

THE
SAVILIAN
LENT TERM, 1916

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All ordinary communications to be addressed to the Editors, the Grammar School, Wakefield. The Annual Subscription to the Magazine is 1/6, or 1/7½ post free. The Magazine is published at the end of Term. Intending Annual Subscribers are requested to inform the Editors.

News of Old Savilians will be specially welcomed for inclusion in the Old Savilian Notes, and should be addressed for that purpose to G. E. Webster, Esq., 8 South Parade, Wakefield, or C. H. Head, Esq., at the School.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A not very satisfactory term, during which both football and military exercise have been consistently curtailed by the elements, has closed abruptly under the shadow of imminent mumps. We re-open, it is true, a week earlier than was originally proposed; but on the whole we gain a week of holiday—or perhaps we should rather say, we lose a week of school. Much depends upon the point of view.

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Our portrait of the late Col. Wright will be recognised as a most striking likeness by all who knew him. By the kindness of Miss Wright, two interesting pieces of property in which Col. Wright took special interest have passed into the possession of the School; a very fine Union Jack, which in future will be used for the flagstaff of our main building, and an old printing press, with founts of type and other apparatus, with which Col. Wright and his brothers in their schooldays, as well as former members of the family, produced good specimens of printing work as a hobby and for useful purposes. The gift of the flag will serve to remind us of the typically British loyalty which was characteristic of our old friend, and formed the keynote of the last efforts of his life; while the little press and its adjuncts will recall old days and a group of brothers long associated with the best memories of the School.

DE OMNIBUS REBUS.

WE were all most sorry to hear of the death of our Groundsman's younger son, Basil Shearman, who died in Hospital about Christmas-time as a result of gas-poisoning in France. He was well known to all who were interested in our School Sports, and soon after the outbreak of War he joined the 1/4th Battalion K.O.Y.L.I., which has been at the Front for a long time. We offer our deepest sympathy to his parents and relations in their bereavement.

* * *

A Student Teacher attending the School—Harry Styles Liley—died after quite a short illness on March 4th. He had been a member of the 6th Mathematical Form for nearly two years, and had lately begun the practical part of his training for the work of a teacher. His death was a shock to us all, as his illness had been so brief and its seriousness was not known to us. The School was represented at his funeral by two prefects—E. R. Sudbury and J. S. G. Holmes—who conveyed in the form of a

wreath the regretful tribute of Masters and Boys. Liley was the only son of his parents, to whom we desire to convey our sincerest feeling for their great loss.

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The Editors beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following contemporaries, apologising for any omissions :—Cryptian, Hill and Dale, Grovian, Fulneck School Magazine, Chronicles of Ermysted and Petyt Journal, Giggleswick Chronicle, Leodiensian, Frestonian, Oldham Hulmeian, Hymerian.

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The bad weather has so far prevented us from using the three dozen drill rifles, which arrived a few weeks ago in mysterious looking cases. They are of regulation weight and are very realistic in appearance. Our shoulders ache already in anticipation.

* * *

We congratulate E. R. Sudbury and T. Womack on their successes. The former gained the Open Classical Scholarship at Lincoln College, Oxford, the latter the Cave Exhibition for Classics at Clare College, Cambridge.

* * *

Foundation Scholarships have been gained by the following :—R. Burgess, R. A. Elliott, F. W. Hindes, F. L. Green, J. S. G. Holmes, C. N. Jones, A. Mellor (Jun.), E. R. Sudbury, J. F. Wolfenden, E. L. Burton.

* * *

The following have been awarded their 1st XV. Football Colours in the course of the term :—G. C. Miles, C. D. Denton, C. Marshall, H. Dutton, R. E. L. Wellington, F. H. Wrigley, J. T. Green, G. E. Hoyland.

* * *

We have been reluctantly compelled to abandon the usual House Football Matches, it being impossible to play them owing to the sudden curtailment of the term and the decimation of the House Teams.

* * *

The Swimming Club is looking forward to a vigorous season next term, and tickets are already obtainable from Mr. Head.

* * *

At a Meeting of the Sports Committee, E. R. Sudbury was elected Cricket Captain for the coming season, and J. S. G. Holmes Vice-Captain. Holiday practices have been arranged, and there has been considerable enthusiasm at the prospect.

FOOTBALL.

SCHOOL Football has, of course, been very much curtailed on account of the War. Wakefield is one of the comparatively few Grammar Schools in this neighbourhood which continue Rugby football in the Lent Term. Consequently it has been impossible to arrange any matches against Schools this term. Moreover all the Club teams have been dissolved owing to the War, so that our usual source of fixtures has been stopped.

Several Old Boys have on various occasions succeeded in collecting teams to play us. To these we wish to offer our heartiest thanks, as the games have been greatly appreciated not only by the Present Boys, but also by many Old Boys who are now serving in His Majesty's Forces and who are at home on leave from time to time. The first three of these matches School succeeded in winning, but on the fourth occasion we were unfortunate in meeting a very strong opposition, with several of our players off. The result as will be seen from the detailed account was School's first defeat this term.

Several fixtures had been arranged with the Local Battery of the R.G.A., but on two occasions these matches had to be postponed owing to frost and snow. Finally, however, we succeeded in meeting them, though our team was by no means at its greatest strength. One of the most enjoyable matches which we have had, ensued, and, though we had the disadvantage throughout the game owing to the much superior weight of our opponents, School harried them with pluck and endurance. We feel deeply indebted to the R.G.A. for so kindly coming to play us, and we hope, if weather and time permits, to arrange another fixture with them before the end of the term.

The weather this term has greatly handicapped the games which are usually played on Tuesdays and Thursdays, so that Junior Games and Practices have had to be cancelled for many weeks together.

The Season has been quite successful on the whole. The 1st XV. had hard luck in losing the away match against Bradford last term, but the occasion on which School visited Hymer's College, Hull, was marked by a shameful disaster. School had not a full team, but a keener fight should have been shown. Leeds were beaten twice, and all the other matches resulted in victories

for School. The 2nd XV. has not had any matches this term, but they have occasionally provided good reserves for the 1st team, who should develop into very useful players next Season.

