



The Cuthbertian

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EDITORIAL.



HE curtain rises for the last time upon the year of 1912, disclosing among other important events, the Christmas number of our Magazine. But gentles, remember that

*"All for your delight we are not here.
The actors are at hand and by their show
You shall know all that you are like to know."*

Violent gesticulations from the stage manager result in the entrance of the editor as the prologue in the guise of a lion, carrying a dog and dragging a lantern by a chain. The

disguise and the quadruped are to frighten away the critics, and the lantern with an extra supply of candles, is in case the foot lights go out. The vile prologue has evidently come to stop, but the dog also has his opinion on this score, and becoming bored with the monotonous chant, "I am the editor as you can see," chivies him out of the limelight, and so exit that evil necessity muttering to himself

*"I am a gloomy man and draw my money
By being superhumanly unfunny."*

Act. I. reveals the entrance of the King, and as this magic name flows out of our fountain pen, the fool, the funny woman and the whole spirit of pantomime vanish into nothingness, dazzled and quietened by the August Presence whose realm is like "a precious stone set in a silver sea."

At the beginning of this term rumour was busy with a possible visit of the King and Queen to Welbeck Abbey, and rumour, for once no fickle jade, but a prophet inspired, briefly foretold great events in which we might play a part.

So it came about that one crisp November morning the O.T.C. slid down to Worksop. We say "slid" because the snow lay inches thick in the roadside, and the thermometer was somewhere at the bottom of Sparken Hill. Our *rendez-vous* was the station, for we had been commanded to join the local Territorials and National Reservists in forming a guard of honour to their Majesties on their departure from this district.

The greatest writers of all ages have waxed eloquent upon

"The divinity that doth hedge a king."

So we will remain content to voice our thanks to those who made it possible for us to form a thin khaki line tipped with steel, down which the King and Queen passed to the royal train. But greater honour was in store for us; we were

destined to join the select few whose ranks have been personally inspected by His Majesty. We notice with pleasure our C.O.'s introduction to him, an honour well deserved, and when the King expressed himself very pleased with the smartness of our contingent, we felt that nothing more remained to be said: like Stalky—"nous gloaterions tout le blessed afternoon."

Our friendly little rival the *Nottingham Guardian*, however, felt that the occasion might well be improved upon, as the following extract from its columns shows: "His Majesty also complimented Lieutenant Buckley upon the smart appearance of the Cadet Corps and enquired the age of its members. He was told there were very few over 21," while our inspired contemporary the *Sheffield Independent* adds: "upon which he smiled approvingly." Honesty and modesty compel us to contradict or at least modify this tribute to the magnificent physique of the Corps: only very very few have as yet attained their majority. N.B.—Cadet Yeltrah's "21st" is next month. All are cordially invited. General salute! Present Arms!

The Cinematograph fiend has been busy once more, and the somewhat qualified pleasure with which certain cadets would accompany their C.O. to the local picture palace, may be because they might see their youthful delinquencies exposed as they stood, presumably, at attention.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream" is now a part of our history of which we are told we have reason to be proud. Both performances certainly did seem to go with a swing, especially in the humorous parts, and the silvery laughter which is said to disturb the nightly peace of the Prep "dorm." can only be explained by an invasion of that "past pluperfect prestissimo" production of Pyramus and Thisbe into the slumbering infants' dreamland,

Perhaps the most pleasing incident connected with the play, was our stage manager's reluctant appearance on the Thursday night just after Puck's final adieu. When he said that "he only pulled the strings," those of us who had beards smiled into them for we knew better. Another point worthy of mention is the fairies' dresses which were so universally admired. They were a triumph indeed for all concerned in the making of them, and the hours which must have been spent in the dim recesses of a workroom were well rewarded by the production of an effect so altogether pleasing to behold.

The First XI. have improved consistently since we last spoke of them. The defence perhaps has never been better, and it is scarcely our fault that the forwards are a bit too small. In the case of the Second XI. we feel too much blame for a bad defeat is laid upon the state of the ground. Always in an away match, "*qui s'excuse s'accuse.*" After all it is the same for both except that the home team has experience on its side.

The epilogue alone remains, but it is the part which we feel sure all who are energetic enough to read the Editorial enjoy the most, since it is the end.

Even while these lines are being written, many little signs serve to remind us that the greatest day of an English year is close at hand. The spirit of Christmas Present is clamouring to be heard, and so, O readers, the Editor's sincerest Christmas wishes go to you all, wherever you may be, either at home or abroad, in some Canadian homestead, or beneath Australia's burning sun—for whatever the clime the spirit is always the same—and may it be said of each of you as Charles Dickens said of Scrooge: "He knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us."

THE PLAY.

Whenever I witness a performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," I imagine I am seeing the Shakespearean comedy I call my favourite. It is just the same when I see "As You Like It" or "Twelfth Night." In consequence whereof I spent a very delightful afternoon at the College, and I can assure Puck for his modesty that there was no ground for reprehension. The play, with its triple element of comedy so cunningly interwoven—dramatic, farcical, and fantastical—made its usual appeal. Where shall we look for a comedy with situations more adroit, humour more wholesome, poetry more musical, both as regards blank verse and "rhymed tags," which latter were only in a very few instances so delivered as to be slightly reminiscent of pantomime doggerel—always a pitfall.

I will start by recording my greatest surprise and my chief—almost my only—grievance. They concern the fairy element and Mendelssohn's music respectively. Frankly, the fairies astonished me. I write as one who has the most vivid recollections of past schooldays, and I assert that whatever epithets I might select wherewith to describe my quondam comrades of the Lower School, the very last would be "fairylike." Henceforth if I am to compare them with the "spritely" figures who gambolled on the College stage, I shall have to describe them simply as "ruffians." Some magic wand had cast a spell over the extreme youth at S. Cuthbert's, and the effect was delightful. Having regard to the ground space at the fairies' disposal I doubt if the dances could have been better arranged or executed, and simple as they were their effect was admirable. The torchlight procession and the business of lulling Titania to sleep made two charming pictures. Now to my grievance. We had been promised Mendelssohn's beautiful music, and the promise was fulfilled for the most part during the intervals, while the

audience chattered. I chattered myself louder than most. One does in the intervals. It is my experience that if at a Symphony Concert I accidentally rustle my programme, my immediate neighbours glare at me and say "Hush." If the same orchestra were playing the same piece during an interval at the theatre, and I were to say "Please don't talk I want to listen to the music," the same people would glare at me and say "What music?" And so it was with our Mendelssohn. We talked through the sweet strains between the acts, and at least one of us grieved silently for their absence in the play itself. Incidental music is as essential to the action of the "Dream" as it is to the action of a ballet. There is music specially provided for the clowns such as would tempt a funeral mute to improvise comic business. All through the speeches of the Fairy King and Queen there should be continual bursts of melody. And one of my most delightful memories of the whole play is the reconciliation of the lovers culminating in the triumphant discovery "Why then we are awake," which is played very very slowly to the accompaniment of the opening bars of that most haunting Nocturne; during this piece of sweet music, as events turned out, I was collecting teacups and discussing the prospects of the Christmas holidays. Space forbids me to say more on this point, but I could not help thinking that regular rehearsals with piano accompaniment and carefully marked cues for the musicians, who could have had a run through before the dress rehearsal, would have put a finishing touch to much admirable work, which would have been of the utmost value.

