

Vol. XXVIII. No. 7.

Price 6d.

THE  
SHIRBURNIAN.

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SECOND SERIES.

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"A trivial Grammar School text, but yet worthy a wise man's consideration"—*Bacon's Essay on Boldness*



**MARCH, 1916.**

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Sherborne:

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THE  
SHIRBURNIAN.

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No. CCXCVIII.

MARCH, 1916.

VOL. XXVIII.

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EDITORIAL.

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**I**N spite of the late appearance of 'The Shirburnian,' the term is so far going well.

We congratulate Mr. Elderton upon his marriage, and Mr. and Mrs. Heriz-Smith on the birth of a son.

We welcome Mr. Kirby and Mr. Freeman, who are compensating us for the temporary loss of Mr. Elderton.

We feel sure that the term will continue to go well without any further comment from the editors of 'The Shirburnian.'

## SCHOOL NEWS.

The following have left :—

- |                   |     |  |
|-------------------|-----|--|
| M. P. Bennett     | ... | VIth, Head of School, Head of Ross',<br>Captain of XV, 2nd XI, Company<br>Sergeant-Major in O.T.C.       |
| E. J. Bolton      | ... | VIth, School Prefect, Head of Carey's,<br>Cadet Officer in O.T.C.  |
| B. Z. Simpson     | ... | VIth, School Prefect, Head of School<br>House, Corporal in O.T.C., Editor<br>of the <i>Shirburnian</i> . |
| H. H. Wyatt-Smith | ... | VIth, 2nd XV, 1st XI, Cadet Officer in<br>O.T.C., Editor of the <i>Shirburnian</i> .                     |
| R. M. More        | ... | 1st XV, (2nd XV Colours).  |

## THE PLAIN.

Wild open moorland,  
Home of the fresh and free.  
Thy heather, grass and bracken strand  
Hath each its claim for me,  
None less the fern-clad hillock, and  
The solitary tree.

Beautiful black plain,  
That stretchest out so far,  
Thou seem'st to mix with heaven's domain  
And greet the twinkling star,  
No cruel hills do thee restrain,  
Or thy wide beauty mar.

THE DAWN.  

---

When the day's breaking softly,  
If you wander by the water—  
On the ripples of the streamlets,  
Breaking in from every quarter,  
You will see the colours changing—  
Changing silver into yellow,  
And the sleepy fish are waking  
In the sunlight soft and mellow.  
As you watch the little sunbeams,  
Dancing to and fro and over  
Every tussock in the river,  
And a-lighting up the clover—  
You will feel the warmth of daytime,  
And a song of thanks be making  
That you've seen Day at its greatest,  
In the glory of its breaking.

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BRITISH CALM.  

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In examining that extraordinary piece of mechanism, the British nation, there is one spectacle which is far stranger than all the others put together. I do not refer to the War Office; it is something far more important than that, because it is so universal. It is the spectacle of British calm, which bewilders our friends, exasperates our enemies, and may bring ruin on ourselves.

All readers of Mark Twain must be familiar with his graphic representation of 'French calm' in his duel with Mr. Ferrier; and it has always been the fashion in the past to ridicule the emotionalism of our allies of to-day. But if 'French calm' seems absurd to us, British calm appears quite as futile to the Frenchman. Of course it has its good points. It prevents us from excesses; it has enabled us to execute two of the most

masterly retreats in history ; and in nine cases out of ten it will pull us through. How it is that we have pulled through so often is a question which puzzles spectators beyond measure, and indeed we can scarcely understand it ourselves—in fact, we do not attempt to solve the problem, so confident are we that this virtue of calm is a sort of talisman that will make everything come right in the end ; and we are counting on it now.

Our allies cannot understand it at all. How, they ask, can England pretend to carry on the war seriously, when English miners refuse to furnish the fleet with coal ? Can she look for victory abroad, when at home she cannot present a united front ? What is the meaning of such bitter attacks on the Government ? Strangest of all, how can she allow an issue of vital importance, challenging one of the fundamental principles of her national life, to drift into the troubled waters of party politics ? These are things which must remain a mystery to our allies ; but they are all in reality the products of British calm. ‘Business as usual’ was our motto at the beginning of the war, and what did it mean ? Simply that, if business were not carried on in the traditional manner, it would be an undignified display of agitation.