Appended is a detailed account of this term's matches :—

W.G.S. v. Mr. J. E. KILBURN'S O.S. XV. *Jan. 22nd.*

At home.—On the first Saturday of the term, the first of a series of Scratch Teams was brought to play the School XV. Naturally the home team was totally out of practice, but fortunately their opponents had no advantage in that respect. The Old Boys' Team contained a large number of soldiers who were home on leave, also Angus and Frost, who were home from the Front. At first the Old Boys pressed with vigour, but the combination and endurance of the Present Boys proved superior to that of their opponents. Ellison scored three good tries in a very dashing manner, whilst Wellington, Dutton and Holmes each scored once. The wind and state of the ground were not congenial to goal-kicking and the tries were scored for the most part far out. The last, however, was converted by Mellor with an excellent kick.

Result :—W.G.S. 20 points ; O.S. Nil.

Team :—Marr ; Aspinwall,* Mellor (ii), Dutton, Wellington ; Mellor*, Ellison* ; Sudbury* (Capt.), Holmes*, Miles, Denton, Marshall, Green, Wrigley, Bell.

W.G.S. v. Mr. J. W. POLLARD'S O.S. XV. *Feb. 5th.*

At home.—On this date another Old Boys' Team was brought against the School XV. Not only were a large number of Soldiers who are stationed in this country, playing, but the team also included Paterson, who has been at the Front for several months.

The game was extremely keen from beginning to end, and it was only by superior combination and greater endurance on the part of the home forwards, that School succeeded in gaining a second victory this term over the Old Boys' Team. Chapman scored first for our opponents, but soon afterwards Holmes made the scores level by scoring as the result of keen forward attacks. The winning try was scored just on time as the result of a fine individual effort of Aspinwall, who received the ball after a succession of passes among the backs and ran practically the length of the field.

Result :—W.G.S. 6 points ; O.S. 3 points.

Team :—Marr ; Aspinwall*, Mellor (ii), Dutton, Marshall ; Mellor*, Ellison* ; Sudbury*, Holmes*, Miles, Denton, Bell, Green, Slack, Wrigley.

W.G.S. v. Mr. SCARLETT'S O.S. XV. *Feb. 19th.*

At home.—On this occasion the home team was badly out of practice, and the Old Boys had brought their strongest team this term. As a result Chapman scored two tries and N. S. Smith one for our opponents. Two of these were converted by excellent kicks by C. P. Glover, in spite of the uncertain wind and heavy ground. Soon afterwards Hoyland scored as the result of a miskick by our opponents. Half-time was called with the score 13-3 in favour of the Old Boys. On the re-commencement of play the home forwards woke up, and as a result of short passes and individual dash, Mellor and Aspinwall scored far out. One of these was converted by Sudbury. Later Green dashed over the line and Mellor also scored a second try. Both these were converted by Sudbury.

Result :—W.G.S. 21 points ; O.S. 13 points.

Team :—Marr ; Aspinwall,* Dutton, Hoyland, Wellington ; Mellor,* Ellison* ; Sudbury,* Holmes,* Miles, Denton, Marshall, Bell, Wrigley, Green.

W.G.S. v. Mr. J. E. KILBURN'S O.S. XV. *March 4th.*

Played at home. The match was especially interesting, as the Visitors' team again contained some Old Boys on leave from the Front, to whom football came as a pleasant relief from the monotony of trench life. School was unfortunate in that we were somewhat incapacitated by the absence of the School halves, Mellor and Ellison ; the strength of the pack suffered too, by Holmes' absence. Their deputies, however, did very well considering the strength of our opponents, and during the first half gave the Old Boys a lively time. The School team having had no opportunities for practice for the past few weeks, owing to the state of the weather, weakened rather after the interval, and the defence was pierced by O. D. Dixon and Lund successively, after which another brilliant try scored by the former brought the scoring to a close. Two of the tries were converted by C. P. Glover.

Result, O.S. 13 points ; W.G.S. Nil.

Team :—Marr ; Aspinwall,* Marshall,* Dutton,* Wellington ; Mellor (ii), Hargreaves ; Sudbury,* Miles,* Denton,* Green, Wrigley, Bell, Slack, Wilding.

W.G.S. v. Local Battery of R.G.A. *March 18th.*

At home.—On this occasion School played the match with the R.G.A. which had been twice postponed owing to the state of the ground. Mellor, Holmes and Hoyland were unable to play for School, but their substitutes played a very plucky game. Our opponents played an excellent game and had a marked superiority in weight which resulted in a victory for them of 27 points—nil. This, in spite of the reverse which School suffered, was one of the most enjoyable matches of the Season.

Team :—Marr ; Aspinwall,* Dutton*, Hargreaves, Wellington : Ellison,* Mellor (ii) ; Sudbury,* Miles,* Denton,* Marshall,* Green, Wrigley, Bell, Slack.

CHARACTERS OF THE FIRST XV.

***SMITH, G. G.** (full-back), a plucky player who was not afraid to fall on the ball in the face of attacking forwards. He fielded the ball very cleanly and his kicking was at times good. His tackling was often keen, but more speed is desirable, both in covering the ground and in finding touch. (Left School at Christmas).

MARR, F. S. (full-back), 8 st. 13 lb.—Has filled the place vacated by Smith with pluck and energy. His tackling is low and thoroughly sound, but his fielding and kicking require a good deal of attention and practice. These will no doubt improve as he becomes more experienced in the game.

***ASPINWALL, F. W.** (wing three-quarter), 9 st. 12 lb.—A dashing wing who often penetrates the defence of his opponents with skill. He is always keen both in the attack and defence, and his tackling though inclined to be high and from the side, is usually effective. He has prospects of developing into a first-class three-quarter, and he finds a good length when kicking.

***HOYLAND, G. E.** (centre three-quarter).—A quiet but intelligent centre who is always sensible of opportunities of attacking and scoring. He has been unfortunate in not having more chances of practice, and so becoming more acquainted with the game. His dribbling exhibits the coolness and skill of a "Soccer" player, but his tackling might be more incisive. He has been a very useful man.