But really it is only because there was so little fault to find that I have had to work up a grievance. The singing was delightful, and I don't at all agree with those who thought it was too far away. That to me was its chief charm (a doubtful compliment, but I have just said they

sang delightfully). I wished some of the action of the play could have taken place as they sang, especially when Oberon was perched stationary for too long a period. I am one of those who have always felt the inspiration which music lends to acting. In the old days of melodrama one's flesh always began to creep as one heard the preliminary scrapings of the 'cello just as the villain got his cue to enter.

Before I pass to the individual acting, a word in general. The scenic effects were quite excellent, and especially effective was the "stage within a stage" in the palace of Theseus. I know a youth who acts in the "Dream," in a touring company, and he writes home: "The stage for the Play Scene is so ridiculously small that I who play Wall fear to break my neck nightly." At the College performance I felt no anxiety for any member of the talented company who enacted the woeful tragedy of "Pyramus and Thisbe." And I am going to say that I do not think I have ever seen the Play Scene better acted. The clowning was kept strictly within lawful bounds, and scarcely a point was missed. Each had his fair share, and, architecturally speaking, I have never seen a better Wall or a better Lion. Throughout the play the grouping was a great advancement on last year, and the "crowd" acted with much more spirit.

And now for your actors. If I had two palms to bestow I should give one to Mr. Butler and the other to Wood, who played Titania. Mr. Butler was unfortunate in having so little opportunity, for he has an excellent presence and a knowledge of the little niceties of acting which set some of us wondering. We desire his better acquaintance on some future occasion. As for Titania I scruple to set down my real views for fear of doing positive harm. But whoever selected Wood for that fairy rôle had an inspiration which amounted to positive genius. There was real poetry in

Wood's rendering of the lines, and his whole bearing was graceful in the extreme. And here I must stop. For his own sake I must refuse to pay him any more compliments. Griffiths as Oberon was less ethereal but was of great value to the play, for he spoke his speeches—on which so much of the plot hangs—very clearly, though with a tendency to be monotonous. C. H. Turner as Puck was less satisfactory. He was as sound as a rock in his words, but so much inclined to gabble them that I sometimes feared the audience would not grasp the vast importance of what he was saying. He was not nearly boisterous or mischievous enough (a great testimony to the College training), and though he spoke the tag charmingly he never conveyed the impression of being the "enfant terrible" of the fairy court. Among the mortals, A. B. Browne as Theseus spoke his lines with splendid assurance, but too much as though his aim was to get them over. H. C. Wilks showed distinct force as Egeus. Kirkbride, perhaps handicapped by one's memory of his remarkable performance last year, seemed to me to try to force his part too much, and was spasmodic as to voice and gesture at times. A little more restraint and he would have been excellent. The most ungrateful tasks of the afternoon fell to H. S. L'Amie and T. P. Cross, as the fair Athenian ladies, and it cannot be said that they deceived us as to their unfamiliarity with feminine apparel. Cross spoke certain of Helena's lines with real feeling, but L'Amie seemed afraid to let himself go, and in the quarrel scenes both were weak. I look forward to seeing them act again, when less alarming demands are made upon them. And now for the makers of merriment. I should like to say a great deal about them but I must be brief. Mr. Buckley as Bottom improved with every scene he played. In the portions of the play in which the Ass Head is in evidence he was as good as any actor I have ever seen in the part, and in the Play Scene he got his points admirably. Mr. Whitley

as Quince also impressed me more and more favourably. He cast a studious and almost soulful glamour over Peter Quince which raised that worthy son of toil above his fellows, and which I found most interesting. One felt one would not have been surprised if he alone of all the troupe had been offered an engagement next day by impresario Philostrate to assist in the stage management of the Revels. Mr. Coles as Flute was excellent from start to finish, replete with appropriate by-play, and as good a 'Thisbe as I have ever seen. Mr. Rew as Starveling was a tremendous success with the audience, and deservedly so: he won the admiration of all the gentler sex by his compassionate treatment of the dog in the intervals of "business." Mr. Cowgill and Mr. Payne as Snout and Snug were less conspicuous of necessity, but did admirably, though I thought the beard of the former was a bar to facial expression. I must add that some of the business in the Play Scene was new to me, and as such most enjoyable. I fancy the "Reinhardt" of this production has the traditions of this play at his finger ends.

One last word. The characters were for the most part made up excellently, but I respectfully beg to suggest that many of those who played the "straight" parts were too heavily lined. Poor Hippolyta and Hermia possessed wrinkles which would have been the despair of any Athenian matron twice their age, and these detracted enormously from their appearance and distracted from their performances. Demetrius and Theseus were similarly handicapped. Except where "character" parts are concerned I fancy our leading actors would say that the use of grease paint is rather to conceal the ravages of time than to portray them. And in a small hall especially a heavy make up must be avoided. All the character parts were made up splendidly.

In conclusion the College is exhorted to feel proud of its performance for many things, besides this that it inspired and often charmed such a jaded old playgoer as CANDIDUS.

The Persons of the Play:—Theseus, Duke of Athens, *A. B. Browne*; Egeus, father of Hermia, *H. C. Wilks*; Lysander, *H. M. Butler*; Demetrius, *G. Kirkbride*; Philostrate, *R. A. Ker*; Peter Quince, a carpenter, *B. H. Whitley*; Master Snug, a joiner, *E. H. Payne*; Nick Bottom, a weaver, *E. Buckley*; Francis Flute, a bellows-mender, *D. F. Coles*; Robin Starveling, a tailor, *H. H. Rew*; Tom Snout, a tinker, *J. C. Cowgill*; Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, *S. Ferry*; Hermia, *H. S. L'Amie*; Helena, *T. P. Cross*. Guards, Attendants, Etc.: *C. L. M. Brown, C. J. Crawley, W. H. Hall, N. Inman, H. C. Jackman, R. E. Lees, G. F. G. Rees, O. T. Walton*. Oberon, King of the Fairies, *N. S. Griffiths*; Titania, Queen of the Fairies, *J. I. Wood*; Puck or Robin Goodfellow, *C. H. Turner*. Fairies, *F. H. Barnett, D. F. Cheetham, H. Clive-Smith, M. C. Cook, A. C. Corlett, F. G. Haagenzen, G. N. Holloway, H. S. Marshall, S. T. Smith, H. E. Witham*. Elves: *B. Browne, B. Cotterell, R. Cowling, A. Ewing, C. Handcock, D. Piggford, R. Strudwick, G. Yates*. Singers: *P. Bapty, G. Coates, G. Dobson, J. Dronsfield, J. Fish, F. Hancock, T. Hall, W. Hunter, F. Hutchinson, N. Macdonald, G. Marshall, E. Norris, H. Oxley, L. Parkins, K. Samuel, W. Share, B. Smith, C. Steemson, C. Stent, H. Towler, G. Walton, A. Westcott, A. Williamson, L. Winn, C. Wragg*.