This motto has been applied not only to business, but to almost everything else besides. We had got into a groove, and, whatever happens, we are not going to get out of it—it would be mere fanaticism. The war is costing us millions a day, and, even if our finances are secure for the present (which our enemies deny), we are bound to be impoverished for centuries after the war is over ; yet nothing short of compulsion will induce us to economise systematically—it would be mere fanaticism, and that is what we dread most of all things, and need most of all things, especially religious fanaticism. We do not possess the scheming ambition of Germany, nor is the path before us illuminated by the disasters of 1870. Admiral Beatty is quoted as having said that England will not win the war until there is a religious revival. Such a criticism may be exaggerated ; but coming from such a quarter it is remarkable ; and it is certainly true that the Church has not made the best of her opportunities. We have received no trumpet call from her. I will take only one instance in which she has been deficient—the Intercession Services throughout the country. Now the one thing we do not want to hear about, in Church or

out, is peace. Peace at the present moment would mean disaster and humiliation; yet we are continually listening to prayers for peace without any mention of victory whatever. Apart from this, the average man, who is not an atheist, cannot help wondering sometimes whether these long lists of petitions *will* really influence the Creator, and whether it is even right to pray for the safe return of those whom we love. Surely these protracted lists of petitions, this minute particularisation is not only selfish, but fundamentally wrong—Christ Himself warned his disciples against those misguided men who ‘think that they shall be heard for their much speaking.’ Would it not be far better to pray simply for victory in this conflict? The error lies in a false conception of prayer, which was surely never meant to consist simply in a number of detailed requests. Prayer should have an invigorating and inspiring effect; there should be a note of thankfulness and praise in it; whereas those who attend Intercession Services can hardly fail to carry away some of their gloomy associations with them.

First of all then stands the need of a religious revival, and then a revival in everything else. We want less dignity, and more enthusiasm. We have vast resources, if we will only make the best use of them—the one obstacle that lies in the way is the enigma of British calm. If we are going to rely solely on that during the critical months which are soon to come, the result may be fatal; if we can for once in our history abandon it, we shall tread with certain steps the path that leads to victory.

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## THE COMING OF SPRING

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As soon as I woke in the early morning, I knew that something had happened. The restlessness which I felt in my bones was being shared by the birds in the garden, the wind in the trees, and by the small grey and white scurrying clouds which momentarily obscured the sun’s most rare, but all the more welcome, glory; the whole southern sky was touched with the very finger of dawn. At last! The coming of Spring! Never

have I so desired winter to end as I have desired the end of this one; I care not at all whether the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love; I only know that it brings back sweetness and light, the ecstatic longing to be up and doing, to drink in every drop of beauty which Nature now so wantonly, so prodigally, lavishes on her blind, ungrateful sons. I want to create, to spend myself, to live my life to the full, to shake off the dull listlessness of winter and to get into touch again with the immensities of sea and air and earth and sky.

All the morning I chafe at my prison bars, in chapel, where the dancing specks of dust, rainbow-coloured through the old stained-glass, first tortured me with their gay irresponsibility; in form, where my chalk-drawn tangents and segments meticulously correct, suddenly, by reason of a flash of sunshine across the blackboard, looked lifeless and without meaning; later, while trying to inspire a love for Shelley into a class of so-called really intellectual youths, a lark chose to trill in the field beyond my northern windows and I could not choose but hear. How futile mere words sounded after the first sound of the swiftly-rising birds struck on our ears; I cursed the four bare ugly walls that bounded my horizon, and prayed for my release.

At 12.30 I was free to leave my room, but only to instruct my Platoon in the mechanic art of musketry. Not until 1.15 was I able to seize my bicycle, unkennel my wire-haired terrier, into whose veins Spring had already pumped some even more than wonted energy, and fly for the distant village of Purse Caundle, where the hounds were advertised to meet. About half-an-hour later, having rescued Plato (we call him that owing to his dislike of music) from imminent destruction as he swayed perilously over a yawning chasm in his chase after a rabbit, I met to my dismay three much-bespattered riders returning from the hunt; to my perfervid enquiry as to where the hounds were, I was gruffly informed 'Oh! miles away by this time.' Notwithstanding this set-back, I pedalled on, dishevelled, panting, tired, only eager to get a smell of the pack before dusk.

As luck would have it, after two miles further climb, I encountered on the top of the downs a lonely but gloriously communicative Diana, whose muddy state only enhanced the glowing beauty of her face: veritably, Spring incarnate she seemed to me up on that hillside with the fresh south wind

blowing her errant curls caressingly about her cheeks. Somehow her deep grey eyes, deep like a mountain tarn, as they laughingly told me that my quest was at an end, seemed to make her one with the landscape; the whole air was one soft harmony of singing creatures praising God for Spring, and this slender, laughing young goddess became for me the embodiment of Ertha, the mother of all, ever young, with the promise of all joy and fruition of joys writ large upon her face.