***DUTTON, H.** (centre three-quarter), 8 st. 3 lb.—A much improved three-quarter who now plays a daring and intelligent game against much heavier opponents. He is capable of opening out play for his wing, but when attacking should not try

merely to dribble the ball round faster opponents and so lose possession or cause a scrum. His tackling and kicking are good, and his development has been exceptionally marked.

***WELLINGTON, R. E. L.** (wing three-quarter), 9 st. 6 lb.—A young and keen player who is also quickly developing into a fast and dashing wing. He has the making of an excellent three-quarter, and should acquire robustness with weight. His attack is swift and direct and his kicking good. His tackling is very fair but might be lower and more powerful.

***MELLOR, A.**, Vice-Captain (stand-off half), 9 st. 8 lb.—Probably the most successful player School has had for some time. He has been the mainstay of the backs during the whole season and has done much, by his example, in training the three-quarters to their present state of efficiency. His attack is fast and dashing, and he is continually making openings for his three-quarters. His tackling is excellent and he possesses the happy knack of preventing his opponent from passing as he is being tackled. He is equally magnificent in the defence and his touch and place-kicking are superb.

***ELLISON, H.** (scrum-half).—A heavy and robust scrum-half who revels in hard work. He is always to be found near the ball, and shows great pluck in falling on it at the feet of opponents. He makes up for lack of speed by hard work in the tight. When defending he might practice touch-kicking with advantage, but his handling of the ball is wonderfully clean. He is very clever at getting the ball away to the backs when attacking.

***SUDBURY, E. R.**, Captain (forward), 10 st. 10 lb.—Has proved one of the best School Captains for several years. He is fast, keen, and brimful of energy. Takes the ball excellently at the line-out, but should get it down more quickly. A good dribbler, and has had some success with place-kicking. Should make an excellent forward in more advanced football, especially with more weight.

***HOLMES, J. S. G.** (forward).—An excellent and hard-working though quiet forward, who has been of great service both in actual play and in affording an example to younger forwards. He handles the ball neatly and skilfully at the line-out, and often opens out play among the forwards and backs. His tackling and kicking are good, and he is an excellent man in the scrum.

***MILES, G. C.** (forward), 9 st. 4 lb.—A much improved player who has thoroughly deserved his success in the team. Though almost new to the game at the beginning of the season, he

has shown a keenness and constant desire to improve, which inevitably result in speedy development. He is robust and energetic both in the tight and loose, and though light, knows how to use to the full the weight at his disposal. His tackling and dribbling are consistently good. He should practice kicking.

***DENTON, C. D.** (forward), 9 st. 2 lb.—A forward who has acquired a marked efficiency in the loose. His attack, passing and tackling are all very good. He should learn to use his feet more in the loose, and to be quicker in scrumming. He is a most promising player and a very useful forward.

***MARSHALL, C. H.** (forward), 9 st. 11 lb.—Another much improved player who is acquiring a coolness which is very useful in critical moments. He is keen both in the tight and loose, and has occasionally played with success in the three-quarters. His proper place, however, is in the forwards, and he is usually to be found near the ball. His tackling is good, but his dribbling might improve with practice.

***GREEN, J. T.** (forward), 11 st. 6 lb.—An energetic and quickly improving forward, who can make himself felt in the scrum and loose. Occasionally he succeeds in accomplishing some excellent dribbling, but his tendency is to kick too hard and so feed the opposing three-quarters. He should cultivate a more continuous energy in following the ball throughout the game, and use more speed in applying his weight to a forward mêlée, or in forming a scrum. Must tackle low.

***WRIGHT, F. H.** (forward), 10 st. 11 lb.—A heavy and useful forward in the scrum and tight. He is hard-working and dashing when in possession of the ball. He handles it cleanly, but is not always keen enough in following-up and using his opportunities of getting hold of it. He tackles and dribbles fairly well, but should acquire more speed in forming a scrum or breaking away.

EWING, J. (forward).—A heavy and hard-working forward who left School in the middle of the season. He was new to the game, but was quickly becoming a bustling forward, capable of using his weight in the loose as well as the scrum. He should most certainly continue the game, for which he is physically suited, and in which he was progressing so rapidly.

BELL, G. R. (forward), 9 st. 4 lb.—A keen though youthful forward, who has filled the vacancy caused in the forwards this term. He is robust and active, and though light, knows how to make his presence felt. His tackling is good, but his footwork will improve with experience. He should develop into a very useful forward.

SLACK, G. and MELLOR, C., have also played on various occasions towards the end of the Season. The former should become an excellent forward. At present he is very light, but has the true forward spirit and dash. Mellor, C., is a very energetic and useful scrum-half who has hitherto had few chances in the team, but should be very useful next year.

“ JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.”

It's a glorious afternoon
And the whistle will go soon,
But meantime here we shiver in the breeze.
“ I am sure to play the ass
And drop every beastly pass ”
So I think before the match, with wobbling knees.

Got my colours yesterday !
If I don't buck up and play
I am sure to be unanimously cursed.
I am feeling pretty sick ;
I can't tackle, I can't kick,
And I'm absolutely bound to play my worst.

Wish the blessed game 'ld start,
For it makes you sick at heart
When you stand about a-waiting to begin
And the wind goes through and through,
And your hands and nose turn blue,
And everybody's sure we cannot win.

Ah ! the whistle ! Then the kick.
Then the rush. It comes back quick.
Now the line out, all excited. Here's the ball.
I dive low and come down flop,
About half their team on top.
Footer isn't such a bad game after all.

MY PROBLEM.

FOR many a weary day and night my poor brain has reeled beneath the terrible strain of a problem, the solution to which persistently eludes my feverish grasp. Try as I may, my search is vain and fruitless, and my mental agony is hourly increased as I realise more and more the awful fact that the time for my solution is rapidly passing from me : soon, alas ! too soon, it will have gone for ever from my reach.

What is this dread apparition which so dogs my every foot-step ? you rightly ask : what is this haunting fear which threatens to unhinge my mind ?