Music:—Overture, Mendelssohn. Act II., Scherzo, Mendelssohn; *Fairies' Songs*: (a) "Over hill, over dale," Cooke; (b) "I know a bank," Horn; (c) "You spotted snakes," Mendelssohn. Act III., Nocturne, Mendelssohn; *Baccarole*, Durosier. Act IV., Scene 1, *Intermezzo*, Mendelssohn; Scene 2, *Wedding March*, Mendelssohn; *Bergomask Dance*, Mendelssohn; *Fairies' Song*, "Through the House," Mendelssohn.

FOOTBALL.

FIRST ELEVEN MATCHES.

Sheffield Bankers.

Played at Worksop, on November 21st, and won 5—1. We were considerably superior to our opponents, and were quite worth the four goal margin. We only scored once the first half and they equalised, but for the last half-hour of the game we bombarded their goal, and scored four goals at fairly regular intervals.

With our usual goalkeepers off injured, we tried Lissett in goal, and although he was hardly tested at all, he shewed commendable pluck in coming out on occasion, and may be useful. The backs were good, and Rees, as usual, played brilliantly. Jackman had a bad period, as he mis-kicked frequently, but was sound on the whole. The halves were good, all three tackling and passing well. The forwards did fairly well occasionally, though they still shirk big backs. Rees was quite good and has improved greatly. Evans was the weakest forward, chiefly because he seemed unable to keep the ball in play.

Team.—J. W. Lissett (goal), G. F. G. Rees and H. C. Jackman (backs), O. T. Walton, R. Alcock, and A. B. Browne (half-backs), A. K. Linton, L. Lissett, C. L. M. Brown, C. B. R. Rees, H. J. Evans (forwards).

Newark Grammar School.

Played at home November 23rd, and resulted in a win 10—1. We were the better and larger team, and the five successful shots in each half were well deserved. The forwards shone in this match, and for once converted nearly all their opportunities. The team was as usual except that Linton dropped back and the home captain came forward,

Old Cuthbertians.

Played at Worksop on December 7th, the result being 5—0 in favour of the Old Boys. The score does not really represent the play, as we were short of Harrison in goal, and his substitute, although he saved very well occasionally, should have stopped three of the shots which scored. The Old Boys had a fairly strong side out, and except in goal we were at full strength.

The play opened in favour of the Old Boys, and the School forwards were rarely dangerous in the first half. But despite this the visitors were lucky to cross over with a two goal lead. Ellis played very well this half, and was a constant source of danger, while S. E. W. Rees obviously had the pace of our backs. Browne saved well once, right on the goal line, while Walton saw one good long drive go just over the cross-bar.

The second period of the game was much more even, and if anything the School had most of the game. Yet the Old Boys scored three times, one a good shot by Ellis, and one by Rees from a break-away. The School forwards, C. B. R. Rees in particular, improved a great deal in this half, and but for the agility of Stiles in goal, would have scored more than once. As it was, with Stiles out of goal, a shot hit the bar and rebounded into play, while the halves, and even one of the backs made good attempts to score.

Taking the game all through, the School certainly did not show such improvement as of late. Lissett in goal was unfortunate and nervous. The backs both played well, although Rees was not so good as usual. The halves were very fair, with Browne the best, Alcock being a little off colour, and Walton was very slow and decided to lie too far forward. The forwards were rather chary of facing the backs of the Old Boys, and with a little more pluck would have

done well. As it was they combined well on occasion, and Rees played a good game in the second half. Linton was slow but neat in his methods.

Of the Old Boys, Stiles was good in goal, and well covered by a pair of hard-working and big kicking backs. Holloway was the best half, but the line was sound all through. Forward, Rees and Ellis were the best, though the latter was rather selfish.

O.C.—E. W. Stiles (goal), H. B. Buckley and C. B. Thompson (backs), R. P. Marsh, S. Y. Holloway, W. W. Peacock (half-backs), R. B. Wooler, D. P. Harvey, S. E. W. Rees, C. R. Ellis, C. E. Field (forwards).

The School.—J. A. Lissett (goal), G. F. G. Rees and H. C. Jackman (backs), O. T. Walton, R. Alcock, A. B. Browne (half-backs), A. K. Linton, L. Lissett, C. L. M. Brown, C. B. R. Rees, H. J. Evans (forwards).

SECOND ELEVEN MATCHES.

Mansfield Grammar School First XI.

Was played at home on November 9th, and resulted in a 4—3 defeat. With a fairly strong wind to help them the visitors, who were considerably heavier than our team, crossed over with a 3—1 lead. The School defence was not as good as we have seen it, except Armstrong who did yeoman service at left half. Our forward line was fairly good, though a little slow, and although opportunities, especially in the opening half, were few and far between, one or two very costly mistakes were made. The best piece of combination work in the game resulted in a goal, for which Lissett max and Rees ma were mainly responsible.

The visitors' defence was thoroughly sound, and had their forward line played up to the centre-forward, we should have had a much heavier defeat to record.

Team.—Rushton (goal), Griffiths, Baldock max (backs), Armstrong, Payne, Crowther max (half-backs), Panting, Baldock ma, Rees ma, Williamson, Whitaker (forwards).

Mansfield Grammar School.

Played at Mansfield on Saturday, December 7th. The ground was rather sticky after the snow, and that and a strong wind in Mansfield's favour first half, rendered our backs helpless. The Mansfield forwards, and especially the centre, ran through as they wished and put on ten goals in the first half. In the second half with the wind, matters were little better, as the home side scored four more times. Our forwards were much too light and small to do anything with the heavy ball. Baldock should have scored once, but otherwise they were never dangerous. Pearson might have saved one or two of the goals, but had no chance with most of them.

Team.—Pearson (goal), Danby, Griffiths (backs), Armstrong, Payne, Winn (half-backs), Whitaker, Williamson, Baldock ma, Dixon ma, Panting (forwards).

CLUB MATCH.

Sheffield Falcons.