In a moment she was gone, in a flash, like a rainbow, dissolving into the very elements. I stood, transformed, waiting, I scarcely knew for what, Plato at heel, when far below in the valley I heard the nerve-thrilling 'toot-toot' of the horn and the sound, first of one, then of another, lastly of all the pack together, of the hounds giving tongue. They were coming towards me. Suddenly a stealthy swish through the undergrowth, and a great dog fox leisurely with brush outstretched made for the open moor; not a moment to soon; a great black-and-tan hound, almost Cerberus-like in stature, burst out upon him, and away sped the pair over the horizon; ten seconds, twenty, passed, and then the pack came up, were laid on, followed by a field of fair ladies whose bright eyes were bent now upon nothing but the prize they had searched for so much in vain. Diana once more flitted across my vision, with just a nod of recognition and a laugh that made my face flush and my heart stand still for a moment, only to beat a million to the minute a moment later.

Throwing my bicycle to the winds, Plato straining in leash almost to bursting point (his, not the chains), I fled, miles in rear after the field; over the topmost ridge, down into the further fields, through wood and stream, over furrow and upland, my heart throbbing louder and louder for another reason now, ever within sound, never within sight of the chase. Forced at last to rest, I chose a gate which commanded a view of miles of the brave downland country.

No sound of horn or hound, nor clatter of horses' feet, reached my ears, strain them as I would every way. Plato, to his unbounded joy released, sped fast in the direction which they had taken some half-hour before. The first hedge, however, provided him with sport enough; for no sooner had I spied him hurling himself through the undergrowth than I saw a long

grey fox slink away on the further side: 'A hunt on his own.' . . Too good, this, to be resisted: with one yap of triumph Plato rushed madly in the rear, only to disinter yet another, only less small, from some bracken midway across the field. Whistle, shout, swear as I did, nothing was going to spoil his hunt now. Away, field upon field he crossed, vainly yapping, hot upon the scent. 'You brute, you brute,' I found myself almost whimpering. I got on my bicycle and with a last despairing whistle turned homeward. I forget how long after, but I remember dismounting to look back once more on the hill where the vision of Diana had appeared to me, when I saw cowering at my feet a cringing terrier, full of guilt, his brown eyes imploring mercy. 'Heaven and earth, dog!' I cried, 'it's only the Spring; shall I be punished for gazing on Diana, or the beauty of an English landscape? If I beat you for fulfilling your nature, when the whole wild blood of Spring is heating in your veins, would my hand be accursed for evermore? Get up, fight every dog you see, chase every cat, worry every rat; I'll not interfere. Lawlessness, Plato mine, full-blooded lawlessness, that's what this day's outing breeds in us. Come, let us sing,' and sing we did, to the great terror of a lonely old woman gathering sticks by the roadside.

'It's only the coming of Spring  
Mother, only the coming of Spring,'

I shouted as I passed.

'Eh! yer may sing, lad, sing while yer may; there's a mort o' sorrow comin' for yer, lad, sing while yer may.' I did.

\* \* \* \* \*

An hour later I was in school, toga-clad, civilised, doling out a punishment, quite out of proportion to the offence, to an unfortunate Lower School child who had dropped his pencil twice in five minutes.

No sun now impeded my labours; my circles in the gaslight looked solid and comforting, my quadratic equations a testament to the solidity of life as we live it, my sonnet of Keats a wonderful if somewhat exaggerated view of Nature. Dinner was not far off, and rest, and bed . . . . and yet . . . . and yet . . . . Oh Diana, Diana, what have you done to me?

E.P.H.

---

 TO YVONNE.
 

---

Yvonne!  
 Thou fair enchantress of my heart,  
 How pitiless thou art!  
 Why dost thou, cruel, stand so far apart,  
 Yvonne?

Yvonne,  
 Thy name dost thy true self express,  
 Pure fragile daintiness,  
 Ready to comfort all but my distress,  
 Yvonne!

Yvonne!  
 My love on thy cold heart has shone,  
 Despair comes creeping on;  
 Wilt thou not shed a tear when I am gone,  
 Yvonne?

---

 FOOTBALL.
 

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## SCHOOL v. R.N. DIVISION.

