took in his afternoon coffee. I fetched this policeman!"

The policeman thus mentioned re-commenced. "We found a broken tube by his side, and I think he must have had an accident with some chemicals and thus gassed himself."

With an "Um, it's probable," the murderer began to rear himself up in the bed. Immediately the valet ran forward with a pointing arm.

"Mr. Chalmers, your pyjamas! They were green and white before! And now they are all white! And Mr. Bormane was experimenting with a new bleaching gas!"

John Chalmers sighed. His bleaching gas, "Chalmane," was only too good.

The jury returned a verdict of "Guilty"!

M. FLAVELL (Form VI.).

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## The Woods in February

In front of us, against the cold grey of a February sky, stretches out the cold bleak outline of the woods, a mass of bare, sooty black entangled branches and stunted trunks. Underneath our feet as we enter lie thick masses of dead leaves, withered grass, and crumpled bracken.

In the tall elms above our attention is drawn by a colony of squawking rooks, fresh to the plantation, busily discussing their plans for the coming nesting season. Except for the rooks, the familiar sounds of nature common to the woodlands on a July morning are missing. As we stumble along into the cold depths, there is hardly a bird to be seen, and in between the noisy outbreaks of the battling rooks the winter's silence is only broken by the tramp of our feet and an occasional outburst from a cock robin as we encroach upon his hunting ground. Simultaneously we notice the bareness of the ground around; here and there a few red dead nettles are in flower, but no sign of the hardy primroses and snowdrops. Perhaps they are thrown back by the last few weeks of severe weather. Underneath the ruined wall on our left, securely tucked away, sleeps the old hedgehog who took up his residence here last summer. There is no indication that he has awakened and gone for a stroll round during the recent spell of cold weather. Further on, where the trees seem to rear up higher, in the fork of the old oak tree on our right, curled up in his drey, lies the lively old squirrel, who amused us so much by his antics last autumn. Undoubtedly in that hollow in the tree, about four feet up, lies a small store of acorns and beechnuts. He will have many of these stores all over the plantation, but when he wakes up it is extremely unlikely that he will remember where his treasure stores are. Then, as we wander homeward along the narrow, winding path, we are constantly reminded of the fact that woodland life has not yet responded to the call of Spring.

ELLIOTT (VI. Se. Lower).

## Omnia Mutantur

When Karnak Temple watched the Nile's broad flow,  
 And Sphinx gazed down on human ants below,  
 Egyptian boys had no school work to do—  
 They hunted, boated, fished, the sun's day through.  
 When King Darius conquered half the world,  
 And only Athens' banner stood unfurled,  
 The Persian youth, in days so long ago,  
 Was taught to ride, speak truth, and use his bow.  
 The Viking youngsters sailed the narrow seas,  
 And hailed with joy the stinging North-East breeze.  
 In Saxon days of venison and mead,  
 Only King Alfred—and the monks—could read.  
 No more the lights of Eldorado gleam;  
 The days of brave adventure are a dream:  
 Bags packed with books, to school we hurry by,  
 And settle down to lessons with a sigh.

K. STEER (Form Va.).

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## On Sitting by a Window

Sitting by a window is a most interesting occupation—when you've nothing else to do. I'm sitting by a window now. Not that I want to. I've been sent here by a mistress. She says it will make me work better. I know it won't; most emphatically not. For one thing, the stove is at the other side of the room, and I'm getting colder and colder. For another, I'm all on my own. My nearest neighbours are two desks away, and are showing two utterly unsympathetic backs to me in my sorrow. At the opposite corner of the room are two of my friends. They are laughing. I wish I could join in their joke. Ah! a policeman has just gone up the road. At least there is one person in the wide world with whom I can sympathise. He looks bored and cold. And I? I most certainly am cold, and equally certainly am I bored.

Sitting in a corner by a window may have its advantages! But it also has (and there is no doubt here) its disadvantages. I have just found one. There is a beastly draught blowing in under the window, and it's catching me just between my coat collar and my ear.