Played at Worksop, November 16th. A draw 2—2. For once in a way the weather did the decent thing, and the afternoon of this match was as near an ideal November day as one could well wish. There was scarcely a breath of wind, only a very thin mist hung round Clumber woods, and there was an invigorating crispness in the air which gave the necessary fillip to the dash and energy which were so conspicuous during the whole game.

We kicked off at 3-15, facing the swimming bath end, and G. F. G. Rees and C. L. M. Brown broke away at once; only the confident kicking of their backs put an end to a dangerous movement. For fifteen minutes the ball passed

to and fro in both halves, neither side claiming an advantage. Then the Head saved a low hard shot from their right-inside, but the cheering had scarcely died away ere the same man banged the ball into an impossible corner of the net. The visitors continued to press mainly because our halves failed to help as much as they ought to have done. When we did break away, G. F. G. Rees hit the crossbar, and the ball went to L. Lissett, who put in an excellent centre which Rees just missed again. A pretty bit of combination by all our forwards would have succeeded had their backs been only ordinarily good. The goal-keeper was magnificent. In the last five minutes of the first half our defence was very busy, and although the School goal-keeper cleared in a way reminiscent of a Rugger man, Jackman was eventually left to face two forwards, and their second goal was scored.

The last half was conspicuous for Mr. Buckley's remarkable game, the plucky support given to him by Lissett, their goal-keeper's brilliance, and the dash displayed by every man in our team. We forced a corner at once; then Mr. Denny swung the ball across, and Mr. Buckley missed by inches. Our first goal, it must be owned was rather lucky, the ball going between the goal-keeper's legs. He had previously saved two terrific shots from G. F. G. Rees and Mr. Denny. The halves again became conspicuous by hanging back when they should have been feeding the forwards. Browne kicked rather wildly, and although Alcock's placing was superb, he hung back most of all. 'Till the end we had the best of the game, though collectively they played better football, and their defence is the best we have had to meet this season.

Once only they broke away, and then Mr. Smith sent the ball right back again, and Lissett forced a corner from the kick. Mr. Denny passed to Mr. Buckley, who sent us level with a shot which was a goal all the way. Ten minutes

of intense excitement remained, both teams fighting desperately for the conquering shot. It was not to be however, although once Mr. Buckley skimmed the cross-bar 20 yards from goal, and Lissett dribbled into the mouth before he was robbed of the ball.

It was a game well worth watching, the best we have seen on our ground this term, and not the least pleasing part was the keenness which was apparent amongst the spectators.

Team.—The Headmaster (goal), L. E. Smith, Esq., H. C. Jackman (backs), O. T. Walton, R. Alcock, A. B. Browne, (half-backs), L. Lissett, E. Buckley, Esq., B. M. R. Denny, Esq., G. F. G. Rees, C. L. M. Brown (forwards).

DORMITORY MATCHES.

Cross v. Crown.

The first game of this match was played on Nov. 12th, and was completely spoilt by the wind. It was impossible to control the ball, and accurate shooting could not be expected. The Cross should have won as they did more pressing, but Stephenson saved some good shots.

The re-play took place a week later, when there was no wind. The Cross again were the more dangerous in front of goal, and just before half-time managed to score. The rest of the game was very even, and both goals had some narrow escapes, though both sets of forwards were too light to press home an attack.

Cross.—Kirkbride (goal), Danby, Griffiths (backs), Shute, Browne, Crawley (halves), Furness, Hall (W. H.), Armstrong (W. J.), Dickenson, Whitaker (forwards).

Crown.—Stephenson (goal), Longley max, Baldock max (backs), Bazire, Rogerson, Coates (half-backs), Matthews, Knowles, Baldock ma, Wells, Sinkinson (forwards).

Fleur-de-Lys v. Lion.

Played on Wednesday, November 13th. This match, which was splendidly contested, resulted in a win for the Fleur-de-Lys by one goal to nil. The Fleur-de-Lys were the bigger side, and pressed hard for the greater part of the first half, but were unable to score: this was due partly to poor shooting and partly to the wind, which was blowing with almost hurricane force across the field. Almost ten minutes before time, Rees ma put in an excellent centre, which was easily converted by Kelk. Immediately the Lion attacked vigorously, and C. L. M. Brown, who was excellently placed, should have equalised, but, to everyone's intense surprise, skied the ball over the bar.

Fleur-de-Lys.—Harrison (goal), Linton max, Jackman (backs), Dixon max, Payne, Rushton (halves), Kelk, Rees ma, Rees max, Dixon ma, Evans max (forwards).

Lion.—Piggford max (goal), Crowther max, Lissett max (backs), Winn, Walton max, Walton mi (halves), Wragg, Lissett ma, Brown ma, Panting, Williamson (forwards).

FINAL DORMITORY MATCH.

Cross v. Fleur-de-Lys.

The final Dormitory match resulted in a win for the Fleur-de-Lys by 4—0. Miserable conditions prevailed, as there was a very strong wind, and it rained at intervals. The Fleur-de-Lys team was a good deal stronger in all departments than the Cross. With the wind in the first half the Fleur-de-Lys pressed continuously, and should have got more than four; the second half was more even, and the Cross nearly scored towards the close.

It was a very disappointing game, but the conditions were partly responsible. G. F. G. Rees was the life and soul of the Fleur-de-Lys' attack, and his brother was also good.

Evans was quite unable to keep the ball in play, and Kelk, being crocked early in the game, was of little use. The halves were the weakest part of the team, though all worked splendidly. The backs were good, and Pearson played well in goal. Kirkbride, in the Cross goal, although he made one or two bad mistakes, played a useful game. The backs were poor, but Danby kicked fairly well. Browne worked tremendously hard at half, and Shute shewed a distinct promise. The forwards were timid, and lacked dash and effort. Only Furness played reasonably well. Whitaker was unaccountably bad.

Fleur-de-Lys.—Pearson (goal), Payne, Jackman (backs), Dixon max, Linton max, Gray (half-backs), Kelk, Rees ma, Rees max, Dixon ma, Evans max (forwards).

Cross.—Kirkbride (goal), Danby, Griffiths (backs), Shute, Browne, Crawley (half-backs), Furness, Hall max, Armstrong max, Dickinson, Whitaker (forwards).

O.T.C.

GUARD OF HONOUR AND INSPECTION

BY H.M. THE KING.

November 30th was a red-letter day in the annals of the Contingent. During our history we have formed Guards of Honour to Earl Roberts, King Carlos of Portugal, and King Edward and Queen Alexandra. Earl Roberts and King Carlos also inspected us, but there is no doubt that this last honour was the greatest honour of all.