Is it a mathematical problem that harasses me ? inquires some sympathetic soul. Am I being racked with that most insidious of tortures, the anti-logarithm or the differential calculus ? Do the extraordinary interesting though complicated affairs of those amiable and apparently inseparable companions, A, B, and C, disturb my beauty sleep ? Am I inextricably involved in a vain attempt to divide the never-ceasing legacies they receive in given proportions, or to act as timekeeper for them while they indulge in a little athletic exercise, or to determine the amount of rent due from each in return for the shelter of a common roof during a stated period, or to assist them in deciding the time it will take them to plough their ancestral field, or mow their ancestral meadow, or dig a trench round their ancestral castle, or build a wall round their ancestral estate ? I would such were my plight : then my course of action would be only too obvious : there are such things as mathematical masters, and also mathematical keys, whose only purpose and delight is to assist poor wretches in such dilemmas. But *that* is not *my* problem.

Then am I in the throes of classical struggles ? do I wrestle with the mysteries of manuscripts, emendations and corrections, translations and re-translations ? do I vainly essay to piece together the tangled branches of the genealogical trees of Greece and Rome ? or, descending to lower levels, do I strive to "settle Hoti's business" ? Again I would such were my lot : for then too could I turn to such things as classical masters and also classical keys and find relief at once. But again I say that that is not *my* problem.

Then does Science envelop me in her innumerable odours and vapours ? Do I lose myself in the attempt to explore the mysteries of solids, liquids, and gases ? Do I investigate the Atomic Theory, or search the alphabet to find an appropriate letter for the latest "ray" that has been discovered ? Not so, I must again confess : such problem would come as a pleasant alternative to me : but *my* problem is infinitely deeper.

Then it must be the weather that is worrying me ? I must be depressed by the too familiar sight of rain or snow, frost or thaw, or a judicious admixture of them all, with the inevitable result that always

" . . . the fields are dank, and ways are mire " ?

Yes, I admit these things depress me ; but such things nevertheless are not *my* problem.

Then am I of military age, with the consciousness of my obligations to my country weighing hard upon me? Is my problem that of thousands of others at the present time—how I can “do my bit”? And when again I sorrowfully shake my head, perhaps sympathy and curiosity will give place to boredom and annoyance in my interrogators’ minds. “No more beating about the bush,” they will say: “what is this abominable problem”? I have found the solution to it, at last. How? they say. In the writing of this article: that was what perplexed me—how to fill up space—that was *my* problem.

HOLIDAY NIGHTS.

I.

WE chug-chugged into a horse-shoe bend of the river, which rose steeply all round in wooded slopes, and, stopping the motor, swirled gently in under the bank and anchored beneath the sheltering willows. It was the first day of a glorious Whitsun week-end which we were spending on a river launch, cruising about in a land of shirt-sleeves and adventure, quiet villages and sun-bathed country. Already it was the cold, clear, twilight after sunset, and the woods were dark and silent as we hauled in the bedding from the dinghy and lowered the side curtains, completely covering in with canvas our tight little 25 ft. craft. Supper over we rested and talked and read by the soft lamplight, and at last scrambled into the rough warmth of the blankets and turned out the lights. There was just a faint comfortable smell of paraffin in the air, the river swirled incessantly and lapped against the bottom of the boat which rocked gently and soothingly and strained at its anchor; it was a new sensation to be sleeping on a living thing, the night was dark and the woods were as quiet as death. The boards, felt beneath the warmth of the blanket, were hard, but we gloated in them and the freedom and the joyous days to come. I went over the events of the day, the first sight of the white boat, the embarkation and the fear at the last moment that something had been left, the deep locks, the wonderful sensitiveness of the boat to the wheel, the feeling of importance when I first steered, the tumult of the propellor and the blunt-nosed dinghy manfully splashing along behind, the sudden jar when we nearly ran aground, the motorist speeding along the dusty high road, whom we, reclining luxuriously and comfortably in shirt-sleeves, despised. Then being tired out, I fell asleep.

I awoke to find the woods, which had been calm and dead in the night, tumultuous with noisy life, multitudes of birds singing and chirping and chattering, and amid it all the clear

notes of the cuckoo. It was 2 a.m. and dim twilight, the morning was cold, and the woods had awakened to another day. Sleep was impossible, and the cuckoo, which had always before seemed a romantic and mysterious thing, was here a provoker of wrath and bad language. There were more birds in those woods than one would have thought existed in the whole world, and they all possessed voices.

There were mysterious cracklings too and rustlings, and splashings in the water, water rats perhaps and badgers which lived in the sandy hill side; the loneliness of the night before had given place to multitudes of living things. There was the sound of a man shouting and the tramp of a horse. I lifted up the side curtain and saw that it was grey twilight, and that a mist covered the water. Round the bend of the stream was coming a barge, towed by a horse. The rope passed safely over our heads. They were decidedly intruders. There was a smell of damp canvas, one of the most reminiscent scents I know, and the inside of the boat was gradually defined as it grew lighter.

Thus we lay till about five o'clock, when recognising that sleep was impossible we decided to get up. The cook of the party, luckless one, crawled from beneath his blankets, and soon we, warm amid the chill morning air, heard the comforting roar of the "Primus" stove and the splutter of bacon.

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A couple of hours later, having restored the boat to travelling trim, we cast a regretful look round the woods, now bright and gleaming in the morning sun, and weighing anchor departed down stream.

II.

It was 5-45 on a wet Sunday evening during the Christmas holidays as I wheeled out the old bike and set off townwards, splashing along through the pitch darkness. There was a feeling of Sunday in the air and it seemed strange to be going to work. As I turned off towards the factory my lamp obligingly blew out, and I slid between two workmen walking in the middle of the road who suddenly loomed up about a yard ahead. Their good wishes followed me on my way. I was working in a munition factory and had already had a week of it; to-night I was going on the night-shift for the first time—6 p.m. to 6 a.m.—and in preparation had spent two hours in bed that afternoon. I entered the factory gate, received my check, and made for the shop where I was working, amid a crowd of others. The by this time familiar smell of warm oil greeted me as I went in, the whole shop seems always to be perspiring oil; the air is moist with it

and everything one touches is covered with it. I donned my overalls, which were already shining with grease after a week's use (overalls are considered really seasoned when they will stand up by themselves) and waited with the rest for the machinery to start. At first sight the shop seemed horribly untidy. Above was a perfect chaos of belts, shafts and pulleys; the machines were spread at intervals all over the shed, while much of the floor seemed to be a dumping ground for old and apparently meaningless castings and weird lumps of metal.

