

*The  
Wathonian*



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JULY, 1934. NO. XXXIII.

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# The Wathonian

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## School Notes.

We are sorry to lose Mr. Morgan, who has spent this year with us during Mr. Kendell's absence, and hope that he will be successful in finding a congenial post.

We have to congratulate those who were successful in the Hull University College scholarship examinations:—Harrison, who gained an exhibition of £40 a year, and Abson, Caswell and Illingworth, who gained bursaries of £20 a year.

We also congratulate J. E. Scholey for obtaining a second class in the History Tripos at Cambridge, and W. Swift for gaining a second class Honours degree in Physics at Leeds. Among other old boys who are still up at Universities, Cresswell has been elected to the committee of the Cambridge Union, and Lawson is treasurer of the Manchester Historical Society.

We are fortunate in having secured the Headmaster of Bradford Grammar School and Mrs. Edwards for Speech Day, and are looking forward to their visit. We are also holding on that day an exhibition of artistic and practical work which we hope will be of interest to parents. At the time of going to press, examinations are in full swing, and we wish all those who are engaged in them the best of good fortune.

The magazine prize for the best parody has been awarded to Youel for his parody of the School Song. This competition appears to have been a popular one, as there were over twenty entries. We are also printing those of T. Redgate and W. Rowlinson from the Upper School, and that of Phillips from the Lower School. Although there is only one prize, these parodies are all up to our usual prize standard.

The lino-cut competition was disappointing as only five entries were received—do our artists make a mistake and hibernate in the summer? The prize is divided between Anstess and Cook.

The following are **School Prefects**:—J. Caswell, D. Hanson, W. Abson, M. Smith, G. Ankers, T. Redgate, A. Beasley, D. Beckham, C. H. Cook, E. Bagnall, E. Harrison, J. Lockwood, W. Horner, E. Turner, R. Lake, D. Ellis, M. Thompson, M. Frost, G. Wainwright, and N. Midwood.

The **Games Committee** consists of:—L. Peace, T. Redgate, M. Thompson, D. Ellis, W. Abson, H. Rhodes, W. Scholey, M. Charlesworth, E. Harrison, E. Lockwood, A. Beasley and E. Turner.

The **Magazine Committee** consists of:—W. Rowlinson, M. Smith, M. Findlay, J. Lockwood, C. H. Cook, H. Swift, F. Youel, E. Williams, G. Illingworth, P. Crockett, C. Bletcher and M. Hayes.

## House Notes.

### ATHENS.

Usually the chief items of interest in the Summer Term are the preparations for the Sports and for the Examinations, but we are also occupied this term with the production of articles for the Sale of Work which is to be held in December.

Taking the House as a whole, we again failed on Sports Day. Athens have never won the Sports Cup, and although we practice with great vigour for three weeks or perhaps a month prior to Sports Day, we invariably see our total of points far behind that of the leading House when the first few events have been decided. There was a recurrence of this once more this year, and although the result of the Cross-country, decided previously, left us second to Troy, we were soon forty points behind Carthage, the eventual winners.

Work on the Tennis courts has been carried on at a fairly good pace this term, and a number of Athenians have helped in the completion of the levelling operations.

Last term we succeeded in winning the Games Cup, thanks being mainly due to the Senior Boys, who won all their matches. This term we are occupied with the Cricket and Tennis competitions; the Senior Boys defeated Thebes by one run after removing the opposition for 18; the Junior Boys, however, were easily defeated by Thebes.

During the past few terms we have been constantly denied the Work Cup largely through the carelessness of a few individual boys in the Middle School. We hope they will realise the unfortunate results which their bad conduct has upon the House, and will work much harder in future to remedy them. Several members of the House are taking Public Examinations at the end of term; we take this opportunity to wish them every success.

### CARTHAGE.

The Sports Cup. Hard lines Carthage; who will disagree? Last year we just managed to beat Rome for the Sports Cup. This year we were "pipped" on the post by Thebes. Perhaps next year. Nay, we will leave out the "perhaps" and say we will carry off the coveted trophy by the

widest margin of points known in the annals of the School's history. Hearken unto me then ye citizens of Carthage: be steadfast, arm yourselves, prepare for the fray; and then indeed my friends Thebes shall step down from her pedestal and there instead will stand the mighty Carthage.

Unfortunately the House Committee has not the same amount of time at its disposal as a very notable body that sits at Geneva; otherwise a house trip to suit one and all would have been arranged.

After numerous sittings, a date, a price, a route, were all decided upon. Lists were put up "Those in favour sign below." The numbers in favour were few; so few that a successful House trip was impossible. 'Tis regrettable, but it is thought that all Carthaginians are concentrating their energies towards work and examinations at present, and looking forward to a bright summer holiday which we all sincerely hope they will enjoy.

### ROME.

Shakespeare once said, "Who is't can read a woman?" Since this term has produced so many parodies we also might submit an effort and exclaim (with all due apologies) "Who is't can read a Roman?" For two terms we won the Work Cup, and on the third "collapsed and fell." Last term we again secured it; this term we stand a very good chance—"tis wondrous strange!" Those Romans we have interviewed deny any responsibility. They say—but let us not repeat their charge, only "give it an understanding but no tongue."