Their Majesties drove in a motor-car to the bottom of Sparken Hill, and then, with their usual kindly consideration, changed into a royal carriage and drove at a slow pace through the town. The Escort was drawn from the Sherwood Rangers Imperial Yeomanry, and the Guard of Honour at

the Station was composed of the National Reserve, a Company of the Sherwood Foresters, and the Contingent, about 100 strong.

Headed by the Band, we left the College about 10-30 a.m., and trudged a weary half-mile, in a foot of snow, to the end of the Drive. The snow plough had been at work from Welbeck Gates, and the remainder of the journey was more easily and comfortably accomplished. We arrived at the Station about 11-15, and took up our position on the right, with our backs to the Station and opposite to the National Reserve and the Sherwood Foresters. The royal cortége was rather late, and we spent a cold hour until 12-15. During this period our O.C. was informed by Lieut.-Colonel Ponsonby, the King's Equerry, that he would be presented to the King, and that the Contingent would be inspected by His Majesty.

Their Majesties drove up to the Station entrance and then alighted, Queen Mary going straight on to the platform. The King, accompanied by the Duke of Portland, then inspected the National Reserve and the Sherwood Foresters. He then inspected the Contingent, asking many questions as to the strength, ages on joining, musketry, etc. He ended by complimenting the O.C. on the very smart appearance of the Contingent, and said it was an excellent turn-out. He also asked Colonel Foljambe to inform the O.C.s of the units forming the Guard, that he was most pleased with all that he had seen. Colonel Foljambe was also good enough warmly to compliment the O.T.C. on its smartness, at the Territorial Dinner held in Worksop the same evening.

Altogether it was an excellent turn-out, and we were more than rewarded for all the trouble we had taken beforehand. The kindness of the Duke of Portland in asking our help in forming a Guard is fully appreciated by us all, and we are indeed lucky to possess so good a friend.

As usual we supplied a Guard of Honour on Play night.

The following is an extract from a letter written by Captain Hall of the National Service League: "I wish you would let me know whether there is anything that I can do to encourage Territorial work—training, shooting, or anything else—at the College, in the way of giving a Cup or anything of that sort, because I feel that the spirit there is so good and keen that I should like, if possible, as a memento of my splendid reception by the boys, to do something to encourage their patriotism." We are deeply grateful to Captain Hall for his generous offer, and hope to avail ourselves of his kindness.

Certificate A was held on Nov. 18th. 2nd Lieut. Whitley had charge of the class this year.

If a ground is available we hope to have a Field Day on Thursday, Dec. 19th.

As evidenced by the speeches of E. W. Stiles and R. P. Marsh, we are delighted that the O.C.s still take such an interest in their old corps; we thought, however, our Colour-Sergeant rather voiced general opinion.

Extract from the *London Gazette*, 3rd December, 1912. "3rd Battalion The Sherwood Foresters (Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire Regiment). John Ignatius William Cowgill, late cadet, Worksop College Contingent, O.T.C., to be 2nd Lieutenant (on probation)."

THE SCOUTS.

November 30th, 1912, will ever remain a red-letter day in the annals of the Troop, for it is not often that the Scouts have the opportunity of taking part in a Guard of Honour for His Majesty the King. By the kind thought of His Grace the Duke of Portland, who is deeply interested in the Scout Movement, the Worksop District Association,

which includes the College Troop, was invited to furnish a Royal Guard of Honour on the day of His Majesty's departure from Welbeck.

Out of a total muster of about 140 scouts we supplied a contingent of 64, and the whole Rally was under the command of our Scoutmaster, who was the senior officer present.

Two hours' standing in about nine inches of snow, with a cold wind blowing, was enough to test the endurance of most of us, but not a single scout in the Rally fell out, which is all the more creditable when it is remembered that one or two members of the Boys' Brigades had to be removed with cramp, etc. Furthermore, not one of us was any the worse for it, and when the King and Queen most graciously acknowledged our salute, not one of us but thought that even another two hours' wait would have been cheap at the price.

THE GYMNASIUM.

The Swedish Drill squads have worked through the first-stage exercises, and are able to start on the more advanced work which will be needed for the Competition in the Easter Term.

Owing to a generous response to the appeal for a boxing cup it has been possible to purchase two cups, and there will be both senior and junior competitions next term. A careful estimate shows that the Boxing and Fencing Clubs will need a membership of sixty if our Easter Term programme is to be carried through in its entirety. It rests with each dormitory to see that it is adequately represented in the classes, in order that it may have efficient men to enter for the various weights. J. McN. Davis, last year's Boxing Captain, boxed for the Cambridge O.T.C. against the H.A.C. and won his weight, but was unable to turn out for the Freshers' owing to an injury to his wrist.

During the holidays electric light will be installed in the Gymnasium. Substantial support is being given to the scheme by the G.P.C. and the College authorities.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

On November 17th, in the Art Room, a debate was held as to whether or no a Channel Tunnel should be constructed.

The First Lord of the Admiralty (A. N. Broad) rose to introduce a Bill "To Grant Supplies to the Government for the Construction of a Tunnel to connect England and France." He commented on the encouragement such a construction would give to trade, and social intercourse between England and the Continent. Sea sickness, he asserted, would be a thing of the past. The Bill was opposed by G. Kirkbride. He dwelt at some length on the cost of such a tunnel, scorning the argument of Channel nausea as unworthy of serious thought. He also argued on the danger of destroying England's insular position. Mr. D. F. Coles seconded the First Lord, with a speech of much eloquence and force. Mr. Butler seconded the opposer, with a strong array of facts intended to show the danger of such a course. C. L. M. Brown spoke for the Bill, and O. T. Walton against it. On a division the motion was declared lost by 8 votes to 6.

The next debate, held on November 24th, dealt with the vexed question of aerial defence. N. S. Griffiths brought forward an amendment to the Government Naval Programme "That the money purposed to be spent on Naval improvements should rather be used for the equipment of an aerial fleet." To quote from the minutes, "He arose with the eyes of the House upon him." With a bewildering array of figures and facts, he urged the necessity of an efficient aerial fleet at any cost, even that of restricting the naval programme. B. V. R. Downman, in reply, pointed out the fallacy of the theories embraced by the opposition, in terms concise and vigorous. H. G. Wilks followed to second the amendment,

supporting the need of competent Aeroplanes on the ground that at present they could not support themselves. C. L. M. Brown replied for the Government and urged the necessity of an invincible navy before any other consideration. E. Gray also spoke for the motion, and O. T. Walton, Mr. J. C. Cowgill, and G. Kirkbride against it. The motion was eventually lost by 11 votes to 7.