However the machinery started and the shop was suddenly filled with clankings and rattlings.

My machine was a small lathe with which I repeated one obscure process on an obscure part of (presumably) a shell. It might have been part of a lady's tricycle or a steam roller for all I knew. Indeed the whole workshop presented very little appearance of shell-making, for the parts were assembled in another shop. On my left were neatly filled boxes of parts to be turned, which I took one by one and screwed into a chuck. With my left hand I then connected the machinery, turned two small handles once or twice, stopped the machinery, gauged the completed article, placed it (neatly) in a tray on my right and then proceeded to the next. I worked by an acetylene lamp which (1) gave a light of infallible headache producing powers; (2) emitted a vile stench; (3) either leaked or fell off the bench, or required re-charging or did something else equally pleasing at least once a night. However this, together with the adjustment of the machine, gave a small amount of variety to a monotonous task.

I passed the time away by singing, or at least making a noise. The machinery made such a din that it was impossible for anyone to hear, though from time to time a vague roaring sound betrayed another vocalist further down. There was no one at the next bench, as there are fewer hands on night-shifts, so I howled every song I had ever heard at the top of my voice, "Down among the dead men" was the most successful and I put plenty of ferocity into it, but the "Rag-picker" and "Michigan" ran it close. I measured the time by the amount of trays I filled, and when I got particularly bored I found myself working in a desperate hurry, as if by so doing, I should make the time pass quicker. Now and then the big lathe on my left changed its usual murmur and rose to a scream, and there were often weird howlings and whistlings further down the shop. So while all good people were at Church, we worked on.

At 8-45 I hurried off home for supper. My hands were black with grease and my face had dusky smears across it, natural enough in the workshop, but grotesque at home. However these were soon removed and there was time for a good supper and after, a quarter of an hour's rest in a big chair with a novel. At a quarter to ten I set off back, carrying on my back sandwiches for the meal at 1-30. The weather had cleared and there were people in the streets going home in their best clothes, and I remembered it was Sunday; it seemed a long time ago when I had started work at 6. The time passed quickly enough at first (in monotonous machine work you have always an eye on the time) and then I began to feel sleepy, worked automatically, and the acetylene lamp annoyed my eyes more than ever. I sang now to keep myself awake, and the machinery kept up a deadly lullaby. Thus till 1-30, when we seized our sandwiches and hurried off to the dining hall. We crossed a yard which was pitch dark and strewn with various lumps of metal and other hard objects, which tripped us up and barked our shins. I suppose they were put there to wake up thoroughly anyone who was somnolently inclined; if you escaped going you were bound to be caught coming back. In the dining hall I purchased for a penny a large mug of liquid, presumably tea; it was wet and warm however which was all that mattered. After the room-full of grimy and hungry workers had swallowed their food, one of them was unanimously called on to entertain. There was a piano there and a willing accompanist, and several comic songs were sung, complete with patter and confidential anecdotes about the singer's wife. This amateur comedian gave us different selections from his repertoire every night in the week that followed, and had quite the professional finish. Half an hour is a short time and it was soon 2 o'clock, when we stumbled back to the sheds for the longest stretch of all, singing "Dixie" (harmonised) in chorus.

It was rather chilly in the shed, and just as I started, my lamp went down. I took it to the plumber to be re-charged, and found his dim, low den, warm and comfortable. While he filled the lamp I sat by his stove and almost went to sleep, and it needed an effort to get up, so warm and drowsy was the atmosphere.

These last four hours dragged on, and the work grew monotonous. However they did come to an end eventually, and at a short time before six the day-shift began to arrive. I was not very tired at the end, the sleepiness went off after about 3 o'clock; besides, in another twenty minutes I should be fast asleep, and felt distinctly cheerful at the prospect.

At 6 o'clock, on the sound of the buzzer, I hurried forth into the cold morning air. The yard was lighted by electric

lamps and the day-shift were coming in ; we were few compared to them and felt somehow like survivors. I gave in my check and pedalled off home, let myself in, washed, made a cup of cocoa, then stole quietly upstairs. In five minutes I was fast asleep. There I should stay until about 2 p.m., when for a short time I should enjoy cleanliness and decent clothes. After a few short hours I should begin another night. This was holidays !

But it was worth it for the experience and the "something attempted something done" which gained, in this case, half-a-day's repose.

ANTEDILUVIAN REMINISCENCES.

(With Apologies from one Poet to another).

Oh, say, what is that thing called Sun,
Which we must ne'er enjoy ?
What season comes when this is done ?
Oh, tell your rain-cloyed boy !
You tell of heavens of perfect blue ;
You say the sun shines bright ;
And that his rays on me and you
Will fall—at least they might !
Oh ; have we ever formed in line
In bygone days of yore ?
Or led the van, in weather fine ?
Or marched behind before ?
Are football, and the joys of mud
A-clinging to one's face
A myth, a dream ? Before the flood
Did we the leather chase ?
Hope not for change from sleet and rain,
But try to grin and stand 'em.
"Are we downhearted ?" that's the strain ;
We're not ? Nil desperandum.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

UP to the time of writing the Society has only had two Meetings this term, but we expect to have one more good debate to finish up the session. There have been several reasons why so few debates have been held, of which the chief has been the weather, which prevented many from attending, and (literally) threw cold water on any keenness.

On February 18th, a Jumble Debate was held, which was only moderately successful, though two motions were very keenly

supported—"That a free refreshment bar should be installed in this School," and "That compulsory football for masters be instituted."

Owing to the lighting restrictions the Meetings had to be held in the Lecture Room, and the Society did not feel at home in its gloomy vastness, while the charts and bottles did not inspire eloquence. The lighting of the room was, to put it mildly, not over-brilliant, and had probably a tendency to render our speeches of the same quality.