This match was played on February 5th, on the 'Upper,' and resulted in a draw, each side scoring one try. The R.N.D. had on the whole the advantage in size and weight, but lacked combination. The play throughout the match was scrappy, and there was no really good football. The heeling of the School forwards was poor, and they gave the outsiders very few chances. By half-time neither side had scored, but early in the second half the School pressed the R.N.D. into their own twenty-five and Thornton scored from a short dribble; the try was not converted. The R.N.D. pressed for a time and Fisher scored from a line out; this try was not converted and for the rest of the game neither side looked like scoring, leaving the score at three all when the whistle went for time. Of the School outsiders Dreschfeld shewed up well; there was not much to choose between the forwards. The chief weakness of the School lay

in the heeling and in the marking at line-outs. The tackling was good throughout.

*For the School.*—G. K. Thornton; S. E. Dreschfeld, G. B. Todd-Jones, H. L. Howell, G. C. Scott; M. S. Hornidge, M. J. Renton; D. D. Lockwood, S. V. Grierson, A. H. Mockridge, J. D. Wyatt-Smith, J. N. Goodwyn, A. T. Grimley, A. H. Whitford-Hawkey, J. C. Jackson-Taylor.

### HOUSE MATCHES.

#### THIRDS.

#### ROUNDS.

1st Round	{ Tindall's beat Ross'. Dunkin's beat Carey's. King's a bye.
2nd Round	{ Dunkin's beat King's. Carey's beat Ross'. Tindall's a bye.
3rd Round	{ Dunkin's beat Tindall's. Carey's beat Ross'.
4th Round	Carey's beat Tindall's.

#### FINAL.

The final of the Thirds was played on the lower on Saturday, February 12th, and resulted in a win for Dunkin's and Carey's by 49 points to nil. The winning side were much heavier in the grovel, and altogether superior outside. The House won the toss, and played towards the National Schools. For the first ten minutes the play was fairly even, but the House was nearly always on the defensive. After a quarter-of-an-hour's play the School began to score more freely, and at half-time the score was 21-0. The second half was a repetition of the first; the School scoring frequently towards the end.

The following scored tries for the School:— Lewis (3), Addington (3), Adamson (3), Wayte (3). The place kicking was excellent; seven of these tries were converted, and all the failures went near the goal. On this side nobody was conspicuous among a good grovel; of the outsiders, Addington and Wayte were perhaps the best. The House grovel was good in the tight, but very weak in the loose. Harper and Kingsford were the best of the outsiders; Duckworth Pim and Wickham also collared well.

## PORTIANOS CAMP, MUDROS WEST, LEMNOS.

I last wrote to you from Mustapha Pasha, near Alexandria, last November. From there our divisional base details and reinforcements were moved to a place called Sidi Bishr on the edge of the desert east of Alexandria. There we found emergency battalions, composed of various regiments, and prepared to fight Senussi, hostile Arabs, or turbulent Egyptians, as the Government thought fit. Thus we lived happily in the pleasant warmth of an Egyptian winter for almost three weeks; but suddenly, just as we had completed our preparations for celebrating Christmas, in fact just as I and a few friends were sitting down to dinner in the Union Club, Alexandria, on Christmas Eve, came a telephone message 'All officers of the —th Division to return to camp at once.' Imitating the calmness of Drake on a more famous occasion, we finished our dinner and then returned to camp, to find that certain officers—'apud quos ego'—and so many men were to be on board H.M.T. *Tunisian* by 10 a.m. the next morning. So very early on Christmas morning (about 5-30) we rose, and, after equipping our men with ammunition and other necessaries in haste, proceeded to the harbour and embarked on the *Tunisian*. As night fell we stole out of the harbour, and after some days of erratic steering amongst the islands of the archipelago to avoid Hun submarine ambushes, we got into Mudros harbour safely. We disembarked to find that our brigade, having evacuated Suvla successfully, had been rushed up to Helles to show them how it was done. We had missed them by about 36 hours, and so sat down to await their return, which took place after the evacuation of Helles on January 9th. The Turks had shelled us badly on the 7th, and made a futile attack, but the actual embarkation took place in absolute quiet. And so I just missed the finish of the famous attempt to force the Dardanelles, much to my sorrow. Our spoilt Christmas Day had been all to no purpose.

You said my first letter to you from this place was not encouraging. There was nothing to be too cheerful about last July, and certainly I did not underestimate difficulties.

It was, as Churchill said, a justifiable gamble: we lost the toss, so to speak, and all we had to do was to say so, and retire as gracefully as possible. Instead we hung on like thick-headed British until we more or less had to drop off. But 'It is easy to be wise after the event'—Old Platitude.