I wonder if I shall create a stir if I heave a long, loud, and mournful sigh, and kick my desk at the same time? Ah! yes! It succeeds. I am the centre of attraction. All heads turn in my direction. A lesson in the front, which has been proceeding its doleful way in peace and quiet, is interrupted. I have achieved my object. Everybody can settle down again now.

Well, all this has very little to do with windows, or the pastime of sitting beside them. Perhaps the title is wrong. Next time you are sitting by a window, spend your time in devising a better one. Any way, don't blame me. G. K. Chesterton inspired this essay. If he can write essays on subjects like "On Lying in Bed," I can write "On Sitting by a Window." There's only one difference. He turns his essays into money. I can't. For him the ha-pence; for me, well, whatever you feel inclined to give.

R. BREISLIN (Form VI.).

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## Scepticism

Harley, the scientist, stood upon the rise of the rocky island and looked out to sea. About him lay rocks, slippery with slime; slime that gave out an unbearable stench, which seemed ten times as oppressive beneath the darkening sky. The sun was a huge copper ball reflected in a sea of glass, whilst at the horizon a ragged line of black clouds, lit now and then by a livid glare, heralded the approach of a storm. Harley turned away and looked at the two miles of oily water which separated him from the mainland. He had scoffed at the tales of the old fishermen, who told of lights that gleamed on the island during a storm, and of the eerie, sougling cry that rose amid the shrieking of the wind and the rolling of thunder. He had taken a boat and rowed over to the island, to satisfy his curiosity and to show those old fools of fishermen that he was not to be frightened by their superstitious tales.

In Harley's breast there rose an uneasy distrust. The stinking slime sickened him. Not a seagull was to be seen; everywhere was rotting seaweed, slime and rocks. The oppressive silence, broken now and then by the growling thunder in the distance, was beginning to tell on his nerves. He was a fool to have come, he told himself. But now the sea was churning against the rocks and the lightning cracked overhead. Big drops of rain began to fall, and with the

crash of thunder in his ears he ran to one of the caves in the side of the rocky rise.

The cavity in which he found himself could hardly be called a cave. It was but a hole in the side of the hill, about six feet high and ten feet deep, yet it served for the time being to shelter him from the driving rain, which cut out everything from view but his immediate surroundings. There were bigger caves in the hill, but the one which he had chosen seemed drier, and the slime which lay stretched about in treacherous bands had not such an overpowering stench.

The rain began to lessen, but it was almost as dark as night. Harley began to muse on his unfortunate position. A gust of wind blew the rain into the cave mouth, and drove him to the further end. He trod on something that cracked like dry twigs. Stooping, he picked something up, and, as a lurid flash of lightning lit up the cave, he saw what it was. It was the skeleton of a seagull, with skin and plumage, but no flesh. The skin was punctured all over with small holes, as if some creature had sucked all the inside of the bird out. There were dozens of them strewn about the floor. He knew now why the seagulls never came. They had learnt to fear something, and that something filled him with a vague feeling of fear. He remembered the tales of the fishermen, of the haunting cry and the lights. Then he pulled himself together sharply. There was no need to become morbid; these things didn't happen in real life.

Outside the rain fell steadily. A blinding flash of lightning, followed by a peal of ear-splitting thunder, dazed him, and then, above the shrieking of the wind, he heard a long soughing cry, that echoed back from the caves and paralysed his every limb. At the mouth of the cave appeared a thing that phosphoresced with a peculiar flickering green light. It was like a huge flat jelly, that flopped slowly along the floor with a flowing motion, emitting now and then its eerie cry.

Harley drew himself up against the wall. He saw the thing advancing slowly towards him, and as it did so a wave of the sickening stench rose to his nostrils. His muscles locked with the horror of it. He felt as if a fire burned in his throat. He tried to shut his eyes, but could not. The thing fascinated him, and as it advanced he felt that he should faint at the stench which rose wave after wave towards him. Behind it the thing left a trail of the stinking slime, and its phosphorescence lit the cave with its green flickering light. Then the thing reached him and flowed round his feet.