On Sports Day Jupiter must have been taking a holiday. Certainly he did not look with "equal glance" upon his protected people. Instead the goddess Illness worked her "dram of eale"—and Rome finished third. Still, we were keen, and we did secure at least two records—the Senior relay records for both girls and boys.

Yes, we were keen. In fact we still are keen for Sport, as is shown by our successes at tennis and cricket. But the Sale of Work badly needs Roman support. It is an oft repeated need, and here we "voice it once again." After all it is easy enough to start well while the idea is novel, and therefore interesting. It is in perseverance that true keenness lies, and this perseverance, as Virgil would say, "Hic opus, hic labor est." Yet even toil has advantages—it will make the holidays even more enjoyable when they do come and—why yes! The annual House outing, with its aim of unifying the House, is again at Knaresborough. The principal attraction

is boating. Woodwork is an excellent exercise for the biceps.  
 "This said we end"—but, wait, just one word more,  
 "The sale, the sale's the thing,  
 Which to our coffers shall much money bring."

### SPARTA.

This term has not been very eventful for Sparta. A practice match with Athens resulted in a narrow win for Spartan Senior boys, but an actual match with Rome later on made our opponents the victors in the case of both Seniors and Juniors. It may here be mentioned that Sparta has one member in the first eleven (Scholey) whom we congratulate.

A word about detentions. Sparta has still too many, and these are amassed by an unruly few, as usual. If the persons responsible would think how difficult they are making it for those who work hard for positive points I am sure Sparta would have a better chance of getting the Work Cup.

Spartans are still rather lax with regard to navvying on the Tennis Court site. They turn out when repeatedly asked, but they do not show the willingness which they should when having an opportunity to do good for the School.

By the time these notes are in print, Sparta will have been on the House outing to Knaresboro', where, it is to be hoped, everyone will have spent an enjoyable day.

Again Spartans are exhorted to get less detentions.

### THEBES.

We thank our House Captains, Harrison and M. Heeley, for their work this year; they have done a great deal towards "waking up" many of our members who have formerly been noticed chiefly on account of their desire to do nothing at all to help their House. Many of our Seniors are hard at work preparing for the School Certificate or Higher School Certificate examinations, we wish them every success. Thebes congratulates all its Seniors who have successfully applied for college.

Unfortunately we still figure too prominently in the detention list. It is very strange that boys and girls should be so eager to have an hour's school on Saturday mornings. It is a pity that the House still possesses so many discreditable members. During the last few terms we have seen that our standard of work is not so good as it used to be: we ask every Theban to work much harder in future, then we may win the Work Cup in spite of our long list of detentions. We thank all our boys who have "navvied" this term.

If we are to be successful at games, we need a better "team-spirit." It is unfortunate that so few people will

realise that we shall only win our matches if all the players will work together. We are very pleased that we have won the Sports Cup. This term the competition was very keen, and we thank all who helped us to win. Special mention must be made of J. G. Lee, who won the 100 yards and the 220 yards races, and who set up a record of 10ft. 6ins. for the Senior long jump. J. G. Lee did very well at the Doncaster Sports.

We hope that all Thebans, after having had a good holiday, will return to School filled with a desire to work hard at lessons and games: this would put our House once more on the path of progress.

### TROY.

The great event in Troy this term was the House outing, when the majority of the House spent an enjoyable day in Derbyshire with Miss Edge and Mr. Wilkinson. Senior members were conspicuous by their absence, the main excuse being that they wanted to go "somewhere else." Further suggestions were, however, few and far between.

Although Troy was far behind in her attempt to capture the Sports Cup, her prospects for the Games Cup are brighter. She has only played one cricket and one tennis match yet, but has achieved success in both. The cricket team, their muscles hardened by "navvyng," feel confident of success in their forthcoming matches.

If more people, especially girls of the Middle school, would attempt to break the record for least detentions instead of most, Troy would have a good chance of the Work Cup.

Two years ago a hundred magazines were bought in Troy. Would that we could sell such a number again!

We wish all those who are entering for examinations at the end of the term every success and extend our sympathies to them in their time of trial.

Fortunately, as they are few, we shall not be losing any of our Senior girls at the end of the term, but we shall be losing a number of Senior boys, amongst them Caswell, the present House captain, and Bletcher our magazine representative. We hope they will have every success in the future, and not entirely forget Troy.

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## School Societies.

### ARTS & CRAFTS SOCIETY.

The Society as a whole is apparently following the example of the Roman Empire, and starting to decline.

Hence the object of these notes is to stimulate a revival so as to prevent the fall which seems imminent.

The Art Club started off very badly this term. Attendance was extremely poor, and little work was done, even by the few regular attenders who did put in an appearance. There was, however, a response to the appeal for more activity which the Headmaster made shortly after half term, and there is now a moderately good attendance of members who are making articles for the end-of-term Exhibition.

A similar state of affairs prevails in the other branches of the Society. In the Woodwork Club attendance has dropped off somewhat this term, apparently because the call of the open spaces is stronger, in summer, than that of the workshop. However, attendance is occasionally quite good, though some people spend more time in watching other people work than in working themselves. Thus the store-room is full of semi-manufactured articles, very few of which seem likely to be finished for the Exhibition.

If the activities of the other branches of the Society are discouraging, those of the Metalwork Club are hopeless. Attendance is chiefly noticeable by its absence, and scarcely anything is being made for the Sale of Work, or indeed at all. Unless more interest is taken in this branch of the Society it must perforce cease to exist. If this happened our embryonic blacksmiths would doubtless discover how much they desired to use the workshop, but alas, too late!