To return to the present, we were sitting down, pulling ourselves and our various regiments together, and waiting for orders. We hope to go to Egypt to sit on the canal and refit, before going off to 'another sphere of operations,' as Asquith says.

The weather is very cold here now, especially at night, and a gigantic rainstorm, lasting 36 hours, nearly washed us and our tents away two days ago. To-night have come orders to stand by to move any minute. The weather being so bitterly cold, washing is painful and bathing under ordinary conditions an impossibility. I have twice lately walked over to Therma and bathed in the hot springs there. A white-washed and not too up-to-date Greek building has been erected over the natural spring of hot water from the mountain side. Over the entrance is inscribed ΘΕΡΜΟΠΗΓΑΙ 'ΗΦΑΙΣΤΟΥ',† and then over the bath door "Εισόδος λουτρῶνων; so you see that even if one knows a little ancient Greek, one can get about without asking too many questions. The charge is ἕννα δράχμα in modern Greek or 10d. in English, and for that sum you can sit in a bath hollowed out in the floor, and very hot water flows over you from a pipe in the wall. I always wondered why Agamemnon was murdered in his bath, but if he was in one like that, I am not surprised as it would not be difficult to stamp on anyone below the level of the floor.

The track to Therma crosses a shoulder of Turk's Head peak, and from it you can see miles and miles away across the sea, Mount Athos rising sheer out of the sea, with its conical peak ringed round with cotton-wool clouds or drifting mist according to the weather. I should never have believed you could have seen it from here.

Personally, this cold weather agrees with me better than the heat, and I feel as fit as anything and could fight lions. . . . .

† Hephaestus landed here with such force from Olympus that he went through into Hell, and so the hot springs started. Anyhow, that is the popular fable.

O.S.

---

#### PERFORMANCE OF 'H.M.S. PINAFORE.'

The study of an opera, and the performance without costume and action, were experiments well worth trying.

It may confidently be said that the choice of such a work, which we hope will be exceptional, was justified from many points of view; and Mr. Hodgson may be highly congratulated upon having brought his task to a successful conclusion. All the parts, whether of soloist or chorus, were entrusted to present members of the school, with the exception of Muspratt, who descended from other flights to take the part of the First Lord of the Admiralty, owing to the unfortunate indisposition of Mr. Davis.

Provided with an admirable synopsis written by G.G.M., we were able to follow the argument, and understand the music, which might otherwise have been a mere succession of more or less agreeable sounds.

Speaking of the rendering in general, a word of praise is due to the chorus for their energy, decision, and expression. The leads were well taken up, and the requisite light and shade were given; more than that, the spirit of the music was not wanting. A voice in perfect condition is not looked for from a Portsmouth bumboat woman, and Northcroft, who courageously undertook the part, did not disappoint our expectations. His songs were quite successful. Colley in Hebe's part had not much to do, but was tuneful throughout.

Brown tert., Pim, and Radcliffe bore the part of Josephine with as much grace as could be expected and kept well together. Mr. Palmer and Gibbons took their subordinate parts well. Eagar in the small part of Dick Deadeye sang very musically: his duet with Captain Corcoran was one of the most agreeable numbers of the evening.

Alexander ma. has a pleasing voice, and sang Captain Corcoran's apostrophe to the moon in good style, relieving Mr. Fox, who rendered the other music set down for the captain in appropriate breezy style. Alexander also seconded the Rev. E.A. Heriz-Smith in the part of Ralph Rackstraw. It is always a pleasure to hear the Rev. E. A. Heriz-Smith, and it is fortunate that so good an exponent of the part was available.

Mr. Davis was to have sung the part of Sir Joseph Porter, but indisposition compelled him to resign it at the last moment. We were looking forward with pleasure to hear not only his singing, but his clever emendations of the text. Muspratt took the part very well at a moment's notice. A special word of praise must be given to the tenors and basses of the chorus. It is to be regretted that nothing but a pianoforte accompaniment was

available: this is perhaps in part due to the absence of Mr. Tester, who was much missed.

Our general impression of the whole was that the practice of such a work was undoubtedly interesting to the performers, who have light but agreeable music to sing, made coherent by such a story as the plot of the opera affords: but that the performance cannot be rendered highly interesting to an audience.

It would be unsatisfactory if the practice were not followed by its necessary sequel: and granted the logical necessity, we may repeat that the performance was highly successful, and redounded greatly to the credit of the painstaking and indefatigable conductor.

A.J.S.