In their homes, the fisherfolk huddled round their fires and listened to the shrieking of the storm. They heard the long soughing cry, mingled this time with another and strange cry, and the child hid its face in its mother's lap, and man and wife drew closer to the blaze. On the island the waves broke with increasing violence. Never before had such a storm been known on that coast, and the waves broke higher and flooded the caves.

In the morning the sun rose in an azure sky. The sea still broke angrily against the rocks, but with nothing of the violence of the previous night. The sea had risen upon the island, the slime and stench was gone. In the bright sunlight the seagulls flew and screamed. Once more they came to perch upon the rocks of the island. Only one spot upon it they avoided. Above this they hovered and screamed in derision—in derision at man who scoffed at the supernatural, for below them, on the bare rocks at the entrance of a cave, lay the skeleton of a man, clothed, as it were, in its skin. But beneath the skin there was no flesh, and on the skin was a number of tiny holes.

L. GEORGE (VI.)

## A Tour in North Wales

The day of departure had been previously fixed for Saturday, but after a week of strenuous packing it was postponed to Monday—and Monday it was.

We had calculated that our total purse, which amounted to 28s., would provide us with a fortnight's enjoyment, and the sum proved ample.

The journey to our objective was accomplished in a day, and we pitched camp near Chester. The first night tested our home-made shelter, for it was wet and windy. Luckily, our fragile domicile weathered the storm, and we set off the next morning in exploration.

While we were having dinner, the mountains changed their hue from dark green to grey-black. They were enshrouded in a mist of driving rain, which soon burst upon us. Nothing looks more imposing than a storm amongst the mountains! It was wet and windy, but worth it.

The next day was almost wholly spent by the sea at Colwyn Bay and Llandudno, but we struck inland at 4 p.m., and went via the Conway Valley to Bettws-y-coed, the beauty spot of Wales. Here we found many beautiful glens, imposing mountains, and stately waterfalls; supported by an abundance of gnats.

Thursday morning took us through Capel-Curig to Llyn-Ogwen, a peculiar lake, since it discharges water from both ends. At one end the water makes a rather abrupt fall of about forty feet, providing a very impressive spectacle. From Llyn-Ogwen we had a nice downhill ride through Bethesda to Bangor.

The next place of interest was the Menai Bridge, which we crossed in order to visit the quaint village of Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwlllantysiliogogoch. The fifth day brought us inland from Carnarvon on our second "bite" from the coast. We passed Snowdon, ascending Llanberis Pass on foot, not as a matter of choice, as it is five miles long. However, we freewheeled down the other side to Beddgelert and to the coast at Tremadoc and Portmadoc. Camp was pitched near Ffestiniog, in the rain, which did its best all through the night and through half the next day, too. The result was that we only just reached Dolgelly in time to get provisions.

The next day, being Sunday, passed very quietly, and the small town of Aberdovey looked well in its "Sunday-best," with the white breakers rolling in, bathed in sunlight.

Monday brought us to Aberystwyth, the outermost point of our journey, and we spent some hours watching the "White Horses" tumbling over themselves in their haste to reach the shore.

The rest of the journey consisted of a "dash" across the country, past a thoroughly wet and cheerless Plynlimon, and through Welshpool and Shrewsbury. The last few days were taken up in threading our way through the Potteries to Leek and Buxton, whence we knew our route to home.

An appreciable amount of fun was found in the camping-out part of the programme, but the country was well worth seeing.

The people in Wales were interested in us; they are very good-natured, and were always willing to answer our queries and to direct us on our way. They were always glad to chat with us, and in one instance a gamekeeper, near Carnarvon, found us a good camp-site in his woods, directed us to the driest spot, and gave us permission to roam through the woods—a very welcome opportunity.

In Wales prices are much the same as they are here, but small presents, etc., are expensive.

Wales is an ideal place to spend a cheap, yet enjoyable holiday.

W. SWIFT (VI.Sc.).









Minam Smith.