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## Cycling Club.

Early in the term a general meeting of the Cycling Club was held, the following officials being elected:—Captain, Martin; Vice-Captain, Collins; Secretary, Youel; Committee, Bennett, Bunn, Greenall.

The first run was to Selby, with a good first attendance of twenty. Tea in an inn was followed by an inspection of the Abbey, which proved very interesting, although, I fear, not very instructive.

The next run was to have been to Axholme, but heavy rain cancelled it, although a short run to Wortley with an attendance of three was held in the afternoon.

Similarly, the following week, rain cancelled a run to Roche Abbey, from which we were to return to watch the Inter-School Sports at Doncaster. However, in the afternoon the weather kindly permitted us to visit Doncaster, where we saw the School very narrowly defeated. The five members

attending continued their way to Owston, where tea was held, and then returned just before dusk.

Ewden Valley was the objective of the fourth run. A hard, hot ride was followed by a long rest by Ewden Beck, from which we returned later in the day via Wortley. An attendance of eighteen was recorded.

The fifth, an afternoon run, took us to Woolley Dam, in which several members from the large number who attended (twenty-six) had a short, in fact a very short swim. The water of Woolley Dam, despite the hot day, must have been at 32° Fahrenheit. We returned home via Bretton West.

The next run was to Wharnccliffe Crag. A delightful, though hot, afternoon, was enjoyed by the twenty members who attended, which was followed by a breezy uneventful, return home.

Fifteen members attended a whole day's run to Towton, the famous battlefield, on the following Saturday. Three of the members went on to Ilkley to find a suitable camping site for half term.

The following week an afternoon run to Rivelin Valley was attended by seventeen members. A hot, dusty ride was pleasantly concluded by a swim in an open-air bathing pool, which refreshed us ready for the return home.

At half-term ten members and Mr. Gear went to Ilkley, complete with heaps of luggage. A pleasant rainless though rather cold week-end was spent there. On Sunday several members enjoyed a long walk over the famed Ilkley Moor, all "baht 'ats." Fate made Monday hot, and it was a warm party that eventually arrived home in the evening.

A remarkable feature about the runs is the complete absence of rain, which, although it postponed two runs, did not fall during the emergency afternoon spins. F.Y.

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## Field Club.

This term, in spite of its being a Summer Term, has not been one of much activity on the part of the Field Club. Only one outing has so far been conducted. On Saturday, June 9th, a party consisting of about a dozen members of the Upper Thirds met at the end of Coaley Lane leading to Hooper Hall and proceeded along the lane with Hooper Stand as their final aim. Some interesting plant specimens were found along the lane, but as the ditches along the side were dry nothing interesting in the way of animal life was found, nor did the larger sheet of water to the right of the lane provide anything

in this way, apart from tadpoles. Some delightful yellow iris, however, were found on the banks here.

On reaching Hooper Stand, and refreshing ourselves, we spent some time viewing the surrounding country from the top of the Stand, and separated to make our way home by divers routes.

We hope before the end of this term to hold a meeting of members to consider the future constitution and organisation of the Club.

## Literary Society.

Perhaps no legend is more popular than that of Faustus, the learned doctor, who, having achieved everything that is in the power of mankind, decides that all is valueless except magic. He therefore sells his soul to Lucifer in exchange for twenty-four years of vigorous life, during which he is the master of everything he desires. At the end of the time, in spite of his late repentance, devils seize him and carry him to his eternal doom.

In choosing Marlowe's "tragicalle historie of Dr. Faustus" then, the VIth Form chose a popular theme. Their presentation also proved successful with its awe-inspiring effects, its "whirlwinds, tempests, thunder and lightning," with its fiendish devils and their "foul long nails."

Thompson undertook, and thereby achieved an ambition of some two years' standing, the title rôle of Dr. Faustus. It is a difficult part, and Thompson played it well, his performance showing that he had devoted much thought to the character. There were a few criticisms, however. These were mostly levelled against his absolute refusal to move about the stage, his over-deliberate pauses, and the even tone of his voice that tended to become monotonous.

Cook, as Mephistophiles, was acclaimed a success, and certainly he achieved the correct atmosphere with his black moustache and fierce red spotlight. Illingworth and Harrison were well-received in all their various parts, whilst Caswell's performance as Lucifer was absolutely inimitable. It is impossible to name the whole cast—they are "so many and so various." Suffice it to say that they all played up well, even when they had to change from Cardinal to Devil within the space of two scenes. One and all, however, from the Evil Angel and Deadly Sins, the Good Angel and Helen of Troy, to the "mere mortals," including friars, emperors and horse-courers, subscribed to make the play, from the opening Chorus to Ellen Bagnall's closing solo, the most successful tragedy ever presented at the Literary Social.

## Orchestra Notes.

The orchestra is still increasing in numbers, but for the most part only violins are being added. The member we have welcomed most this year is Idris Preece, who plays a 'cello and now partners Miss Knowles.

At the School's presentation of "The Rivals" and "Monsieur Perrichon," the orchestra contributed several fine pieces of music which filled in the intervals quite enjoyably. These compositions were as follows:—Selections from the "Fire Music" by Handel; a Gavotte from "Coppelia" by Debussy, and a Mazurka from "Mignon" by Thomas; besides Handel's "Water Music" and various old English traditional tunes. Solos were played by Hancock and Hall.