Socialism was the subject for Debate on December 8th. G. Kirkbride introduced a Bill to "Better the existing conditions of the working classes under the present Government." He shewed the need for better housing conditions, and suggested that a useful occupation for hooligans would be to work disused lead mines in Cornwall. The Prime Minister (C. L. M. Brown) opposed the measure. He pointed out that before any improvement could be made on the present slums, the people themselves must be reformed, which he urged, no Act of Parliament would ensure. Mr. Coles, in an enthusiastic speech, seconded the motion. Mr. E. Gray supported the Government and ridiculed the ideas of the Opposition. Mr. Butler and Mr. W. A. Silvester, O.C., spoke for the Bill, and Mr. Cowgill against. On a division, the Bill was carried by 7 votes to 6.

The debates this term shew a very good standard, and some warm tussles have taken place. We should be inclined to say that they shew distinct improvement on last year's form, which was by no means poor. One tendency, however, is to be deplored; they tend to be restricted to some eight or ten energetic speakers, while the rest of the Sixth Form either do not turn up or only look on. The Debating Society should be a thing for the whole Sixth. There are several voices which we have heard upraised with no mean eloquence, and which are heard only too rarely, and we are sometimes tempted to whisper the second of these two lines:

*"Oh for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still!"*

AN AUSTRALIAN RABBIT.

From the Cradle to the Gravy.

UPON an arid waste, a sun-scorched plain,
Relieved by many a ridge and sandy furrow,
I spent my idle youth, in careless vein,
Pride of my house, the hope of all my burrow.
My eyes were shut
To future ills; I was, in fact, a "knuut."

Beneath the shinni'ring moon we nightly danced,
Leaping from dune to dune on toe fantastic,
Or in some sprightly bunny-bug we pranced,
As supple as a piece of chew'd elastic,
While kangaroos
Peer'd forth, disturbed in their nocturnal snooze.

Thus sped the years, on pleasure-hasten'd wing,
Till I, my childhood pass'd, was two-and-twenty:
I knew no ill; as yet no evil thing
Had marr'd the life of luxury and plenty.
I cared no rap
(Because I knew 'em not) for snare or trap.

Then dawned the fatal day when, with a crowd
Of gay companions, I, the aged, the petted,
Saw Nemesis descending like a cloud
Upon my head, and falling, I was netted
Within the snare.
(We'll draw a veil o'er the ensuing year).

*Then o'er the waters, in a block of ice,
 I started on my way to grace the platter.
 The law of nature seems but mocking vice:
 "Eat or be eaten"—but for me the latter.
 So then appears
 My gravy, watered by these flowing tears.*

*This then the end, my floating days must halt,
 And, when I am no more and all is quiet—
 What was that cry I heard? What—"Pass the salt!"?
 Alas, postpone the hour, or change your diet!
 Rev'rence my years,
 And stay th' uplifted fork in mercy, Sirs!*

LAMENTATIONS OF A SAUSAGE.

I.

*THE sausage sighed a doleful sigh
 As he lay frizzling in the pan,
 And lifted a despairing cry
 About th' ingratitude of man.
 But still he lay, and still frizzled,
 While the fat more fiercely sizzled.*

II.

*"Long years ago," he sadly moaned
 And gave another rending sigh,
 "By prosp'rous farmer I was owned,
 A brave young porker in a sty.
 And day by day I took my fill
 Of pig-potatoes, sops, and swill."*

III.

*"I grew to be a full-sized pig
 And for the butcher held no fear ;
 And then, at last, when fat and big,"—
 The sausage paused to shed a tear,—
 "Then I was sold by my false master."
 And faster still he fried, and faster.*

IV.

*"A butcher bought me, and at first
 I knew not that he'd take my life ;
 But one sad day I learned the worst
 As he approached me with a knife."
 He writhed upon the impaling fork—
 "My fate was sealed, and I was pork."*

V.

*"He cut me up, both fat and lean,
 In slices thick, in slices thin ;
 He ran me through a dread machine
 And pushed me in a sausage skin.
 For bygone days I've often yearned."—
 The sausage paused as he was turned.*

VI.

*"Too late to think of other days
 As I be frizzling in the pan ;
 Too late to circumvent the ways
 Of wretched, vile, inhuman man."
 And as they laid him on the plate
 They heard him sigh, "Too late, too late."*

A RIDING STUNT.

When I first asked what a "stunt" was I was told that everything is a "stunt" in Canton, and as I have never yet succeeded in getting a better definition, I will risk the danger of "*ignotum per ignotius*," and say that a "stunt" is simply a "wheeze."

I personally had never been on a horse in my life till three days before this particular riding stunt, but Canton is a city that does not afford much choice in modes of taking exercise, so I took Hobson's choice and bought a pair of riding breeches. After three afternoons' practice on a small black pony in the privacy of a garden, I ventured out, rather surprised at my own rashness, to join a riding expedition out to Sha Ho. There is one road in Canton, or rather outside it, and only one (there will be more by and by) and it is called the Great Horse Road, as being the only road along which wheeled traffic can pass. It runs from the East Gate of the city to a village three miles away called Sha Ho, where there is an enormous barracks, and a parade ground as big as the Plain Piece. This is the only place near at hand at all suitable for riding, so at the appointed hour we assembled at the East Gate where the nags were awaiting us.

We were a party of five, four Englishmen and Chau, who is Elles' teacher. He came with us as a sort of sponsor to the party, for if a party of foreigners goes out alone, the Chinese coolie has an unpleasant habit of falling down in front of one of the ponies and pretending he has been knocked down. A crowd at once collects and makes things very nasty for the foreigner until he pays up the \$10 or so which is demanded as "Compensation." So Chau comes with us to guard against any awkward little contretemps of this sort.

The Chinese pony is a curious beast in many ways. He has quite a turn of speed when he likes, and is extremely

strong and hardy considering that he is entirely grass-fed. He has had no training at all, and has a mouth like wood. His favourite pace is a canter, but he consults himself only as to the pace he shall adopt at any given time and place, and is generally a law unto himself. The animals provided on this occasion by the "Monarch of Horse-flesh," as the Chinese jobmaster is euphoniously termed, were a curious assortment. Peel had a shaggy brown beast with a stride like a cart-horse; Elles' nag was a curiously shaped grey animal, which for a long time refused to start at all, and then galloped the three miles along the road to Sha Ho without a stop, with rickshaws, wheel-barrows, police patrols, and Coolie men and women scattering in all directions to get out of the way, and Elles himself clinging on for dear life and trying in vain to bring the animal to a more respectable pace. I myself was managing famously on my own "tame but broken-winded" nag (the Prince of horses' own description) until Elles came flying by in the manner I have described. Off started my Bucephalus in pursuit. "Woa, hoss!" but the heathen beast does not understand English, and before I knew where I was, I was sprawling on the Sha Ho road, while my nag continued the pursuit alone. He was soon caught, however, and I mounted once more and continued to Sha Ho without any further mishap.