#### O.S. NEWS.

H. V. Lovett (School House, 1875-1881) has been made a K.C.S.I.

Major (tempy. Lieut.-Col.) H. R. G. Deacon (Wildman's, 1889-1894), Connaught Rangers, has received the D.S.O., and has been made a member of the Legion of Honour.

Lieutenant A. I. H. Wrightson (School House, 1896-1900). 1st British Columbia Regiment, Canadian Expeditionary Force, has received the Military Cross.

#### MARRIAGES.

*Ponsonby—Greig.* G. E. Ponsonby (Wilson's, 1900-1902) to Miss Irene Greig.

*Coates—Wright.* Harcourt Coates (King's, 1904-1907) to Miss Wright.

#### DIED ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

R. B. Jenkins (Carey's, 1909-1914).

E. W. T. Freund (Carey's 1909-1914).

H. H. Wyatt-Smith (Carey's, 1911-1915).

T. E. Clatworthy (Wildman's, 1899-1901).

## CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of *The Shirburnian*.

Dear Sir,

In the ordinary course of events members of the School either wear sweaters or house-shirts when they do gym. I think it would be much better and healthier to wear gym. vests, and the fact that they permit much greater freedom of movement shews that they ought to be used. Hoping that the authorities will consider this matter,

I am, Yours etc.,  
A.L.

Royal Flying Corps,  
Blenheim Barracks, Aldershot,  
February 20th, 1916.

Dear Sir,

I would be glad if you would allow me to say a few words which may be a help to those about to go to Sandhurst before obtaining a commission. The subject I want to mention is Physical Training. It may seem very unusual, but nevertheless it is true that Physical Training is the most important form of training in the College course. The standard in the gymnasium at Sherborne is a very high one, and therefore Shirburnians should have no difficulty in shewing themselves capable at 'gym.' when they go to Sandhurst, or to their regiment; for what I say applies to the regiments of the line also. The point that I wish to emphasize is this:—Keep up a keen interest in the Gymnasium and do your very level best. If there are some who think that they are poor athletes and will never be any good, they can at least shew that they are trying, and if they do this after they leave, they will be rewarded. I know of more than one case in which a man has been asked to leave the College for the one and only reason that the authorities have noticed that he is not doing his best at Physical Training. I have just passed through Sandhurst myself and have found that the high standard of the Gymnasium will help future officers in their training more than anything else; I found that it was invaluable to me. I trust that Shirburnians will take the keenest interest in the 'gym.', for they cannot do too much towards it.

Yours truly,  
EX-SANDHURST O.S.

Dear Sir,

Since Gymnasium has recently become part of the system of the O.T.C. training, and since all other Corps' House Challenge Cups have been suspended, it is surely right then the House Gymnasium Cup should be also suspended for the duration of the War.

Yours truly, AEQUUS.

Dear Sir,

Will the Secretary of the Archaeological Society kindly come and claim some valuable manuscripts, printed matter, and maps, and also three or four hundred cards of membership from my study?

Apply,  
BOX 1, 'THE SHIRBURNIAN.'

Sir,

Lately we received a notice about economy in paper. Might I ask why we have had games' fixture cards this term, when we could have found out all athletic particulars from the Roll Book? If such an insignificant society as that of the 'Sophists' has dispensed with fixture cards, why should the fatter kine be suffered to absorb all the funds of the School, in exchange for something for which the latter does not care a brass farthing?

Yours, FLEECEd.

Dear Sir,

Would it not be possible to devote more time to trench digging? At present one platoon digs for approximately half-an-hour one afternoon a week. This is presumably the result of the discussion as to an extra day's corps work a week, but in reality only amounts to an afternoon per month. Trench digging is popular work, as it is the nearest approach to realism we have; and surely it would not be too great a breach of custom occasionally to devote a Friday, or even a Wednesday, afternoon to the work? At the present rate of progress it seems extremely doubtful which will be completed first, the war or the trenches.

Yours etc.,

ENTRENCHING IMPLEMENT.

### CONTEMPORARIES.

The Editors acknowledge the receipt of School magazines with many thanks.

### HOUSES.

The School House (*a*).  
 James', Curteis', Wood's, Whitehead's, Wildman's, Carey's (*b*).  
 Tancock's, Wilson's, Dunkin's (*c*).  
 Blanch's, Bell's, Bensly's, Tindall's (*d*).  
 Hetherington's, Rhoades', Hodgson's, King's (*f*).  
 Milford's, Ross's (*g*).  
 Town (*T*).  
 Preparatory (*Prep.*).

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