At the Literary Society's production of Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus" the orchestra also gave incidental music as follows:—"Selections from Norwegian Dances" by Müller, and the Romance from the "Queen of France" Symphony by Haydn. The Minuet in G was also played with the dance from "Comus" and selections from the "Bourgeois Gentleman" by Lulli.

The younger members of the orchestra are improving in their bowing, and Taylor is now coming on well to take the position of leader of the First Violins to replace Maiden when he leaves. Atkinson can lead the Second Violins ably. Although we shall be, in age at least, an exceedingly junior orchestra next term, we hope to maintain the creditable standard already achieved by careful practising and unbounded enthusiasm. Our orchestra at full strength this term has contained fifteen members.

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## Scouts.

"It's good to be out on an open road and going," not "one knows not where," but to camp. In defence of which outburst we offer the excuse that we were impelled by a great joy at the return of summer and "fine" weather, or at least "summer" weather. Anyway, you know the idea—"Oh to be at Adwick, now that our camp is there," and so on.

In other words, the Scouts have this term inaugurated a new week-end camp system at Adwick, and have already spent two successful week-ends there. There have also been two successful outings to Barnboro', and so, as meetings have been well attended, it seems possible to say that there is an indication of a return of the old keenness in every direction.

Summer Camp this year is to be held in the Lake District, which should afford ample opportunities for activity. For example, some may try their "first-class hike." Much of course depends on the weather. Incidentally we are not so much afraid of the weather this year. We may now, after last year, claim to be experienced in resisting a too-ardent sun. On the other hand, in case of rain, there are always the inside activities which call beans, matches, and, occasionally, mallets, into service.

In fact, as we observed before, "It's grand to be out. . . ."

## Guides.

The chief event of the term was Guide Sunday, which was arranged for Empire Sunday. This year the service was held in Wath Parish Church, and many Guides from all parts of the district were present.

On the following Saturday the First Class Hike was tested by Miss Carr. We were favoured by glorious weather, and the younger Guides greatly enjoyed this their first hike. Since then they have had a little more practice in preparation for the District Hike which takes place in July. This is in the nature of a competition, and each company is invited to send three Guides. The site selected is ideal for a hike, so we wish our Guides good weather and good luck!

Camp is to be held near the pretty Lake District town of Arnside. This part is entirely new to us, but unfortunately very few Guides are able to camp this year. As the attendance at the Thursday meetings has been so poor this is hardly surprising. Very little has been achieved at Guides this term; we hope that next term the enthusiasm will be greatly increased.



## Cricket.

1st XI. v. Mexborough S.S. Away. 12th May.

Result : Lost by 15 runs.

The wickets were pitched at 2 p.m. Mexborough won the toss and elected to bat first; their opening batsmen failed badly, three wickets falling for one run. Lee was bowling extremely well, showing great speed and accuracy. A stand by the third and fourth wicket batsmen took the score over the half century mark. The Wath fielding was very poor. Mexborough steadily collected runs, and finally reached the score of one hundred and one.

Wath opened confidently, Turner and Thompson scoring steadily. Mistakes in running between the wickets led to both of them being run out. Lee came in and off the first ball down scored a brilliant four. He was very unlucky to be caught at silly-point. After Lee's dismissal the only Wath batsmen who were able to resist the Mexborough attack for any length of time were Harrison, Potts and Beasley.

1st XI. v. Mexborough S.S. Home. 2nd June.

Result : Won by 5 wickets.

Mexborough chose to bat first on a hard wicket. Due to a misunderstanding between the first two batsmen Curtis was run out with only one run on the board. Two more batsmen were dismissed in the same way. Lee, to whom the wicket was particularly suited, took four wickets for sixteen runs. Routledge took two wickets for five, and Scholey one for ten. Forty-six was Mexborough's final score.

The School started rather shakily, the two opening batsmen being out with the score at fifteen. Solid batting by Lee, however, put the School in a favourable position, and restored confidence in the side. Ankers mastered the Mexborough bowling, scoring ten runs, and Lee thirteen, each not out by the time the Mexborough total had been reached.

1st XI. v. Goole Grammar School. Home. 9th June.

Result : Won by 3 wickets and 19 runs.

Goole won the toss and batted first on a good wicket. The Wath bowling was poor, except for Lee, who kept a good length and continually had the batsmen in difficulties. Three Goole wickets were down for thirty-four. Turner was stumping well : there were only seven byes. The School fielding was far from satisfactory. Goole were all out for one hundred and ten.

The School opened with their usual opening batsmen. Thompson showed promise, but was out l.b.w. for eight.

Horn was caught for one run. Lee came in to commence what proved to be a truly brilliant innings. An innings the like of which has never been seen on the School field before, nor is likely to for some time to come. Lee played the fast bowling of Goole in true Bradman-like fashion. He hit with great power and certainty, employing every stroke in the game and remained unbeaten for seventy-seven at the end of the innings. Of the rest of the runs Turner made seventeen, Ankers twelve, Harrison four and Beasley not out eight.

1st XI. v. Barnsley Grammar School. Away. 16th June.  
Result: Won by 58 runs.