At Sha Ho we stayed awhile at the "Riding Club," a vast, though rather dilapidated building provided by some public spirited Chinese as a place where Chinese and foreigners who ride, might meet over a friendly cup of tea. We stayed here an hour or so, drinking tea after the Chinese mode, and eating fruit. The Chinese mode consists in a basin with a lid for each person, with some dry tea leaves in the bottom, a kettle of boiling water, and a cup for each person. The water is poured into the basins, each person performing this operation for himself; and when the tea is ready you pour it carefully into the cup, the lid of the basin

acting as a strainer. The cup has neither handle nor saucer, and the tea neither milk nor sugar. It is a clumsy method, and the uninitiated is fairly sure not only to spill the tea, but also to burn his fingers. By and by we continued our journey on to the parade ground, where we galloped about at will—the ponies' will of course. Here Elles' nag, which had galloped three miles along the road, took a rest cure, and while the rest of the ponies shewed off their paces, this obstinate animal stood and watched, an interested but passive spectator.

When, after long and violent efforts on our part, it could be goaded into motion once more, we continued our journey, and leaving the Great Horse Road, we followed a native road, a typical Chinese road, simply a mud track, about six to eight feet wide, with ruts and ditches in all directions. This was reckoned quite a good road, although in some places the ponies had to jump in order to cross the water courses that had formed across the road the last time there was heavy rain. We followed this road a few miles, till we were well clear of Canton and its suburbs, and we came to some picturesque hilly country, with streams and padi fields in the valleys, a scrubby undergrowth on the hill sides, and tombs dotted about on the hill tops. The Chinese are very particular to choose a lucky site for a grave, and, in the neighbourhood of Canton at any rate, the whole country side is studded with tombs, some of them quite elaborate and ornamental amphitheatres of stone, and some simple headstones to mark the site of a grave. It was on one of these latter that I sat down very hurriedly and unexpectedly owing to the breakage of a stirrup leather. The ponies cantered up even the steepest of these small hills without any apparent effort, a feat which very few English ponies of such a size could perform.

By this time we began to feel hungry, so we retraced our steps a mile or two to a Chinese tea house, where we had

arranged to have lunch. Our coolies had arrived with the provender, and, as the tea house itself was a most unsavoury place, we retreated to a convenient distance and ate our lunch in the open, under the shade of a clump of bamboo trees. After our meal and a rest, we jogged uncomfortably home, as the Cantonese pony is much less comfortable at a trot than at a canter. The only diversion was created, as usual, by the refusal of Elles' nag to start, even though its nose was pointed towards home.

We should not perhaps have cut a very commanding figure at a meet of the Quorn, but "we poultured up and down a bit and had a rattlin' day," and I at any rate am looking forward to another riding "stunt" in the near future.

PADRE.

OUR MISSION.

We have felt for a long time that the College should take its part in Home Mission work, and with this aim in view we asked the Rev. W. Edelman Kemp, Rector of Ardwick, Manchester, to come and preach to the School last Sunday. December 8th. He was chaplain for some time at Taunton, and had in this way a close link with the Woodard Schools. He is known to some of us here at Worksop, and a number of present boys live in or near Manchester.

On Saturday night, Mr. Kemp was present at the O.C.s Dinner in the town, and spoke of the work he had come to suggest to us; and on Sunday, after Mattins, at which he preached from the text "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard," he spoke to the School in the big Schoolroom.

As far as information about the parish goes, there is very little we can say. The population is a slum population, in size about 4,000 to 5,000. The staff consists of the Rector and one assistant priest; and the teaching given is the Catholic Faith, whole and entire.

As the outcome of his visit, we decided to take up work in the parish, under the name of Worksop College Mission ;

and this work will lie, at any rate for some time to come, among the boys of the parish. Practically nothing as yet exists for the rough element. We have got to make it. The *material* for work is there—in S. Benedict's Parish—in the slums of Manchester. "Hooligans" abound, because modern society breeds the Hooligan. The "Social Problem," we must understand, really exists in us, in the lovelessness and unbrotherliness of you and me! And realizing this just a little, we have determined that we must and will follow in the steps of many other Public Schools, and take our share, and lend a hand in making it possible for some of our brothers in Manchester to get a glimpse of the Light—to make it possible for other fellows to be pure, and good, and happy.

What then is the object *behind* the Mission? It is to learn for ourselves experimentally, and to give to our generation a new thought of GOD—that is, to recover, to win back, *Christ's* thought of GOD: a God Whose Will for human society is Brotherhood, Whose Love extends to every man and boy, to every slum.

It is hard to think of Christ as a Friend, when we think—we who know it—of the life of a great city, of its shame and sin, of all that is done in the night, the flaring public-house, street, and alley, and garret—every conceivable negation of God—the refutation of all our talk about Jesus and His love.

But this is just why we have taken up this work in Manchester! It is because we believe that for the sin and shame of that great city, just as for the shame and evil in our own lives, there is nothing but Jesus Christ. It is when we are "down" that we know Him, or nowhere. It is then that we know that it is GOD in Christ or nothing.

No details as to the working of this Mission can be put in print this month. They are simmering in our brain at present. But we can start immediately to intercede for the parish. And really, if we all who read this begin to put

our backs into our intercessions for Ardwick Parish and our work in it, it will produce, sooner than anything else, just that which is exactly wanted, namely, Sympathy, Keeness, and then, Practical Results !

O.C. NEWS.

“ Cambridge, December 10th, 1912.

“ ‘ Let us have a Cambridge Letter, *please*. ’ This is the request sent us by the worthy Editor. We hasten to comply with it.

“ In number we are six, but should we dare to chronicle the deeds that all this mighty six have done, it would be necessary to produce a work of many volumes. Our time is limited, and the exigencies of space call for a brief account of our doings.

“ Walton (known as Tubby still) has been heard of a great deal this term, and startled all of us by stroking a Selwyn Crock Eight. That the eight lost, of course, we were not surprised, although we are told that the stroke of the Soccer Boat rowed himself out to the last inch. We next heard of him at Fenners, where in the sports between his College and Fitzwilliam Hall, he managed to win the mile and half-mile, the former in the creditable time of 4 mins. 56secs. He ran splendidly, and in a fine finish down the “ straight ” left his man easily. And all this, we hear, untrained ! In the Selwyn Soccer side he has appeared upon two or three occasions, but we understand that a good many of his afternoons are now taken up by pilgrimages to a certain ladies’ college not far distant from Selwyn. Why he prefers such expeditions to games of course we cannot guess. He alone can give light on that point. He is often seen at the Seeley Library, and is, we believe, working hard.