However the Debate on March 17th, "That, in the opinion of this house, the ploughman is happier than the professor," was distinctly successful, though the attendance was but moderate. The subject proved fertile, and all the speeches were interesting and original. The proposer in his final speech expressively declared about the unfortunate professor that "he growls and prowls in an arm-chair," which verbal picture rather spoilt the effect of an otherwise crushing retaliation.

The votes at the conclusion were found to be equal, and the casting vote was left to the Chairman, who, reluctant but loyal, declared for the professor.

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

MEETING held Jan. 28th.—There was a very good attendance at the Lecture delivered by C. Morris on "Everyday Life of the Railway Line."

The Lecturer explained the working of rails, points, signals, locomotives, and the different methods of classification of wheel base, illustrating them by means of lantern slides. Afterwards a set of slides illustrating scenes in Nidderdale and Wensleydale were shown, the quality of which was exceedingly good.

The next two Meetings on February 11th and February 25th had to be cancelled on account of the bad weather.

Our next Meeting was held on March 10th, and on this occasion a Lecture on Durham County was read by the Secretary. Mr. Welch presided. The attendance at this Lecture was good. The lanternist showed some 120 views of Durham Cathedral and its precincts, which were greatly appreciated by those present.

The last Meeting of the term will be held in the Physics Laboratory, when there will be an exhibition of models and apparatus, in which it is hoped all members will take part.

JUNIOR SCHOOL NOTES.

Congratulations to J. F. Wolfenden, who has had his Scholarship renewed, and E. L. Burton for Foundation Scholarship. D. H. Haldane gained Hon. Mention in the Examination.

This has been a gloomy term—nothing but rain and the Unitary Method, as one member put it. Football seems a thing of the past, as we have been unable to have a game for 6 weeks. Piesball in the playground has had to take its place. True, the snow has caused some exciting fights, and incidentally some expense in the matter of Mr. Giles' garden frame.

We were very pleased to welcome Miss Holmes back at the half-term, and we are greatly indebted to Miss McCroben for the services of Miss Birch and Miss Keene, besides those of the Student Teachers who followed them.

An epidemic of measles has claimed many victims, especially in the two lower forms.

OLD SAVILIAN NOTES.

New Members :—

Mr. Charles N. Spencer, 4, St. John's Terrace, Wakefield.

Mr. J. C. Heptonstall, 5, Bank Street, Wakefield.

Mr. F. Bradley, The Grange, Morley.

Mr. H. L. Hopper, Finkin House, Stanley Hill, Wakefield.

Altered Addresses :—

Mr. R. M. Armitage, 2, Hyde Park Road, Kew Gardens, S.W.

Mr. T. Hoskisson, Corby, near Kettering.

Dr. L. W. Bradshaw, Barnoldswick, near Skipton.

Mr. Percy Furness, 6, Ash Grove, Earlsheaton.

Mr. T. Cliffe, 80, San Juan Avenue, Victoria, B.C.

Mr. T. B. Summers, Woodthorpe Lane, Wakefield.

Mr. H. C. Summers, Woodthorpe Lane, Wakefield.

Mr. Hugo Green, The Cottage, Lake Lock, Wakefield.

Addresses wanted :—

Mr. R. B. Yorke, late Ministry of Finance, Cairo, believed now in America.

Mr. F. W. R. Hurt, late Ashington, Northumberland.

Second list of Subscribers to the Old Savilians' Fund for providing comforts, &c., to Old Savilians on active service :—

	£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged	33	2	4½
" In Memory of Lt.-Col. Wright "	1	1	0
J. H. Richardson	1	1	0
1st Lower W.G.S., per Miss Holmes	0	13	7
J. B. Colbeck	0	10	0
H. Walker	0	10	0
C. W. Duffin	0	5	0
W. D. Reynolds	0	5	0

Any further donations will be gratefully received, and may be paid to either of the Hon. Secretaries.

Marriages :—

Rev. L. Downes to Miss Mary Louise Miles.

Rev. E. W. Bartlam to Miss Mary Leonora Mills.

Extract from the Diary of an Old Savilian Officer on board the Army Transport "Minneapolis" in the Mediterranean.

EARLY morning of the third day out from Gibraltar we passed the Island of Pantelleria, and by ten o'clock the Maltese Islands were dimly in sight. As two or three ships had been sunk off Malta only a day or two before we made sure that everyone was wearing his lifebelt, and doubled the Submarine Guard. By mid-day we were rounding Gozo, the more northerly of the Islands, and away to the North the summits of the Sicilian peaks were first discernible. It was an ideal Mediterranean day; the sun was hot, and the blue sea almost without a ripple. The shore of Gozo, like a patchwork quilt of green and brown, studded with yellow towns clustering round their churches and six-sailed windmills, grew and passed while we busied ourselves in flag conversation with a signal station on the highest point of the coast line. An hour later Malta lay before us. Its brown hills and sunlit yellow villages, a large canvas camp almost on the seashore, the Marine Parade of Sliema, dazzling in the sunlight, and last the khaki town of Valetta clustered on the rocks enclosing its two great harbours, formed a pleasing panorama. A Grimsby trawler, which our men (natives themselves of the big seaport on the other side of the Humber) recognised and hailed with delight, met us with orders to put into the Grand Harbour. We slid in, safe at last from Submarines, and anchored up in the shadow of the great Naval Hospital, now a base for Salonica, where a band of Marines was playing "Tipperary."

A pleasant buzz of activity filled the harbour, delighting our sea-tired eyes. In the inner branch of the harbour lay two great French warships, surrounded by various small craft, and evidently coaling. In front, stencilled against a background of broken brown rock topped with solid-looking houses, was a confused mass of funnels and rigging belonging to two or three large transports and several tramps. A few small tugs panted about between us and the quay where stood the Customs House, and a couple of business-like destroyers slid quietly in as we made fast, threading their way through a crowd of rowing boats racing towards us, and disappeared behind the warships. In an incredibly short time the small boats were round us, and proved to contain numbers of small brown-skinned children whining in broken English for silver for which they dived and madly fought, to the great amusement of our men, who thronged the top-rail to watch. We used our field glasses for some time on the town and harbour, finding much to interest us, and were enjoying the effect of the setting of the sun behind the town, silhouetting the graceful towers of the churches against a wonderful sky, when we were called away to censor the ship's accumulated letters, by now a huge pile. A joyous rumour of shore leave hastened this occupation, and six o'clock found us in one of the gondola-like ferry boats, dying to stretch our legs on shore. By this time it was dark and on the wharf perfect pandemonium prevailed. We emerged to the town lift, which gave us a sheer face of nearly 300 feet, from a crowd of guides, cabmen, cheque changers and touts of all descriptions fighting frantically for our attention. At the top we paused to look down at the twinkling lights of the harbour far below, then made our way on into the town. The evening was taken up with shopping, which was acceptable, and dinner, which was a tragedy. We were back on the boat by ten. As we had seen very little of the town we went to bed happy in the promise of shore leave on the morrow, granted in the event of no further sailing orders.