The Shaw Lane ground was in perfect condition. The School won the toss and batted first. Thompson and Horn batted confidently, and runs came at a steady rate. Horn was stumped just after the half-century had been reached. The Wath batting collapsed badly after this, only Beasley, who scored seven, and Routledge, fourteen, being able to face the bowling. Ridgway came in last, and after about ten minutes of heart-breaking stone-walling, was unfortunate to be run out before he had scored. Thompson made sixty-two not out.

Barnsley received several early shocks after a quiet opening, Lee bowling four maidens in succession. Barnsley were three wickets down for four; they then picked up to the score of fifty-five for the loss of seven wickets, whilst Lee was being rested. When Lee came on again the Barnsley innings was soon brought to a close, being all out for sixty-four. Lee took six wickets for ten runs.

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## Tennis.

1st VI. v. Penistone. At Home.  
Result: 51—48 to Penistone.

The first match of the season was played on the new hard courts, accompanied by glorious weather. Owing to other important School activities, the School team had not had much practice. In spite of this the School team played very well, and the match was closely contested throughout. The match was enjoyed both by players and spectators.

1st VI. v. Rotherham. At Wath.  
Result: 65—16 to Rotherham.

The School team looked forward to the match against Rotherham, which proved to be a crushing defeat for us. In spite of the fact that the visitors were not used to hard courts,

they were superior to our players. At the beginning the lead was taken by Rotherham and was maintained throughout the match.

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## Sports Day.

The School Sports were held on Thursday, May 10th, under extremely favourable conditions. The weather was almost ideal, and spectators were numerous. This year saw the introduction of a hurdles event for the Senior boys, while the girls' obstacle race was varied into a quick-change competition. No less than seven records were broken, while two were equalled. Andrews, of Carthage, covered the Middle boys' hundred yards in  $12 \frac{1}{5}$  seconds; Humble, also of Carthage, gained the Middle boys' high jump record at 4ft.  $6\frac{1}{2}$  inches; G. Thorpe, of Athens, and C. Broomhead, of Troy, both jumped 3ft.  $11\frac{1}{2}$  inches in the Junior girls' contest; Lee, of Thebes, won the Senior boys' long Jump, with a record jump of 19ft. 6 inches. In addition, most of the Relay Race records were broken. The winning House was Thebes, with 168 $\frac{1}{2}$  points; Carthage was close behind with 162 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and Rome third with 122.

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## Sports Meeting.

School v. Doncaster Grammar School, at Doncaster.

Since the birth of the School no athletic meetings have been held with any other School, except three years ago, when a cross-country was arranged with Mexborough S.S. Thus when the Games Committee decided in favour of these sports, it marked an epoch in the athletic development of the School.

The afternoon of the Sports was windy but not cold, and all the athletes were feeling fit after having been carefully coached by Mr. Morgan. A large number of enthusiastic people from the School visited Doncaster to give vocal support.

The School did remarkably well, for out of the nine events we gained six wins, and it must be remembered that there are twice as many boys at Doncaster G.S. as at Wath. Lee ran extremely well to win with ease the 100 and 220 yards, furthermore Lee increased Wath's advantage in the Mile medley and the 440 relay races. Lee also won the long jump with another Wath competitor, Bailey second. The high jump was won by Bailey and Beasley for Wath. The half mile was won by Caswell, who at the finish of the race led by

20 yards, and registered a good time of 2 minutes 20 seconds. The mile was a keen struggle between Fowler, of Doncaster, and Findlay, the former eventually winning by 10 yards. The other sprinters, Cook, Horn and Beasley, did remarkably well, although Beasley's memory was not up to standard, for he failed to turn up to the 220 yards race.

When the races were over, a satisfied and enthusiastic throng threaded their way through the town, after having been thrilled by several of the races. Full credit must be given to Mr. Morgan, who coached the team, and to the stamina, determination and prowess of the competitors themselves. Therefore, although we lost on points, we were not downhearted, for we remembered that verse of the School song :

“O'er our wide fields at play,  
With our hearts glad and gay,  
We can marshal our teams in our battle array,  
Do we win, do we lose, we can strive with a will,  
To bring victory home to our School on the hill.”

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## A Visit to the London and North Eastern Railway Exhibition at Doncaster.

Preceding the L.N.E. Railway Band we entered the Exhibition Ground, which was packed with thousands of visitors who had been encouraged by the brilliant sun to come from all surrounding districts.

Entering the gates we saw directly in front of us “The Cock o’ the North,” a new type of locomotive which is completely stream-lined. It is the most powerful locomotive in Great Britain, and was built at the Company's works at Doncaster. We went over this exhibit, and also “The Flying Scotsman” locomotive and train, the well-known Pullman express which is the Company's pride. These two were the chief objects of interest.

Among the many other interesting things to see was a show-carriage, in which were working models of various parts of locomotives. These were particularly interesting to us, as they illustrated the work we had done in class.

Another thing I should not like to have missed was the laboratory-van, where countless things are tested, including the water for the boilers, the strength of metals, and even the soap used on the trains. We also saw a breakdown crane

in action, a camping van, a plate-layers' trolley, and many kinds of vans and trucks.

The whole exhibition was exceedingly interesting, and provided us with an enjoyable and instructive day, for which our thanks are due to Mr. Farrar.