“ Of Curtis little news is forthcoming. In the beginning of the term, according to common report, he spent most of his time at Fenners, running the ‘ Half ’ and being massaged, but he has now, he tells us, sprained a tendon, and is conse-

quently obliged to take life rather quietly. He is secretary of Cats' running, but as they were beaten in the first round his duties are not arduous. One day last week he was discovered in his rooms working for a 'Thro' Special, but how he passed we have not yet heard.

"Pickett still appears happy at Peterhouse, where by playing Soccer and Rugger he has helped the former club to lose all their matches and the latter to win them all. He was seen disguised as a Theban Elder in the Greek chorus of 'Oedipus Tyrannus,' in which, as his College Magazine says, 'he did his best to conceal the fact that he knew no Greek.' Twice this term he has been seen playing Mixed Hockey, and upon two other occasions he was discovered working.

"Malden continues to increase in size and weight at Emmanuel, where he is now secretary of the Hockey Club. He has played in the Seniors' Hockey, and already, he tells us, moves in the circles of 'Blues.' He too plays Mixed Hockey, and he also does some work. His keenness for the Corps seems to be growing less, for so far he has not been seen on any parade this term. Quite a lot of his time is spent in going out to tea.

"Davis, a 'Fresher,' is going strong. He has been seen rowing in a Crock Eight, but he too was not fortunate enough to be in the winning boat. It is at the Boxing Club however that he really shines—achieves greatness. He boxed for the O.T.C. against the Hon. Artillery Company, and beat his man easily, and has, we hear, quite good prospects of getting his 'Blue.' He goes to a coach we believe for Littlego. May he get clear of it this term.

"Rogerson is very pleased with life, and already uses correct 'Varsity slang. He has been seen playing Soccer clad in Sidney colours, but refuses steadily to row.

"We must not conclude without expressing our deepest sorrow and sincerest regret at the death of the greatest of the School's benefactors, Lord Mountgarret. He is a man to whom we as Old Cuthbertians owe much. *Requiescat in pace.*

"Cantab."

The Worksop O.C. dinner was held this year, as last, after the O.C. match, on Saturday, December 7th. E. W. Stiles, Esq., took the chair. After the dinner the usual toasts were drunk. The Chairman, in proposing "Church and State," emphasized the order of the two words, and the need there was in the Church for service from all her loyal sons. He referred with approval to the establishment of an Upper VIth in the school, as marking an advance in the standard of education. In conclusion he called upon all present to join in a vote of condolence to the late Viscount Mountgarret's relatives in the loss they have sustained, which was passed in silence. R. P. Marsh, Esq. then proposed the "School and Staff." He said many flattering things, and especially complimented the corps on their recent honour. He expressed a wish that all boys over the age of ten years might be compelled to join it. The Headmaster in replying, referred to the various ways in which the School had made progress during the last year, in particular commenting on the enthusiasm that is now displayed over boxing. He then broached the news that negotiations were in progress for starting a School Mission in Manchester. Such a Mission, he said, would have to be content with humble beginnings, and would doubtless grow as the School grew. G. Kirkbride, Captain of School, in a few well-chosen words also expressed the thanks of the School for the hearty toast. Referring to the Corps, he was able to say that practically every boy who was of a reasonable age had joined, with perhaps the exception of one or two incorrigible worms. He also made an appeal on behalf of the Cuthbertian for

more copy and more cash. The Rev. F. B. Hawkins then proposed the O.C.'s. After complimenting the previous speaker, he expatiated on the early days of the School, and reminded us of the success of R. H. Palmer, first Captain of School, in North Rhodesia. J. C. Cowgill, rising to reply, was of opinion that the O.C.'s might safely be left to speak for themselves. Passing on to the Cuthbertian, he shewed that if there were only sixty regular O.C. subscribers, it would just pay its way. (Strange to say, there are not yet sixty.—Ed.). D. Hird also rose, and speaking as one of the earliest generation of O.C.'s, said that to come up the College drive was like returning home; he gave a glowing account of the later changes, which have taken place since his time. A. L. Holmes then proposed the "Visitors," and expressed a hope that O.C.'s would bring more visitors in future. The Rev. W. E. Kemp in reply said how much he would value the assistance of the School in his parish. He desired to establish a Boys' Club, in which he hoped that any O.C.'s who lived in the neighbourhood of his parish (Ardwick) would assist. The meeting then formed itself into a general meeting, and after the minutes had been read and passed, it was carried, on the motion of A. L. Holmes, that the Committee pick three sets of colours, to be submitted to a general meeting of O.C.'s for approval as the club colours. A telegram was received from C. B. Bing, G. A. Bing, L. Bing, A. F. Mullins, R. Buckley, and a brother of B. R. Coverley, who had spent a term or two at the College as a master, who are now at Regina (Saskatchewan). There were present, Mr. E. W. Stiles (chairman), Rev. the Headmaster, Rev. F. B. Hawkins, Messrs. B. H. Whitley, J. S. Keel, L. E. Smith, F. Peachey, B. M. R. Denny, N. A. Arnold, E. and H. B. Buckley, E. Cavie, J. C. Cowgill, R. D. Crosby, C. R. Ellis, C. E. Field, D. Hird, A. L. Holmes, S. Y. Holloway, D. P. and A. H. Harvey, P. Kirkby, B. Ludgate, N. Martin, R. P. Marsh, W. W.

Peacock, W. A. Silvester, E. Soar, C. S. Webster, J. F. Whittelle, R. B. Wooler, and the following visitors: Rev. W. E. Kemp, Rev. H. Gray, Dr. Kemp, and a friend of E. W. Stiles.

The following old boys stayed the week-end with us after the O.C. Dinner: S. Y. Holloway, H. B. Buckley, R. D. Crosby, and R. B. Wooler.

W. E. Hicks, who left us about four years ago, has recently gained a Classical Scholarship at Hatfield Hall, Durham.

We apologise for omitting the news of J. A. Taylor's marriage in the November number. Our congratulations though belated, are none the less sincere.

We had the pleasure of a visit from T. Handley this term.

ANNALS.

Two additions have been made to the Library this term: "The Steep Ascent" (Gell), presented by Miss Frederica Thompson; "The Virginian" (Wister), presented by K. Woodward, O.C.

The Prefect's Concert this year is on December 18.

The Editor acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following School Magazines: *The Alleynian* (2), *The Aluredian*, *The Bloxhamist*, *The Denstonian*, *The Hurst Johnian*, *The Lancing College Magazine*, *The Olavian*.

All MSS. for insertion should be written on one side of the paper only, and sent to the Editor, G. Kirkbride. Contributions, especially from Old Boys, are always welcome, but should not be too long.

The Subscription to the *Cuthbertian* (3/6 a year, or 10/6 for three years) should be sent to J. C. Cowgill, Esq., S. Cuthbert's College, Worksop, Notts., to whom also any change in a subscriber's address should be notified.