* * *

Valetta is a town of novel sights, sounds and smells. Its nondescript but solid houses, built in light khaki coloured stone, lie dazzling in the sunlight, which accentuates the deep shadows of the narrow streets. Near the harbour the streets are especially narrow, and so steep that many of them are simply flights of steps. Further back in the town are broader and more stately streets. The people are brown-skinned, ill-favoured and lazy, and not over devoted to cleanliness. The Maltese women wear their great black head-dress, the Hood of Shame, which contrasts with the brightness of the European dress. This silk hood, which is in

shape that of a Sister of Mercy but much bigger, recalls an unsavoury incident in the Napoleonic occupation of the Islands by the French. Some of the men wear sandals, most are barefooted, as are the children. Priests and religious beggars in black or brown cassocks abound in astonishing numbers. The Maltese tongue, peculiar to these Islands, resembles Italian, but is more harsh, and seems specially adapted for abuse and argument. A pervading strain of garlic runs through all the malodours which assail us in almost every street.

St. John is the Patron Saint of Valetta—the Islands were, as every schoolboy knows, the Headquarters of the French Knights Hospitallers of St. John. Their old *auberge* is still in existence and is now—O Whirligig of Time!—a Government Office of Works. The Church of St. John, though small, is rich and beautiful in decoration. A ceiling above the Altar by Michael Angelo, rich and massive silver work left by the Knights Hospitallers, graceful gold chandeliers, and beautifully-grained marble columns brought from Sicily add a special charm to this already distinctive little church. Servers were erecting huge candles on the several alcove altars round the church, and floral decorations were being arranged. We were at a loss to account for special decorations until one of us suddenly remembered it was Xmas Eve. Xmas Eve, and outside a blue sky and a hot sun, and people drinking iced drinks outside the cafes! Remembering a succession of slushy hot-chestnutty Christmasses, we left the church in silent awe.

We spent the next half-hour haggling over lace to send home, and when we had beaten down the price as low as our conscience would allow we departed, highly pleased, to send off our purchases by registered post.

The Chapel of Bones, decorated by one industrious Priest with the skulls and bones of over 2,000 Miletians killed in the Turkish bombardment of 1571 (or was it 1471?) is quite a show-place of Valetta. A glib and portly Priest showed us round, accompanied by a little dog which he assured us did good work, "For where are bones, there are rats" said he.

We came upon the Valetta Main Guard Room, century-old monument of British rule, just as the guard turned out smartly to the Archbishop of the Island, who passed in a magnificent open carriage blessing a bare-headed populace. By courtesy of the Officer of the Guard (of a well-known Yorkshire Regiment) we were admitted to the Officers' Guard Room, where the walls are covered with excellent drawings, pen, pencil and colour, done by Officers of the Guard for the last century. It must be a

unique record of army life, a real "comédie de mœurs." There are sketches depicting every phase of military life, on and off parade, and a whole album of uniform designs could be collected from the caricatures of regimental celebrities which crowd the walls. A string of perfectly drawn ants, commemorating a great ant-drive held many years ago, threads in and out of all the older drawings right round the room.

* * *

We were back on the boat by three o'clock, and at four we cast off and put out of harbour, preceded by a couple of French Submarines painted green and brown, and a small but business-like Destroyer. All that night and the next day—Xmas Day—we went through the now familiar Submarine tactics, turning suddenly North from an Easterly course, doubling back for a few hours, slowing up by day and spurting by night and so on. Xmas night the ship gave us a most excellent champagne dinner "with the Compliments of the Season and the Company." But our evening's enjoyment was sadly curtailed by the regulations of the ship: lights out at 7 p.m. prompt, no smoking on deck and no singing or noise whatever. Regulations are without doubt one of the minor horrors of warfare.

SALVETE ET VALETE.

Salvete.

- IV. B.—Roels, I. F. A.
- III. B.—Foster, H.
Tate, T.
- III. C.—Holmes, H. C. H.
Smales, R. G.
- II. U.—Roels, F. L. I.
- II. L.—Bradley, H. A.
- I. U.—Green, T. G. S.
Wilson, F. K.
- I. L.—Duffin, T. M.

Valete.

- V. A.—Finnigan, A.
- V. B.—Hall, S.
- IV. B.—Lumb, G. F.
- II. L.—Fielding, C. S.
- I. U.—Fielding, J.

SCHOOL ROLL OF HONOUR.—CONTD.

The following additional names of Old Savilians serving in His Majesty's Forces have been received since the last issue of the "Savilian." The total on the list compiled by Mr. Head is now 339.

- E. Baines, Private, 3rd Battalion K.O.Y.L.I. 1904-06.
- A. C. Barnsole, 2nd Lieut., 7th Battalion Gordon Highlanders. 1900-03.