H. WEST, Upp. IV.b.

## **A Visit to the Manvers Main Coke Ovens and By-Products Plant.**

On Friday, March 23rd, at 2.15 p.m., a party of boys from the Science VI. led by Messrs. Williams and Smith, arrived outside the offices of the Manvers Main Coke Ovens. Here, under the guidance of two officials, we separated into two parties and began our tour.

Winding our way through rows of wagons, we arrived first at the loading plant, where we saw the electrical machinery manipulating 10-ton wagons of washed "slack" like toys. The coal was tipped into a dump and a bucket elevator conveyed it to an endless belt, on which it was carried to the top of the huge coal bunker, 125 ft. above the ground. We trudged slowly up a long incline at the side of this belt-conveyor enviously watching the coal as it slid past us in its swift ascent. At the top of the coal bunker the coal is crushed between rapidly revolving wheels and then loaded into the actual bunker.

The coal is now ready for the oven into which it is charged by means of a movable receptacle, or "hopper," which can hold 12 tons of "slack." The coal is heated in the oven from the walls, and 16 hours of constant heating are required before the coking is completed. At the end of this period the oven is discharged by a ram into a "coke-car" which then moves under a hollow tower, where the coke is quenched by spraying with water. The coke is then tipped on to the "coke-wharf" and, after cooling, it is carried away upon a belt conveyor.

During the coking, gas products are constantly passing out of the ovens via large pipes. These pipes are kept cool by a stream of water which also dissolves out any soluble matter in the apparatus. After several circulations, this liquor becomes very concentrated in ammonia and tar. The tar separates as a scum and the ammonia can then be extracted from the liquor. The ammonia thus obtained constitutes an exceedingly valuable by-product.

The tar which still exists as a fine spray in the gas can be precipitated out, using a high voltage. This tar contains

anthracene and naphthalene, which are also important by-products. Following the gases from the tar extractor, we proceeded to the "scrubbers," which are similar to vertical metal cylinders in appearance. Here the ammonia and then the benzol are dissolved out of the gas, which, incidentally, is the coal gas we use in our homes and streets for lighting. The benzol undergoes a rigorous purification before being sold as "motor-spirit."

After leaving the benzol recovery plant we saw the machinery of the plant. An interesting fact which was to be noticed was the duplication of every machine in order that no delay or stoppage of work would be entailed during a breakdown.

At about 4.30 in the afternoon the main party concluded a very enjoyable tour. We thanked our guides, who had carried out a somewhat trying and occasionally undesirable task in a comprehensive and good natured manner, and we then left for home.

L. PEACE, Upper VI. Sc.



## The Navvies.

(*A parody on the School Song, with apologies.*)

Through the mire and the mud they go marching along,  
 With a pick or a spade, but no sign of a song,  
 Thro' the dirt and the sludge just to toil, not to play,  
 To the dirty old clearing they make their sad way.  
 To the dinner hour once they looked up with great joy,  
 T'was a time of rejoicing for girl and for boy ;  
 But at twelve-thirty now (things have changed now, you wot)  
 There is work to be done on the Tennis Court plot.

Their hearts are sincere, their endeavours are true  
 When at work in their class, for they know what to do ;  
 But when twelve-thirty comes they look up and they say,  
 With a sigh, "Dash it all, is it navvying day?"

O'er the wide fields at play, with their hearts glad and gay,  
 Once they all used to roam, to exchange work for play ;  
 But in these days 'tis sad, there's more work to be done,  
 And the levelling of ground isn't really such fun.

Let the dirty soil fly, let the wheel-barrows speed,  
 They can ply pick or spade, they can hurry at need ;  
 But they work with a mind that is not at all glad,  
 For the pen, not the spade, is the tool for a lad.

Now let those who have left come and sing with the rest,  
 Who have worked fairly well, although not with much zest,  
 But let voices be raised in a loud joyous noise,  
 For our Tennis Court workmen, the navvying boys.

F. YOUEL.

## Parody.

—" I F. "

(*With apologies to Mr. R. Kipling.*)

If you can hit a "four" when all about you  
 Stand ten keen fielders waiting for your fall,  
 If you can even play the bowling safely  
 When more than half your side are out "first ball."  
 If you can stay an hour and fifty minutes  
 For twenty-five or even twenty-four,  
 You know yours was a marvellous fighting innings  
 That made a great improvement to the score ;  
 If you can hit three "fours" and thirteen "singles"  
 To register the best score of the game,  
 You'll be promoted for your fine achievement  
 And what is more, you'll make your cricket "name."

If you can play out time and foil the champions  
To yield but five points and not all fifteen,  
You'll long remember your first game at cricket  
And how important then you must have been.

"Number XI.", Lower VI.Lit.

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## The Crossed Swords.

My friend, John Graham, had not long recovered from a serious illness, and his doctor had recommended him to take a holiday in the country in order to recuperate. Therefore I had suggested to him that we should make a cycling tour of the Chiltern Hills. We were riding along a narrow, tortuously winding country road in the cool of a beautiful summer evening, when we saw a large, rambling and old-fashioned inn, which appeared to be partly Tudor and partly Stuart in style.

Overjoyed at finding such a resting place, we alighted from our bicycles in the inn-yard, and turned to meet the proprietor who was hurrying towards us, half-afraid lest he should tell us that we could not stay there.