- P. E. Dixon, Pioneer, " M " Chemists' Company, Royal Engineers. 1909-15.
- P. L. Dobinson, 2nd Lieut., 3/6th Durham Light Infantry. 1904-10.
- G. H. Gibson, Sergeant, 14th Battalion Yorkshire Regiment. 1907-13.
- B. Haigh, Major, Royal Army Medical Corps. 1886-90.
- R. Hargreaves, Private, Artists' Rifles. 1911-14.
- T. A. Harris, Gunner, Royal Field Artillery. 1912-15.
- H. G. Ludolf, Lieut., Royal Army Medical Corps., Medical Officer, 1st North Midland Brigade Royal Field Artillery. 1903.
- W. H. Massie, 2nd Lieut., 3/4 Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment. 1913-15.
- A. Jurray, Private, New Zealand Expeditionary Force. 1888-92.
- J. H. Proctor, Private, 21st Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps. 1907-11.
- W. B. Postlethwaite, Lieut., Royal Army Medical Corps. 1900-04.
- J. Rowley, Private, 11th Battalion K.O.Y.L.I. 1907-11.
- P. S. Richards, M.A., Private, Royal Army Medical Corps, East African Contingent, Master at the School. 1911-14.
- C. A. Scutt, M.A., 2nd Lieut., attached to Balkans Expedition as Interpreter. 1899-1908.
- J. Senior, 2nd Lieut., 11th Battalion West Yorkshire Regiment. 1903-11.
- D. Shaw, Private, 2/3rd Field Ambulance, Royal Army Medical Corps. 1912-13.
- E. W. Sidebottom, Trooper, Queen's Own Yorkshire Dragoons. 1908-12.
- E. Sudbury, Private, 107th Winnipeg Regiment, Canadian Forces. 1909-14.
- R. H. Sutch, Lance-Corporal, 15th Battalion York and Lancaster Regiment. 1901-4.
- G. R. Sykes, Private, 27th Battalion Lincolnshire Rifles. 1912-13.
- H. Swann, Private, 3rd Battalion York and Lancaster Regiment. 1901-04.
- J. B. Taylor, Private, Artists' Rifles. 1904-07.
- H. S. Walker, M.Sc., F.R.C.S., Major, Royal Army Medical Corps. 1876-78.
- A. Wilby, Lance-Corporal, 22nd Battalion Durham Light Infantry. 1910-12.
- E. A. Wood, Air Mechanic, Royal Flying Corps.
- S. R. Wood, B.A., 2nd Lieut., Royal Garrison Artillery. 1897-1905.

The following Old Boys have fallen whilst serving their King and Country in the present conflict :—

- C. B. Sugden, 2nd Lieut., 4th K.O.Y.L.I., in France, 25th May, 1915.
R. Marsden, Lieut., 8th Manchester Regiment, in the Dardanelles, June 7th, 1915.
T. P. Black, M.A., M.Sc., Ph.D., Captain, 9th Sherwood Foresters, in the Dardanelles, August 7th, 1915.
W. Appleyard, Lieut., 6th Yorkshire Regiment, in the Dardanelles, August 22nd, 1915.
J. Y. Ogle, Sergeant, Grenadier Guards, in Flanders, 7th Sept., 1915.
F. Corry, Private, 4th K.O.Y.L.I., in Flanders, September 16th, 1915.
H. H. Sampson, Private, Coldstream Guards, in France, October 12th, 1915.
D. K. Day, 2nd Lieut., 10th East Lancashire Regiment, in the Dardanelles, November 19th, 1915.
S. P. Shippam, Sergeant, 4th K.O.Y.L.I., in France, November 25th, 1915.

Wounded :—

- A. M. Angus, E. J. C. Ashmore, W. D. Clayton, M. W. Cobby, R. F. T. Cobby, W. B. Creswick, R. H. Goodyear, R. H. Hardcastle, C. L. Harris, E. S. Milner, H. Moorhouse, W. J. Shaw, H. E. Sladden, T. H. L. Stebbing, J. Trenholme, R. W. A. Usher, A. H. Whitaker, and H. C. Whitley.

Prisoners of War :—

- F. A. Fallas, C. K. Osborn and G. A. Copley (now released).

The following Military Distinctions have been gained by Old Savilians during the War :—

- F. Bell, 2nd Lieut., 175th Tunnelling Section, Royal Engineers, Military Cross, also mentioned in Dispatches.
H. Moorhouse, Major, 4th Battalion K.O.Y.L.I., Legion of Honour, Croix de Chevalier, Distinguished Service Order, and mentioned in Dispatches.
B. W. F. Wood, M.B., Surgeon, Overseas Forces, Nigeria and West African Contingent, mentioned in Dispatches.
H. J. Haslegrave, Lieut.-Col., 4th Battalion K.O.Y.L.I., mentioned in Dispatches.
S. P. Shippam, Sergeant, 4th Battalion K.O.Y.L.I., mentioned in Dispatches (since killed in action).

- W. B. Creswick, Captain, 4th Battalion K.O.Y.L.I., Military Cross and mentioned in Dispatches.
- W. F. Brakenridge, M.B., Lieutenant-Colonel, Director of Medical Services, Royal Army Medical Corps, Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George (C.M.G.).
- W. H. Armitage, B. Eng., 2nd Lieut., 9th Yorkshire Regiment, Military Cross.
- F. Thackray, Private, 15th (City of Sheffield) Battalion York and Lancaster Regiment, Distinguished Conduct Medal.

News of the following promotions among Old Boys has come to hand since the last issue of the "Savilian" :—

- J. T. Kirk, Captain and Adjutant, 11th Battalion K.O.Y.L.I.
- T. B. Little, Captain, 4th Battalion K.O.Y.L.I.
- G. H. Gibson, Sergeant, 14th Battalion Yorkshire Regiment.
- A. J. Muirhead, Captain and Adjutant, 4th Battalion K.O.Y.L.I.
- A. Wilby, Lance-Corporal, 22nd Battalion Durham Light Infantry.
- F. G. Beard, Corporal, 21st Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps.
- G. F. Pearce, Quartermaster-Sergeant, 10th Battalion Duke of Cambridge's Own Middlesex Regiment, attached General Headquarters.
- W. Petch, 2nd Lieut., 4th Battalion K.O.Y.L.I.
- H. S. Haworth, Lieut., 4th Battalion K.O.Y.L.I.
- W. D. Clayton, Lieut., 2nd Battalion Yorkshire Regiment.
- R. Frost, 2nd Lieut., 3/6th Battalion West Yorkshire Regiment.
- R. W. Paterson, Sergeant, 4th Battalion K.O.Y.L.I.
- H. Fallows, Lance-Corporal, R.A.M.C., East Leeds Military Hospital.
- J. Fullerton, Sergeant, London Scottish.