Over our meal we had more leisure to appraise the inn-keeper, who, though having a homely, cheerful and contented appearance, also had a scholarly air about him, which surprised us, in a person, living as he did, out in the country. During supper we discussed local gossip with our host, but towards the end of the meal we were surprised when he told us that he had some news for us. He said that his father had been an antiquarian, and during his lifetime had made quite a decent collection of old and interesting articles. He added that he had inherited this love of antiquities from his father, and intimated that if we wished he would show us round his collection.

As we passed from room to room, and our host told us interesting stories about the history of each part of his collection, our interest deepened, and we congratulated ourselves more and more upon our good luck. Finally, just as we thought we had come to the end of the collection, and were preparing to descend to the realms of everyday conversation again, our host told us that we had come to the most interesting exhibit at the end. He then led us to the room which had been designed for my friend's bed-chamber. By the light of our host's candle (the house had no electric light) we saw three swords, all hanging together upon the wall, where the eyes of anyone occupying the bed would fall upon them. On the hilt of the centre one, I noticed that the design took the form

of a writhing snake. Our host told us that, so far as he knew, the swords were thirteenth century workmanship, but how they came into the hands of his father, and what their previous history was, remained unknown to him. It was at this stage that I noticed that the three swords held a curious fascination for my friend.

For a few minutes after I got into bed I ruminated upon the possible history of the sword, but mind and body alike being tired, I wearied of the subject and soon fell asleep. It seemed to me as though I had hardly got to sleep (actually it was about three o'clock) when I was awakened by a loud, uneerie yell, seeming to me in my dazed state, to be full of a ghastly and unutterable dread, which echoed and re-echoed about the house, and which I thought to come from my friend's room next door.

Together the landlord and myself hurried into my friend's room, and found him sitting up in bed, a look of unspeakable horror and fear upon his face. At last, when he had begun to get some control over his shaking limbs, and as the terror began to die out of his face, he began his story thus :

"When our host left me I was so interested in those swords that I crossed over to them and studied them intently for a long time. At last, however, I put out the light and got into bed, but I still could not put the thought of those swords out of my mind. By this time the light of the moon, streaming through the window played upon the crossed blades, giving to them an even more cold, hard and cruel lustre than usual.

I must have fallen asleep at last, but it was a sleep troubled by a hideous nightmare. In my dream, if dream it could be called, I saw the inside of a huge building draped in darkness. This building must, I think, have been a cathedral, for though I could see no distinct details, I could tell that there was an altar at one end. So far as I could tell the cathedral was empty, except for one figure which knelt in the dimness before the altar in an attitude of prayer or meditation. The figure was dressed in black, with his face towards the light, and as I was standing behind and to one side of him, I could only get a good view of the profile of his face. Such was the trick of the light that great shadows were cast beneath his eyes, giving him an air of inexpressible sadness, although the indomitable fire in his eyes could not be hidden.

So interested was I in this man, at his prayers at such a late hour, that I fear I did not pay very much attention to the rest of the cathedral, and consequently I did not notice three

shadowy figures detach themselves from the general mass of shadow at the back of the cathedral, and slink stealthily forward, until the light from the cathedral candle glinted upon some steel instrument they were carrying.

Instantly my attention was focussed on these new figures, and as they approached the altar, I saw that they were three knights clad in armour, and carrying swords in their hands. A presentiment of evil seized me, and I know that they intended assassinating the lone figure at his devotions, but for the life of me I could not warn him of his peril. Soon the murderers were within a few feet of their unsuspecting victim, and their swords were already upraised, when something about the hilt of one of the ruffian's swords attracted my attention, and to my horror and amazement I saw that the design in jewels was that of a snake encircling the hilt, exactly like the one hanging up on the wall of my bedroom. The swords were about to descend upon the head of the man at his prayers when I tried to scream out in fear and warning, but the muscles of my throat seemed to constrict, and not a sound came through. Somehow, however, I suppose I must have screamed, for I knew no more until I awoke to find you in my room. Oh, I am sure there is something diabolical in the history of those swords."

My friend ceased, and stared at the swords with a fearful, hateful and yet curious look. For our part we said nothing, for we could think of nothing to say. The story we had just heard seemed to pass the bounds of all possibility, and yet my friend had told his story in such a convincing way that we hesitated to put it down to his imagination. Needless to say, none of us went to bed again that night, but we gathered in the parlour, where a huge fire had been lit, and discussed the events of the night, though we could come to no feasible solution of the problem.

\* \* \* \* \*

Later we learnt that my friend's dream coincided exactly with the events of the murder of Thomas Beckett in Canterbury Cathedral. My friend, who had visited an eminent London specialist, was told that in the event of the swords hanging upon the bedroom wall being the actual weapons used in the murder; then, owing to the state of his nerves and the attraction the swords held for him, it would be quite possible for him to see in his sleep, the actual events of the murder. With this explanation we had to be content.

F. GREENALL, Lower VI.Lit.

## Confusion Worse Confounded.

Rimstone had been working hard all night and by ten o'clock was getting rather tired. This brain was not the acute incisive reasoning machine which had plunged so confidently into a load of work five hours earlier. He had begun by writing a short but very exciting story, had passed on to Latin, and then to English, and found that he had left two essays—one Geographical and the other Historical—to end. This had rather unfortunate consequences. Bismarck was mentioned in connection with the discovery of North America, whilst Columbus was said to have bought the Suez Canal shares from the Shah of Persia in 1066. Julius Caesar was cited as the founder of a British Empire on which the sun never rose, and Joseph Chamberlain was said to have advanced a theory of isostasy which most people ascribe to Wegener. Gladstone took the place of Washington and led the victorious Zulus during the Indian War of Independence. In general, we may say that political and geographical issues became horridly confused and the blend between the two subjects was not of the happiest. At the end of the long historical essay the Short Story also took a hand, and caused Rimstone to commit his greatest blunder. After enumerating all the great men from Alexander of Macedon to Ramon Navarro, our unfortunate friend wrote: "The characters in this story are entirely fictitious, and bear no relation whatever to real life." . . . They didn't!

G. COLLINS, L.V.I.L.

## A Parody.

### RAPID SOLILOQUY.

*(With apologies to Hamlet).*

To run, or not to run, there's the dilemma—  
 Whether 'tis wiser stolidly to suffer  
 The cries and urgings of one's fellow players,  
 Or to take chances 'gainst that swift long-fielder  
 And gain another run? To run—to score,  
 That's good; and by that run to add one more  
 To all the laborious boundaries and extras  
 Which we have piled up—'tis a welcome thought  
 Joyfully to be hailed, To try—to fail;  
 To fail—perchance be out; aye, there's the rub;  
 For in that sprint, who knows, the ball may come  
 When we have shuffled off the wicket crease  
 Then we'd be out; this is the baleful thought  
 That makes us hesitate to leave our place.

Thus indecision loses many a run,  
 And thus the first determined resolution  
 Is undermined by vacillating thought  
 And cricketers of undoubted skill and courage  
 Upon such thoughts still linger at the wicket,  
 And let the chance go by.—Soft, here it comes,  
 The ball again. Scorer, in thy green book,  
 Be this next run recorded.

T. REDGATE, Upper VI. Lit.

## The Green Monster.

*(An almost forgotten incident).*

The air was rent by shrieks of terror and exclamations of surprise. The green monster crept slowly up the hill towards the prison-like building at the top. Red-capped youngsters fled in all directions leaving their possessions scattered about the road.

Whatever could it be? Never before had such a sight been seen in the clean, well kept and sedate streets of Wath-upon-Dearne, the Queen of Villages. Could it be that some distant relative of the Loch Ness Monster had decided to make his home in Wath, or was it the same serpent, come up from the Dearne to carry away some village Laöcoon?

Still the monster, for monster it seemed to be, came on slowly, snorting as it came and breathing forth clouds of smoke and an occasional flash of fire. It was a bright and almost dazzling green colour with two wide eyes that gleamed in the semi-darkness. It made its way wearily, protestingly.

Seeing that no harm had been done as yet, the panic of the red-capped crowd diminished; perhaps it was harmless after all. It did not seem very fierce, at least not now, for its strident roar had been subdued and now it was purring softly.

Ah, there was a big boy, with a tassel on his cap too, how funny; perhaps he might be able to explain this strange phenomenon. Soon he was surrounded by a crowd of small boys. Questions were fired at him in quick succession. What a nuisance these new boys are! Why should they be allowed to leave their loving mammas? Fancy being afraid of a thing which he had grown to consider as part of his day's amusement.

"Don't be silly you boys. There's nothing to be afraid of. It's only the green car. V.C.A. is coming to school. Perfectly harmless—you'll soon get used to it."

"HISTORIAN," Lower VI. Lit.

## The Cricketers.

(A Parody on "The Mariners," by M. L. Woods).

The audience sleep round the field,  
A wild hit comes up from the field,  
It wails round the score-box and blows through the masses,  
It scatters the crowd o'er the stands where it passes,  
As it flies far away from the field.

The white shirts run up from the wicket,  
They jump o'er the rails round the wicket,  
They rush through the crowd and make for the entrance,  
And over the wall, while the crowd looks askance  
At clouds that hang over the wicket.

For the clouds seem to threaten a storm,  
And cricketers loathe rain or storm,  
For it means the match will be drawn,  
And they've a chance of beating this pawn,  
Who hopes to be saved by the storm.

There is nothing beyond but the game,  
But the score and the slow-moving game,  
Where a bat on the green lifts a ball on its edges,  
The crowd gives a shout, and out the man trudges—  
He's finished his part in the game.

When at times there are thrills on the lea,  
The veterans glance over the lea,  
They reckon their scores and their wickets gladly,  
They shake their huge fists, when a man walks out sadly,  
And curse the men out on the lea.

But the audience sleep round the field ;  
They hear not the sounds from the field —  
As the ball meets the bat, or the stump or the stumper;  
Nor the cries of the batsman, as Bowes' special bumper  
Puts him to sleep on the field.

G. K. PHILLIPS, Upper IIIa.

## Howlers.

*(With apologies to their authors).*

Symmetry is a place where they bury bodies.

Lady Macbeth tried to execute the loyalty of her husband.

Palpable is something pleasant to eat.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge is a musician who broadcasts.

Finally the Chinamen invented spittoons on which to  
roast their pigs.

Jones won't be here to-day ; he has strained a tenement.

Cave carnis : beware how you sing.

Bois de Boulogne : a kind of champagne.

The Black Prince was the son of Edward III. and an  
Ethiopian queen.



